SCP Foundation

Mankind in its present state has been around for a quarter of a million years, yet only the last 4,000 have been of any significance.

So, what did we do for nearly 250,000 years? We huddled in caves and around small fires, fearful of the things that we didn't understand. It was more than explaining why the sun came up, it was the mystery of enormous birds with heads of men and rocks that came to life. So we called them 'gods' and 'demons', begged them to spare us, and prayed for salvation.

In time, their numbers dwindled and ours rose. The world began to make more sense when there were fewer things to fear, yet the unexplained can never truly go away, as if the universe demands the absurd and impossible.

Mankind must not go back to hiding in fear. No one else will protect us, and we must stand up for ourselves.

While the rest of mankind dwells in the light, we must stand in the darkness to fight it, contain it, and shield it from the eyes of the public, so that

others may live in a sane and normal world.

We secure. We contain. We protect.

— The Administrator

This book contains the collected works of the SCP Foundation, a collaborative fiction writing website. All contents are licensed under the CC-BY-SA 3.0 license. The stories comprising the book are available online at www.scp-wiki.net .

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SCP Foundation

Ebook edition

SCP Database

Articles 3000-3099

SCP-3000: Anantheshesha

[INPUT LEVEL 5/3000 SECURITY CREDENTIALS]

Special Containment Procedures: The area containing SCP-3000, currently a region of the Bay of Bengal roughly 300km in diameter, is to be routinely patrolled by Foundation naval vessels. Under no circumstances are civilians allowed to attempt deep sea exploration or diving efforts in the quarantined area. Individuals believed to have contacted SCP-3000 are to be contained, quarantined, and processed at Site-151. Individuals affected by the anomalous properties of SCP-3000 are to be held in containment indefinitely.

The Foundation submarine *SCPF Eremita* is to monitor the location of the foremost section of SCP-3000, currently located within the Ganges Fan, roughly 0.7 km beneath the Bay. The *Eremita* is tasked with carrying out the Atzak Protocol, and staffing regulations onboard the vessel are subject to the guidelines of that protocol. For a full description of the Atzak Protocol, see Addendum 3000.2.

There is currently no known cure for exposure to SCP-3000; as such, affected individuals should be contained and quarantined for further evaluation. Individuals stationed aboard the *SCPF Eremita* are not permitted to leave the vessel except for the purposes of carrying out the necessary procedures of the Atzak Protocol. Individuals who leave the vessel without proper authorization are to be considered lost.

Under no circumstances should any individual interact with SCP-3000 without authorization.

Description: SCP-3000 is a massive, aquatic, serpentine entity strongly resembling a giant moray eel (*Gymnothorax javanicus*). The full length of SCP-3000 is impossible to determine, but is hypothesized to be between 600 and 900 kilometers. The head of SCP-3000 measures roughly 2.5m in diameter, and sections of the body proper are as large as 10m in diameter.

SCP-3000 is typically a sedentary creature, only moving its head in response to certain stimuli or during feeding. The majority of its body is located in and around the Ganges Fan[1], and rarely moves at all.

SCP-3000 is carnivorous, and despite its sedentary nature is capable of moving quickly to dispatch prey. Despite its size, it is hypothesized that SCP-3000 does not require sustenance to maintain its biological functions[2]. While SCP-3000 excretes a thin layer of a viscous, dark grey substance classified as Y-909 (*see Addendum 3000.2 below*) through its skin as it consumes prey, the end result of its digestive processes is currently unknown.

SCP-3000 is a Class VIII cognitohazardous entity; direct observation of SCP-3000 may cause severe mental alterations in viewers. Individuals who directly observe SCP-3000, as well as any individuals within an uncertain distance of SCP-3000, experience inexplicable head pain, paranoia, general fear and panic, and memory loss or alteration. The following is a log from Site-151's historical records, written by Dr. Eugene Getts, about initial discovery of SCP-3000 and the effects felt therein:

> *…the unease was felt throughout the entire crew as we descended on that first night. Whether this was due to our uncertainty at what we would discover, or something more sinister, I would not speculate. As we continued to descend, Williams began sweating profusely. When asked about it, he could not respond, stating that he thought he*

was missing something he could not deduce. As our descent continued, he began to act more and more erratically, at one point addressing myself as "Darlene" and expressing uncertainty as to the tasks he was assigned to handle.

Similar feelings were expressed by other members of the crew, but Williams felt it the most. His memetic resistance was by far the lowest of all of us, but he was a biologist, not a memeticist. When we finally came into contact with the entity, he began whimpering and had to be sedated. I remember him muttering the word "no" over and over again, as if in disbelief. He went silent after a while as we approached its head, and when I looked back at him something had gone from his eyes. He did not even so much as blink as we made our final descent.

At around 0940 hours, we first observed the head of the entity. The unease was palpable now; several other crew members complained of feeling "hazy" and of being uncertain what they were supposed to be doing. Captain Ritter, ever the man's man, wrote it all off as nitrogen intoxication and forced them to continue approaching the entity.

When we were within fifty meters, the entity turned slowly to look at us. Even now, as I recall watching this thing coil around in the darkness, I can still hear Williams, barking like a mad dog in the rear of the vessel. Screaming and flailing, shouting about how he could see it in his head. Perkins and Harrison tried to restrain him, but he got free and smashed his face in against one of the portholes. He hit it so hard he cracked the inner layer of glass.

The damage was bad enough that we had to surface.

We tried to give Williams medical attention, but he was too far gone at that point. He had pulped himself against the glass, and despite the trauma, he still spoke briefly as he lay dying. Nobody recorded it, we didn't think to at the time. But I remember it well enough. He said, "there's nothing, nothing, nothing." By the time we had reached the surface several hours later, Williams was dead. At the time, I didn't think much about what he had said. Just the ravings of a man gone mad by the depths, I figured. I didn't know any better.

But even now, I can still see the eyes of the creature. I see it hanging there in the darkness, illuminated by a light I cannot source. And I feel the lingering dread that Williams must have felt that night in the submersible, as he was overcome by whatever void that foul thing slithered out of.

Discovery: SCP-3000 was discovered in 1971, shortly after two Bangladeshi fishing boats and fifteen fishermen were reported missing after drifting near the Indian coast. As the country of Bangladesh had only been recently established at the time and had been subject to significant political persecution on the part of Pakistan, this incident received high profile media attention due to fears that it was a result of foreign aggression. Local coastal dispatch units could not locate the missing boats, fueling further media hysteria.

Foundation researchers stationed in Calcutta (now Kolkata) drew similarities between this disappearance and another incident two years earlier. A thorough search aided by Mariotte-Pashler Counters revealed the location of the two boats, as well as an unknown, previously undiscovered mass deep below the surface of

the Bay of Bengal. Further investigation by Foundation divers discovered the existence of SCP-3000.

The area was quickly secured, and current containment procedures were put in place in April of 1972; the Atzak Protocol was adapted in October of 1998.

Addendum 3000.1: Initial Contact Exploration Log

Note: The following is the transcript of audio logs taken during initial deep-sea diver contact with SCP-3000. Until this point, no Foundation diver had come within 300m of SCP-3000. Divers were tasked with assessing the creature, and determining the source of the thick, grey fluid that had been observed floating around its head.

Dive team was composed of three members of MTF Orion-9 "Kingfishers", lead by MTF O-9 Alpha. Launch point was through the airlock of the Foundation submarine SCPF Stravinsky. All divers were equipped with high-pressure suits, as well as front-facing headlamps. Additionally, a tether was connected to MTF O-9 Alpha, which was then connected in a "T" shape out to both Bravo and Foxtrot.

> [BEGIN LOG]
>
> **Alpha:** Alright command. We're situated in the airlock, and ready to roll.
>
> **Command:** Confirmed. Go ahead and sound off.
>
> **Alpha:** Orion-9 Alpha, check.
>
> **Bravo:** Orion-9 Bravo, check.
>
> **Command:** Alright, men - we're in position about 500m from the head of this creature. Make sure your tethers are on good and tight, we don't want any of you getting separated out there.

Bravo: What's visibility like down here today, command?

Command: Standby.

Command: About three meters.

Foxtrot: So it's dark as fuck. Got it.

Bravo: Why are we so far out?

Command: The size of this thing is hard to comprehend, and it's wrapped up in itself in several places. We can't get too close because there's too much body there. The entity hasn't moved in about three weeks.

Foxtrot: At all?

Command: Affirmative. It moves slightly with the currents down here, but nothing more than that. If it weren't for the head movement that was observed by the first submersible team, we probably wouldn't know if it was alive or not.

Foxtrot: That's reassuring.

Alpha: Alright, tethers are tight. Flood the chamber.

Command: Confirmed.

Rushing water is heard as the airlock chamber floods. No other sound is heard for several minutes. After some time, the sound of rushing water stops.

Alpha: You both good?

Bravo: I'm good.

Foxtrot: It's fucking cold.

Alpha: Hopefully we won't be out for long then. Turn on your lights boys, Here we go.

All members of the dive team exit the airlock. There is a low mechanical sound as the airlock door closes behind them. A muffled click sound is heard, and the Stravinsky activates its aft floodlights.

Foxtrot: Hey Alpha, I uh— maybe this is a bad time to ask, but I can't remember how to turn on my lamp, and-

Alpha: Your lamp is on, Foxtrot.

Foxtrot: It— what? (*Pauses*) What did you call me?

Alpha: Your designation, Mulhaney. Foxtrot.

Bravo: I'm Foxtrot, boss.

Alpha: Hang on, what are you talking about?

Foxtrot: I don't understand what you mean by "designation".

Alpha: It's your goddamn call sign, Bravo, what do you mean—

Bravo: Who's Bravo?

Alpha: I— uh, shit, hang on. I was going to say something. Barry^3, are you still there?

Command: Standby. (*Pause*) Go for command.

Alpha: Hey, we're having a little trouble out here, I'm not sure who… we seem to have

some confusion over designations, and I'm not sure where we're going.

Foxtrot: Where exactly are we?

Bravo: God, do you— do you guys feel that? I've just got an awful headache, it's like needling in my brain, something…

Command: Dive team, be advised that we believe you may be experiencing some detrimental cognitive effects. Keep moving forward, and we'll give you more information as we receive it.

Alpha: Noted. Command, be advised that Foxtrot has a… uh… terrible headache. I think… are we going in the right direction? We can't see out here.

Command: You are roughly 150m from the head of the entity, Alpha. You should be getting a visual soon.

Bravo: Command, I don't see anything, where are we?

Alpha: Where are we?

Command: We're almost there, Alpha - dive team, be advised, we're picking up movement from the entity on radar.

Alpha: I— Barry, I don't see anything down here, what are we supposed to be looking-

Foxtrot: All… all I can see is darkness. There's a chill foul wind blowing, pushing me towards a brink I can't see-

Alpha: Shut up, shut up, shut up - Command, Bravo is unresponsive, requesting immediate

cessation of mission-

Bravo: Wait a second-

Foxtrot: —on the edge of the nothingness, inches from oblivion. There's a… there's a sickness in my mind that I know can't be cured. Beyond me is only blackness, and a single pair of dark eyes-

Alpha: What? What are you saying?

Command: Dive team, we're going to pull you back in immediately, we have reason to believe that—

Alpha: Barry? Is that you? How can it be? I shoveled the dirt during your—

Bravo: I can hear something over there, Alpha, your light, get your fucking—

Foxtrot: —silence, only silence, my consciousness coming undone and only and only and only-

Command: Dive team, something is moving toward you, repeat, something is moving toward you, prepare to return to-

Alpha: Ah, this is shit. I can't see. How far are we from the-

Bravo: It's right there! It's right there! Fuck! What are you both doing? Fuck!

Foxtrot: —and only the eel remains.

Radio silence for twenty seconds.

Command: Alpha?

Radio silence for thirteen seconds.

Command: Alpha? Bravo? Foxtrot? Do any of you hear us?

Bravo: (*Unintelligible*)

Command: Oh, thank God - Bravo, you need to speak up, we can't—

Bravo: *Shhhhhhhh*.

Radio silence for ten seconds.

Command: Something has bound up the winch between you and us, we can't—

Alpha: It's opening its mouth.

Bravo: It's so dark, there's— ah-

Foxtrot: Where am I? What—

Alpha: Barry? How can it be? I shoveled dirt-

Bravo: Mulhaney… swim, get away, there's only darkness, swim—

Foxtrot: Only-

There is suddenly tension in the tether attached to the Stravinsky. O-9 Foxtrot's radio goes silent. There is the sound of a struggle through the other two radios.

Command: Foxtrot? Foxtrot? Alpha? Bravo? Talk to me, stay calm, what happened?

Bravo: It ate him, fuck, he's gone, it took him whole, he— goddammit, Alpha, what are you doing?

Alpha: Alpha?

Bravo: Cut the fucking goddamn tether Alpha, it's pulling us in!

Alpha: Who?

Bravo: Fuck!

Alpha: (*Silence*) Ah—

Total radio silence for 30 seconds. Tether attached to Stravinsky is pulled free from its moorings and disappears.

Command: Alpha, Bravo, do you copy?

Radio silence for five seconds.

Command: Alpha, Bravo, do you copy?

Bravo: This is Bravo, I'm… I'm floating in the dark. I can see shapes moving through the fog, but they're hard to make out. I cut my tether, Alpha wouldn't— I think he's gone. I don't see his light anymore.

Command: Acknowledged. We're coming to-

Bravo: Hang on, just let me think for a second… cognition, this thing, it doesn't work around it. Your brain can't form thought, (*static*) it hurts, it's like dying, and—

Command: Bravo, do you have eyes on the entity?

Bravo: It's in my head, guys. Coiled up in there like a snake, and something about it is… caustic. (*Pauses*) I can see it, just in front of me. It's not doing anything, it's… it isn't moving. Just hanging there, with its mouth open. I think it's finished eating. (*Pauses*) That fluid is seeping through the skin around its

head, about a meter back. Just looking at the stuff is making me… like the room is spinning. I feel nauseous. My head isn't working right. (*Laughter*) There's an abortion under the floorboards, and another in the si— wait, this is wrong, that wasn't me. Who said that?

Bravo: My… I'm going to collect a sample, hang on.

Command: Bravo, we're going to send out a crew to get you, just hold on.

Bravo: Oh no, don't do that. Not… you have to be trained to not feel the things I'm feeling, otherwise it will get into you. Maybe it will anyway, who knows. It feels like the end of the world down here, fellas. My heart is really going off the charts, and I think I'm dying. Just — (*Pauses*) I got a sample. I'll attach it to one of those little balloons and let it float up. You'll be able to get it later. Don't spend too much time around that stuff, it… it doesn't… your mind… it… (*Quick, heavy breathing*)

Command: Bravo?

Bravo: I think I'm dying. I'm dying, I know I'm dying, this is it. I just want to get away from here. You know, it occurs to me… (*laughs quietly*) don't send anyone else out here. It's so dark.

Command: Bravo?

Over the next half hour, the SCPF Stravinsky attempted to approach O-9 Bravo, with no success. Command continued to attempt to communicate with O-9 Bravo, but Bravo grew increasingly unintelligible, before eventually going completely silent. Bravo's radio stayed active over the next three days, and intermittent breathing could be

heard until the radio ceased functioning.

Addendum 3000.2: Atzak Protocol

This protocol dictates certain interactions with a CLASS VIII COGNITOHAZARDOUS ENTITY, SCP-3000, and as such is LEVEL 5/3000 CLASSIFIED.

Preface: The following protocol was developed in conjunction with researchers from Site-29 and Site-50, as well as researchers stationed at Site-151. Some sections may have been redacted to remove material above this classification. Adherence to this protocol is required for all personnel assigned to Site-151, as well as all personnel assigned to the SCPF Eremita.

Abstract: The 151-HOLLISTER ATZAK PROTOCOL has been developed and implemented to create a strategy for the management of the Y-909 chemical compound excreted by SCP-3000.

Protocol Information: The Y-909 compound, originally discovered by the late Dr. Adam Hollister, is a critical component in several modern and experimental amnestic compounds. Specifically, the following amnestics now contain a refined version of the Y-909 compound:

- Class-A (2016 variant)
- Class-D (2016 variant)
- Class-E (2016 variant)

- Class-X (2017 variant)
- Class-XX (2017 variant)
- [REDACTED]
- [REDACTED]
- Atzak-Class Experimental Compound
- Foster-Class Experimental Compound
- Ellipse-Class Experimental Compound

The inclusion of the Y-909 compound has shown a marked increase in the stability and long-term effectiveness of the aforementioned amnestics. Overall, amnestics utilizing Y-909 break down 78% slower than their standard counterparts in cold storage, and 52% slower than their standard counterparts at room temperature.

Additionally, individuals administered an amnestic regimen utilizing Y-909 show a marked increase in suggestibility, memory clearance, and a significant decrease in additional side-effects (such as nausea, vomiting, bowel distress, blurred vision, headaches, insomnia, heart damage, and others). Individuals treated with these amnestics expressed significantly fewer intrusive memories as those without Y-909, with some individuals exposed to experimental compounds expressing no intrusive memories whatsoever, even at the 5 and 10 year marks.

Due to the effectiveness of these treatments with the addition of Y-909, the continued inclusion of this compound is essential to modern Foundation amnestic application.

Reliance on the continued use of Y-909 necessitates its collection for the foreseeable future, as a synthetic version of the compound has not yet been discovered.

As such, this protocol dictates the way this compound is collected off of SCP-3000, and the way personnel are to interact with SCP-3000. Below is a brief framework of the procedure, and detailed information can be found in the full Atzak brief:

- Members of MTF Epsilon-20 "Night Fishermen" are to prepare a subject for deliverance to the feeding site. One individual D-Class subject is to be administered a sedative, and equipped with a high-pressure diving suit. The subject is then to be tethered to an underwater ROV within the aft airlock. The airlock is to be flooded, and the subject is to be towed by the ROV towards the feeding site. Upon reaching the feeding site, the ROV is to disconnect its tether, and return to the *Eremita*.

- Throughout this stage, *SCPF Eremita* should monitor SCP-3000's position, and adjust course if the entity begins to move away from the feeding site. Mission command will provide additional instructions during this phase if necessary.

- Personnel on-board the *SCPF Eremita* are to monitor SCP-3000 during feeding sessions. During this time, **no personnel are permitted to leave the *Eremita* without authorization from mission command.**

- At a point after the total consumption of prey, SCP-3000 will begin to excrete Y-909 near the foremost section of its body.
- Specialized teams of deep-sea divers are to exit the *SCPF Eremita* through the aft airlock and approach SCP-3000. Collection of Y-909 must take place during SCP-3000's "digestive" period, which is currently believed to be roughly two and a half hours after consumption of prey. Teams must return to launch craft before the end of this period. During this period, the typical effects of SCP-3000 are less severe, though Command should continue to monitor these teams for damage to their cognition.
- After collection of Y-909 is complete, personnel are to transfer the collected substance to secure containers before returning to the surface. The mission administrator onboard the *Eremita* is to monitor the substance throughout transport.

Addendum 3000.3: Psychological Evaluation

Note: On / 09, Level 3 Researcher Venkatraman Krishnamoorthy attempted to exit out the Eremita's aft airlock without diving equipment, but was quickly restrained and the airlock cycle aborted. Despite having a CRV of 26, and having not displayed any previous signs of depression or suicidal attempt prior to his assignment aboard the Eremita, Krishnamoorthy was interviewed by staff clinical psychologist Dr. Anand Mannava to acquire a better understanding of SCP-3000's potential effect on his psyche.

[BEGIN LOG]

Mannava: Hi Venkat, how are you feeling?

Krishnamoorthy: Unwell.

Mannava: That's what I hear. Do you want to talk about what happened today?

Krishnamoorthy is silent.

Mannava: We don't have to, if you don't want to. We can talk about something else.

Krishnamoorthy: I'm tired, Anand.

Mannava: I understand. This assignment has been stressful on all of—

Krishnamoorthy: It's not, no, it isn't the stress. I've done this before, I've been on… I don't actually know if I've done this before.

Mannava: You have.

Krishnamoorthy: I don't remember it. Any of it. I've been getting these out of context feelings, like my body reacting to reflexes it didn't know it had. Everything is so disconnected, and trying to keep it together is… I'm just tired.

Mannava: When did you start feeling this way?

Krishnamoorthy: How long have we been down here? I don't remember. I don't know when, I honestly don't. I wish I could tell you more than that, but I have nothing. I look to that place in my mind and there's something else there— or sometimes nothing at all.

Mannava: What do you mean, something else?

Krishnamoorthy: I've been having other peoples' dreams, Anand. I see faces I don't recognize, places I know I've never been… or maybe I have. I don't know. How can I know what is real or not, when I can't trust my own mind?

Mannava: Well, maybe I can help you with that, Venkat. We can go over things you think you've forgotten, and I can—

Krishnamoorthy: Don't patronize me. I know you've felt it, Anand. Your mind gets hazy. Parts of you start to slip, your memories grow faint, fading in and out until they're gone, or worse, replaced. You see pasts that aren't yours, experiences that you never lived. You start to become other people, or… nobody at all.

Mannava: Venkat, please. I'm just trying to help.

Krishnamoorthy: Do you even know my work before we met? Come to think of it, I don't even remember how we met. I know your name, know that you're a psychologist, but are we friends? Are we brothers? I don't know how I know you. We work together, I know that. I still have that. But other things, they come and go. I don't know if I am married, or have children[4].

Mannava: I see.

Krishnamoorthy: And that… that isn't the worst of it. I know this is happening to me, I know that my mind is coming apart. But there's

something else in there, too. Something rising out of the… out of the smoke of my smoldering consciousness. That *eel*.

Mannava: The eel?

Krishnamoorthy: I don't… I don't remember my mother. I can hear her voice, but I can't remember her face. I can't remember how she smelled, or how she… but what I do remember is she told me about gods. (*Pauses*) There is a god, called Anantashesha. A serpent, the king of serpents. Said to lie beneath Vishnu in the cosmos. A six headed snake god, isn't that something?

Mannava: It… yes, I am familiar.

Krishnamoorthy: Ah… of course, I'm sorry. I forgot. (*Pauses*) She… I don't remember much, but I do remember that she told me about how Anantashesha would… would linger past the end. Gaze upon the darkness past the end of time. She said that, when the light of the universe had gone out, all that would be left is Anantashesha. (*Pauses*) I have worked my entire life for the Foundation, so much as I can recall. I have struggled to build my name and my reputation and done everything I can do to leave… something, anything. Some kind of mark that says I was here. But…

Mannava: What is it?

Krishnamoorthy: I… I believe that SCP-3000 is Anantashesha. I believe that this… this aberration, this treachery against cognition, is the result of us being in the presence of a god. Not just a god, but a god who exists across all time, all at once, and… even beyond. Maybe… maybe some part of the nothingness beyond

the edge of time is part of Anantashesha, as well. Maybe it acts as, as a conduit, some kind of—

Mannava: Venkat, please, we're scientists—

Krishnamoorthy: No, let me finish. In defiance of the *nothingness* that comes after this, all of this, there is Anantashesha. There's a chance that my memories might live on, that I might be remembered like the memories I've seen have been through me. I don't… I don't have proof of this. But when I looked into its eyes and saw what it showed me, I was afraid. I'm merely a mediocre man, Anand. This was a fear that I have refused to acknowledge for years, a fear of irrelevance, that no one will know who I am when I die. Afraid of being forgotten. Afraid of my life being meaningless. Afraid of being alone. Afraid of dying. (*Sighs*) There is a terror within me that I cannot reconcile, Anand. I won't lie to you and tell you that the maw of the naga does not terrify me as well, but between this and the infinite dark I have gazed into, I have made up my mind.

[END LOG]

Addendum 3000.4: Incident Video and Audio Log

After two days of containment within a secure holding cell onboard the Eremita, orders were received to lift the hold order on Dr. Krishnamoorthy, in accordance to the terms of the Atzak Protocol. Three hours after Dr. Krishnamoorthy was released from his holding cell, the following incident took place:

[BEGIN LOG]

<02:19:33> *Krishnamoorthy stands near the*

entrance to the Eremita's aft airlock. Subject is facing away from nearest camera.

<02:19:58> *Proximity alarm is triggered. Exterior floodlights activate. SCP-3000 is still not visible. Command is alerted, and Eremita's engines engage, preparing for evasive maneuvers.*

<02:20:06> *Krishnamoorthy is startled by proximity alarm, and begins to appear panicked. Subject continues to look at entrance to the aft airlock. Subject turns briefly towards nearest camera, and is observed to be weeping.*

<02:20:21> *Krishnamoorthy slowly approaches aft airlock and opens airlock door. Subject enters airlock, and primary access door seals behind the subject.*

<02:20:57> *Interior airlock camera captures Krishnamoorthy staring at exterior airlock door for a full two minutes, unmoving. After two minutes, subject collapses on the ground.*

<02:21:15> *All cameras shudder as primary turbines spin up. SCP-3000 is visible on radar, approaching SCPF Eremita. SCP-3000 is not visible on exterior cameras.*

<02:26:37> *Krishnamoorthy stands and approaches diving suit locker. Subject puts on a high-pressure deep sea diving suit, and then moves towards exterior door controls. Subject engages exterior door latch. Interior airlock camera is obscured by rushing water.*

<02:27:14> *Secondary alarm is triggered by airlock breach. Personnel on the bridge attempt to close airlock, but Krishnamoorthy*

has already exited the airlock.

<02:27:48> *Krishnamoorthy hangs in the water behind the aft section of the Eremita, illuminated by exterior floodlights. Subject is motionless.*

<02:28:11> *SCP-3000 slowly appears from out of the darkness. Krishnamoorthy remains motionless.*

<02:28:29> *Exterior cameras shudder as Eremita begins to reverse towards Krishnamoorthy. Rescue teams have assembled in the airlock chamber.*

<02:28:52> *SCP-3000 approaches Krishnamoorthy. Its mouth begins to open. Eremita sounds horns, but neither SCP-3000 or subject appear to notice.*

<02:29:09> *SCP-3000 moves to just above Krishnamoorthy. Subject appears to look up into the now fully expanded jaw of SCP-3000. Eremita begins to flash external floodlights. Airlock opens.*

Krishnamoorthy: Anand… I was wrong. (*Sobs*) God save me, it's not—

<02:29:21> *SCP-3000 strikes and quickly consumes Krishnamoorthy.*

<02:29:45> *SCP-3000 disappears into the darkness, and is no longer visible on exterior cameras. Rescue crews are recalled. Crew begins to initiate Atzak Protocol.*

[END LOG]

Addendum 3000.5: Personal Journal of Dr. Mannava

Note: The following are excerpts from the personal diaries of Dr. Anand Mannava. Dr. Mannava has kept several journals during his assignment, and has reported that it is beneficial to counteract the psychological and memory-affecting properties of SCP-3000.

23/0

I come to bury Venkat, not to praise him.

Psychologically speaking, having your memories affected shouldn't be surprised he chose to relieve himself from ha alarming. Being briefed on its effects doesn't change the f included, and ground us to reality. I am supposed to subm wrong, why a staff member turned suicidal, and a full anal in the future, to the O5 and Site Director Nox, have it revie travesty from happening again.

He always was more religious than I am. Right at the end Hindu snake god - and rambling about eternity. I'm not go but this is quite the enigma, and I suppose I should consid compared to previous assignments that I've had. I don't th that extraordinary. It's funny - I spent the last thirty years b Hinduism and now I'm racking my brains trying to rememb

I want to say that it's because of the eel, but if I'm being ho Maybe not at the beginning, but certainly by the end. I can remember how angry he got when I couldn't remember the desperate to preserve his culture heritage, and I did every to perform the traditional last rites after his death. He even I tore them up front of him. I can't even remember why. Th He spent almost twenty years trying to pass down our her

30/0

Site Director Nox gathered the staff this morning for a sho me aside and told me that Venkat's replacement will come it's likely his belongings will just be disposed of, and is now that if I want to keep a thing or two from him, I should do s

His office was relatively unremarkable - his cushy squashe

books that I should probably check out someday. The only
window. Not fully sure why myself, but he's now sitting on
daughter at a lakeside terrace. It was a pretty unremarkab
of our best-looking pictures.

We're going under again tomorrow.

11/1

All of the D-class managed to stay put this week, which is
from exposure to SCP-3000, everything was in order. Son
they're scooping gunk off some big eel. They don't know c
how much it helps us.

Of course, one saving grace of being on the psychologica
potential effects - I'm aware of what's happening to my psy
pieces that are being lost right now. I recall images of a yo
like it was the 80s, when I was in Singapore - he was laug
son, a family friend - who this young man is. Perhaps Italia
cherished memory at all.

I looked at the Ganesh statue and the picture of my family
that I've done with them. I've started trying to learn some H
Vedas, but I can't memorize the lines properly.

I've been reflecting on what Venkat told me before he pas
Unable to rise out of the sea of humans that walk on the fa
and while he isn't one of the most well-known and househ
he's been the Foundation's leading marine biologist and g
actually quite surprised by his jealousy - he was never the
guessed that he wanted fame and recognition.

Perhaps he really was afraid that he is doomed to be stuc

Perhaps the silence of this place reminded him of somethi

Addendum 3000.6 : Memorandum on Atzak Brief
[LEVEL 5/3000 CLASSIFIED]

Some new assignments had questions about our work here, so I'm publishing this to clear

most of them up. Feel free to contact my office if there are any others.

The Atzak Protocol is a method for gathering and processing the Y-909 compound. It's a thick, brackish, grey fluid that SCP-3000 excretes as part of its metabolism. We don't know the exact method by which it does this, but we have some ideas, and none of them are great for us.

Initially, we thought it was bleeding. The first team we sent down to look at SCP-3000 went down to collect blood samples for analysis. When SCP-3000 attacked and consumed them, and began producing more of the substance, we realized that we were looking at something different entirely. It's definitely not blood, it's more akin to a prion slurry. It's extremely toxic, and spending too much time around the stuff causes a lot of the same effects as exposure to SCP-3000 does. Paranoia, memory loss, suicidal thoughts, etc. Refining the raw Y-909, what the processors call "eel jelly", allows us to create amnestics more effective than any we've ever had access to in the history of this organization.

Herein lies the ethical dilemma. SCP-3000 only creates Y-909 after eating, and it only eats humans. Remember when I said we had some ideas about how it does this? Some of our biologists have hypothesized that SCP-3000 is breaking down whatever makes sapient creatures sapient, filtering it through some part of its skin, and the residual ether is what we collect. You want to know something really fucked up? We've taken radiographs of this thing, trying to see what's going on inside of it. It's full of dead human bodies. It's not

digesting them at all, it's doing something else, and the end result is Y-909.

When we first started using Y-909 in our amnestics programs, we tried to synthesize it. We got something close to what we were looking for, Y-919, but the side effects were catastrophic. The amnestics would work, we could get people to forget events, people, and so on. But then they would start to forget other things, too. The mental deterioration would rapidly increase until there was nothing left, and then they would die. A few of those researchers thought we might be able to figure out how to decrease the severity of those side effects, but the cost to continue those trials would have been astronomical, and the program was discontinued.

It's no secret that what we're doing here is abhorrent. The Ethics Committee, the Classification Committee, they're all looking at ways to make this more tolerable than what it is. But the hard truth is, if we want to continue to use modern amnestics, we have to have Y-909. If we want to have Y-909, we have to feed D-Class to SCP-3000. Otherwise, we'd be forced to go back to the metaphorical dark ages, where we were amnesticizing people with opiates and chloroform.

The good news is, we're developing ROVs that should be able to take over the job of collecting the raw material from our dive teams. This will eliminate any chance of accidental casualties like we've had in the past, and is a good first step. For everything else, only time will tell.

-Nox

Addendum 3000.7: Personal Journal of Dr. Mannava

Note: The following is the full text of a page, penned in the hand of Dr. Mannava, which was ripped out of a journal and placed on his nightstand.

und

I have spent a considerable amount of time on this assign
individuals exposed to a Class VIII cognitohazard. I have
many psychological reports, but I have not been able to p
perfectly sane man out the door of that airlock, and into th

Earlier this week, as I was preparing my notes for another
wife, and my daughter off of my nightstand. The glass sha
cleaned it up, I noticed something written on the reverse o

"Anand, Shanti, and Padma. June, 2002"

But the writing was not mine, it was Venkat's. I was puzzle
picture of mine? I thought little of it at the time, and cleane
stuck with me. It was a little thing, easily explained in any
of uncertainty. It was not until last night that a horrifying th
the Foundation personnel archives, and realized a truth th

Shanti was Venkat's first wife. Padma was his daughter. T
I am certain I have had with them, are the experiences an
and I have no children. Even now, I can see my wife in my
that it is Venkat I see her through, not me.

The horror of this realization has been replaced with a que
Something about it, some latent part of its creation, abhors
scatters the part of us that we believe is a soul until all tha
some day become inert.

If even I can't remember myself, how can I expect anyone
am strangely apathetic at this revelation. I will fade into the
after me will. No one will care as I am forgotten. I do not d
face obliteration. I am not important. You are not importan
time. We may fight against it, but our enemy is inevitability

> I do not think that the eel is Anantashesha. I don't think it w
> myself coming apart, is not that the eel is some mythologi
> creature that eluded us, holding no malice; perhaps it real
> surface. The eel is not the harbinger of my demise, or hun
> shows us what the end looks like.
>
> And in spite of everything we might believe, every ideal we
> for all of us:
>
> Our end will be a forgotten one.

Note: Dr. Mannava was later discovered, unresponsive, near the aft airlock. Evidence suggested that Dr. Mannava had broken into the onboard storage locker and ingested a significant amount of raw Y-909. Dr. Mannava was moved off of the Eremita, and remains at Site-151 for analysis.

Footnotes and References
1. Specifically within several canyons throughout the region.
2. Due to this, SCP-3000's internal biology is believed to be similarly anomalous.
3. O-9 Alpha is believed to have been addressing a former member of the command team assigned to SCP-3000, Barry Hughes, who had passed away two years prior.
4. Dr. Krishnamoorthy was married twice, and has two sons and three daughters between the two marriages.

SCP-3001: Red Reality

Item #: SCP-3001

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: To prevent further accidental entries into SCP-3001, all Foundation reality-bending technology will be upgraded/modified with multiple newly developed safeguards to prevent Class-C "Broken Entry" Wormhole creation. While knowledge of SCP-3001 is available to personnel of any level should they wish to learn about it, research and experimentation with SCP-3001 and its associated technology is strictly limited to personnel of Level 3 and above, with special clearance designation granted from Sites 120, 121, 124, and 133.

Description: SCP-3001 is a hypothesized paradoxical parallel/ pocket "non-dimension" accessible through the creation of a momentary Class-C "Broken Entry" Wormhole.[1] While believed to be an infinitely extending parallel universe, SCP-3001 is almost completely devoid of any matter and has an extremely low Hume Level of 0.032,[2] contradicting Kejel's Laws of Reality with the relation between Humes and spacetime. This phenomenon causes matter inside it to decay at an extremely low rate, and damage that would otherwise prove fatal does not impede any biological/ electronic function; simulations suggest an organism can lose more than 70% of their body's tissue and still operate normally, as long as at least 40% of the brain remains. However, prolonged exposure will cause said matter to gradually approach SCP-3001's own Hume Level, resulting in severe tissue/structural damage as the matter's own Hume Field begins to disintegrate.

SCP-3001 was initially discovered on January 2, 2000, at Site-120, a facility dedicated to testing and containing reality-bending technology. Dr. Robert Scranton and his wife Dr. Anna Lang were Head Researchers at Site-120, and were developing an experimental device, called the "Lang-Scranton Stabilizer" (LSS).[3]

Dr. Scranton was transported to SCP-3001 after unexpected seismic activity damaged several active LSS in Site-120 Reality Lab A.

Initially presumed dead, Dr. Scranton has survived in SCP-3001 for at least five years, 11 months, and 21 days. During this time, he was able to record his experiences and observations within SCP-3001 through a somehow still functioning LSS control panel, which was also brought into SCP-3001 with him through the Class-C "Broken Entry" Wormhole. These recordings were later recovered upon the panel's sudden return, an unexpected side effect from testing improved reality-bending technology; these logs are the basis of SCP-3001 study. Despite new technologies being developed, retrieval and re-integration of Dr. Scranton has been unsuccessful. His current physical and mental states, if he is still alive, are unknown. *[Further information on Dr. Scranton's possible retrieval is under Ethics Committee review.]* Transcripts of Dr. Scranton's logs are below.

+ Access, File: Scranton SCP-3001 logs, Section 1.

[No discernible/coherent dialogue can be heard from Dr. Scranton for the first eight days. He cycles through periods of panic, confusion, and anger throughout, and it seems he was attempting to navigate SCP-3001 to find a way out. He finally moved close enough to the recording log on the eleventh day, though did not notice it was operating for several more hours.]

…

Name, Robert Scranton. Age, 39. Birthday, September 19, 1961.

Favorite color, blue.
Favorite song, "Living on a Prayer."
Wife… Anna…

Anna…

Name, Robert Scranton. Age, 39. Birthday, September 19, 1961.

Favorite color, blue.
Favorite song, "Living on a Prayer."
Wife, Anna. She has green eyes. I love her very much.

Name, Robert Scranton. Age, 39. Birthday, September 19, 1961.

Favorite color, blue.
Height, 178 cm.
Weight, 85 kg.
Wife, Anna. Anna, I'm sorry.

Name, Robert Scranton. Age, 39. Birthday, September 19, 1961.

Favorite color, blue.
My wife's name is Anna. We got married August 12, 1991.
I hope she got out okay.
Please let her be all right, please let her be all right.

Robert, Scranton. 39. Anna, blue, wife.
Please… please, God, please…

Anna… Anna… Anna bo banna… Anna bo banna…

What the… what the hell is that? *[It is assumed at this point Dr. Scranton noticed the flashing light of the recording module.]*

What the fuck, this thing's actually recording?

[Metallic clang heard.]

[Voice is highly agitated and panicked.] My name, is Robert Scranton. Yeah, yeah, my

name, is Robert Scranton, former researcher at Foundation Site-120. It has been… I don't know, actually, I… I can't remember. I… I estimate it's been ten days, but, I-I-I don't, I can't… Oh God, can anyone hear me?! I-I-I don't know what's happened, I-I don't know where I am, and-and, please, please is anyone there?! Hello?! Anyone?! ANYONE?!

No one can hear me. Oh God, oh God, oh God. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK.

Why the hell is this thing even working, it can't be working, it SHOULDN'T be working, so what the hell?! I need to — God, I need to, I need to… see, how… long can I talk here, I think there's a-a-a cap or something on the recording log, and I-I-I can't see anything, I can only see the red light blinking on and off, I can't see any of the switches next to it…

I'm really hungry.

Thirsty, too. I think I should be dead from dehydration by now, but… I don't know.

Hi, little red light. Can you talk to me? Can you talk to… Anna, for me? Hello?

I found the controls.

Two weeks, three days, forty-seven hours, and fifty-eight minutes.

Two weeks, three days, forty-seven hours, and fifty-eight minutes.

Two weeks, three days, seven hours, and fifty-eight minutes.

Two weeks, three days, seven hours, and fifty-eight minutes.

Oh… Jesus.

ERROR WITH PLAYBACK, ERROR WITH PLAYBACK. ERROR WITH PLAYBACK.

Wherever the hell I am, I'm pretty sure now that… I don't need to eat to stay alive. It hurts… a lot, but… at this point I don't think I'm gonna die… So… I'm gonna… I'm gonna take my time… I guess. I… Maybe some sort of miracle will happen and I'll get out. Heh. Keep dreaming, Robert. Yeah, I'm… I'm tired, I'm gonna sleep.

Three weeks, four days, nineteen hours.

I have a picture of Anna in my pocket. I almost forgot. Little red light, let me see her face, please? Just a little bit, I just… I just want to see her a bit.

Hi, Anna, I'm still here, I'm still here. I'm coming back, okay?

Two months, four days, three hours.

… Hi. Robert here. Yeah, I-I haven't really recorded much to hear in the past few weeks. Ha. Hahahaha… Hahaha… huh… huh…

Sorry, gotta keep it together. Breathe.

I've been… I've been busy. Trying to learn more about the place I'm in. My prison. My kingdom all my own. Heh, King Robert. God, I stink. Is there even air in this goddamn place? Stinky King Robert, king of GODDAMN NOTHING FUCK.

…Sorry, sorry. I, I gotta keep this professional. I'll… I'll come back when I'm feeling rested.

… Okay, here goes. *[Inhales then exhales deeply.]*

My name is… Robert Scranton. I am a former Head Researcher of Site… 120, a Foundation facility dedicated to studying various reality-bending SCPs, for the purpose of developing more advanced countermeasures towards such threats.

For the last… red light, speak to me,

Two months, eight days, sixteen hours.

What red light said. I have been trapped in what I believe to be an empty pocket dimension. Alone. Yeah… alone. All alone.

I'm calling this place SCP… I don't know, I can't remember where we are, screw it. I don't know what's happened in the past… red light, please, again.

Two months, eight days, sixteen hours.

But… no one else is around to argue, and at this point… I'm just talking into this control panel to keep myself together. I… I need to keep a record. There might be some poor bastard in the future who ends up like me, and… if this ever actually makes it out… maybe, maybe I can help stop that from happening. That's all I have going for me right now, and I *really* need something to go for, hahahaha…

…So, yeah, Robert… Scranton… documenting a new SCP for… future research purposes. That'll have to do. Here we go!

+ Access, File: Scranton SCP-3001 logs, Section 2.

…

Two months, eleven days, ten hours.

Item number, SCP I don't fucking care.

Object Class, Euclid, I guess, but I don't know, I might update this in time. I need to explore more.

Special Containment Procedures, god I sound so much like a shrink right now… Um… I don't know if we could… contain wherever I am. It's… definitely not on Earth. To be honest I don't know where it is. I… I think it has do something with the Stabilizer prototype… I'll explain that more later. Okay… um… yeah, wherever I am, I don't think it can be contained much as… created. No, no, that's not the word I'm looking for. Um… entered. Yeah, entered is better. I came into this place because of some really bad reality-bending accident and… no, no, Robert, don't be like that yet, you don't know if there's no exit yet. Ooooh… livin' on a prayer… halfway… there. Ahem.

Two months, eleven days, eighteen hours.

So… wait, no, Description, Robert, stick to the format… This place… It's some sort of reality gap, I think. It's dark. Really dark. As in, this little red light that shows my words are actually being recorded is the only visible light in this entire place. I can't see my hands, and I can barely see the control panel here. I've had to basically use the light as a center, and remember how many steps I take and in which direction. I haven't gone past a hundred yet. I'm too… I'm too scared to. Heh. I wonder if my hair is turning white, right now? I can't even see what color it is anymore. Speaking of

which, my head has been a bit itchy recently. If I don't concentrate on it, it's fine, but I feel this… tingling all over my face. I'm not sure why.

Two months, fifteen days, four hours.

Okay… hoooo… I-I need to relax for a minute, Jesus, god, shit. Holy… shit, shit, shit… I… just discovered a new property of this place. All this time, I've been thinking I might be walking on… some sort of… flat ground, if you will. I kept eye contact with little red as far as I could see, and it seems I could walk in a straight, flat path. Jesus, my head is buzzing right now, I think the adrenaline is still kicking… But, if my hypothesis is correct, and this really is some sort of reality… void, then there shouldn't be anything to walk on. Now that I think about, the whole time I've been in here, it's felt like… I'm walking, but I'm also swimming through something. And this something is thick, and form-fitting, it has this… pressure, which I know isn't the correct term, but goddamn it, this place makes *no damn sense* and I'm doing my best to understand it, okay?!

God… Sorry.

So, the best analogy I can come up with is… it's like I'm walking through really thick black gel. There's enough tension to keep me on a… "surface", but if I… imagine myself pressing down hard enough, I can descend. Wait. Wait, wait, wait, wait, I think… I think I need to test this more, I'll be back.

Two months, seventeen days, two hours.

Navigation is largely affected by… conscious

impulses to travel in a certain direction. So, this definitely isn't a complete reality gap, at least according to mine and Anna's theories. If-if it *were* I wouldn't have been able to move at all, since space wouldn't *have existed*. Holy shit, okay, okay, this makes a lot more sense than it did before, great, *great* job, Robert, you're getting there. …Come to think of it, I should've realized that sooner when I was able to move in a flat plane to and from little red. It also explains why I'm not dead from dehydration or hunger yet, time barely passes in here. Okay yeah, so, I stood right next to little red, and went straight… "down." Okay, from here on out, imagine little red as the origin of a 3D space. I went straight… down, right, yeah, and then… and then I was then able to come back "up" to little red again. I've also been able to "fly" above red. Movement in here is slow, like I said, gel analogy, best I can describe it by.

Two months, twenty-two-days, three hours.

Reporting back for another update, red, SIR! Hahaha, come on red, lighten up. Ha! Pun not intended… Come on red, crack a little smile, it's funny!

…

… Fine, whatever. Ahem.

This place still seems like it *barely* follows Kejel's Laws of Reality Parameters. And by barely, I mean, really just *barely*. I'm pretty sure my math is right, but… hold on, I'm gonna check again…

Jesus. Yeah, yeah, pretty sure it's good still. Okay, this place… if we're using the standard

Hume scale, I'm pretty sure I'm in a reality where the Hume Field is… point zero… four… ish. Yeah, really, really, *really* fucking low, so… Like I said above, space-time exists on a very minuscule scale, so my biology is not getting shot to hell and back because of any malnutrition, but that also means… I… I'm actually not sure what that also means…

…

Adding on from the last entry. I'm… I'm not sure how my biology will react in such a low Hume concentration, actually. I mostly worked with higher than average Hume Fields, and the reality benders we tested never had a Field lower than 0.8. This… this is gonna be a first. An all-time first. I remember Site-133's "Prommel Killer", they called it that because it broke the previous theory about the lowest limit of Hume concentration. Really expensive, really weird machine that brought down a small area to 0.4. 0.05 is… yeah.

I was lying. I was lying, last log… I… I'm lying to myself. My own body, and… little red here too… We're about the realest things in this place. And that means… over time… the Hume field's going to want to… equalize, and… I'm… I'm gonna go for now, I have some… some calculation to do again. Red, Anna, take note I'm using Kejel's Second, Third, and Fourth Laws, got it? Use… use 0.05 as the surrounding, my external field as… somewhere in between 1 and 1.4, use the Second Law's error estimation correction, and my internal as… as… as… shit. I'm not done yet.

I am real. I am super-real. Super duper real. Ultra real, the realest guy in a world of no-real.

You have no sense of humor as usual, red. I'm talking about the LSS, red. When we got sent here, I think… I think our reality got cranked up a notch. Red, didn't you pay attention in class? Hey, don't get fucking smart with me, red. Okay, the *point* is, the LSS surge got us up to… to…

Two months, eighteen days, seven hours.

No, red, not even fucking close, you must've converted Kejel's Third Law equation wrong. Because of the malfunctioning LSS we got blasted by, we're somewhere in between 2.2 and 3.6. *Yes*, that's good red, that's very good, because that means we have more time than we thought to… to… yes, red, before we fucking DIE, okay?!

Two months, twenty four days, five hours.

About three years. Four, if… If I don't interact too much. If… If I had had an LSS here, I could maybe stretch it out to… eight, maybe, that's best case scenario… But I have… I have to… I… know… but… but… three years. Three years, then it's past the point of no return. Ha. Hahahahaha. I should… I should definitely figure something out by then. I think I still should be pretty good for a while… At least… no, no, I won't be in here that long… I'll definitely figure something out…

Anna, what would we do with a case like this? I need your help, honey. That… that tingling I've been feeling… That's my Hume Field diffusing… My… my reality fading… Three years. I need to stabilize myself within three years.

I've been thinking… Anna and I, we had this

theory… Even though the Hume Field is low, it's still a Hume Field. And precisely since it's so low, Hume diffusion should take quite a while. Now if… if I could… contain… recycle the fields, keep the diffusion from spreading too thin, I could… And I could also maybe… it's only a theory, but… It's worth a shot. But that means…

Hey, red. I… I'm gonna have to go for a bit. I want to test something, and you can't come with me. I… I'm sorry. No, no, red, I'm really, *really* sorry, I want you to come, I do, but… if we're together the diffusion will increase faster… We both need as much time as possible. I need to figure this place out more, and *you* need to make sure you keep all that info in your head. It's… red, come on. You-you'll be fine red, I know you will, you're tough. A lot tougher than me… it'll only be for a bit, red, but I need to see if I can find a way to keep us alive a bit longer. Maybe even get us out of here. If I can contain enough field, I can… I can maybe even get us out. No, *no* I'm not sure, but I need to find out. Red, we're talking about possibly escaping, okay? Yeah, it's a gap. A gap should have an end, like a… like the walls of a canyon, understand? I need to find a wall, and then, and then I can…

…

I'm sorry, red, I hope we're still friends when I come back.

…

I'm… I'm going now… I'll see you soon.

…

+ Access, File: Scranton SCP-3001 logs, Section 3.

Six months, ten days, five hours.

Hello again, little red. It's been a while.

You know… thinking back… I don't know what the hell I was so excited about. This place is… god, this place. This place is is fucking… hell.

There's no end. It just goes on. And on. And on.

I traveled in one goddamn direction for *two, damn, months.* God, I'm so fucking *stupid*, why did I think I could get out? I'm thinking like those old European shits that thought the end of the world was at the horizon. Fucking stupid, Robert, stupid, just-just-GAAAAAAAAAAH—

If I let myself fall down long enough would I eventually hit a bottom?

Ten months, 28 days, 15 hours.
There's no bottom. And *fuck you*, red.

I'm sorry, red, don't go out, I'm sorry I turned you off, come back, come back, please—

… I turned 40 today. Happy birthday, Robert.

I was adopted, did you know that? Yeah, my parents left me in a box on the side of a street. Got picked up by some American couple, which explains my not-so-Chinese names. I don't even know my original last name. Just thought I'd share. How about you, red?

Anna and I met on-site in 1988. God she was beautiful. She still is. It was our eyes. She has *beautiful* eyes. My eyes are grey, they're

boring, but hers… God they're beautiful. Do you think… Do you think she's still worried about me, little red? Is she looking for me?

You know, red, you're a great listener. But I never hear you talk about yourself. Come on, don't be shy, there's no one else around, right? Hahaha, right? Hahaha… hahahahaha…

"I'm sorry, Robert, I'm afraid I can't do that." Hahaha, red, you're hilarious.

Were you married? Kids? Any family at all? Girlfriend? Boyfriend? Come on, red, I won't judge, just… talk to me, *please.* God, my head hurts. And my feet feel like they've been asleep for forever.

I worked at a comic store as a kid. So much cheaper back then, and I got free stuff at the end of each week. I liked Spiderman the best.

I was in a box, side of the street.

I… what the fuck… no. No. No, no, no, no, no, no, red, have you seen my picture? The *picture* red, Anna's picture, where is - come on, come on, where-where- Anna! ANNA! ANNA! Where did - no, no, no, no, no, please, please no, anything but, PLEASE.

It's fading, she's fading, she's fading, please, Anna, no, please, come on, sweetie, stay here, it's too soon, it's TOO SOON, my math isn't wrong, it's NOT WRONG, YOU SHOULD BE FINE. ANNA, ANNA, I can't hold you, come back, Anna, sweetie, honey, Anna please, I need you, I need you, please, please, don't go, I'm here, I'm still here. RED GET HELP. Anna, please, please, don't go, don't -

Black hair, green eyes, 160. Black hair, green eyes, 160. Black hair, green eyes, 160. Black hair, green eyes, 160. Black hair, green eyes, 160. Black hair, green eyes, 160. Black hair, green eyes, 160. Black hair, green eyes, 160. *[Dr. Scranton repeats this for three hours.]*

Anna and I got married in '91. We couldn't really get the nicest suit and dress we wanted because of work, but, damn, we both looked great. Anna looked better, of course. We just danced, and danced the whole night, got the whole week off. Even a job like mine lets you enjoy your honeymoon… So, come on red, open up, put 'er there, high five. Come on. *Come on, red.*

One year, two months, twenty-seven days.

…
…

AAAAAAA—

[The next recordings only play the control panel's automated voice giving times, with intervals of one to three days, with several month-long gaps in between as well; also intermixed are Dr. Scranton's sobbing, screaming, and mumbling. These recordings continue until the time reading reaches two years, seven months, and 28 days, after which they cease to pick up any sound until two months later.]

+ Access, File: Scranton SCP-3001 logs, Section 4.

…
…

[Dr. Scranton's voice is noticeably distorted now. Hypothesized to a combination of both him and the control panel finally showing signs of reality breakdown.]

Robert… cold. I can't… I can't feel my legs anymore. I think… I'm beginning to… Hitting that point I… talked about… Low Hume Field… Diffusion… Equilibrium… bunch of… stupid… garbage…

I don't know what's real in here any more. Hell, I'm not sure *I'm* real. Or… something… something close to it… If… If I really am going out like this, I… I… I don't want to die yet. I don't want to die yet. Oh, *god* I don't wanna die yet…

I ran up in one straight diagonal line, for six months. I went down in one… no I just went down again… for… eight. There's still no bottom, red, there's still no bottom.

What have you been up to, Red? Have you been listening for me all this time? You're a stubborn little guy, Red…

Lucy.

Huh, Red? Sorry, I must have fell asleep. What did you want? Oh… sorry, I-I'll try to remember…

Lucy. That's what we wanted to call our kid if we had one. Lucy Scranton, Lucy Lang, Anna and I both thought it would have a nice ring. I-I- No, Red, I… I don't remember picking out a boy's name…

"Good morning… good morni-i-ing. We've talked… the whole… through…"

Man, I really suck at tap-dancing. Can't feel my feet at all. Okay, *you* try then, Red.

Kejel's Law states that Hume Fields diffuse, Kejel's Law states that my balls will eventually fall off if this keeps up.

"Anna… Anna bo banna…" Heh, she hated that song, and I loved to tease her with it. "Anna… Anna bo banna banana… banana, banana canna…" It actually became a joke between us, did you know? We made it the words that turn you on. *[Pause.]* Come on, red, act your age, don't be immature. *[Sighs.]* Fine, guess you have a sense of humor after all, maybe!

Heheheh, we're gonna have to fuck with *so* much science when we get out, this place breaks apart rules like my hand is breaking right now.

Spiderwebs. My left hands. Spiderwebs.

There was a reality-bending spider at Site-120 once. I should crush it. Red, would you crush it for me when we get out?

Average ten, fifteen kilometers a day, plus a few breaks. Thirty, two, thirty, ten, no, eleven, no, no ten, I think. At least, three hundred left, and… and… shit no, was faster going down… Fuck it, I'm saying about six hundred kilometers down. Took a hell of a lot longer coming up.

Far down. Bottomless? Infinite? And beyond. Shut up, Robert, you're not funny.

Hume Field, boom field… breaking down at a rate of… shit, what's the constant of Modified

Prommel Relations? Ten to the fourth? No, no… fifth… fifth, I think…

One year. Maybe add a few more months.

Red, how does David sound? David. You know, you asked about… yeah, yeah, that. Sorry I woke you…

My… my hands. I… my hands are going through each other… Red. Red! RED! Red, help, help, please, my hands, I can't feel my hands, they're going through each other like… like… they're like ice water, Red, I can't, oh god, oh god…

Huh… huh… huh… Red… You know… you know that… that stupid magic trick your uncle would show you where he'd pull his thumb off, but it was really just his other one tucked under?

I just did that. With my real thumb. It didn't even hurt, it just came off. I think… Oh, god I'm gonna be sick. I-I- *[Sounds of retching.]* I think… I think it's just floating right now, and I can't even pick it up, my hand just passes through it, oh god, oh god, I-I-

My left pinky feels like… an onion.

Yeah, it's separated.

NICE TRY HELL, ring's on the RIGHT hand, nice try left.

I can… go… right through myself… I can… feel inside me.

It feels… warm.

But also cold.

When I sleep… my hands go in my head. I'm sleeping on my back now.

Static. I'm like static on a TV.

Chhhk. Chhhhk. Chhhk.

Ha. Hahahaha. Hahahahahahaha. Well, I-I-I only need one kidney, right? RIGHT? RED, RED LOOK AT THIS! Haha. Hahahahahaha…

Let me keep my heart, just my heart, that's all I want.

Lucy. David. Are you there? I want to see you.

Lucy. David. That's not fair. Come on, hey, quit messing around, I was joking when I said that, I was joking. COME ON, THAT'S FUCKED UP, I WAS JOKING.

I'm a man, be a man, Robert, you're a man, WHAT THE FUCK.

Anna… Annaaaa…

Four years, six months, eighteen days.

I'm not… I'm not even doing it myself anymore. I can… feel it happening on its own… Finally. Finally, I can… I still can't say it… I'm… I'm still scared…

I… definitely won't eat anymore now…

Still really hungry.

That is fucking disgusting, Robert, and you know it. NO. SEE, RED THINKS SO TOO. NO.

This little piggie went to market.

This little piggie went… somewhere.

This little… foot. Foot… RED?!

Five years, 13 days.

Haha.
Hahahahahahaha
Hahahahahahahahahaha.
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA.
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA.

Five years, 14 days.

Five years, 15 days.
Five years, 15 days.
Five years, 15 days.
Five years, 15 days.
Five years, 15 days.
Five years, 15 days.
Five years, 15 days.

Stop it, you're hurting me.

Five years, 19 days.

I'm feeling better now, red, sorry.

How do you do it, red? Keep it together? Spill it out, I need some help here… I need some help…

Red. Come on. Don't do that. Don't go. I know it's hard. I know it's dark. But-but- it's dark and we're together still. Come on. Red. No. No. You-you can't. RED! Come on, buddy, stay with me, Red! Come on! I can still touch you! I CAN STILL TOUCH YOU LOOK AT ME RED YOU ARE NOT DYING YET NO RED NO!

[No audio is recorded for the next 9 months.]

+ Access, File: Scranton SCP-3001 logs, Section 5.

Five years, nine months, two days.

…

Red?

Five years, nine months, three days.
Five years, nine months, three days.
Five years, nine months, three days.
Five years, nine months, three days.
Five years, nine months, three days.
Five years, nine months, three days.
Five years, nine months, three days.
Five years, nine months, three days.
[Automated message repeats 97 more times.]

You little shit, I thought you left me… *[Dr. Scranton's voice is barely audible/coherent, as if through a heavily distorted, muted radio.]*

…

Sorry to say, red, but… there's not much left here… I… it's been hard. I've… 184. I've tried to kill myself 184 times. It didn't work. …None of them worked. I'm… I don't even know how much there is of me anymore. At least one foot, because I can move. Probably a few leg muscles too, but I'm wobbly. Insides are… insides are shit. Still a heart, maybe a lung. This place… really won't let me stop… Tired…

I… did die, red. Come on red, don't look at me like, I don't want your *pity* and I don't want *shock*, or anger, or fear, or, or… I can't… When… 224, I miscounted…

One, two, three, four… *[Dr. Scranton counts from one to 220-245 several times over for the*

next 13 hours.]

I died. I died, a lot. I tried to suffocate, I tried to snap my neck, I tried to bite myself apart. And… and… This place. It's not real. I left, I saw *myself*, *on the ground* and I couldn't— I couldn't— I couldn't go anywhere. I couldn't *leave*. There's no way to *leave*, I just floated back down, and each, damn, time, there was less and less of me. I-I- oh, god, how much more can I take away and still live?

So why are… why are you back now? What do you want to tell me?

Five years, nine months, twelve days.

Heh…

This place is getting smaller. Red, did you somehow do this? I… there's an end here for sure now. It's gone from… god knows how long to… There's like a veil further out and when I touched it hurt like hell. Red, what's going on?

It's… it's not dark. That border or whatever is getting brighter and, I mean, it's still fucking dark but… oh god, I can actually *see* something now. I…I… oh, god, what the fuck is this? I… oh, god, I didn't know I was this bad. Oh, god, oh god, oh god, there's so much gone—

Five years, ten months, ten days.

Red, you're solid. Like, no, you're really fucking *solid.* You're… you're *real.* And… and… I'm real too when… only when I touch you. But… Red, it… it really hurts when I do. I… I think that if I touch you I might fall apart…

You — *really* fucking hurt, Red, Jesus *Christ*, you hurt, what the fuck is going on?

About three kilometer in radius, and closing. Is this… is this something like Kejel's Fourth Law? But… but… what the hell is taking it? Hey! HEY! I'm in here still stop! You're causing a collapse! HEY! HEY!

Two kilometers. Oh god, what's gonna happen when it closes? DAMMIT, RED YOU HURT!

Not collapsing. Waves. They're… waves… What?

Robert, you are a goddamn genius. Not walls, windows. *Open windows.*

Five years, ten months, twenty-eight days.

Anna, Anna can you hear me? These waves… this place… Okay, imagine, two realities as two pieces of paper stuck together. This place is the space squished between. There should be only two realities, parallel, but this place is a tiny, but infinite third… third… in-between, like what would happen if you fell into a hole crossing a bridge from Point A to Point B! Remember Class-C Wormholes? Those theories about a wormhole that was full of goddamn holes. I think… I think this is where one of those holes leads. It doesn't lead to a different universe, it leads to *nothing.* A dead end. This place is a dead end. Class-C "Broken Entry".

These waves. Wherever they're coming from, they're from some parallel reality interacting with this place, displacing this in-between place every so slightly. And they're all… pushing on me and red, because since we still

have some level of reality, they're pushing, or… or sucking us towards them, gradually creating a new wormhole towards… towards… home.

…

What's going to happen to me when I go back? When the window closes?

Think, dammit, Robert, think. You've got to think! *Think harder! THINK HARDER!*

Red, I'm gonna, ah, I'm gonna have to, *Jesus*- gah, I'm gonna have to move away from you, you, I don't know, you're sick or something, you're really messed up right now. Call me when you're feeling better.

…I can't… I can't think… right… Blood. Blood. There's… way… too much… ha…

Drip, drip, drip, where does it allllllll…. goooooooooooo… *[Retching noises.]*

I haven't… *[Retching noises.]* tasted barf in forever. Not even when I threw up after my… my… you're a man, Robert.

Oh, god. Oh god not again, not again, not again— *[Retching.]*
…

[Voice breaks.] How…? How…? How can I be throwing up this much, red, tell me… I don't… *[Retching.]* I don't even have a stomach to hold it in anymore… And the bleeding never… stops… *[Dr. Scranton breaks down into crying for the next two hours.]*

Be- *[Retching.]* better… now. Thinking.. straight…

Red, I… I don't know if I'm ready to go back anywhere yet…

Five years, eleven months, three days.

No, red, I'm not being selfish, it wasn't you, it was these goddamn waves coming in. I can't be near them. Red, look, look at me. See this? Red, look at me. LOOK. I can't be near them, they'll kill me. I passed the three years quite a while back, remember?

Because, even… even after all this time… I don't want to die, red. I'm still scared. *[Voice breaks.]* Red, I am *scared*, okay? You wouldn't understand, you're not… you're not human, red.

Oh I'm *sorry* for offending you, red. No, red, come on, I didn't mean it like that. Red, look at me. You're my friend, do you get that? You are, my *best* friend. But… let's face it, you've got a much better chance of getting out of here a—…. Just leave me alone, please, red? Just for a bit… I'm sorry, okay? I really am…

Can you… hear the waves coming in, red? That little hum and shake as it hits your ears? I can. And it's getting louder every time, and it *hurts so bad. [Begins to sob quietly.]* It hurts *so bad.*[4]

No… No, no, no, no, no… NO. NO. NO. Why? Why?! Just let me go, let me go… LET ME GO DAMMIT, oh god… *[Sobbing.]*

[Sobbing groan.] Another five years. *Five more years.* If this keeps up, I'm getting re-stabilized for another FIVE FUCKING GODDAMN YEARS, RED WHAT DO I DO?!

[Over the next five days, the control panel does begin to pick up a low frequency hum that comes in pulses. The volume increases steadily, and as it does, Dr. Scranton can be heard screaming, crying, and speaking incoherently in the background.]

[Voice is noticeably shaky.] Red.

[At this point the background humming noise is picked up at a rate of 20 pulses/min.]

Five years, eleven months, nine days.

Help. *[Loud splattering noise heard as something strikes what is assumed to be the control panel.]*

[Complete silence for five days. Pulses increase in volume, as well as frequency to 30 per minute.]

[Loud splattering noise.]

Red. *[Dr. Scranton's voice is extremely slurred, almost incomprehensible.]*

Red.

Red, give me your leg, I need support.

Red, give me your lever, arm. HAND!

Red, I need to see better, give me your light, no sorry, no, no light needed, got it, sorry, something else.

Anna.

I want pretty eyes. Anna, Anna, give me your eye, I only have one.

Anna, Anna, give me your lips, I want to kiss you again.

Anna, Anna, give me your tongue, I'm — I'm huhnunnnnnn-gry. *[Clicks tongue multiple times. Breaks down into a mix of quiet laughter and sobbing.]*

Anna… Anna, spare a toe? Wobbly.

…

ANNA, GIVE ME YOUR BRAIN, I ONLY HAVE HALF.

…

[Humming measured at 46 pulses a minute.]

[Sobbing.]

[Whispering.] I'm sorry, Anna, I didn't mean it, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm sorry I'm so scary, I'm so sorry… *[Sobbing.]*

Anna… *[Voice breaks.]* Anna, can I hold your hand, I lost my *ring*… *[Sobbing.]*

[Whispering.] It's okay, baby, it's okay… I'll find another way out… There's still enough of me left to… *[Shaky laughter as voice breaks.]* Another five years… five more years to figure something… something out… *[Laughter breaks down into crying that gradually goes silent over the next hour.]*

[Quiet sobbing.] Not yet, red… please… I know you want to go… I'm not ready yet… I'm not… I'm not… *[Splattering noise heard.]*

I love you, red. I love you, Anna.

Five years, eleven months, twenty days.

[Hum is now up to 60 pulses/min.]

…

[Quiet sob.] A… nna… *[Dr. Scranton's speech pattern is almost regular.] [Loud metallic bang heard followed by splattering noise as something strikes the control panel once again.]*
Five years, eleven months, twenty-one days.

On December 23, 2005, the LSS Control Panel spontaneously appeared back within the Site-120 testing facility, Reality Lab A.

…

Doctor, initial Hume Field readings of the Anchor are stable. Output readings are 2.3, with a 0.001% fluctuation.

Good, Skinner, let's hope that holds.

Hold on. What the hell?

What's wrong?

Something has appeared inside the testing zone.

What?

Ma'am, a large object has materialized within the Anchor field. What's the call? Kill the power? Call in the team?

Skinner, what the hell are you- Oh my god. What the— where the *hell* did *that* thing come from?!

I don't know ma'am, it just — it just appeared out of nowhere. It… it looks like it's covered in… what the hell is that— *[Gags.]* Oh god, it smells awful, I can smell it from here, Jesus *Christ*—

[Gags.] It smells like… *death*, it's like… vomit and — and blood, and… and…

…

Ma'am?

Oh my god.

Ma'am?

Do not abort, Skinner, I repeat, do not abort, keep that field up, and *do not abort*!

Ma'am, what's going on? Ma'am? *Ma'am!*

Reduce Hume Field to 1.7, I'm entering the containment zone, *do not* disengage the field, or we risk destabilizing the object!

Uh, yes ma'am! *[Mechanical whirring heard.]* Uh, reporting, yes, this is Dr. Matthew Skinner, requesting…

[Splashing footsteps heard.]

Oh, god, what the hell, what — what is all this? This… this is… this is the… Oh, god. Robert? Robert?! Robert, is this you? Oh, god, please, please, no, don't let it be you, don't let it be you, *Robert?!* I thought, I thought — How can this thing be—? *[Splashing footsteps heard again.]*

[Electronic beeping.]

Ma'am? Ma'am? What are you doing, you shouldn't touch —

This is the Lang Scranton Stabilizer interface. Welcome back, Dr. Lang, what would you like to—

Access Audio Log, play back starting from January 2, 2000! *[Squishing noise heard.]* Oh god, oh god, what the hell happened to this thing, it's like someone exploded on it, it's like — *[Gag.]* That's… oh god is that… is that… oh god, oh god, please, please, no, please, don't be — *[Gasp, then sob.]* It's grey, *his* grey, oh, god, where's the other…?

Accessing audio files. Please verbally state your password to continue, Dr. Lang.

[Voice begins to break.]—… *[Gags.]* Password… Password is "Anna bo banna"! Oh my god… He's… it's *everywhere*, what the *hell*?…

Request acknowledged. Processing… I'm sorry, there are no audio logs for January 2, 2000. Dr. Scranton accessed log on January 13, 2000 via voice-recognition at time—

[Metallic slam.] PLAY BACK NOW DAMMIT, PLAY IT BACK! [Sobbing.] Oh god, Robert, Robert, sweetie, what — what happened to—?

Confirmed, Dr. Lang, retrieving audio files…

Ma'am you really shouldn't be touching that barehanded, it could be hazardous, you should wait for the cleaning team to—

There's so much blood here, there's so much, honey. Are you okay?! Where did you go?! Oh

god, oh god, oh god… *[Sound of splattering and squeaking, as if wiping away fluid.]* Oh, god, there's so much blood… *[Squishing noise.]* What…? …Oh my… *[Choking gasp, then silence for twenty seconds.]*

Ma'am! Ma'am! Dr. Lang, please, please, step away from the—

His hand. His ring… It just fell to the…

Ma'am, what—? Oh. Oh, *shit.* Oh, Jesus *Christ.* Dr. Lang, step away, please, come back! We'll get you out here for now, everything will be all right!

Files retrieved, Dr. Lang. Playing now.

Dr. Lang, please, come with me, we'll get help, you hear me? Dr. Lang? Dr. Lang, can you hear me?! Dr. Lang?!

Name, Robert Scranton. Age, 39. Birthday, September 19, 1961.

Favorite color, blue.

Favorite song, "Living on a Prayer."
Wife… Anna…

Anna…

[Thudding sound heard, as if falling on wet pavement.]

Dr. Lang? Dr. Lang! Report, this is Dr. Matthew Skinner, reporting from Site-120 Reality Lab A, I need medical attention here immediately!

Footnotes
1. A previously hypothetical type of wormhole that does not transport

matter to the expected location, or has a spacetime flaw that may randomly and dangerously eject matter mid-travel.
2. For more information on Humes and reality physics, refer to documentsJEK-WT01andJEK-EB02.
3. The LSS was the prototype whose design would go on to become the basis for the current "Reality Anchor" project.
4. No audible hum is picked up by the control panel at the time. It is believed that the frequency was too low to be detected.

SCP-3002: Attempts to Assassinate Thought

On Mon, Jul 28, 2014 at 12:50pm, Kaye Thomas (thomask@foundation.scp) wrote:

R.

As per O5-1's instructions, I have sent you a copy of 3002's file. Let me know if you need anything else.

Dr. Kaye Thomas
Information and Memetics Division
Site-82
thomask@foundation.scp

Document prepared by: Doctor Darryl Loyd
Date: 2014-07-20

Item #: SCP-3002

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: A single prisoner affected by SCP-3002 is to be kept for the purposes of testing and analysis. They will be held in a standard humanoid containment cell in Site-41. Verbal and physical interaction is to be limited to approved testing. The remaining prisoners and staff members of South Rock Penitentiary have been given Class B amnestics, and are to be monitored for any re-occurrence of SCP-3002.

Description: SCP-3002 refers to a specific memory shared by 85% of the prisoner population in the South Rock Penitentiary, located near Lafayette, Indiana. Affected inmates are all able to recall a specific day from

their childhood. Specific dates vary between subjects, but the majority remember this day occurring sometime between the ages of ten to thirteen.

SCP-3002 accounts consist of the individual walking through or playing in a forested garden with their best friend at the time. At some point in their memory, inmates recall getting into an argument with their friend. Several accounts have details that conflict with the person's actual life, as several subjects did not live in or travel to locations with forests until their adult life.

SCP-3002 was originally discovered when Dr. Susan Fairbank, a psychologist working at the prison, noticed a large amount of inmates mentioning specific memories that all seemed to be identical. The incident was brought to the attention of the Foundation after agents monitoring a message board concerning psychology for a different anomaly noticed Dr. Fairbank's account of the shared memory.

At the time of initial containment, inmates were able to recall details of SCP-3002 with eidetic clarity. After several interviews, the subjects began to recall progressively less detail in SCP-3002, to the point where recollection of the affected memory was similar to normal memories. The reason behind this is unclear.

Addendum 3002-1: John Baylesh was incarcerated in South Rock Penitentiary in 2006 for multiple accounts of breaking and entering, aggravated assault, and vehicular manslaughter. Doctor Loyd was chosen to conduct this interview.

> **<Begin Log>**
>
> *Dr. Loyd enters the interview room and takes a seat. Baylesh was lead into the room shortly after and secured to the table.*
>
> **Baylesh:** You know, I kinda dig these new

blocks, but I thought I wasn't in for a transfer.

Dr. Loyd: Well, it's not a normal transfer, and most likely won't be permanent. I'm Doctor Loyd. I have a few questions to ask you.

Baylesh: Well that's a shame, you folks got good grub.

Dr. Loyd: Right. Would you like some water or something else to drink before we begin?

Baylesh: Eh, sure. Why not, right?

Dr. Loyd: The water will be here in a moment. Now, John, if John is what you go by, I want you to think back to your childhood. Are there any memories that stand out to you? Fun birthdays? Broken bones? Days in the park? Anything.

Baylesh: *(Subject waves hand dismissively.)* Call me whatever. But why do you care? You some sort of shrink?

Dr. Loyd: Please answer the question, John.

Baylesh: Fine, fine, whatever… *(Subject is silent for several seconds and looks contemplative.)* Giving it some thought, I remember the 17th of January, 1997. Me and John were playing in Brum Woods, a, uh, park by where we grew up. It was between me and John, so we-

Dr. Loyd: John?

Baylesh: Oh yeah, sorry. John was a kid I spent a lot of time with when we were kids. I went by Joey back then. John DeNunzio[1] was his name, I think.

An auxiliary staff enters the room, delivers several bottles of water, and exits.

Baylesh: Anyways, we were just messing around, being dicks to some squirrels. It'd been cloudy for awhile, but it was otherwise a great day, that we just wanted to get out of the house. As we were talking, we got to the topic of school. A new kid had just started at class. I think her family moved from Slovakia or something. But John just started going on and on and on about how much of a fuck she was, kinda being racist. That was just fuckin' weird. I'd known John forever, and he was always nice to everyone.

Dr. Loyd: Did you do anything about his, uh, ranting?

Baylesh: Y-Yeah. I called him out on that shit. I mean, his mom was Polish. God, I don't know what happened, but what he said just got under my skin. After I yelled at him, we just sorta shut up and went our separate ways.

Dr. Loyd: Did anything else of note happen?

Baylesh: *(Subject sighs and is silent for several seconds.)* Yeah. Lily found me.

Dr. Loyd: Was she a friend of yours?

Baylesh: Yeah, she was always a little weird. I think she was retarded or something. I say this because when she found me in the park, the first thing she did was get really close, like putting her hands on my shoulders, and asked me super seriously if I remembered her, and then just went on and on about some school project. Like, honestly, how could I forget Lily, she was always… *(Subject is silent for several*

seconds.) Huh. I can't actually remember what she was like.

Dr. Loyd: Can you at least recall what she looked like?

Baylesh: Yeah, she had super blond hair, I think, and she- *(Subject looks confused and remains silent for several seconds.)* I-I can't remember her past what we were just talking. But that's not right, she was one of my best friends. Was she? I swear I know her, but I- *(Subject puts their face in their hands.)*

Dr. Loyd: Please try to be calm. We'll have you transferred back to your cell shortly.

<End Log>

After several interviews, multiple common details could be found between all accounts of SCP-3002. These include the weather being cloudy but warm, an argument with the friend concerning a new child in school, and the presence of a female child with blond hair, most often described as Slovakian or Eastern European.

You have new unread messages in your inbox!

Footnotes
1. The John DeNunzio mentioned was confirmed to be an actual person through census records and social media. He is currently living in Lansing, Michigan. Observation has revealed no anomalous effects.

SCP-3003: The End of History

Item #: SCP-3003

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Personnel with appropriate clearance may view Document 3003-NRK (attached) to access SCP-3003's containment directive and plans for future containment.

Samples of SCP-3003-1 and -2 are kept at Biological Research Area-12, along with several other species from SCP-3003.

SCP-3003-3 has agreed to designate one group, the Earth Contact and Research Committee, as the primary point of contact for the Foundation. SCP-3003-3 has further agreed only to operate portals to SCP-3003 at any of several Foundation-specified sites. In return, the Foundation has designated the SCP-3003 Working Group as SCP-3003-3's primary point of contact, and has agreed to make all efforts necessary to prepare Earth for the introduction of SCP-3003-1. No efforts to spread SCP-3003-1 are, in fact, being made.

SCP-3003-3 must be made to believe that Earth is contaminated by an unknown agent that renders SCP-3003-1 sterile and Earth-native humans incapable of hosting SCP-3003-1. The introduction of the concept of deceit to SCP-3003-3 is forbidden, either directly or by deceiving a member of SCP-3003-3 under circumstances where the lie could be easily discovered.

Mobile Task Force Samekh-7 is tasked with incorporation into SCP-3003-3-operated research projects in order to delay research, falsify information about Earth, and perform covert research into SCP-3003-4. Several members are additionally conducting anthropological research into SCP-3003-3. See MTF Samekh-7 charter for further details. Members of SCP-3003-3 integrated into Foundation-operated research projects must be monitored closely

and are not permitted to leave Foundation sites or access unauthorized depictions of human society.

Protocols described in *Preventing the Spread of Non-Anomalous Invasive Species During Interplanetary Contact, Third Edition* must be followed by all parties when SCP-3003-4 is active.

Disinformation protocols are set in place to propagate the belief among the scientific community that HIP 56948 has no planetary system.

Description: SCP-3003 is an Earth-sized planet orbiting HIP 56948, a G-type main sequence star located 208 light years from Earth. Several anomalies of note are located on SCP-3003, and have been given appropriate sub-designations.

- SCP-3003-1 is a beetle-like organism native to SCP-3003 that parasitizes humans when infected by SCP-3003-2.
- SCP-3003-2 is an amoeba-like microorganism that infects humans and SCP-3003-1, affecting the behavior of both.
- SCP-3003-3 is a technologically advanced civilization on SCP-3003, composed of SCP-3003's entire native population of thirty billion humans. All are parasitized by SCP-3003-1.
- SCP-3003-4 is a device that enables the creation of a traversable portal between SCP-3003 and Earth.

The components of SCP-3003 are described in further detail below.

SCP-3003 is 3% heavier than Earth, has a rotational period of 30 hours, and orbits HIP 56948 at a distance of 0.9 AU. The range of temperatures on the surface is comparable to that of earth, with the majority of the planet's landmass (comprising 40% of the total surface area) supporting extensive habitation by SCP-3003-1 and -3. Most of the remainder of SCP-3003's surface has been altered to support SCP-3003-1 and -3, either directly or indirectly.

SCP-3003 has a biosphere that is biochemically compatible with that of Earth, though no known organisms other than humans are native to both planets. Almost all biological processes found on Earth are also found on SCP-3003, and vice versa. Genetic analysis of life

from SCP-3003 suggests the presence of a single ancestor roughly 3.1 billion years ago, with subsequent life (including humans) evolving naturally. This is suspected, but not confirmed, to be the result of some anomalous property of SCP-3003 itself. Most species native to SCP-3003 that were not conducive to the spread of SCP-3003-1 were eliminated by SCP-3003-3 within the past several centuries.

The risk of introducing invasive species from one environment to the other is addressed by current containment procedures. This has thus far been averted for macroorganisms; the presence of invasive microorganisms has not been discounted.

Anomalous phenomena apart from those discussed in this document have not been discovered on SCP-3003. SCP-3003-3's ruling committee has denied all knowledge of anomalous phenomena.

For detailed biological and anatomical information regarding SCP-3003-1, consult Document 3003-1-A0 through D-11.

SCP-3003-1, referred to as "Marce" by SCP-3003-3, share several notable characteristics with beetles: a bilateral body plan, a chitinous exoskeleton, six legs, wings, and a hardened carapace. Adult specimens range from 2-3cm in length. SCP-3003-1 are capable of secreting a protein fiber similar to spider silk, referred to as "silkate", from an orifice on their abdomens, as well as create a caustic fluid that coats their bodies as a defensive mechanism.

Under natural conditions, SCP-3003-1 gather in swarms of about one thousand individuals that spend the majority of their lives airborne, feeding on the seed-analogues of various tall sessile organisms. Sexual reproduction is carried out mid-air, with the swarm's offspring carried in a large pouch-like object by several members until maturity. In the wild, SCP-3003-1's lifespan is about 15 years.

Infection by SCP-3003-2 drastically alters SCP-3003-1's behavior. Affected specimens cease to behave eusocially and develop a 3cm-long pointed stinger on the head. After nightfall, SCP-3003-1 will

search for humans and, using this stinger, inject the subject with a powerful paralytic agent that diminishes the strength of muscle contraction. SCP-3003-2 is also injected during this time, with its neurological effects taking place within seven minutes.

Over the course of three minutes, the SCP-3003-1 will secrete a caustic fluid from their stinger that allows for the creation of a hole in the host's body slightly larger than the specimen; SCP-3003-1 will then enter this cavity and seal it shut on all sides with silkate. SCP-3003-1 absorb nutrients and expel waste and SCP-3003-2 via the silkate barrier, which interfaces with the bloodstreams of both the specimen and the host. Lifespan in this state is about three years, provided that the host is in good health.

SCP-3003-1 occupies about 30% of SCP-3003's landmass, primarily in a number of "reservations" established across the planet by SCP-3003-3. These reservations contain artificial ecosystems devoid of SCP-3003-1's natural predators and containing plentiful food, as well as other species introduced to keep the ecosystem in balance.

SCP-3003-2 is a eukaryotic single-celled organism native to SCP-3003. Several nearby evolutionary relatives have been identified; these species parasitize SCP-3003-1 and other related organisms, causing behavioral and physiological changes. None exhibit anomalous properties. SCP-3003-2's ancestor was most likely a similar organism.

SCP-3003-2 spreads to SCP-3003-1 by physical contact and to humans by introduction to the bloodstream. In humans, SCP-3003-2 will colonize the nervous tissue of the frontal, parietal, and temporal lobes, transforming into neuron-like cells that form functional neural pathways. In this state, SCP-3003-2 cells do not reproduce. The primary effects of SCP-3003-2 infection are:

- Development of an obsession with the well-being and spread of SCP-3003-1. Subjects infected with SCP-3003-2 will primarily pursue activities that they believe will benefit SCP-3003-1. Other concerns, such as morality and self-preservation, are only preserved if and when they are

functional for this purpose. Pleasurable activities are pursued when the subject cannot identify a course of action that benefits SCP-3003-1. Subjects value both the immediate propagation of SCP-3003-1 and the long-term survival of the species.

- Development of a pleasure response to stimuli pertaining to SCP-3003-1. Infected subjects have responded positively to visual, olfactory, auditory, and tactile stimulation reminiscent of SCP-3003-1 or the growths characteristic of their parasitic form. Classical conditioning is, to a limited extent, capable of transferring these feelings to other stimuli.
- Hyper-rational behavior. Infected subjects possess drastically above-average reasoning capabilities, which they will use to evaluate all information available to them in order to identify the course of action that most benefits SCP-3003-1. Affected subjects will refuse to consider the value or possibility of not supporting SCP-3003-1. While subjects can be conditioned to engage in irrational behavior under extreme circumstances, rational behavior has always resumed within two weeks.
- Suppression of emotions. While affected subjects are capable of experiencing emotions, these are rarely acted on and are easily discarded in light of new information. Emotional displays are often exaggerated.

SCP-3003-2 cannot reproduce within humans, and most cells do not survive longer than thirty days. Full recovery occurs within two years of the death of all cells. Regular infusions of SCP-3003-2, or (more commonly) the implantation of SCP-3003-1, is necessary for continued presence of SCP-3003-2 within the human body.

SCP-3003-2 is not present in wild populations of SCP-3003-1; instead, captive populations of SCP-3003-1 are exposed prior to their introduction to humans.

SCP-3003-3 is composed of genetic humans; physically, they are indistinguishable from humans. Experimentation has shown that Earth-native humans and SCP-3003-3 are capable of producing viable offspring.

SCP-3003-3 possesses roughly 35% of the genetic diversity of

Earth-native humans. This is attributable to roughly 460 years of systematic selective breeding for several traits that render SCP-3003 well-suited to hosting SCP-3003-1 (large stature, high levels of adipose tissue, reduced pain response, etc.), as well as for overall health, freedom from genetically transmitted illnesses and disabilities, and resistance to common infectious diseases.

As of 2017-03-24, SCP-3003-3's ruling committee has initiated a planet-wide project to introduce artificial genes into SCP-3003-3 over the course of the next thirty years. The stated goals of this project are to reduce resource consumption by 30%, preemptively induce immunity to Earth-native pathogens, and increase SCP-3003-1 hosting per-capita tenfold. It is presumed that these changes will constitute SCP-3003-3 as a distinct species.

No members of SCP-3003-3 have been identified as members of **SCP-1719-1**.

SCP-3003-3's technology, particularly SCP-3003-4, is not fully understood by the Foundation. While this is in part due to the advanced nature of most of these technologies, SCP-3003-3 has withheld various scientific and engineering advances as an incentive for the Foundation to make Earth habitable for SCP-3003-1. Full catalogs of SCP-3003-3's advances in medicine, materials science, and manufacturing are accessible in Appendixes 3-R, 3-S, and 3-T respectively.

SCP-3003-3 is capable of harnessing, in one way or another, one tenth of the energy that falls on it from HIP 56948. Most of this is harvested via wind, solar, and tidal power plants located in SCP-3003's deserts and oceans; in situations where this energy is unavailable or inconvenient, it is often supplemented with locally-produced geothermal and nuclear fusion power. SCP-3003-3 has developed several viable methods of fusion power, though none are as cost-effective as solar power under optimal conditions.

SCP-3003-3 has developed exascale quantum computers that are used to process massive amounts of data to devise and implement public policy. While SCP-3003-3 claims to have developed true artificial intelligences using these computers, it does not currently

permit their use or creation for reasons that have not been divulged to the Foundation. Extensive questioning on this matter has uniformly been met with hostility.

The taboo against artificial intelligence has also prevented widespread automation except in industries where returns are exceptionally high; additionally, while SCP-3003-3 has the capability to deploy advanced robots to assist in most tasks without violating this taboo, almost none are used.

Crops produced by SCP-3003-3 have been extensively genetically engineered for hardiness, disease-tolerance, space efficiency, resource efficiency, and nutritional value. To this end, only thirteen species are cultivated for food, all being sessile photosynthetic organisms analogous to plants. Various methods of processing and combination are used to create staple foods for SCP-3003-3 with properties suited for different situations.

Various satellites have been launched by SCP-3003-3 for purposes of research and communication. SCP-3003-3 is capable of, but rarely conducts, space travel; in this area, its technology does not substantially exceed that available to the Foundation. All other planets orbiting HIP 56948 have been visited by SCP-3003-3 on numerous occasions, with eleven individuals permanently living in an artificial habitat on the third planet from the star.

SCP-3003-4

SCP-3003-4 is a facility capable of creating wormholes between an apparatus at its center and any other point in space. SCP-3003-4 occupies 113 km^2 of an otherwise unused polar region of SCP-3003. Most of this is dedicated to the creation and transport of several forms of exotic matter, as well as creating brief laser pulses in the 10^{40} watt range, in order to stabilize wormholes for longevity and traversability. For reasons that are currently unclear to the Foundation, this has no effect on the targeted location other than the linkage of the two locations.

Each activation of SCP-3003-4 requires approximately one zettajoule (10^{21} joules) of energy; in comparison, Earth's annual energy consumption is roughly 0.5 ZJ, whereas SCP-3003-3

consumes about 833 ZJ yearly. SCP-3003-3 has been using SCP-3003-4 primarily to examine planets they've identified as candidates for expansion, though they have also explored the possibility of using it for resource collection.

Full anthropological studies of SCP-3003-3 are currently being conducted. Information in this document is intended to provide an overview of SCP-3003-3's organization.

Overview

SCP-3003-3 speaks a language identical, apart from various differences in vocabulary, to Dutch. No other historical language spoken on SCP-3003 has an equivalent in Earth's history. No other languages are extant on SCP-3003-3. SCP-3003-3 has one dominant culture into which all members are inducted, with minor variations present between areas of different population density, climate, and industry.

Prior to the appearance of parasitic SCP-3003-1 about 500 years ago, SCP-3003-3 was a mundane mercantile society. Post-exposure, SCP-3003-3 either destroyed or assimilated most of the ~7,000 other cultures that existed at the time; the remainder were wiped out during an ecological collapse in 1712 resulting from SCP-3003-3's indiscriminate elimination of keystone species that preyed on SCP-3003-1, among other factors.

95% of SCP-3003-3 live in urban areas; these cities average 30 million in population, and are generally in locations with mild weather that are not near coastlines, active volcanoes, or active tectonic plate boundaries. Cities built by SCP-3003-3 are largely enclosed, with a single nearly flat surface on which food crops and certain biomaterials are grown. Cities are designed with the intent of maximizing productivity; a secondary concern is the lining of various surfaces with a material that mimics the appearance and texture of SCP-3003-1, which functions as a form of public entertainment.

+ Commentary

Several of my colleagues have been forced to

relocate to rural areas within days of stationing inside one of SCP-3003-3's cities. The various corridors and "streets" of SCP-3003-3 are somewhat narrower than the hallways of an office building on Earth, and contain many more people. Visitors from Earth are at risk of developing claustrophobia and/or agoraphobia.

Visual markers of one's location are additionally infrequent, as members are generally expected to know exactly where they are at any given time. Close attention must be paid in order to avoid getting lost.

- Preliminary report from Dr. Shah

The remainder of SCP-3003-3 live in rural areas, and are tasked with monitoring and maintaining SCP-3003's climate and biosphere, as well as attending to supplemental agriculture, mining, and materials production. The organization and architecture of any rural community is tailored to the primary occupation(s) of the community in question.

Living conditions

SCP-3003-3's young are raised communally in groups of 100-300 by health and education specialists. Members of SCP-3003-3 are first implanted with an instance of SCP-3003-1 between 15 and 18 months of age, depending on size and health. Additional instances of SCP-3003-1 are allowed to parasitize SCP-3003-3 as they grow, until the age of 17, at which point each member hosts roughly one instance per three kilograms of body weight; past this point, additional SCP-3003-1 are added only to replace dead instances. Regular medical intervention is necessary to mitigate the adverse effects associated with this degree of parasitism.

+ Commentary

Earlier today, I tripped over a cable while observing some factory workers. Shortly

thereafter, two nearby SCP-3003-3 members began to escort me to the nearest medical facility. Initially they were confused by my unwillingness to join them, but were eventually convinced that I did not need assistance, and explained the reasoning behind their actions.

Apparently, inattentiveness, fatigue, and stress are symptoms of a disease normally resulting from excessive Marce infestation. Any "unusual" behavior on my part, and on the part of all other Foundation personnel, has been surreptitiously uploaded to a database tracking our health and activities; tripping over the wire was apparently enough for me to be "flagged." I hadn't even noticed that I was being watched.

- Field notes of Dr. Hernandez

Each member of SCP-3003-3, beginning in childhood, is regularly subject to a variety of evaluations of its mental and physical capabilities and talents. This information is used to generate assignments regarding occupations, formal education, living space, and health needs.

Adults spend an average of ten hours per day performing their occupation(s), with the remainder spent performing self-maintenance (resting, eating, exercising, etc.), receiving education on a variety of topics, and partaking in several forms of entertainment. This entertainment revolves almost exclusively around exposure to SCP-3003-1-related stimuli; common forms include touching the lumps produced by their parasitism (either on one's own body or on that of another), listening to audio recordings of SCP-3003-1 swarms, full-body enclosure in garments that simulate SCP-3003-1's surface texture, or visits to SCP-3003-1 enclosures.

+ Commentary

Wearing prosthetic "Marce lumps" is somewhat of a mixed blessing. While the red

bandana and directive from the Ruling Committee are enough to prevent members of SCP-3003-3 from hauling me in for organ harvesting on the spot, the prostheses have drastically mitigated the undercurrent of hostility and casual disrespect that is reserved for individuals that don't host SCP-3003-1.

On the downside, several times per day I am casually rubbed up against by someone who, for lack of anything better to do, is entertaining themselves with the sensation of their lumps against mine. I understand that saying we wanted to experience this is our excuse for getting the prostheses in the first place, but the physical sensation itself is disturbing to say the least. I should look into getting some equivalent of a "Try again later" sign.

- Field notes of Dr. Marino

Social organization

Most decisions regarding the maintenance of SCP-3003, the lives of its population, and the day-to-day operation of SCP-3003-3 are handled by computer programs designed for the task. Human interaction is mostly limited to the design and maintenance of these programs, as well as the generation of data inputs for them. SCP-3003-3's political system is thus dissimilar to any practiced on Earth, past or present. SCP-3003-3's "Ruling Committee" is tasked primarily with collecting, reading, and analyzing various reports in order to identify potential planet-wide initiatives in situations for which the aforementioned programs cannot properly account. Their findings are broadcast to the populace in general, which complies of its own accord.

Direct interaction between members of SCP-3003-3 typically occurs in the context of their occupations, and is used almost exclusively for the purposes of coordinating activities or sharing useful information. This can be exploited for purposes of containment: as all of their human interaction has occurred with other members of SCP-3003-3,

members will generally be unfamiliar with the concept of deception (as it serves no purpose in SCP-3003-3), and are thus unlikely to independently verify any information given to them. However, testing has shown that subjects are perfectly capable of understanding deception once introduced to the idea.

+ Commentary

> *Despite a good deal of observation and much probing on my part, we still don't know how sexual activity or procreation occurs among SCP-3003-3. They refuse to talk about it or even allude to it. I've seen nothing that resembles pregnancy, which probably means that they use in vitro fertilization, but I have no idea what they could possibly be so intent on hiding from us.*
>
> - Field notes of Dr. Shah

> *Members of SCP-3003-3 make terrible conversation partners; more than anything, this is responsible for the generally declining mental state of my research team. The lack of emotional and conceptual depth among the populace, along with how they overact the emotions they DO have, gives the impression of talking to overgrown, highly literate children.*
>
> *The purely utilitarian value of their communication makes it uncommon for them to pay attention for longer than two statements, as they expect to resume their work and for you to get the rest of the information from someone else. They're generally confused by pleasantries: on one occasion, after I spent too long attempting to make small talk, I was taken in for an examination to see if I'd had a stroke.*
>
> *Unlike every other society I've encountered or*

read about in my career, any kind of personal connection between our society and SCP-3003-3 seems impossible. I haven't even found a way to efficiently convey the concept of friendship to -3, and naturally they have no interests in common with us. Sure, they're not drones, but that hardly matters when their individuality is just different ways of loving marce.

The one I sleep next to draws a marce on their bedpost whenever one of theirs dies. A doctor down the hall cuts the marce sacs out of left-over dead bodies and keeps them. One time I met an architect who writes fictionalized accounts of individual marce living in the wild. I once saw two farmers competing to see who could memorize the longest section of marce's genetic code. And they've built their whole identities around this crap.

Coming back to this after a good night's sleep, the above section is more symptomatic of frustration and culture shock than reasoned observation, though in broad strokes it remains true. It would be easier to stay grounded if I could maintain regular contact with Earth. Future observations should be limited to two-week shifts, and/or visiting Earth humans must be stationed in the same city. This situation is intolerable.

- Personal notes of Dr. Hernandez

Deviance

Deviance from social standards is very uncommon in SCP-3003-3, with most documented instances attributable to previously unidentified neurodivergence or incomplete infection by SCP-3003-2. Deviant members of the population are typically restrained by other nearby subjects and brought to the nearest

appropriate facility for evaluation and potential [REDACTED]

[COMMENTARY REDACTED]

Apart from the treatment of deviant and permanently disabled members, SCP-3003-3 lacks any significant violent behavior; members attribute this to the presence of SCP-3003-1 inside their body, as well as their presumed contribution to SCP-3003-3 as a whole, dissuading other members from bringing harm to them or ascribing social status to them. SCP-3003-3's stated intent of providing for all physical needs of every member is also a result of this logic, and access to resources is similarly revoked in cases where a member can no longer provide for SCP-3003-3.

+ Commentary

In cases where illness, old age, or deviance renders someone unable to contribute their share to society, their body tissues are collected and used for transplants — they can grow organs in a lab, but this is more efficient. A portion are reserved for medical experimentation; you'll understand the general character of these experiments if you're familiar with what Earth's scientists have done to those who they do not value.

The fact that one will inevitably die in unbearable pain from organ harvesting is apparently common knowledge in SCP-3003-3, as is the fact that doing so reduces strain on tissue-growing facilities by 27.8%.

- Field notes of Dr. Boone

+ Access Document 3003-
NRK (Clearance 4/3003 required)

+ Show addendum.

SCP-3004: Imago

Item #: SCP-3004

Object Class: Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: The threat posed by SCP-3004 has remained neutralized. Containment of SCP-3004 is focused solely on interception of artifacts that point toward the existence of the Cétlaidí. To that end, archaeological sites in Ireland and Wales should be monitored closely. Artifacts are to be confiscated, cataloged, and incinerated.

All SCP-3004 related matters are to be dealt with by the Theology Department. Director Clark is to be notified immediately if any events thought to be SCP-3004 related occur.

SCP-3004-1 is believed to have been destroyed or otherwise deterred from the material plane and no longer requires containment.

Any information found regarding the existence of the *Cicadetta luculenta* is to be destroyed and civilians involved amnesticized, due to its connection to SCP-3004.

Description: SCP-3004 refers to a series of anomalous events linked to the rituals of a Druidic cult known as the Cétlaidí, or the “Singers.” They were located primarily in Ireland during the fifteenth to early nineteenth century. It is known that their worship revolved around the life cycle of the now extinct *Cicadetta luculenta*.[1]

Due to the combined actions of various antecedent groups to the Foundation (including the Vatican's Congregation for Otherworldly Acts and the Royal Society for the Imprisonment of Abnormalcy), all knowledge of SCP-3004 and the Singers was destroyed in order to contain SCP-3004-1. As SCP-3004 was thus “destroyed", the

SCP-3004-1 entity ceased all activity.

SCP-3004 events centered around imagery associated with the rites of the Singers. They occurred most commonly during a celebration surrounding a child's entrance into adulthood which was signified by the first loss of primary teeth. These events were theorized to lead to the entrance of their deity, dubbed SCP-3004-1, into local time-space. SCP-3004 events are understood to have been the result of SCP-3004-1 attempting to act upon the material world. It is unclear as to when SCP-3004-1 began to react to the beliefs of the Singers.

While there are signs of varied SCP-3004 events, there are few reports that still exist. Artwork relating to SCP-3004 events show *Cicadetta luculenta* coming from the facial orifices, causing asphyxiation in many. A written record details the sighting of an anomalously large instance of *Cicadetta luculenta* (believed to be SCP-3004-1) appearing in the sky, the sight of which caused painful boils in those who witnessed it, along with symptoms resembling radiation sickness. Despite this, the Singers were said to have continued their rituals in the face of SCP-3004 events, which was seen as necessitating their destruction.

SCP-3004-1 was an entity which interacted with the Singers through their rituals, causing SCP-3004 events. Little is known about the nature of SCP-3004-1. It is theorized to have been a thought form or an extradimensional being that, through happenstance, responded to the rituals of the Singers. There is no data that exists to point toward SCP-3004-1 being anything greater than a Level-3 Pistiphage[2] Entity.

Due to the intimate nature of this subject (i.e. all who read this will surely [Christ willing] know me and I them) and its current neutralized state, I'm going to keep the academic hot air to a minimum. I have no desire or need to impress any of you. You're my colleagues, and I think we all understand that there's no need to hide what this is beneath jargon and posturing.

3004-1 is a deity, if you wish to define a thing as such. A deity is a creature of law, ritual, and belief. Certainly, its existence doesn't shake my faith. Nothing has, and I doubt a curious thought form

attracted to cicadas and greenery will shake it yet. It is not infinite, and it is not all-knowing. Quite the opposite. Its limits are apparent. Cut off from a few rituals and direct believers, 3004-1 ceased all activity. There have been no resurgence events. Nary a peep.

Truthfully, what little we have left of the history of the Cétlaidí (the Singers in the vulgar English) is quite interesting. Based around the *Cicadetta luculenta* and its apparent rebirth and what have you, it wasn't just a fringe Druidic sect. This was nationwide. They were respected members of society. There are signs of them in Wales and Scotland. So, of course, before the inevitable violence, the Catholic church, in its ever ineffable wisdom (may the Lord my God forgive me for blaspheming His one true church on this earth, of course, etc. etc.) did attempt to bring them into the fold. Before the complete eradication of the Cétlaidí from the face of history in an unprecedented act of violence and usage of anomalous objects that many would see as foolhardy, maybe even horribly unwise (may the O5 Council forgive me for this slight against the forefather of the Foundation, of course, etc. etc.), the parishes in certain rural areas of Ireland seemed more Singer than Christian.

This is all we know. This is all that is left. The eradication of their rituals, of their culture, of their impact on Ireland and the world at large was snuffed out with an alarming thoroughness. Not unprecedented, certainly, but consider the fact that this happened in the late 1700s. This was the desperate act of an early incarnation of what we all became. Foolhardy and harsh, yes, but I truly cannot say that we would not have done the same, given what little we know of 3004-1's effects on our material plane. Of course, given the English view of the Irish at the time, it is not overly cynical to imagine that the Royal Society relished the chance to destroy the culture and the impact of the Cétlaidí.

So total was their destruction that the extinction of the *Cicadetta luculenta*, charmingly known as the “stained glass cicada,” became an opportunity to even wipe their sacred animal from the memory of man. The deforestation of Ireland, certainly, led to the death of their species, but one must wonder if their extinction came from a more direct source. This, of course, is all merely speculation. Maybe the sacred animal merely followed their deity. Certainly, it speaks to the

fear they felt if the Royal Society and the Congregation would enact the destruction of an entire animal species. A harmless creature, cousin to the New Forest cicada. Perhaps they feared that cut off from ritual, 3004-1 would manifest through them. The idea, certainly, is not ridiculous. There is a strong connection between belief and fact. Perhaps, their fear would have even made it so.

Given the fact that Cétlaidí were upright members of society, one can imagine that the resonance within their rituals that 3004-1 felt were mere happenstance. In my opinion, there is no reason to assume that this entity is at all related to the Cétlaidí and their beliefs. Something in them, I hypothesize, spoke to this thing, and it acclimated itself to their belief system. Think of it as something floating in a place close to ours, maybe layered above or beneath. Perhaps there are many creatures like it there. I doubt that an entity like this would exist alone, although I have no proof of this besides the certitude of my gut. Through these repetitions of behavior, through these beliefs, it was able to act on our plane. And it became what it was molded by.

There is also no reason to assume 3004-1 to be malevolent. It is disingenuous to think of such an entity in terms of good and evil. Given the focus the Cétlaidí had on life and death, along with the imagery of Christ the Savior's death on the cross, it stands to reason that the 3004-1 manifestations would be violent. It spoke the only language it knew, the language of blood, wood, glass, and sacrifice. Perhaps the brutality of its manifestations, of the events associated with the 3004 rituals, could have been the 3004-1 entity interpreting the very real subjugation of the Irish people at the time. There is no reason to assume that the lives of its followers would not be just as important to the entity as their rituals. Certainly, the language of death and rebirth of the cicada, of the scourging at the pillar, present in the rites of Roman Catholicism (especially in the era of its neutralization) and what is theorized to have been the rituals of the Cétlaidí could have lent to all of the violence, to the harshness of it all.

Faced with their god, a terrifying thing that sowed discord, there is no record of their reaction. There is only record of their destruction. One would imagine them to have been horrified, yet to have

necessitated their destruction, they very well may have followed the entity's whims, however alien. No proof has been found to point toward either hypothesis.

But again, this is all conjecture. We simply do not know enough to take any approach to this object other than making sure it never comes back. I do not believe we will be unable to deal with something such as this, given the current technologies available to us, but it is best to not awaken a sleeping giant, as it were. Given what we have here, I can offer no other advice. Whenever we rarely find something that our predecessors missed, we will catalog it, learn what we can about what we destroyed, and move on to other things.

Item #: SCP-3004

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All communities that could possibly support an SCP-3004 event are to be monitored for uncharacteristic rises in death rate and attendance at places of worship. If a community is shown to have been the host of an SCP-3004 event or events, all afflicted civilians are to be amnesticized. Any injuries or deaths that occur because of these events are to be given applicable cover stories. At no point is an individual known to be involved in an SCP-3004 event to be considered for Foundation employment, D-Class or otherwise.

MTF Y-99 “Altar Boys” is tasked with responding to SCP-3004 events in progress, where possible, and stopping them by any means necessary.

All sightings of SCP-3004-2 are to be reported to the Theology Department. Images of SCP-3004-2 are to be dismissed as hoaxes or deleted as necessary. All instances of SCP-3004-2 found in the wild are to be destroyed to avoid future SCP-3004 events. As of Project SIGHTSEE-LUX, there are to be no attempts to track SCP-3004-2 instances. Any attempt is to be made to destroy them before their disappearance.

There is to be no further attempt at contacting SCP-3004-1. SCP-3004-1 will be contained through the clean-up of SCP-3004 events and the destruction of SCP-3004-2 instances.

Currently, all containment is focused upon reducing the effects of SCP-3004 events which have already occurred. If SCP-3004-1's entrance into the material plane is unavoidable and inevitable, Protocol Damnatio ad Bestias is to be enacted.

Description: SCP-3004 refers to a series of anomalous events that occur in Roman Catholic, Eastern Catholic, Anglican, and Episcopalian communities. SCP-3004 events occur without any patterns connected to population or demographics other than religion. While SCP-3004 events are varied and have few similarities to unite them, the presence of SCP-3004-2 at each event proves a connection.

SCP-3004 events are rituals carried out by otherwise non-anomalous individuals in their place of worship. Despite showing a great divergence from Christian norms of worship, individuals involved in an SCP-3004 event show great hesitation to stop engaging in the ritual, even those that involve self-harm. All individuals attending the place of worship for that purpose will not stop the rituals involved, even if their actions go against previously held morals. Individuals who normally exhibit entomophobia exhibit no fear of the SCP-3004-2 instances involved in the ritual. Deaths that occur as a result of SCP-3004 rituals will be categorized as death by natural causes, regardless of what was done to the individual. Those who witness an SCP-3004 ritual express a renewed interest in their chosen faith and seek to convince friends and family to accompany them to their place of worship.

+ Examples of SCP-3004 rituals include:

- the slaughter of a child bearing traditional stigmata wounds out of which crawled instances of SCP-3004-2; the child was killed when the officiating priest bit out the child's jugular; SCP-3004-2 instances crawled en masse from the wounds up to six hours after the child's death
- the forcible removal of the officiating priest's teeth

by twelve children; the children and the priest were then seen to vomit instances of SCP-3004-2; the teeth were served in the place of communion wafers later on during the mass
- the violent castration of every male who had reached puberty; scrotal tissues were gathered and disseminated amongst the faithful and worn around the neck as scapulars; the castrated individuals then mimicked the cry of an unidentified cicada, believed to be *Cicadetta luculenta*, before many succumbed to bloodloss; SCP-3004-2 instances were observed carrying off discarded testes
- a visibly pregnant woman was chosen from the congregation and brought to the altar where she laid and proceeded to give birth to over 60 instances of SCP-3004-2 and a stillborn infant wearing a wooden crown; the crown was burnt, and the body consumed

SCP-3004-2 instances resemble the extinct *Cicadetta luculenta*, albeit with a much more colorful wing pattern than what has been described. Despite appearing in every way alive, SCP-3004-2 instances are primarily of wood and glass. It is unclear, currently, if SCP-3004-2 instances are the cause of SCP-3004 events or vice-versa. During an SCP-3004 event, SCP-3004-2 instances are observed in prominent parts of the ritual. After a ritual, SCP-3004-2 instances exit the church and disappear after flying at least six hundred meters away. This disappearance is hypothesized to be the SCP-3004-2 instances returning to SCP-3004-1, either to feed it or perhaps be given further orders.

It is believed that SCP-3004-2 is the mechanism by which SCP-3004-1 collects “belief” or “faith” in order to consume. It is unclear as to why SCP-3004-1 in its former incarnation did not seem to require the SCP-3004-2 instances. As of Project SIGHTSEE-LUX, it is now known that SCP-3004-1 created the instances of SCP-3004-2 as a “replacement” for the *Cicadetta luculenta.*

SCP-3004-1 is the entity that controls SCP-3004-2 instances and is

believed to be fed by the SCP-3004 rituals. SCP-3004-1 is a Level-6 Pistiphage Entity that exists in a dimension that exists partially within baseline reality but primarily "above" it. From within this dimension, it is currently unable to directly manifest itself into the plane of existence. However, if given enough “belief” from the SCP-3004-2 instances, SCP-3004-1 will be able to enter the current baseline reality, which would cause an XK-class end of the world scenario due to the brutality of SCP-3004 events.

SCP-3004-1 views itself as the deity worshiped under the umbrella of Christianity. Due to this, it is theorized that the beliefs of Christianity-based religions, especially Anglicanism and Roman Catholicism, melded with the beliefs of the Cétlaidí in such a way that their destruction caused SCP-3004-1 to feed on the beliefs of the only remaining familiar group.

If SCP-3004-1 enters the baseline reality, Protocol Damnatio ad Bestias will be enacted. This will involve the usage of Thaumiel objects and mass amnestics which will serve to erase Christianity from the historical record. Cut off from its “food supply,” this is theorized to be an act that would fully neutralize SCP-3004-1.

Addendum: It has been noted that **SCP-2852** has ceased its appearances after the first recorded SCP-3004 event. Due to the similarities of their manifestations, this is hypothesized to be related. Currently, all personnel assigned to SCP-2852 have been reassigned to SCP-3004.

For the record, my name is Agent Timothy Luttermann. I'm a member of Mobile Task Force Sigma-25. We've always called ourselves “Ghostbusters.” To be honest, I don't understand why. If anything, we become ghosts.

Sorry, rambling. I'm just coming down from all the stuff we pump ourselves with to be able to get outside. Still seeing trails, you know? Still kinda freaked out from all that shit. For official record, MTF S-25 is the result of Project SIGHTSEE, which was a project to, basically, use astral projection in order to better, uh, contain troublesome scips. That kinda deal. You know, things no human or drone could ever go, which happens more often in our business than

you'd guess.

Project SIGHTSEE-LUX was utilizing SIGHTSEE technology and esoterica to, well, check out the big bug.

So before I went in, I read the report on 3004. Fucked up stuff. The kinda stuff that gets your stomach in a knot just to imagine. You don't understand fear until you're a disembodied soul floating around and within and above and below a monstrosity beyond your reckoning.

The method was easy enough. I don't know how they did it, but they captured a 3004-2. All they did was let it out, and I latched onto it. Like, well, a soul bug. Not, you know, bug as in those things, but bug as in listening in to things you shouldn't.

Inside? Where it lives? It's empty. There's only it, and there's the bugs. Except they're not the bugs as you see them. They're the bugs as it sees them. And they're so many colors, they just kind of look like some Jackson Pollock nightmare smearing all over the darkness.

But, it's not darkness. It's nothing. This thing is within nothing. I can't describe it, but there's nothing else but it and the bugs. And me, I guess. I'd say it was cold, but cold is a feeling. Sure, cold is a lack of heat, but this is a lack of anything.

It's hard to look at it, at 3004-1. It's too big. It's just waking up. I realized that when I saw it. You know when you half wake-up and lay in bed for a few hours before getting up? I dunno, maybe I'm just a depressive. But that's what this thing is. All of this is idle. The 3004 events are it hitting the snooze button and staring at the ceiling. I don't want it to wake. That's all I'm thinking, and then it sees me.

It's a big bug, and it's an old man. And it's a cicada on the cross, and then it's stained glass and wood stretching infinite. It's too many things to try to pick out at once. It's like if someone played all the slides in a slideshow at once. Overlapping. It hurts so bad to look at it. And then it talks, and it all hurts worse.

A thing you need to realize is that it's impossible to speak to these

things with words. You don't hold a conversation. They beam thoughts, concepts, worlds at you, and you gotta sift through the shit to get to something meaningful. I've met some talkative ones, but this was something else. This was too much.

It think it's God. Not a god. But God God. It was so happy to see me. But that joy was nothing I wanted to be a part of. It was all blood and teeth. It sees what we have. It sees what we believe. I think it thinks it's giving us what we want. It, it doesn't understand metaphor. It doesn't understand that we don't resurrect.

It asked me if I missed it. I don't think we ever neutralized it. Shit, maybe we did. But when it went to sleep, I think it thought it was a hibernation, or like, a birth. Like it laid an egg and made itself. Maybe it got to thinking it was even more of a cicada than before. And when it came back, it gave us our bugs back. It basically said you're welcome.

It's not exactly protocol, I guess, to talk back to these things, especially something like this. But I tried to tell it that we didn't want them, that it all hurts us. I don't think it heard it. It didn't want to hear it. I feel like it smiled? And that was when its mouth opened. It's hard to explain the sight of it. Like a rainbow opening up and out, and inside there's colors you haven't ever seen. And you'd shit yourself if you were a body. And then I was a communion host, falling through its maw. I was the wine, too. It took of me, and it ate.

I fell through it, and it was endless. Lots of, uh, pain? But not the kind you'd be able to understand. A pain of the soul. It was prodding, searching me for new things. I don't think it gets too much from where it is. Like looking at a TV with bad reception. It was so happy to read me. I felt its feelers all over my first girlfriend. I felt its teeth digging into my tenth birthday. It lapped up my every memory of every mass I've ever went to. And I went to a lot. Theology major, you know. Probably why they picked me.

I don't know why it's alone. Father Clark's report said this creature would be one of many. But there wasn't anything else. It was too big for there to be anything else. It was all space and all time.

I think all I did was feed it. I think it got more ammo from me. I don't

know. All I can say is that we shouldn't send anyone else there. You can't argue with something like that. And we know enough. Don't go back. We don't want this thing to learn anymore than it has. And it has so much history already.

The thing I'm most scared of? If this isn't God, I think it might become. It's confident. And, well, it's all there is. I looked. And it was all there was.

While working on the Ethics Committee, I have always sought to live up to the morals instilled in me through the catechisms of Roman Catholicism. And it is a very hard thing to be a Roman Catholic, in the Foundation and outside. This isn't due to any complicated tenets. Nor harshness. But it is trying to believe in something that you know has caused undue harm. It gnaws at you.

Protocol Damnatio ad Bestias, then, will allow for a cleaner slate. Judaism will remain untouched. Islam will only lose one of its prophets, nothing too damning. But Christianity, and all it has done, all it has caused, will be gone. I don't relish this. I wish it could be any other way, but the 3004 events are becoming more common. The big bug sticks its head through the topsoil, and we will cut it out at the root.

It is impossible to say for certain what will happen. We don't know if we will be undone, or if there will simply be a deletion. We don't know if something will fill the void or if there will be a world with a great gap. Even then, it is better than the world that will come into being if we stay.

The cicada god is coming, and it doesn't know the difference between life and death. Metaphor and simile don't translate well where it is. Part of me relishes what we're doing to it in a kind of petty way. There is a nonzero chance that the thing devoured my Lord. Of course, if the Lord God could be devoured, he would not be my Lord and God. But still, the humanity in me cries out for the blood of that which killed Him. We will starve it.

The preliminary tests have been concluded. Protocol Damnatio ad Bestias will be enacted as soon as possible.

And to stave off this devourer of God, we will throw one of our own to the Lions, to be torn asunder and to tear asunder. To be damned and to damn. To act as a perpetual lock on humanity, to stave off all belief even close to what the cicada can eat.

To use less poetic terms, a suitable candidate has been contacted. A Roman Catholic reality bender. Ethics would not allow us to put someone into this situation without their choice, without their understanding of what will happen to them. And he took the mantle.

They say the Lions are beautiful. Twelve machines, each the peak of techno-eschatology. And they really do look hungry and prone, black carbon and shining metal with lights that are prismatic no-colors that dazzle. And he will go in between them. They will open his brain, his mind. All Christianity, all that he knows and doesn't, will be obliterated.

The Lord God sent Jesus Christ, his only son, to suffer and die on the cross. And we, the Foundation, will throw one of our own to the Lions for all eternity to undo all Christ died for. An eternity of suffering to erase a sacrifice. It isn't a fair price, but nothing is.

The Holy Father, as you may well know, recently allowed for another road to sainthood. This is, of course, dying to save others. This isn't martyrdom, which is merely dying for the faith. But this is eternally dying for all of humanity, all that there ever will be and has been. This will be the last and greatest saint of Christianity, and he will not be remembered.

Before the eternal Lions feed upon him, remember, for as long you can, the eternal life of St. Jude the Damned, Bulwark Against Darkness. Hopefully, this next world will be better.

May God forgive me. If this is a sin, I will burn along with the last saint.

- Bridget Callaghan, Child of God

Footnotes
1. Also known as the “stained glass cicada.”
2.n, Greek, “faith-eater”

SCP-3005: A Light That Died

Item #: SCP-3005

Object Class: Uncontained (Unknown)

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3005 is to be located and contained as soon as is possible. Site 17 is to assume all responsibilities for containment of SCP-3005. Mobile Task Force Mu-17 ("Iron Horses") are to monitor the region for signs of SCP-3005 presence as a top-priority objective and respond to any such evidence immediately.

[RECOVERED PROCEDURAL INFORMATION]

SCP-3005 is to be contained in a soundproof enclosure at Unit . For testing purposes&2C SCP-3005&27s chamber&27s entrance is to be protected with an exposure foyer which allows researchers to bring testing items in proximity to SCP-3005 via a remote chamber without exposure to SCP-3005 emissions.

Any attempt at dire[DATA CORRUPTED]tact with SCP-3005 must be made with Mode Veterascet auditory/ visual cognitohazard countermeasures and Mode Dubitamus theological threat countermeasures.

total dissolution of the res[DATA CORRUPTED]

[DATA CORRUPTED]chors under any circumstances.

SCP-3005 in its %22pink%22 state is not to be engaged by fewer than eleven personnel. If casualties are incurred during contact with SCP-3005&2C the bodies are to be dissolved. Do not bury&2C burn&2C or remain in contact with casualties incurred during contact with SCP-3005.

[END RECOVERED PROCEDURAL INFORMATION]

Description: Information regarding the appearance, behavior, and physical/metaphysical properties of SCP-3005 has been lost. Unit , the facility which housed SCP-3005, is believed to have been destroyed following a catastrophic containment breach. Original containment document and accompanying records were corrupted by data loss or other means. SCP-3005 was not present when Foundation personnel made contact with the site.

Following recovery efforts, [REDACTED] segments of the original documentation for SCP-3005 are available to the Foundation. Only **Test Log SCP-3005** is fully intact and cleared for unprotected viewing. Partial containment procedures have been provided; however, their reliability is unverified.

[RECOVERED TESTING INFORMATION: EVALUATED BUT UNVERIFIED]

Test Log SCP-3005

Example Entry:

> Input: [Describe object or entity exposed here]
> Distance: [Describe the type of exposure here]
> Time: [List the duration of exposure here]
> Output: [List the results of exposure here]
> Comments: [Add relevant notes or personal remarks here]

Testing Researcher: Dr. A

> Input: One apple, Red Delicious variety
> Distance: Center of entrance foyer (5m)
> Time: 8 minutes
> Output: Apple has been rendered partially indistinct visually and to touch.
> Comments: *It's hard to tell whether the apple is whole, cut, ripe, or rotted out.*

> Input: 2kg cube of iron

Distance: Center of entrance foyer
Time: 8 minutes
Output: No physical changes detected; block continuously vibrated slightly for approximately 64 minutes after exposure
Comments: *The ringing was the worst thing about this test. I could barely think while it was making that awful noise. Eventually I got used to it… when it stopped, I only noticed because the discomfort went away.*

Input: One apple, red delicious variety
Distance: Center of entrance foyer
Time: 20 minutes
Output: Unknown
Comments: *I have no idea what happened to the apple, or where it is. Maybe it's in the chamber with SCP-3005 somehow.*

Input: 2kg cube of iron
Distance: Center of entrance foyer
Time: 20 minutes
Output: No physical changes detected; block continuously vibrated for at least 5 hours.
Comments: *It sounded better this time.*

Input: One (1) D-Class subject (6-95-241)
Distance: Entrance foyer
Time: 8 minutes
Output: Viscera.
Comments: *Subject appears to have been flung apart.*

Input: One (1) document (encyclopedia transcript containing basic factual information about the species *Buteo jamaicensis*)
Distance: Center of entrance foyer
Time: Eight (8) minutes
Output: One (1) document, variable
Comments: *"Document" might not be the right word, but I don't know what else to call it. It's like exposure to SCP-3005 shredded the paper and left information behind. It's slippery. Trying to pick it up changes it. First*

it's a socialist political system, then it's a way to cook pork using special equipment. I managed to scrape it into a bucket and stow it in a locker. When I check in on it, a party game stares up at me.

Input: One (1) D-Class subject (6-95-278)
Distance: Entrance foyer
Time: Five minutes
Output: Moderate physical distress (nonlethal); severe mental distress
Comments: *She's a mess. She threw up a few times (not in the game bucket) and eventually her stomach calmed down, but she's still in shock over being around that thing for so long. I cleaned up her fingers and she's recuperating. I'll call in a transfer to psych eval.*

Input: 1 phonograph, turned on
Distance: Center of entrance foyer
Time: 82 seconds (aborted)
Output:
Comments: *Had to stop the test early. Sound doesn't get out of these, but it kept getting louder until I could feel the music rattling the facility. I was afraid that it was going to bring down the facility.*

Input: 1 (ONE) D-Class subject (6-95-222)
Distance: Entrance foyer
Time: FIVE (5) minutes
Output: Severe physical distress (nonlethal)
Comments: *I sent him in to try to get as close to SCP-3005 if possible. Touch it, if he can, and try to make it respond. He got too close, but refused to enter the containment chamber itself. He was babbling about how SCP-3005 wouldn't let him near, threatened somehow to send him somewhere else and then be free. You can tell he got too close — I'll leave it to medical to describe the extent of the damage — but emotionally he's pretty okay. Makes a lot more sense than the last one out. Actually, did she ever get transferred?*

Input: 1 (1) 1 D-Class subject (1-51-515)

Distance: Entrance foyer
Time: 55 (55) minutes
Output: Viscera
Comments: *It turns out I forgot to request a transfer for the first subject. I went to fix it but she's not in the rest area. I don't know where she went. This has been a rough couple of days for me. I've been sleeping in my office, lately, because I don't feel like leaving work. It's been almost an hour. More tests.*

Input: 25kg cube of iron
Distance: Center of entrance foyer
Time: 90 minutes
Output: No physical changes detected
Comments: *Still ringing.*

Input: One one D-Class subject (21-21-21)
Distance: Entrance foyer
Time: Two Two Minutes
Output: Moderate physical and emotional distress
Comments: *We cleaned this one up and helped them back up to speed. He'll recover fastest of all from the pink light. I requested the psych transfer, but nobody's shown up yet.*

Input: (2) D-Class subjects (2)
Distance: Entrance foyer
Time: 5
Output: Severe physical and mental distress. Viscera.
Comments: *This one was going to be another regular test, but the one from last time wanted back in. He didn't make it this time. Or was the other one the one flung apart? I remember their faces pretty well, but I don't think this one looks like either of them.*

Input: One (1) D-Class subject (6-95-278)
Distance: Entrance foyer
Time: Five minutes
Output: Moderate physical distress (nonlethal); severe mental distress
Comments: *They've been restless. The D-Class (I call*

them D-Class, I could swear one of them used to be Dr. Watkins) need something to keep them occupied, but nothing makes sense to them anymore. Everything except the Betamax melted into the floor. I checked the tapes… I checked the tapes and they're madness. Everyone keeps changing. But it should be enough to hold them at bay. Maybe now they'll stop playing that damned record on the intercom speakers.

Input: Various Betamax and VHS tapes, books, and compact discs
Distance: Gathered around the center of the entrance foyer
Time: Five (5) (five)
Output: 7 Betamax tapes, various (variable) (seven)
Comments: *Just a repeat of the first D-Class test that worked. I copied over everything, including the D-Class number. Better than making them up. It's a completely different person. Anyway, I needed to replace the first one because the new one told me she was dead. I asked him to deal with the body and he said "don't worry about the body". I'm surprised, because she wasn't flung apart and I haven't seen anyone else around here in a long while. Who deals with the bodies? Is anyone cleaning the test chamber?*

Input: One (one) power drill (one)
Distance: Entrance foyer
Time: N/A
Output: 3cm gap in SCP-3005 containment chamber
Comments: *I needed to do this. They're all smarter than I am. Not smarter, really. Higher up? I'm in charge, I'm the doctor, but how long is that going to last? I keep getting confused… and look what they've been doing with the staff. Turns out there's a good reason I haven't seen anyone around lately. I guess this is why they terminate all these guys after a month. Whatever's going on, I can't think about it right now. I've seen the light and I'm so confused. How did I know it was pink?*

Input: Dr. A
Distance: Opposite wall, where the pink light lands
Time: N/A
Output: See comments
Comments: *I knew I needed the pink light, but I didn't want it like they had it. It works on brains different from how bodies work. So I drilled a hole right through the chamber, right at forehead level. Let a shaft of pink light shine straight in, shimmering like through water. It hums when I touch it, which is the secret. It reaches straight into my head. It doesn't have to leave my organs like apples. What I'm actually learning, that doesn't go here. I'll be keeping a notebook for it.*

Input: One D-Class subject (N/A/N/A/N/A)
Distance: Entrance foyer
Time: 1 (one) minute, 1 (one) minute, 1 (one) minute, 1 (one) minute, 1 (one) minute
Output: Moderate mental distress, moderate physical distress, severe physical distress, severe mental distress, viscera
Comments: *One of the other D-Class. I don't have a number. The database keeps failing. They wanted back in, so I gave them a minute at a time. Each time I asked for more information about it. Eventually they stopped making sense. The pink light hasn't been helping that… probably I need more of it. At least they were flung apart. I heard the D-Class talking outside my office, when they thought I was sleeping. They've been breaking in. They've been playing the game.*

Input: Dr. A
Distance: The light
Time: N/A
Output: N/A
Comments: *These are not the only worlds. There are many times and few worlds and these are two of them. I might have thought if I had thought that the pink light builds upon. That it gives you this other place, your other self, forces them into you until you are flung apart. No.*

The pink light strips away and takes from you. It takes that special part that keeps you there, in that first world, and brings you here. This light outshines your inner light until it's gone. I write in my notebook about SCP-3005 and what I think it was made for, and why it began to give off the pink light, and why it can never ever stop. I can't leave the facility, none of us can. We aren't ready for what's out there. My notebook is full.

Input 1 (ONE) Betamax camcorder, running
Distance Center of entrance foyer
Time: Three (5) minutes
Output: Broken, melted in space, tape still works
Comments: *Video on, audio off. Can look directly now. Not too much damage. Nobody here to read this, maybe D-Class when I'm away, but I need to tell a director or an overseer or anyone who can tell everybody to stop using those . All of you. They're chained and lobotomized but all it takes is to catch the surf. An 's safe on shore but it's the last thing you want to hold when you're drowning.*

Input: 1 (ONE) notebook
Distance: Entrance foyer
Time: 5 (FIVE) minutes, 5 (FIVE) minutes
Output: 1 (ONE) religion
Comments: *A light that died is shining in the water.*

Input: D-Class subjects (N/A) (N/A) (N/A)
Distance: Containment chamber
Time: Five (5)
Output: Viscera
Comments: *They all went in. They still had me do it. Maybe they still respected that I was the doctor. Maybe they just wanted to leave me out. Even if I'm half there already. Even if I can't tell what is there and what isn't (can you?). But I have a special plan. I always covered up the hole I drilled so they didn't see it. I have another way in. I can find out what I've forgotten. There are no more test subjects and nobody else. There is only one*

way in. The booth needs to be operated, but I have a special plan. Don't worry about the body. I just need to know if my shaft of pink light will make me flung apart.

Input:
Distance:
Time:
Output:
Comments:

Input: dont
Distance: worri
Time: abot
Output: the
Comments: *bodee*

Input:
Distance: five (5) five (5) five (5) five (5) five (5)
Time:
Output:
Comments:

SCP-3006: Twice The Number One

Item #: SCP-3006

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Online video distribution sites impacted by SCP-3006 are to be monitored by Foundation webcrawlers. Manifestations of videos containing SCP-3006 are to be removed upon posting and/or detection. Foundation personnel embedded in the Alphabet corporation are to ensure that no members of the public are able to view SCP-3006. It is estimated that, without proper implementation of the containment procedures, most videos on the global public internet would be affected within 128 hours.

The Foundation has not found any ways to prevent additional SCP-3006 videos from being posted. No other SCP objects are to be referred to in the documentation.

Description: SCP-3006 is a video titled "*we are number one except every time you play it there are twice as many robbie rottens but the room is the same size[nsfw]*" which was posted to the YouTube video hosting service on October 12th, 2016. It features a musical clip from the show "Lazy Town" that, on repeated playbacks, causes a number of humanoids identical to Icelandic actor Stefán Karl Stefánsson to appear.

Videos impacted by SCP-3006 are capable of spreading their effects, primarily by being posted in threads where multiple non-affected videos are present. Within 1-5 minutes of being linked to, all other videos linked in the same thread will begin manifesting SCP-3006's effects. Humans or living humanoids featured in videos will double with each playback, including individuals who are off-screen such as cameramen and sound personnel. The effect is exponential in that, upon each playback, the number of subjects in each videos doubles. For example, a video containing 2 subjects will

instead have 4 upon the second playback, the third would have 8, and the 5th 32. None of these entities appear to have knowledge of SCP-3006's effect, and find it highly distressing.

Although affecting linked videos, SCP-3006 effect is unique to each viewer; that is, SCP-3006's effect is dependent on how many times the individual person has watched the video. If more than one subject is viewing it, this effect will occur based on who physically initiated playback. If the subject views a series of videos the effect will also carry over to the next one.

SCP-3006 primarily appears to affect videos taking place in enclosed environments, although this cannot be confirmed as a deliberate effect. Once affected by SCP-3006, it is not possible for recorded subjects to exit the area in which the video is taking place. At a certain point, affected subjects will begin perishing due to overheating, exposure, or crushing force from exponential humanoids instantaneously appearing at the beginning of video playback. This does not prevent SCP-3006's effect from persisting.

Eventually, playback reaches a point where the camera and sound equipment are destroyed due to intense viscera pressure in the enclosed space. At this time, the appearance of the video is variable, with non-anomalous graphics spliced with corrupted digital images.

SCP-3006 was initially discovered after social media reports of unusual videos came to Foundation attention. 11,346 individuals who viewed the first anomalous instance of SCP-3006 were tracked down and given Class-C amnestics. After interrogation, several subjects featured in the initial video were determined to be non-anomalous and were given Class-B amnestics.

As of 01/18/2017, SCP-3006 is classified as Euclid.

Addendum: Examples of Affected Videos

> **Title:**
>
> **Video Description:**

SCP-3006 effect:

Colin Furze

Title: So What IF loads of fireworks exploded in my Van

Video Description: A full-sized van is filled with fireworks, which are then lit to destroy the vehicle.

Notes: During the second playback, it was initially unclear where additional humanoid entities were. However, analysis showed that human hands were visible against the windows of the vehicle as the fireworks were going off. None of the other subjects featured in the video appear to notice, and playback continues as normal.

Mystery Science Theater 3000

Title: MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATER MANOS HANDS OF FATE FREE/Manos: The Hands of Fate

Video Description: An illegal upload of the January 30, 1993 episode of the television show *Mystery Science Theater 3000* which features low-budget films and humorous commentary. Film attached to episode is the 1966 film Manos: The Hands of Fate.

SCP-3006 effect: Due to the metallic nature of the puppets, after 12 playbacks there were several hundred copies of the host being impaled by the metallic implements created when the puppets fell apart. In addition, the film being riffed on had the actors appearing

exponentially, with leg braces worn by one character causing fatal puncture wounds in the other actors.

Game Grumps

Title: Dudes With Attitude: In the not too distant future… - PART 1

Video Description: Two adult males play a video game, with footage from the game and only sound produced in the recording space being audible.

SCP-3006 effect: Neither of the hosts appears to be aware of the imminence of SCP-3006. Episode proceeds normally.

Title: Dudes With Attitude: That's No Moon! - PART 2

Number of Entities Present: 4

Notes: Subjects display confusion and argue for the entirety of the episode. Several attempts to exit the recording area can be heard, all of which are unsuccessful.

Title: Dudes With Attitude: Scottie doesn't know - PART 3

Number of Entities Present: 6

Notes: Subjects become aware of the anomalous effect. The sounds of violence can be heard with at least one of the entities appearing to be terminated. This does not appear to have affected the number of entities present in subsequent videos.

Title: Dudes With Attitude: Wait, is this real? -

PART 4

Number of Entities Present: 24

Notes: Mass confusion can be heard. The game is completely ignored from this point on, with graphics not advancing past any title screen. In the background, subjects appear to have organized, and only speak when holding a 'magic stick'. During the course of a debate it is decided to store soiled clothing in a basket and ration food and water while they attempt to exit the recording area. Several outbreaks of violence are suppressed by the other entities. Slightly before the end of the video, the sound of a sofa being used as a battering ram can be heard.

Title: Dune Buggy: Hot Sand Massage - PART 11

Number of Entities Present: 576

Notes: Continuous, incomprehensible screaming.

Title: Please Oh Please: Why does this always happen to me? - PART 77

Number of Entities Present: ~500,000

Notes: Sound of gentle sloshing with scrambled, reddish digitized video graphics.

Addendum: Transcript of Interview 3006-J

[VIDEO REDACTED]

Interviewed:

Interviewer: Dr. Krang

Foreword: On 02/14/2017, another video producer, , discovered several of their videos affected by SCP-3006. This transcription is for an iteration of the interview. The original has been lost, or may never have existed.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Krang: Can you state your name, for the record, and spell it?

: Sure. *(nervous laughter)* Kinda like a newspaper interview, I guess. I'm , , . But you already knew that, right?

Dr. Krang: When did you first become aware of the videos?

: Someone linked it to me on Twitter, I think. It's weird, seeing people you know get fucked up like that. You feel bad, but they're just little computer people, right? So not really a big deal. That's what I thought, at least.

Dr. Krang: How long did it take for you to discover the videos you were featured in?

: Yeah, well, y'know, it was one of the suggested videos. God. Dude, I just… it's not something I want to describe. So I tried reporting it and… now I'm here with you guys.

Dr. Krang: How many times did you watch the video?

: I don't know. At a certain point you lose track. Because it's funny, right? It's weird seeing a ton of yourself. I didn't know what else to do there, to be perfectly honest.

Dr. Krang: What do you mean?

: Well, it's just… I don't know why I went. Felt

like… you ever do something, and then when you're done you don't even know why you did it? That's what it felt like. Almost like it was a dream or something.

Dr. Krang: What were you expecting to happen?

: From what they told me… well, they said it'd be like they were in there with each other forever. But it's not a them, it's *me*. There were thousands of me, and they're dead now. Crushed. Viscera *puree*. One of the eyes floated by, and I saw myself in it dude. That's fucked.

At this point both the interviewer and interviewee become aware of several humanoids identical to themselves present in the room, standing around the edges.

: Jesus!

Several iterations of Dr. Krang immediately attempt to exit the room, but are unsuccessful. All instances begin fighting one another, while the copies of congregate in the opposite side of the room around the original interviewee, covering their faces with their hands.

: Get away! Stop! Help!

Copies of begin violently ripping flesh and skin off of him, while copies of Dr. Krang do the same. This violence continues until there are only one iteration of each left. It is unknown whether or not these are the originals. Video playback ends with both attempting unsuccessfully to exit the interview area.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Subject was issued Class-C amnestics at the interview. The SCP-3006 anomaly continues to persist, and several other instances of

SCP-3006 have been subsequently documented in Foundation video archives. Classification upgrade to Keter is under consideration.

SCP-3007: World of Two Artists

WARNING

THE FOLLOWING DOCUMENT IS CLASSIFIED AS A LEVEL-VI INFOHAZARD. UNAUTHORISED ACCESS WILL RESULT IN TERMINATION THROUGH MEMETIC KILL AGENT. PROCEED AT YOUR OWN RISK.

MEMETIC KILL AGENT ACTIVATED

CONTINUED LIFE SIGNS CONFIRMED

RETRIEVING FILE…

Item #: SCP-3007

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Hospitals and media worldwide are to be monitored for the appearance of SCP-3007-1. Instances of SCP-3007-2 are to be brought into Foundation custody, and exploration of SCP-3007-3 using SCP-3007-2 may be conducted under the supervision of one Clearance Level 3 personnel. All individuals confirmed as SCP-3007-2 are to be terminated immediately. Unaffected civilians who have acquired knowledge of SCP-3007-3 are to be administered Class-A amnestics. Personnel demonstrating reluctance or noncooperation in the enactment of the above procedures are to be amnetised and transferred immediately, as containment breach of SCP-3007 will likely result in an XK-Class End of the World scenario.

Description: SCP-3007-1 is a reoccurring hallucinogenic phenomenon, with no apparent pattern regarding age, gender, race, health or occupation. SCP-3007-1 affects approximately individuals (designated SCP-3007-2) at any given time worldwide, with new instances constantly emerging despite the Foundation's efforts at elimination. Currently, no method other than death has been proven effective in the prevention or discontinuation of SCP-3007-1. SCP-3007-1 occurs on a seemingly random basis, for an average of four times per day in each subject. The duration is typically between fifty to eighty minutes.

Affected subjects claim to be transported to a location, designated

SCP-3007-3. The description of SCP-3007-3 is largely identical among subjects, but does not resemble any known place on Earth. Although SCP-3007-1 often occur in multiple subjects simultaneously, there are no confirmed cases of subjects meeting within SCP-3007-3. While experiencing SCP-3007-1, subjects are fully capable of physical movement, but report that they can only perceive reality through hearing and touch. As a result, subjects are capable of navigating SCP-3007-3 while also maintaining communication with unaffected individuals. The sensations of sight, smell and taste within SCP-3007-3 are reportedly indistinguishable from reality.

Any trauma or injury obtained within the context of SCP-3007-1 will also manifest on subjects in reality. To date, there have been subjects deceased from high-altitude impact, presumably due to actions taken while experiencing SCP-3007-1. In addition, sound originating from within SCP-3007-3 can be clearly perceived in reality within a two meter radius of SCP-3007-2. These two attributes provide some evidence as to SCP-3007-3's existence.

Addendum 1: Interview Log 3007-2C, the first recorded account of SCP-3007-3.

Interview Log 3007-2C

Interviewed: SCP-3007-2C, a 68-year-old retired female from South Korea.

Interviewer: Dr

Date: 12/07/20

Foreword: Dialogue has been translated from Korean. Subject was among the first SCP-3007-2 to be discovered and, at the time, the only mentally sound subject.

<BEGIN TRANSCRIPT>

Dr : Good morning, Mrs H . How are you feeling?

SCP-3007-2C: Not well, I'm afraid. I have trouble sleeping.

Dr [redacted]: Examinations indicate that you are in good health, so is this caused by your condition?

SCP-3007-2C: Condition? Oh, you mean the visions. Yes, I keep thinking about that place.

Dr [redacted]: Place?

Subject nods.

SCP-3007-2C: Yes. The times before, it was blurry, like a dream. I remembered just enough to tell that it was the same place. This time though, it was different. I could see the landscape in perfect clarity.

Dr [redacted]: Please describe this location in detail.

SCP-3007-2C: It will sound utterly unbelievable, but please believe me. After the vision started, I appeared on a narrow suspension bridge of sorts. It was day, but the sunlight seemed weak, as if it was obscured by smoke. There was a horrible stench in the air- reminds me of garbage and rotting meat. [*Gagging*]

Dr [redacted]: Are you alright?

SCP-3007-2C: Yes… it's just that it brings back so many memories… Sorry, I'll keep going. I could see quite far because of the height, and all around me there was the ruins of a… city. Well, I'm not sure. The buildings were different from anything that I'd ever seen before, more like giant trees than skyscrapers. They were so tall that I had to crane my neck

to see the top, but needle-thin. Some stood straight, but most have fallen or have been reduced to rubble. When the dizziness finally stopped, I went to the side of the bridge and looked down. The ground was out of sight, like the city continued forever into the darkness. I had to step away before I threw up or lost my footing. Thousands of bridges, like the one that I stood on, seemed to be the only links between the buildings. However, many of them were broken as well. All the structures were made from a smooth, metallic material, but rather than being shiny, it was white as bone.

Dr : Were you able to discern any living creatures among the ruins?

SCP-3007-2C: No. I didn't see a single animal or person moving around. There were no plants either. You'd think that abandoned buildings would be overrun with them, but the whole place was dead and barren.

Dr : I see. Were there other notable features?

Subject shifts, visibly uncomfortable.

SCP-3007-2C: There was a tall black pillar in the distance. It was thicker and stood out from all the other buildings, so I grew curious and started walking towards it. I could've gotten there, but things appeared in my path… lying on the ground… there were… Doctor, do I have to continue? I don't want to remember it. Please, can we just stop?

Dr : I understand that you are upset, but please resume.

Subject covers her mouth with one hand,

beginning to cry.

SCP-3007-2C: I'm sorry. It just startled me, that's all. The corpses. They were scattered everywhere. They seemed dried-up and mummified, so they must've died long ago. I thought that they belonged to different animals at first, but I dared to look closer- They might've been people, but their bodies were wrong. Twisted. There was a man, I think, whose bones bulged in parts and erupted out of his skin like extra limbs. He had his arms raised, probably clawing at those things when he died. A child was next to him… it must have been a child. Its head was melted like wax but it was the same height as my grandson… Oh God… Some of them were joined together… pressed into cubes… Oh God please… no no no…

Rambling in this nature continues for several more minutes. SCP-3007-2C descends into a state of hysteria and refuses to offer further description. Persuasion is unsuccessful and the subject is deemed unsound for continued interview.

Dr : Thank you, that will be all for today.

<END LOG>

Closing statement: The level of destruction observed and its psychological effect on subjects is concerning. Future investigations will be concentrated on obtaining information regarding this location, and its correlation to SCP-3007-1. - Dr

Addendum 2: The presence of a large pillar is consistent among the reports from SCP-3007-2. Per subjects, the object is visible to the starting point within SCP-3007-3, and appears prominent among

the other structures in the city. Due to its potential significance, Dr. , the leading researcher on SCP-3007, strongly advocates its exploration.

Exploration Log 3007-GV

Subject: SCP-3007-2GV, formerly known as E R . Subject is a 23-year-old Australian male, formerly an illustrator. Subject is notable for possessing an exceptional memory.

Supervising personnel: Dr .

Equipment: None.

Additional notes: exploration attempts have been conducted previously, but were largely unsuccessful due to the noncooperation of subjects. SCP-3007-2G volunteered, expressing great desire in assisting the understanding and treatment of SCP-3007-1.

<BEGIN LOG (8:30, 14/07/20)>

SCP-3007-2GV: Doctor? It's started. I'm in the city now.

Dr : Can you see the pillar structure?

SCP-3007-2GV: Yes, it's not far. I think I can get there in under an hour if there are no problems.

Dr : Please proceed as planned.

SCP-3007-2GV: Alright. Oh, God, this is confusing.

Irregular footsteps on metal is heard, echoing somewhat.

SCP-3007-2GV: Uh… almost fell off. It's weird

not feeling anything in here. Okay. I think I'm good now.

Footsteps resume, now noticeably steadier. Subject occasionally slow, likely avoiding obstacles on the ground.

Dr [redacted]: Please describe your surroundings and notify us of any deviations from your previous observations.

SCP-3007-2GV: So far, it's all stuff that I've seen before. The buildings are kilometres high. I'm pretty sure they're made out of metal, like the surface I'm walking on right now. The bridges are everywhere, criss-crossing and joining like spider webs. They're mostly intact, so I can go from one to another as long as I'm careful. As for the time- the lighting's pretty good, so I think it's early mor-

There is a faint crunching noise, followed by subject's cursing.

SCP-3007-2GV: Damn, stepped on his leg… Oh God, the smell. Thought I'd gotten used to it.

Footsteps resume, but subject's breathing is heavy.

SCP-3007-2GV: There are more of those things littered around, but judging from the stink, it's a lot worse inside the buildings. I'd prefer not to go in there and just stay out in the open, is that alright?

Dr [redacted]: That's fine. Continue.

Subject progresses for fifteen minutes without much event. During this time, subject's reports

consist of observable damage done to the structures. All accounts are consistent with ones given by previous subjects.

SCP-3007-2GV: I'm getting closer, but there are more weird things around here. There's a fighter jet with six wings that's crashed on a bridge beneath me. It's been hanging there for a while. [*Pause*] I can see the pilot in the cockpit. Fuck… He's split down the middle, one half hanging out of each side. My God, this place is seriously messed up.

Dr : Are there other vessels?

SCP-3007-2GV: Yeah, they're all around and increasing. I don't think you've told me about this before, Doctor.

Dr : No. You are the only subject who have ventured far enough to observe such an occurrence.

SCP-3007-2GV: Okay. Guess I should watch out then. Don't know what this place is going to throw at me next. Oh, and, the smell's getting a bit stronger. It's making me a bit sick.

Dr : Interesting. Resume your course, please.

SCP-3007-2GV: If you say so.

Subject continues to report instances of damaged vessels, amounting to over forty identical ones within observable range. Twenty minutes later, subject's footsteps begin to slow.

SCP-3007-2GV: Alright, I'm looking up at the pillar now. It's much larger than I thought. It's a

cylinder, around forty meters thick. Maybe more.

Dr [redacted]: Are there any unusual features?

SCP-3007-2GV: Umm, I can see that it's got some colorful patches on it, probably decoration. There are some stairs wrapped around it, leading to the top. And the smell's… Oh God.

Dr [redacted]: What's wrong?

SCP-3007-2GV: The corpses. A whole goddamned crowd of them. They're gathered around the bottom, squished together. I can't even count how many there are… Jesus Christ…

Dr [redacted]: Please remain calm and assess the level of obstruction. Can you reach the staircase?

SCP-3007-2GV: Wait, are you- are you saying that I should go *through* them? I'm not going to do it. No way.

Dr [redacted]: Please continue. You have volunteered, haven't you?

SCP-3007-2GV: I didn't know I would be dealing with this!

Dr [redacted]: That is the purpose of this exploration, Mr R [redacted]. Currently, we lack sufficient information regarding these hallucinations, and we require your cooperation. You can help us find a treatment for your condition, and never have to visit this place again.

SCP-3007-2GV is silent for almost one minute.

SCP-3007-2GV: Fine, I'll try. Jus-just this once… This is insane.

Subject's breathing becomes labored and footsteps increase in frequency. Muffled crunching sounds are heard, along with subject's swearing and occasional stumbling. After three minutes, these noises diminish. There is a series of rapid taps, followed by a heavy thump. Subject begins to gasp loudly.

SCP-3007-2GV: Jesus, never again… fuck…

There are momentary scraping noises, followed by a few slow steps.

Dr : Mr R ? We don't know when the occurrence will end, so please refrain from delaying and ascend.

SCP-3007-2GV: Alright, I was going to. The further away from those things, the better. [*Pause*] Doctor? Those bodies. They're pressed together like they're climbing over each other to get to this pillar. And… and some of them, the ones that have heads, they're all facing up like they're staring straight at me. Or whatever's on the top of this thing. Fuck, it's freaky. I think I'll get going now.

Tapping sound restarts. Subject remains silent for several minutes. Gradually, a faint rushing sound emerges, presumably wind from the increased altitude.

SCP-3007-2GV: Doctor? This place makes me uneasy.

Dr : Considering what you have seen, that is understandable.

SCP-3007-2GV: No, Doctor, you don't understand. It's not just the corpses and buildings. This place isn't normal. What *happened* here wasn't normal. I first thought that there was some kind of natural disaster, like an earthquake or meteor rain. Thought that was how this city got destroyed. But now that I'm up high, the whole place looks wrong.

Dr : Why do you assume that?

SCP-3007-2GV: Well, from up here, I've been noticing something unusual about the buildings. They've not just been reduced to rubble or blown up. Some of them's been curled, cut into sections, or even squashed in parts, like clay. It's more like they've been deformed. Like they're wires that a kid took and bent into weird shapes.

Wind becomes more audible as subject ascends.

SCP-3007-2GV: I think it's the same with the ships and even the bodies. Most of those corpses had human features, liked they used to be people. An earthquake wouldn't do that. It doesn't make sense. Whatever happened here, it didn't just destroy. It *played* with this place.

Dr : Understood. Please proceed.

The wind gradually increase in volume. Footsteps pause.

SCP-3007-2GV: I've come across the first painting now. It's narrow and taller than I am. I can spot a few more around this pillar, right next to the stairs. It's like this whole thing was designed to show them.

Dr [redacted]: What does it depict?

SCP-3007-2GV: I think it might be telling some kind of story. There's a group of people in it, holding random objects. They're smiling, but other than that, their faces are blank. There's also a strange blue creature, but that might just be an exaggerated person. The lines in the background look like the buildings in this city. I can't be sure, though; the style's surreal and hard to describe. It's completely different from what I usually do, but I can try drawing them when I get back.

Dr [redacted]: Yes, that will certainly be helpful.

SCP-3007-2GV: Okay, I'll see if I can memorize the others, too.

Footsteps restart and continue for five minutes.

SCP-3007-2GV: I'm onto the second one. It's even more confusing than the first one, but I can make out some aircrafts. Six wings, like the ones I found a while ago.

No report for five minutes. The duration imply that the paintings are evenly spaced along the pillar.

SCP-3007-2GV: Jesus… this one's fucked up. It's got some of those corpse creatures in it, but they look like they're still alive. God, I can almost smell them again.

Dr [redacted]: It might just be your imagination. You have been disoriented and put under stress for the last fifty minutes, so it is perfectly normal to confuse illusions with reality.

SCP-3007-2GV: I don't know what's real anymore.

Five minutes duration.

SCP-3007-2GV: There's that stench again. I've gotten away from the bodies, but it's not fading. Actually, it's getting closer.

Dr : Please remain calm, Mr R . You are perfectly safe, I assure you.

Five minutes duration.

SCP-3007-2GV: This one… it shows people having lines coming out of their brains, and sort of linked to the pillar. You think one of them might be me?

Dr : That is an interesting observation.

SCP-3007-2GV: Yeah, I think it might help figure out what this is all about. God… I can't take it anymore.

For the next five minutes, subject mumbles incoherently under his breath while ascending.

SCP-3007-2GV: I've almost reached the end now, and the smell's getting really strong. Doctor, I don't know what's there, and I'm not sure if I want to find out.

Dr : Mr R , please continue. You have come this far.

SCP-3007-2GV: Doctor, I… Yeah, I suppose you're right. Better see it through.

The wind is loud now, almost muffling subject's footfalls as he steps onto a different surface. Subject suddenly yells incoherently. There is a

dull thud followed by shuffling noises.

SCP-3007-2GV: Oh my God… what the fuck is that? What the fuck is that! [*Retches*]

Crying is audible.

Dr : What do you see?

SCP-3007-2GV: I don't fucking know. It's dried like all the other ones I've seen, but it's- it's huge! It's got a face ten times bigger than mine and the body oh God so many arms and it's missing chunks and it's curled- [*Screams*]

Dr : Mr R , please don't panic. It's dead, isn't it? It doesn't pose any danger towards you.

SCP-3007-2GV: No, Doctor, it's not just the corpse, it's the painting that it's lying on. The final one. I don't think it's finished but I can tell… Oh God… why is that there? It's a fucking **[REDACTED- REFER TO ADDENDUM 4]**.

Dr : Are you sure?

SCP-3007-2GV: Of course I am! Anyone would re-

Subject stops abruptly, and, after momentary confusion, reports that SCP-3007-1 has ended. Although in an emotionally unstable state, subject says that he is able to recall the images with great clarity.

<END LOG (9:41)>

Closing statement: Providing that SCP-3007-2GV's account is reliable, I believe that we will be able to obtain information

regarding SCP-3007-3 from the images that he recreates. - Dr

Addendum 3: 25/09/20 . Graphic reproduction of paintings on the surface of the pillar by SCP-3007-2GV. The images were shown to other subjects involved in later expeditions, who confirmed that that they were highly accurate in terms of resemblance to the original artworks.

Attachment 3007.A

Addendum 4: 27/12/20 . Attachment 3007.B, reproduction of the final painting located at the top of the pillar.

<3007/2 LEVEL CLEARANCE REQUIRED. INPUT CREDENTIALS.>

SCP-3008: A Perfectly Normal, Regular Old IKEA

Item #: SCP-3008

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The retail park containing SCP-3008 has been purchased by the Foundation and converted into Site- . All public roads leading to or passing by Site- have been redirected.

The entrance to SCP-3008 is to be monitored at all times, and no one is to enter SCP-3008 outside of testing, as permitted by the Senior Researcher.

Humans exiting SCP-3008 are to be detained and then debriefed prior to the administration of amnestics. Dependent upon the duration of their stay in SCP-3008, a cover story may need to be generated prior to their release.

Any other entities exiting SCP-3008 are to be terminated.

Description: SCP-3008 is a large retail unit previously owned by and branded as IKEA, a popular furniture retail chain. A person entering SCP-3008 through the main entrance and then passing out of sight of the doors will find themselves translocated to SCP-3008-1. This displacement will typically go unnoticed as no change will occur from the perspective of the victim; they will generally not become aware until they try to return to the entrance.

SCP-3008-1 is a space resembling the inside of an IKEA furniture store, extending far beyond the limits of what could physically be contained within the dimensions of the retail unit. Current measurements indicate an area of at least 10km^2 with no visible external terminators detected in any direction. Inconclusive results from the use of laser rangefinders has led to the speculation that the space may be infinite.

SCP-3008-1 is inhabited by an unknown number of civilians trapped within prior to containment. Gathered data suggests they have formed a rudimentary civilisation within SCP-3008-1, including the construction of settlements and fortifications for the purpose of defending against SCP-3008-2.

SCP-3008-2 are humanoid entities that exist within SCP-3008-1. While superficially resembling humans they possess exaggerated and inconsistent bodily proportions, often described as being too short or too tall. They possess no facial features and in all observed cases wear a yellow shirt and blue trousers consistent with the IKEA employee uniform.

SCP-3008-1 has a rudimentary day-night cycle, determined by the overhead lighting within the space activating and deactivating at times consistent with the opening and closing times of the original retail store. During the "night" instances of SCP-3008-2 will become violent towards all other lifeforms within SCP-3008-1. During these bouts of violence they have been heard to vocalise phrases in English that are typically variations of "The store is now closed, please exit the building". Once "day" begins SCP-3008-2 instances immediately become passive and begin moving throughout SCP-3008-1 seemingly at random. They are unresponsive to questioning or other verbal cues in this state, though will react violently if attacked.

SCP-3008-1 is known to have one or more exits located within though these exits do not appear to have a fixed position, making it difficult to leave SCP-3008-1 once inside. Using any other door besides the main entrance to enter the structure or breaking through the walls of the retail unit leads into the non-anomalous interior of the original store.

Since containment began 14 individuals have managed to exit SCP-3008. Following extensive debriefing all individuals have been administered amnestics and released.

Incident 3008-1: At 00:37 on / /200 a human male exited SCP-3008, followed 10 seconds later by an instance of SCP-3008-2. SCP-3008-2 caught and killed the man before itself being terminated by armed response personnel. This incident represents the only time

an instance of SCP-3008-2 has been seen exiting SCP-3008. A full autopsy on the corpse was performed; see 3008-2 Autopsy Log for more details.

The man was carrying an IKEA-branded journal seeming to document his time in SCP-3008-1, transcribed below verbatim.

+ Transcription of journal recovered from Incident 3008-1

So, I'm writing this to document what I can only assume is my sudden descent into insanity. I can't possibly be THAT bad a navigator, and yet as I write this I've been trapped in Ikea for 2 days. I haven't seen another person in the entire time I've been here. I thought it was a prank at first. Turn the place into a maze, get all the people out and see how long it takes me to get lost, then everyone has a good old laugh. Realised that wasn't the case when I tried to backtrack. Everything had changed, so I ended up lost. Instead of the exit, it was just row after row of bookcases.

So, I'm trapped in Ikea. Sounds like the setup for a bad joke. The lights went out at 10pm. Nearly gave me a fucking heart attack, that loud electrical THUNK sound and then pitch blackness. Place is full of beds though and my phone has a torch on it - but no damn signal - so I found a bed and went to sleep. Spent most of the next day trying to find my way out with no luck. Did find a restaurant serving those meatballs though, so at least I won't starve. That's probably the punchline to that joke. Anyway they were still warm and fresh, but I haven't seen anyone around who could have cooked them. Made my way back to the beds before the lights cut out again since it's too dark to search with them off.

It's 9.10am now, the lights came back on a little while ago. I'm sure I've searched the entire area around where I came in now and the exit obviously isn't here, so I'm going to pick a direction and hope for the best.

Day 3 of my magical Ikea mystery adventure. If I wasn't sure that there was something seriously weird about this place before, I am now. Walked for 3 hours in a more or less straight line (insert Ikea joke here) before I came across a ladder next to one of those huge stock shelves they have here. Climbed up to get my bearings, and it looks like this place just stretches on forever. Like that scene from the Lion King, except instead of trees and grass it was all shelves and tables and crap. I did see a person moving not too far away though, so I headed over.

Thought it was a staff member at first - it was wearing the uniform. And hell maybe it was, maybe freakish 7ft tall monsters with long arms, short legs and no faces are just the kinds of thing they want working at Super Ikea. Damn thing completely ignored me though, and with no eyes or ears I can't even be sure it knew I was there. Thought about shoving it or something to get its attention, but its hands were big enough to crush a water melon so I decided against it. It just kept moving along and eventually I lost sight of it so I decided to carry on the way I was going.

Anyway, no comfy bed for me tonight. Looks like I've entered the Improbably Hard and Pointy Table section of the store. Guess I'll have to make do with some bunched up tablecloths. Phone battery died during the day too. Didn't work anyway, but I feel like I've just

lost some vital lifeline.

You ever see one of those cartoons where they're going through doors in a hallway and they just pop out of another door in the same hallway? That's how I feel right now. I've seen nothing but the same identical bookshelf for 2 days now. Just row after row after row of them. I mean, come on. I love books as much as the next guy, but this is excessive. I'm obviously still moving forwards though, I can see the signs hanging overhead passing by. Too bad none of them say "Exit".

Not sure who I was addressing that question to. Lets just say it was practice for the autobiography I'm going to write when I get out of here. I'll call it "My perfectly normal trip to a regular old Ikea".

If I ever get out o

Finally found some other people! Yeah, turns out I'm not the only poor bastard trapped in here. Lucky for me, I guess. My 6th night here, 2 of those staff things came at me in the dark. Different from the first one I saw, but still messed up. Heard them coming, they were saying that the store was closed and I had to leave the building, all nice and polite like. I'm not sure which part of that was weirder, that they don't have mouths or that they were apparently trying to kill me while they were saying it. Came at me like rabid dogs.

So, I legged it. Sprinting through ikea in the dark like a fucking madman. I saw it when I cleared another stand of those giant stock shelves, all lit up with torches and floodlights. They've built a whole town in here! Got a massive wall built out of shelves and beds and

tables and whatever else. I swear to god it was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Anyway I guess they saw me coming (or maybe they heard my girlish manly bellows of fear), because they had a gate open and 2 people were there waving me in. Heard the staff things slam into the gate behind me after it closed, still politely informing us all that the store was now closed. They wandered off eventually though.

They call the town Exchange, because that's whats on the sign hanging from the ceiling directly above it. Exchange and Returns. All lit up against the night using lights they've found and plugged into the power lines. And there are beds and food and people. Over 50 wonderful people with regular sized limbs and a full set of facial features. It's now my 7th night here, and the first one not spent in darkness. A full week living in Ikea. There's probably a TV show in that somewhere.

Now that I'm around other people, I'm starting to feel more normal. Maybe normal isn't the word. But after a week with only the sound of my own footsteps for company, I was becoming increasingly sure that I'd just gone nuts. That I was tied up in some padded room somewhere, banging my head against the wall. But no, I feel quite sane now, thank you very much!

Apparently there are other towns out there. Some with more people, some with less. I found that fairly mind-boggling - how can that many people go missing with no one noticing. Surely someone would have noticed that everyone who goes to ikea seems to fucking vanish. Or maybe it's not everyone. Maybe

we're just the lucky ones.

The people here just call those staff monster things the Staff. Apparently they are fine during the day, minding their own business walking the aisles. As soon as those lights go out though, they go fucking bonkers. So during the day people go out to find food, water and whatever else they need. Apparently there are restaurants and shops around that randomly get restocked. No one knows how. Maybe the staff do it. Apparently they aren't very good at their jobs though because the restocking sometimes takes a while, which means the food needs to be rationed. Maybe if they weren't so busy chasing people around in the dark they'd get more done.

Anyway when night comes the staff go nuts and everyone holds up inside the walls. Apparently it's the same everywhere in this place, whatever this place is. The Ur-Ikea, from whence all other Ikeas sprang. Or maybe we're all still just in the regular ikea and this is all some fever dream brought on by mind-numbing boredom. Who knows.

Been here for 10 days now. Most of the people I asked said they stopped keeping track a long time ago and one guy, Chris, said he'd been in here for years.

Years.

[ILLEGIBLE SCRIBBLES]

Apparently there are rumours of people who do manage to get out. And of people who see the exit, only to have it vanish before their very eyes. I get the feeling not everyone believes that, but I do. Explains how we got stuck in

here in the first place (sort of). And I mean, come on. Staff monsters, row after endless row of high quality Swedish furniture. I don't know why they would find a disappearing door so hard to believe in.

Anyway, I went out scavenging for food at a nearby shop with Sandra and Jerry today. Once you learn the landmarks of this place it's not so hard to navigate. The overhead signs help a lot, but there are others; not too far in the distance a huge section of those giant stock shelves has collapsed against each other and way off in the east (we all assume it's east anyway - apparently Ikea doesn't sell compasses) is some kind of tower that looks like its made of wood, reaches all the way to the ceiling. Maybe they were trying to break out through the roof. Lights up at night so there must be people there, but its apparently a few days walk (which means it must be **miles** away) so no one here really knows for sure. Apparently I got incredibly lucky sleeping out in the open for a week without getting ripped to bits by the staff. That's me. Lucky lucky lucky.

We found some food in the shop. Guess the staff restocked it during the night, which was nice of them. There was a telephone on the wall, so I figured I'd try it out. There was a voice on the other end, but they were just talking nonsense. Random words strung together with no real meaning. You ever see a video of someone with aphasia? Kind of sounded like that. Didn't answer me when I spoke to them anyway. Sandra says all the phones in here are the same.

Oops, asking the journal questions again!

I was thinking last night. The ceiling on this

place is pretty high and as far as anyone can tell it goes on forever. Shouldn't there be some kind of weather in here? I'm sure I read about some NASA building that was so big it had its own weather patterns, with clouds and stuff. This place is definitely bigger than that, but now that I think about it I'm pretty sure I've never felt so much as a temperature change in here.

I'll add it to the Grand List of Weird Bullshit.

The staff attacked the Exchange last night. Must have been 20 or 30 of them all just asking us to leave the store calm as you like, while trying to smash the walls down with their bare hands. Apparently this happens pretty regularly, so everyone is prepared for it. Knives from the restaurants, lawn mower blades made into hatchets, a fire axe. One guy, Wasim, even made a functional crossbow. Anyway the walls have holes in them, which I hadn't noticed before, specifically so we can stab out at the staff when they attack. Took a couple of them down myself. They don't seem to bleed, which is weird, but they go down as easy as a regular person once you start sticking holes in them.

We had to haul the bodies away in the morning. Apparently the dead ones will attract more during the night, so we had to get them away from Exchange. We have a couple of those trolley things they use to move big boxes around, so we loaded them up and took them over to Pickup. Apparently people just name everything in here after whatever sign is hanging overhead.

Pickup was grisly. There were hundreds, maybe thousands of dead staff all piled up.

There was no smell, which was a blessing. Apparently in addition to not bleeding, these things don't rot either. My curiosity got the better of me while we were unloading them, so I took a look at one of the more cut-up ones. They're just skin, or something that looks like skin, all the way through. No muscle, no bone, no organs. Are they even really alive in the first place? They certainly seem like they have bones when they are moving around, pounding on the walls. And I'm sure I felt more resistance than just skin when the knife went in during the night. Maybe something happens to them when they die. Just one more thing on the ever-increasing list of Weird Shit that goes on in here, I guess.

Something occurred to me, after the staff attack the other night. Every time you see a situation like this on TV or in a film, like its the end of the world or everyone is trapped on an island or whatever, once groups like ours start to form people always seem to turn on each other. Fighting for food or dominance or whatever else. That hasn't happened here. Apparently people from other towns come by from time to time, just to check in or occasionally to trade if they are short on something. But everything is always cordial. Friendly, even. Maybe its the threat of the staff, or perhaps the constant restocking of supplies in the shops means there's nothing much to fight over.

Maybe people are just better than they are generally given credit for. That's a nice thought. I think I'll go with that one.

A dozen people showed up at the gates this afternoon from a town called Trolleys.

Apparently the staff broke through the walls and tore the town apart during the night. These 12 are the only survivors out of over a hundred. We let them in, obviously. One more point in the human decency column. Later, I asked if anyone knew how many of these towns there were out there. Between us and the new folks, we managed to come up with over 20 names. 20 towns filled with people, and who knows how many beyond that.

The motto for this place should be "How Is That Even Possible". Surely someone, somewhere must be looking for the thousands of people that must be in here.

I've been here for a little over 2 months now. Not that much changes, as it turns out. A couple of new people showed up, same story as the rest of us. Nice little trip to Ikea and suddenly they're trapped in Billy Bookcase's House of Faceless Weirdos. The staff attack the Exchange once or twice a week. We kill them and haul their bodies off, sometimes they hurt some of us first. They killed a guy called Jared a couple of weeks back. It was awful, frankly. Turns out regular humans still bleed in here, even if the staff don't. We tried our best, but none of us are doctors.

Jared was a good guy. He deserved better. We all do.

It occurred to me a couple of days after that, none of us were really looking for a way out of here. I don't even know where we'd start.

One of those quad copter things with a camera attached buzzed passed Exchange today. I thought it meant that someone was finally looking for us, that help was on the way.

Apparently it's not the first time this has happened, though. Same thing happened a few months ago, and everyone is still here.

No idea if it saw us, it didn't stop if it did. Just kept flying until we could no longer see it.

Note: Based on recovery time of the journal, this entry appears to line up approximately with our first successful test piloting a drone inside SCP-3008-1. Analysis of footage shows a walled settlement under a sign labelled "Exchange and Returns". Attempts to relocate the settlement failed. Origin of previously sighted drones is unknown.

I started talking to people about the stuff they miss from home during dinner today. Probably not the best idea I've ever had, everyone seemed pretty down after. A bunch of people here have families. Husbands and wives, kids. Dogs. Franklin apparently has a pet llama, though I'm not sure I buy that.

But apparently some of the people here have some seriously odd gaps in their knowledge. 3 of them had never heard of the International Space Station, 2 of them seemed to think [redacted] was the Prime Minister, and one of them had apparently never heard of the Statue of Liberty. I believe them, too. They seemed just as confused as the rest of us.

The more I thought about it though, the more it started to explain a few things. What if the reason no one is looking for all us missing people is because we haven't all come from the same place. This is going to sound weird (maybe that should be the motto for this place) but what if all the people here have come from different dimensions? Realities? Whatever you call it. I've seen enough TV shows to know the

drill. Sarah comes from a place where there is no Statue of Liberty. They didn't launch a space station where Wasim is from. If everyone here came from different places, even from ones that seem identical, there'd be no huge missing persons panic. No mass search. We'd just be a blip, a single missing person in a world of non-stop news.

Well. That was a fun train of thought.

Just realised that yesterday was the six month anniversary of my arrival here. I wonder if Ikea sells party hats. The routine around here has remained more or less the same. More new folk show up, one every couple of weeks or so. Food supplies go up and down, but we've never actually had a major shortage. Occasionally we get a visitor from one of the nearby towns, usually Checkouts or Aisle 630. We check in with each other from time to time, occasionally trade supplies if someone gets particularly low on something. It's comforting, in a way. A reminder that we aren't alone in here, some small glimmer of civilisation. Sometimes they bring medical supplies. Apparently there's a pharmacy a few towns down from Checkouts that gets restocked every now and then, so they share out what they can. I've never heard of an Ikea with a pharmacy before but at this point I wouldn't be surprised if someone stumbled on an Ikea Organ Harvesting Lab. Would certainly explain the staff.

Speaking of our faceless jailers, their attacks have been getting worse lately. 3 or 4 times a week now, with twice as many staff as there used to be. No idea where they all come from, or why the attacks have increased. We tried

following one of them during the day a few weeks ago, me and Sarah. Wanted to see if they lead back to a staff room or something. Didn't seem to go anywhere though, just randomly walked through the aisles. We had to turn back before we found anything.

We've been reinforcing the walls, trying to arm ourselves better. Certainly no lack of materials to use. Wasim has been making more crossbows, but it's pretty slow going.

Too bad Ikea doesn't sell guns.

Note: No new personnel have entered SCP-3008 at Site- in the time span indicated in this entry.

The attacks are getting bad now. Almost every night, and with so many staff that the bodies almost pile high enough for others to climb the walls. I think we're in real trouble here.

Exchange is

I think Exchange is done. We got hit pretty bad last night. Not many casualties, but the wall is wrecked. We finally figured out why the attacks had been escalating, too. A box of supplies had a chunk of one of the staff in there. No idea how it happened but apparently a piece of one will draw them as well as a full body. Too late now in any case, there's too many bodies for us to haul away and still have time to fix the wall before night. Candace has called a meeting. I suspect there will be talk of abandoning Exchange, maybe try and get shelter at Checkouts or something.

It's already getting late though. I don't think we'll have time to make it. Maybe some of us will. I was fine for that first week out in the

dark, after all. But then, how often can I keep getting lucky.

I'm only writing this for a sense of closure, I guess. For me, or for anyone who finds this. If this is the final entry here, I hope whoever is reading this is doing so from outside of this place.

My biggest fear? If I do die tonight, I'll just wake up here again in the morning.

Note: This is the last entry. It is assumed that while attempting to reach the "Checkouts" settlement he was separated from the rest of his group by a pursuing SCP-3008-2 instance and happened upon the exit.

SCP-3009: A Task Force in King Author's Court

Item Number: SCP-3009

Object Class: Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: Site-3009 has been established around SCP-3009. Should SCP-3009 reactivate, the full company-force of MTF Tau-5 (Samsara) is to be immediately deployed to contain the anomaly. Support elements are to form a defensive perimeter and halt the advancement of SCP-3009-A, while the Samsara squad is to enter and close the anomaly.

Description: SCP-3009 is a deep, linear fissure in , Wales which produced several hundred humanoid entities (SCP-3009-A) per hour from the southern point of the fissure, beginning several hours after its initial manifestation.

SCP-3009-A were humanoids of of variable age and gender. They emerged from SCP-3009 either nude, or dressed in clothing consistent with serfs of the High Medieval Period. Their heads were engorged, and filled with an unidentifiable liquid that eliminated any matter it came into contact with. Furthermore, heads of the instances would easily rupture and explode, complicating physical containment measures and close-quarters combat.

The instances were belligerent and hostile, and neither cooperated nor communicated with one another. Notably, upon exiting SCP-3009, instances would invariably travel due north.

History: Initial containment was achieved shortly after SCP-3009's activation. A containment team was already present at the location, due to the fissure's appearance being consistent with the manifestation pattern of SCP- . Twelve personnel were killed when SCP-3009-A first emerged. Containment Liaison Lucius contacted nearby Site-657, which deployed its personal security detachment. MTF Nu-7 arrived several hours later, and led the

defensive against SCP-3009-A.

After several weeks of engagement, it became clear that there was a pattern to SCP-3009-A's emergence, with a predictable fifteen-minute lull in activity every six hours. Ground troops engaging SCP-3009-A noticed that the first several waves of SCP-3009-A were identical in appearance after each lull.

It was decided by the Site Directors' Executive Committee of the Whole that neutralization would be attempted during a lull in activity.

RESTRICTED L4/Samsara EYES ONLY

+Enter Credentials

syncID:	SHughes
Password:	*********

- Access Granted. Welcome, Captain Hughes.

Neutralization log.

Members of **`MTF Tau-5 ("Samsara")`** entered SCP-3009 at 14:52 on 5/9/2018.

Exploration Team: MTF Tau-5 ("Samsara")

Overwatch: Captain Hughes

Team Members: Sergeant Irantu (Lead), Corporal Munru, Specialist Nanku, Specialist Onru

<Begin Log>

[Video feed begins with Samsara standing outside SCP-3009].

OW: Mic check, team.

SGT Irantu: It is functioning, yes.

CPL Munru: Check.

SPC Nanku: Check.

SPC Onru: Check.

OW: Alright, team. You need to get inside the fissure. Relay your findings back to base.

Munru: Exactly how long… until the dash A's return?

OW: You have just under ten minutes.

Irantu: That leaves little time for us to waste.

OW: Excellent. Break a leg out there, team!

Onru: Is that an… order?

OW: I—

Munru: I volunteer Nanku. All in favor?

Irantu: Focus, team! On my mark.

[The team jumps into fissure. Upon reaching the bottom, they travel for approximately 10 meters prior to vanishing. The troopers' feeds continue to transmit, though they aren't able to receive communications from command.]

[POV from Munru's head-cam: The squad is standing within a wooded area, enclosed in an iridescent, translucent dome.]

Nanku: Well, that's odd.

Irantu: Strange. Looks… like a giant bubble.

Nanku: Do you think we can pop it?

Onru: Let's see.

[Onru approaches the dome, extends a hand and inserts her index finger.]

Onru: Nope. Tickles though.

[Onru withdraws her hand, which spurts a jet of blood. Her finger is absent.]

Onru: Oh. I… enjoyed that finger.

Munru: It appears as if we are stuck. Overwatch, do you copy?

Munru: Captain Hughes, do you read me?

Onru: Are we on our own?

Irantu: Seems so. At any rate, we need to get moving. We'll need to get closer to the source of the disruption if we're to—

[A loud moaning can be heard. An instance of SCP-3009-A is crawling on the ground towards the team. Its body below the waist is missing. Nanku fires upon it, killing the instance and causing a small portion of the terrain around it to be eliminated.]

Munru: I don't see any… more.

Onru: Uh. Problem.

[From Onru's cam: A magenta column of raw thaumic energy has appeared in the distance, visible over the treetops. A flash of light pulses from it, and rapidly expands to fill the area. Before the team can react, the light passes over the team. Visibility is momentarily reduced.]

Irantu: *[Rubbing his eyes.]* Everyone alright?

Onru: Look! I got… my finger back!

Nanku: Wow. You actually sounded pretty… happy. Try to smile, or grin next time. That's usually what happy… people do.

Onru: Oh, thanks! *[Furrows her brow and grimaces]* Like this?

Irantu: No. You need to move the corners of your mouth up more. It can be tricky, but-

Munru: Hey! What happened to the body?

[Munru approaches the spot where the SCP-3009-A instance was terminated. The item's remains are absent, and the ground is intact.]

Onru: Did everything reset?

Nanku: Ooo! A time-loop. That's a first.

Munru: Then they're not being generated.

Onru: That means we're in here with all of them, now.

[From Irantu's cam: Movement can be seen in the distance.]

Irantu: Weapons ready.

[Squad draws their firearms.

Dozens of SCP-3009-A rapidly close in. Samsara engages with surgical precision. Instances are incapable of coming within 40 meters of the team. After several minutes of combat, the approaching force increases in number, forming a dense crowd.]

Irantu: We aren't going to accomplish… anything like this. Get ready to move. We'll punch right up the middle.

Onru: Agreed. The remaining squads can handle… the leftovers as they emerge in baseline.

Irantu: No, you stay here. Destroy… as many as possible before they get Earth-side. The rest of you, on me.

[From Onru's cam: Irantu charges the instances, followed by Nanku and Munru. The team alternates between sprinting and firing upon the instances before disappearing from view in the woods. The remainder of Onru's feed consists of her engaging the encroaching instances.

Onru manages to dispatch over a hundred instances with her primary firearm, 57 with a service pistol, and several thousand upon deploying her 5.56mm rotary auto-canon. Due the destruction of most of her body to deploy said weapon, Onru is rendered immobile, and is overtaken upon the expenditure of available ammunition.]

[From Nanku's cam: Instances of SCP-3009-A seem to ignore the squad, and continue past them towards the point of entry; Onru can be heard engaging the instances in the distance.

The team heads deeper into the woods, where the numbers of SCP-3009-A begin to thin out. Munru fires upon an SCP-3009-A as it runs past SGT Irantu. Its head bursts, releasing fluid which eliminates the upper half of Irantu's body, and eats through several areas across Munru's face and chest.]

Munru: Oh, no.

Nanku: Accidents happen. The two of us are enough to handle this.

Munru: Not him. My warding implant… *[He motions towards a hole in the center of his forehead, approximately 2 cm in diameter and deep enough to expose the bone. He digs his finger into the hole and feels around inside.]* …it seems to have been compromised.

Nanku: Are you good to continue?

[Munru nods.

The pair continue north for several minutes and eventually come across a clearing. A motte-and-bailey style castle similar in design to those existing in the area around the turn of the 11th century can be seen in the distance. The immediate area surrounding the walls show absent portions consistent with SCP-3009-A discharge.

Munru: Do you feel that?

Nanku: Yea. My Argus Three[1] is picking up some heavy EVE[2] emanating from within that castle. Type-Black; Locked.

Munru: Definitely a god. Or something like it, at least.

Nanku: You thinking what I'm thinking?

Munru: That would mean there was a mistake in our uploading.

Nanku: Not like that. I mean, I'm thinking we go in there and blow everything to hell.

Munru: Ah. Then, yes. Let us do exactly that.

[The pair make their way inside through a collapsed portion of wall. The houses and other structures within the bailey are consistent with those of the time period. Areas are eroded in a similar manner, suggesting a presence of SCP-3009-A within. No signs of life are present.]

Nanku: Looks like it's a straight shot.

Munru: Halt! Turn away, children!

Nanku: What is the matter?

Munru: Not me… I didn't — *[At this point, several voices can be heard emanating from Munru; speaking in unison with him.]* This is our price. Our bondage.

[Nanku approaches Munru slowly.]

Nanku: You OK?

Munru: *[Multiple voices. Munru's body language suggests panic; his hand can be seen trembling as he reaches for his sidearm.]* Sixty-seven. A dead man walks on broken grass through the Hall of—[3]

[From Nanku's cam: Nanku lashes out at Munru. Her fist crashes through Munru's mouth and exits out the back of his head. She withdraws her hand, and Munru falls to the ground, dead. A surge of azure light rises from his corpse, and swiftly travels towards the castle keep. It passes through the wall and out of sight.]

Nanku: Oh… hell no. You're not getting out of this so… easily.

[Nanku crouches low towards the ground - the sound of her Ambulatory Peripatetic Enhancement can be heard to chime.

Nanku explodes forwards across the bailey, up the motte, and crashes trough the wall of the keep. The keep itself consists of a single large room sectioned off into several smaller rooms for the occupant.

She walks forward to where a dirty straw mat lay across the ground. Nanku brushes it aside with her foot, revealing a trap-door. Once opened, a shaft can be seen to extend down into the motte -terminating several meters into the Earth. There is a wooden ladder leading down, which Nanku ignores, and jumps down the shaft.

The chamber Nanku lands in is a small, narrow dungeon, lined with stone. There is a single path that runs opposite

the ladder - at the end of which is a robed humanoid (SCP-3009-B). It is cast in silhouette against the iridescent column, and is hunched over, facing away from Nanku.]

Nanku: Are you a god?

[SCP-3009-B moves to stand. An ornate, wooden chest encased in chains can be seen lying on the ground behind it. The entity turns to face Nanku. As it speaks, several dozen vocalizations come from the entity, echoing its dialogue.]

SCP-3009-B: Your tongue. The distant future. You do not belong here.

[Nanku removes her left hand, priming the Heissan-Neuman Olympian-Class Ravager embedded in her arm. A distinctive, high-pitched whir is emitted by the weapon as it charges. Nanku aims it at the entity's head.[4]]

Nanku: You have precisely… five seconds to answer my question before—

SCP-3009-B: We are called *[SCP-3009-B emits a piercing screech, followed by a gurgle]*. The closest analogue in your tongue is 'Many'. You may call us that if it suits you.

Nanku: I'm… fully dressed, thanks.

SCP-3009-B: *[SCP-3009-B pauses for a moment, before continuing.]* Your weapon will be ineffectual, regardless. There is but one threat to our kind, and indeed, existence itself. For you see, there is this grand and—

[Nanku fires upon the entity. A bright flash illuminates the area. The entity is alight with green fire. Hundreds of voices can be heard screaming in unison within the entity, whose remains writhe - scattered across the ground and walls of the chamber. Nanku looks down at

the remains of her arm - most of the weapon had also been destroyed in the blast, and is leaking negatively-charged thaumatic fluid.

The remains of SCP-3009-B begin to seep towards one another. They collect on the floor of the chamber, begin to take on a humanoid shape, and stand. Nanku draws her pistol.]

SCP-3009-B: You cannot begin to comprehe—

[Nanku shoots it in the head point-blank. Chunks and particles of the entity splatter onto the wall behind it as it collapses. It begins to reform again, and slowly rises to stand.]

SCP-3009-B: The grand force of chaos, Apakht! You must—

[Nanku shoots it in the head again. The entity has trouble getting off the ground, and rises to a knee. Its body-language suggests pleading.]

SCP-3009-B: *[The entity's tertiary voices no longer speak in unison, and discordantly stutter.]* Y-y-y-y-y-ou must not kill Apak—

[Nanku sighs, and shoots the entity in the face again. It falls to the ground, and no longer seems capable of repairing the damage to its head.]

SCP-3009-B: This is merely—

[It is interrupted by another round from Nanku's pistol. It thrashes on the ground; its tertiary voices constantly repeat 'Decoy!' in a desperate manner.]

[Nanku fires upon the entity. After a brief period of consideration, she fires upon it a second time, pauses, then proceeds to empty the clip into its body. The entity neither moves nor speaks; it appears to be lifeless. Nanku approaches the body, and kicks it square in the

chest.]

Nanku: This is cause for celebration.

[Nanku presses a depression on the flesh behind her ear and an audio file begins to play: 'Don't Stop Me Now' from the artist Queen. Nanku proceeds to set-up an Existential-Disruption Field Generator. The feed cuts out upon its activation.]

Footnotes
1. Referring to theArgus-III Situational Awareness System, experimental paratech which grants parasensory awareness.
2. Elan-Vital Energy
3. This was the first half of Nanku's individualized memetic kill-phrase.
4. Constructed for use based upon plans recovered from a survivor ofSCP-1730.

SCP-3010: Causal-Absent Paranoia

Item #: SCP-3010

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: The word ‘Causal-Absent Paranoia’ is to retain a dictionary definition as follows: ‘the healthy brain overreacting to natural stimulus due to overindulgence, excessive stress, lack of sleep, and other such strains to the mind and body.’ All cultural and social references to the word must be kept in this manner.

An instance of SCP-3010-1 is to be contained utilizing a series of falsifications to trap its ‘presence’ inside a dummy household. One D-Class personnel with extreme reclusive tendencies and a verifiable response to SCP-3010 is to be staged there at all times to prevent containment breach. The D-Class is not to be informed of their role, classification, location, or communicate with any outsiders. The D-Class must, in all cases, believe himself to be trapped in an abandoned, unfamiliar house with the entity, completely alone.

The household has 32 windows and 46 mirrors. The following rooms are to be lit: the Bedroom, West Hall, Grand Hall, Rec Room, and storage. No other rooms have light fixtures. Food is to be periodically restocked when the resident D-Class is a suitable distance from Storage. There must be a Scranton Reality Anchor posed at each corner of the building, and two in the vault in the household's basement.

Through the windows, a falsified night-time countryside is to be constructed, and kept in a perpetual state of darkness. The door must be bolted shut and reinforced with steel, all windows must be fitted with 7.5 centimeter thick windows of bulletproof glass, and all walls lined with a 5 centimeter thick steel composite.

These procedures are privy to immediate alteration upon discovery

of more effective mass-containment for SCP-3010-1 instances.

Description: SCP-3010 is the anomalous byproduct of a nearly undetectable entity, hereby classified as SCP-3010-1. SCP-3010 is characterized as a sensation of "being watched", similar to that of being intensely stared at or observed unwillingly by another human or sentient being.

SCP-3010-1 and its effects are inconsistent in their manifestation unless certain specific requirements are met. In particular, small spaces, single-room areas, sterile environments (closed off hospital rooms, Prisons, etc.), and Foundation containment cells prove ineffective at causing it to manifest. The only known way to bring about an instance of SCP-3010-1 with complete consistency is to stage a single human in a house, or something resembling a living space of at least 500 square meters with minimal lighting. Any other cases of SCP-3010-1 appearance seem to be random.

The entity has few known physical traits, and a certain set of tendencies in its pursuit of others. It only pursues solitary humans, generally between the age of 16-40. It cannot pursue pilots of automobiles or other fast-moving vehicles. Its most common victims tend to be alone in their own property, and the time-frame follows the trend of 12:00 a.m. to sunrise, which limits the sample space to individuals with a tendency to remain awake at those times.

Often times those who experience SCP-3010 tend to report it from behind. If their back is to the wall, they tend to avoid the nearest window or dark corner. Mirrors cause extreme aversion in sufferers of SCP-3010, and they often flee to sections of their house that lack both of the aforementioned objects.

SCP-3010 sufferers can not sleep under any circumstances. This is not due to fear, but a fundamental part of SCP-3010-1 that manipulates the parts of the brain that control melatonin production, dream regulation, and sleep induction, making them completely inoperable. It is assumed to be caused by a very faint insertion of a gaseous substance into the local atmosphere. This is classified as CAP-induced-insomnia and also given a medical explanation.

SCP-3010-1 is perceived as passively hostile to humankind. It has a

specific set of triggers that, when activated, will cause it to [DATA EXPUNGED] the subject. Detail in Addendum SCP-3010-A.

The triggers tend to be the following: Actively hunting the source of SCP-3010 with intent to destroy or harm, prolonged contact with mirrors, windows, or unlit rooms, long periods of sustained silence, direct contact with the ‘presence’ of the entity, panic, blood, and any attempt to contact other human beings.

If two of these triggers are met greater than 3 times (with the exception of attempted contact or awareness of the entity, which instantly activates it), the entity will "activate", performing one of the previously mentioned acts. The rate of survival is precisely %.

Avoidance of human interaction (e.g. avoidant disorders) can either have an extreme attraction effect or an extreme repellent effect on the entity. Individuals who excel in human interaction (particularly sociopaths) produce a strange, relatively unknown effect that can cause several severe anomalies. Testing is not advised. One such incident is detailed in "Recordings from D-17729".

Currently, Site 2C is utilized primarily for information gathering. As there are likely hundreds of thousands of instances of SCP-3010-1, it is considered less of a containment operation and more of a wildlife observation venture. If any information on the nature of SCP-3010-1's presence, congregation, locations, quantity, or otherwise related traits are discovered, they should be reported to Site-2C's Overseers immediately, upon which any needed containment procedures will be amended. Mass containment of SCP-3010-1 instances are a high priority.

+ Addendum SCP-3010-A

SCP-3010-1: Known Physiological Traits and Habits

As of the current time, little is known of the physical appearance, locations, dependence on humans, or origin of SCP-3010-1 instances. However, due to the continued containment of a particular instance, the following information

has been discovered.

1. SCP-3010-1 is not perceivable in any wavelength of light. Even in instances of D-Class personnel seeking the entity in a manner implying that they can visualize it or pinpoint its location, the only tell of its location is given after a reactive incident.

2. SCP-3010-1 has a particular reaction towards those expressive of avoidant disorders. Simply put, about 50% of individuals with avoidant disorders do not react to anything in scenarios where SCP-3010-1 would manifest. Those that it can interact with, however, express a complete incapability of producing a reactive incident, even if they enact any of the triggers for such incidents. These cases seem to feel the effects of SCP-3010 at a higher intensity than normal.

3. SCP-3010-1's biological appearance and structure are unknown. However, it is apparent that SCP-3010-1 is still constrained by physical variables, and thus has a degree of physical presence. If a victim is contained within a small space (minimum of 3.5x3.5x3.5 cubic meters) or is within an area that has all entrances secure and no mirrors or windows present, SCP-3010-1 will not manifest. (For this reason, no doors in Site-2C can lock and will always open on their own after 30 minutes.) This implies that SCP-3010-1 cannot pass through physical matter other than windows and mirrors, and does in fact have a specific height (apparently above 3.5 meters.) Using similar experimentation, SCP-3010-1 appears to be somewhere around 15-20cm in width.

4. Upon enough of the aforementioned triggers

being activated, a reactive event begins. These events are preceded with an extreme spike in the levels of adrenaline in the victim, and they respond with an immediate panicked reaction. At this stage, SCP-3010-1 will manifest in the following ways: Through mirrors, windows, or [DATA EXPUNGED]. The entity will apparently proceed to [DATA EXPUNGED], extruding the victim's [DATA EXPUNGED]. Subsequently, the newly carved bone matter will retract into the breach (where the entity emerged), and the remains of the victim will [DATA EXPUNGED].

5. When a reactive event is triggered, a cognitohazard manifests in the form of a 'total memory erasure', where any associated memories of the person(s) involved in the event are destroyed. This can be easily circumvented, however, by keeping written documents of the victims on hand at all times, or by a suitable amount of Scranton Reality Anchors active within the area. The reason written information is retained through this is unknown. Note one exception - those influenced by the spatial anomaly (See #7) can be erased from written documentation as well. However, this is inconsistent, and does not always occur (traces of their names and background remain interspersed throughout documentation.)

6. After such an event, the instance of SCP-3010-1 supposedly enters a state of stasis. This can only be proven by the fact that all mirrors and windows within a meter radius appear opaque to all forms of light, and normal SCP-3010 symptoms are reported by all humans in this region.

7. After a reactive event, a rapid deconstruction of the environment surrounding the incident begins. This spatial anomaly occurs around seconds after the event. The anomaly causes the area surrounding to rapidly expand and populate into a series of tight, dark corridors and small rooms filled with mirrors and reflective surfaces. The expansion of this space appears to "leak" from any mirrors or reflective surfaces present. A single exploration has been attempted and recorded following a particular reactive incident. (See addendum "Exploration Log From Testing Site 2A" for details). This effect is entirely mitigated by SRAs.

8. Only occurrences of a reactionary event have been detected. The spatial anomaly that follows dissipates after hours, but SCP-3010 symptoms persist indefinitely within meters of the event location. Whether this implies that the instance of SCP-3010-1's stasis is indefinite is uncertain.

+ Recordings from D-17729

The following text is taken from a small camera/audio recording device implanted within D-17729's body before containment. D-17729 was a Caucasian male, 39 years, that exhibited no signs of social ineptitude. Date of recordings ranged from December 1st - 10th, 19 .

Subject awakens in Bedroom (B).

D-17729: (groans)… Fuck… *D-17729 stands up, clutching his head.*

D-17729: What… Where am I? What the fuck is going on? Hello?

D-17729: This isn't my cell. God, what am I on right now…

Subject stands, proceeds to exit through the doorway to Bedroom Hall.

D-17729: Shit, that's dark. HEY! IS ANYBODY THERE?

Subject continues through the upper floor, reaches the staircase into Foyer (F). Light is set to on. Symptoms of SCP-3010 surface lightly, with occasional looks behind him.

D-17729: What the hell. Nobody behind you, Mike. You're fine… Door's locked?

Subject begins attempt to bash door down. Failure.

D-17729: Fucking… What kind of house is this? Is it nighttime? Shit…

Proceeding three hours are of Subject navigating the containment 'cell', occasionally musing to himself. Symptoms of SCP-3010 rapidly surface, and Subject begins to develop an extremely severe aversion to the unlit areas of containment.

One day after containment. Wedged in Foyer corner.

D-17729: Wake up. Wake up. Wake up. Wake up. Please, God, let me wake up…

Two days after containment. Subject in Bedroom. All light fixtures are on. Faced away from mirrors, in southeastern corner.

D-17729: …need food. I need food. Storage room's downstairs. Through dark. Nobody's

here, Mike. You're not afraid of the dark.

D-17729: It's there. Fuck me, there it is. I'm not alone. Fuck OFF, you sick fuck! LET ME OUT!

D-17729: Shit… *grunts*… made it. Good lord, I'm staying in here until I die. Light and food, thank God.

Subject closes and locks vault, begins eating. 30 minutes later, door re-opens.

D-17729: …fuck. You've gotta be kidding.

Four days after containment. Subject is still in storage room. All shelves have been disassembled, fashioned into a makeshift barrier obstructing the Basement Hall from sight.

D-17729: Need to kill it. Not even in here. Not safe here. The light only works a little, then you're done for. Need sleep, God I need sleep.

Seven days after containment. Subject is in storage room corner. Wiring from walls has been torn out using a makeshift crowbar, and extra light fixtures have been used to keep the entire room at a state of brightness. D-17729 was previously an electrical engineer, and such activity was expected, so no action will be taken.

D-17729: …This isn't a dream, is it.

Nine days after containment. Subject has fashioned a makeshift suit covered in light fixtures with a portable crank-generator. Noted that generator must be removed upon Subject's termination.

D-17729: Take it back to them. Kill them all.

Not alone. Not alone. Take the light to their door. Not alone. More light. More light. More light.

This continues for about four hours before subject falls asleep. Reason for this is as of now unknown, as sleep in SCP-3010-1's presence is extremely rare, if not impossible in all cases. Upon awakening, Storage has been restocked, and lights have been put out. Subject's light-jacket is left alone, to prevent disturbance from sleep. Subject reawakens.

D-17729: Ha! It stole my light, but I have me! Cannot stop me now, fool. Need weapon. Combat them. Destroy them.

D-17729: Tomorrow, we fight. Tomorrow, I win. Tomorrow, I win.

Ten days after containment. Barrier has been disassembled. Subject begins to rapidly move throughout containment, searching for instances of SCP-3010-1. Appears to discover something within Grand Hall.

D-17729: FOUND YOU! FOUND YOU FOUND YOU DON'T TRY AND HIDE. I HAVE LIGHT, LIGHT, LIGHT AND I HAVE FOUND YOU! COME OUT!

Subject rushes towards an unknown position in Grand hall, near piano. Upon Subject's approach, the start of a reactive event begins, but appears to fail. 3 mirrors in the vicinity begin to output minimal light. Subject can be briefly seen making contact with one of the mirrors, before screaming. Connection with recording device is lost. Site 2A undergoes spatial anomaly and is evacuated.

+ Exploration Log from Testing Site 2A (Ruined State)

The following is a transcript of the events surrounding the exploration of Site 2A, where an instance of SCP-3010-1 was undergoing containment when it began a reactive event in response to D-17729. Exploration Unit MTF-066 "Eight Blind Men" sent in to attempt to locate Grand Hall and recover any indications of a reactive event/remnants of D-17729. Speakers are resident overseer Dr. Obrendt, MTF-066 Captain (Cap), and members of MTF-066 (1-7).

Cap: Alright, doc. We're waiting outside the site. Orders?

Obrendt: Enter the site. Report any signs of cognitohazards or interruptions of mental faculties immediately. That goes for all of you guys. We don't know what might happen in there.

Cap: Aye aye. Everyone else got the message, too. We're heading in now.

Group takes ten minutes and thirty two seconds to navigate hall.

Cap: We're through. No kitchen. Just another foyer. Spacial anomaly is in full swing.

Obrendt: That was 10 minutes on our side, Captain. How about you?

Cap: Uhh… Thirty seconds. Time dilation. Noted.

Obrendt: Could be linked to hallways, since communication isn't being stretched. Be wary of long passages.

MTF-066-7: That's gonna be tough. Nothing but hallways here.

Cap: He's right. We're at a copy of the foyer, but everything just goes into another hallway.

Obrendt: Noted. Pick the shortest and proceed.

Group moves on through about eight hallways. Time taken equates to roughly two point three hours. Group is inside of a copy of the Grand Hall. Mirrors appear to be scattered about the room.

Cap: Wait. Something's wrong.

Obrendt: What is it?

Cap: Where's 8?

Obrendt: Who?

Cap: MTF-066-8. Carlos .

Obrendt: …There's only seven members of MTF-066, Captain. I've never heard that name before.

Cap: Fuck. Shit.

Captain's body camera flips around to show the rest of MTF-066. Five are present.

Cap: FUCK. 5, where's 6 and 7?

MTF-066-5: …We only have five members, sir. Are you alright?

Cap: No, goddammit, we have 8. We're the '8 blind men', for fuck's sake. Where'd they go?

Obrendt: Captain, I need you to report for me. Is there a potential cognitohazardrous effect currently altering your mindset?

Cap: No. No. They were here a second ago. Where did they go? We have to find them…

Captain rushes off to an adjacent hallway. Group attempts to pursue. They pass through twelve hallways. Six hours pass with no significant activity.

MTF-066-3: SIR, YOU HAVE TO STOP. WE NEED TO RETURN. SIR!

Cap: Fuck OFF, 3! We need to find 6 and 7. God, and there's an eighth, too! I almost forgot. Oh god, I almost forgot about him!

Obrendt: Captain, pull out, now! There's a severe cognitohazardrous event occurring, pull out!

MTF-066-1 through 3 lose sight of captain. Subsequently, their body cameras begin to shut down.

MTF-066-1: …my god, what is that?

No more transmissions are received from the group for eight hours. At 0200 on the following day, Captain's microphone returns.

Cap:..hello? Anybody? Come on, guys, please. 1? 3? Obrendt… pic… dark, so many…irrors, they…

Obrendt: Captain? Captain! Are you there? Respond!

Cap: …eah. I'm here, now. It's dark, co….ow do I get out?

Obrendt: We'll try to extract you. Describe your surroundings. Are there any windows?

Cap: Like… an attic. It's dark, made of…ne window.

Obrendt: I sent the order to turn on the lights surrounding Site 2C. Did they come on for you?

Cap: Yeah. Shit, yeah! I gotta break this window! Fuck, I gotta get out! Thank God!

Obrendt: It's bulletproof, you need to bash it with the butt of your rifle or something blunt. We'll wait in front.

Cap: Aye aye. (grunts, slamming heard)… break, you piece of…

the sounds repeat for several minutes. Captain fails to shatter the window. NOTE: Security Cameras 2A, 3A, 5B, and 4C, positioned towards all attic windows, picked up no movement/activity in this time. Nothing is visible through the windows from the exterior.

Obrendt: Captain. Are you through?

Cap: …shit. there's mirrors in here, too. Gotta run, after all.

Obrendt: Captain, stop! Get back to the window!

Cap's bodycam comes online briefly, shows a short shot of the Grand Hall, with several thousand mirrors. It quickly cuts off. No more responses received following. Site 2A closed until reactive event subsides.

After the effect subsides Site 2A is examined.

Captain's remains are not located. MTF-066-1 through 3's remains are not located. MTF-066 "Three Blind Men" marked as KIA.

NOTE: SCP-3010's anomalous effect has appeared to influence this document in the form of affecting the title and membership of MTF-066. All records of MTF-066 have been destroyed. No further explorations of reactive sites are permitted.

Changes have been made to this document since you opened it. Wou

USER: [ERR DATA CORRUPT. ERASURE NEEDED]
ACCESSED DOCUMENT
USER: [ERR DATA CORRUPT. ERASURE NEEDED]
EDITED LINE: The entity has no known physical traits
eyes eyes
USER: [ERR DATA CORRUPT. ERASURE NEEDED]
EDITED LINE: As there are likely hundreds of thousands
infinite of instances of SCP-3010-1
USER: [ERR DATA CORRUPT. ERASURE NEEDED]
ADDED LINE: scp-3010 is not real. i am not real. it's dark
USER: [ERR DATA CORRUPT. ERASURE NEEDED]
ADDED LINE: theyve got eyes in the back of their head.
theyve got eyes in the back of their mouth
USER: [ERR DATA CORRUPT. ERASURE NEEDED]
ADDED NEW FILE:

addendum SCP-3010-x: truth
you can see me now, right? i found a screen
here. foundation drivel. realstuff, not like the
dark.
it even mentions me here. the number! 17729,

that's me! so they knew me. so it wasn't the start of a nightmare.
so this is real, maybe. unless the foundation isnt. but i remember the number.
its been a long while, foundation. halls and halls and a handful of rooms dont make for good company.
and it's dark here. really dark. they probably hate it here, because it's so dark. waste of all their eyes.
…
i want to tell you something, foundation.
it's called 3010, right?
3010 is bad. bad, bad, bad. and there's lots of them, i think.
i know it, but it's hard to explain. do you know how each person you meet has a specific feeling?
it's like that. they all watch you outside, but in here, they care less. maybe they cant see here. but they feel…
unique.
i remember the stare that the first one had. like it was touching me with it's eyes.
…such a profound feeling.
no. not now.
these ones feel different. like people. so i know theres lots.
they walk about the long halls, through the big mirrors, maybe out into realstuff. but i cant go through. and if they touch me i wonder if ill really die.
die. ha. i wonder.
it's been so long, foundation.
i think i might touch them.
but what if i do?
they dont like us, foundation. but they watch us. they watch us for so long. they must want to touch us, but they cant.
we can touch them, though.

why do they hate us, foundation.
why do they hate me?
why is it so dark?

why am i alone?

oh. mine's coming.
out of the mirror. one for every room.
right behind me. right behind you. us.
goodbye.

Note: These edits were discarded due to the following discrepancies:
DATE DISCREPANCY, LOCATION DISCREPANCY - Editor PC does not follow the following constraints
- Date does not match File Server date
- Date must be between 1/1/1900 and 1/1/10000
- IP location must be within 500,000 km of host

Editor PC was locked (85 edit attempts made). Requesting human intervention. Unlock? (YES/NO)

NO

Acknowledged. Editor PC permanently locked.

SCP-3011: Loose Lips Skink Ships

SCP-3011 instance being approached by Doctor Carson.

Item #: SCP-3011

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Except for purposes of approved experimentation, instances of SCP-3011 must not come within 100 m of any nautical paraphernalia or similar items; this includes, but is not limited to, images of anchors, boats, submarines, or waves.

SCP-3011 is to be contained in commercially available large terrariums suitable for housing small lizards. Each terrarium is to house no more than 6 instances of SCP-3011. Additional terrariums are to be made available should specific instances need to be separated. Each terrarium should contain items relevant to SCP-3011's needs.

Should the number of SCP-3011 instances exceed that of one hundred (100), staff are permitted to cull the population to ninety (90) individuals.

Description: SCP-3011 is a population of ninety (90) northern blue-tongued skinks (*Tiliqua rugosa*).

Each instance of SCP-3011 is sapient and capable of speech. Isolated instances display limited problem-solving capacity; in groups, SCP-3011 instances are capable of cooperation and division of labour. Each instance of SCP-3011 is unique. Some instances have shown aggressive behaviour while others exhibit differing, individual personalities. Aggressive instances of SCP-3011 tend to stay far away from the main groups and display solitary behaviour typical of non-anomalous blue-tongued skinks.

Instances of SCP-3011 speak in high-pitched voices. SCP-3011

speech is commonly interpreted to be "enthusiastic" by attending personnel. Typical topics of SCP-3011 conversation are the weather, bad omens, maritime navigation, foreign adventurism and braggadocious sexual conquests. At night the backs of SCP-3011 produce a shimmering bio-luminescence. Caretakers have observed that this resembles the moon reflecting off the sea.

SCP-3011's self-replication begins when exposed to prohibited paraphernalia. Instances of SCP-3011 will become aroused and engage in a mating ritual. All instances able to view one another will begin moving in unison. This rhythmic movement is noted to be enthusiastic and vigorous. No sexual intercourse is noted to occur. At the peak of activity, SCP-3011 will shed their tail, usually as a result of violent gyrations or flailing. If left undisturbed, tails shed in this manner will grow into full instances of SCP-3011 within approximately one minute, with a head emerging from the stump and arms and legs growing out of the tail's sides. These juvenile instances are indistinguishable from normal blue-tongued skinks, apart from their anomalous properties.

In some cases, new instances of SCP-3011 produced via this process exhibit severe deformities or are stillborn. The instances that survive often show very minor changes in body pattern or tongue colour; however, due to the accumulation of these changes, later generations differ significantly from the progenitor.

Interview SCP-3011

[The following is an audio and video transcript of an interview with SCP-3011]

Interviewed: Four instances of SCP-3011 hereafter named SCP-3011-1, SCP-3011-2, SCP-3011-3, and SCP-3011-4.

Interviewer: Doctor Carson

Foreword: Interview conducted with four instances of SCP-3011. This is the second attempt at interviewing SCP-3011 due to the first interview being interrupted by SCP-3011's

erratic nature.

<Begin Log>

Doctor Carson: Where are you from?

SCP-3011-1: Oh, we're a long way from our home, my boy. Born on the ragin' sea, you see. We don't make to land, 'least not that we plan.

SCP-3011-2: And now here we be.

Doctor Carson: Alright, but how did you get here?

SCP-3011-1: Didn't ye bring us here? On a ship of steel and e-lec-tricity?

SCP-3011-2: There we were. Here we be!

[All instances of SCP-3011 appear to dance in an excited manner.]

Doctor Carson: Well, I guess it is a ship to you, huh? But back to my original question, before we took you in our 'ship'. How did you get here? To this land? Did you swim?

SCP-3011-1: Not all of us can swim, boyo, but all of us can sail.

SCP-3011-2: Aye and sail we did!

SCP-3011-3: We been sailin' for a long time. Since a-fore you were a mite. An egg in your mother's cloaca.

Doctor Carson: You sailed? What did you sail on? Are you not too small to sail?

SCP-3011-1: Too small, says he. *[SCP-3011-1*

can be heard laughing.]

SCP-3011-2: He should talk. This one. A 'captain's companion' too soft for life at sea.

SCP-3011-3: We sailed we did! On logs. On fronds. On flotsam and jetsam.

SCP-3011-2: Boats too, we did. Dun forget the actual boats.

SCP-3011-3: Those were later acquisitions. We didn't start with boats.

[All SCP-3011 instances nod at each other.]

Doctor Carson: The boats were later acquisitions? Can you elaborate on how you got the boats?

SCP-3011-2: I wasn't on the crew yet. Do ye know? *[Directed at the other instances of SCP-3011.]*

SCP-3011-1: Nay lad. That was before my time at sea.

SCP-3011-4: Twas my time, lads. We were there when the first boats sailed.

[There is a long pause between instances of SCP-3011 and Doctor Carson.]

SCP-3011-4: We were just a young skink then. Barely a cabin boy.

SCP-3011-4: Floating on a bed of freezing kelp were we.

SCP-3011-4: Then, a group of your kind went past. Paddling in the sea.

SCP-3011-4: Stowed away, we did. Among their baskets we hid.

[SCP-3011-4 nods.]

Doctor Carson: So let me get this right. You made small rafts of wood, then managed to get on board an actual ship and hide in baskets… How did you go from baskets to ships?

[All SCP-3011 instances laugh in unison.]

SCP-3011-1: We don't build boats, boy. We sail. We're sailors.

SCP-3011-3: We take what the sea brings us.

SCP-3011-4: In fairness to the soft man. There is some ambiguity in my tale.

SCP-3011-4: We hopped aboard canoes, paddled by whalers seeking whales. That must have been…

SCP-3011-2: Before sail?

Doctor Carson: Your tale is rather interesting. But you're not explaining me how you went from hiding in baskets to actually sailing ships.

[At this point a guard standing at the door inside the room adjusts their sleeve, revealing a tattoo of an anchor. All instances of SCP-3011 notice. They begin to dance wildly.]

SCP-3011-1: Oh well… You see…

SCP-3011-2: Ride the waves to hunt the whale!

[All instances of SCP-3011 continue to dance

wildly. SCP-3011-4 sheds its tail.]

SCP-3011-4: The baskets were on the ships. And on ships we stayed. On canoes, rafts, and oarships.

Doctor Carson: Whoa, whoa! Calm down!

[SCP-3011-4's tail has come off and starts to regrow. Soon after, all instances of SCP-3011 shed their tails which soon start to regrow. All 'dances' coming from SCP-3011 intensify. SCP-3011 tails instantly start to regrow into new instances of SCP-3011.]

SCP-3011-4: All hands on deck! All hands on deck!

SCP-3011-3: Storms brewing! Storms coming!

Doctor Carson: *[Doctor Carson can be heard standing up, verbally reacting to SCP-3011's tail growing new limbs.]* Shit- Shit! This wasn't on the file!

[The shed tails are now completely new instances of SCP-3011. They join in the chorus being sung by their original instances. Singing halts after exactly 2 minutes. Nautical talk continues after. More tails are being dropped from the second generation of SCP-3011.]

SCP-3011-4: *[SCP-3011 speaks to Doctor Carson.]* Son, have you ever been through the eye of a hurricane?

Doctor Carson: *[There is a few seconds of silence before Doctor Carson responds.]* … No?

SCP-3011-4: You pass through the veil of rain

and wind and storm to a place of calm. Serenity. While all around you the world howls.

[At this point, it is noted that SCP-3011-4 loses its nautical accent.]

SCP-3011-4: Sometimes you're there for hours. Sometimes minutes.

SCP-3011-4: But there is only one way out.

[Other instances of SCP-3011 continue dancing. Staff have described it as a 'seething stormy sea'. The colour patterns on their backs begin to light up in a display of colours.]

[Many instances of SCP-3011 have continued to multiply and have by now filled at least half the room.]

SCP-3011-4: Son. Are you listening?
[Statement appears to be directed at Doctor Carson as SCP-3011-4 stands in a clearing of other SCP-3011 instances.]

[Doctor Carson is silent. The guard on duty can be seen trying to open the door but their attempt fails.]

SCP-3011-4: Son, do you hear me. Do you understand?

[Tails from other SCP-3011 instances on the ceiling fall and land on Doctor Carson as full instances of SCP-3011. As Doctor Carson brushes one away, it has been noted that it yells something unintelligible in Spanish.]

SCP-3011-4: You need to come to the eye of the storm.

[The guard at the door begins to open fire

upon instances of SCP-3011 having failed to escape.]

SCP-3011-4: If you don't swim you'll sink, Doctor.

[Staff have speculated that at this point SCP-3011-4 resembles the eye of a storm in a hurricane. The guard has since been fatally crushed under the weight of swarming SCP-3011 instances.]

SCP-3011-1-3: Then blow, ye winds and blow! An' a-rovin' I will go. I'll stay no more on England's shore to hear sweet music play. For I'm on the move to me own true love ten thousand miles away.

[SCP-3011-4 crawls over to Doctor Carson.]

SCP-3011-4: Swim, boy, swim.

[As Doctor Carson wades towards SCP-3011-4, there are several fragments of sentences being said by instances of SCP-3011]

SCP-3011-???: We'll make port before she hits

SCP-3011-???: -Too much ice! Too mu-

SCP-3011-???: Blow and go! BLOW AND GO!

SCP-3011-??? We've run aground!

[Doctor Carson has managed to get to SCP-3011-4. The interview table gently 'floats' on the hoard of SCP-3011.]

SCP-3011-4: Hold on tight. We're not through

this yet.

[The structural integrity of the interview room door fails. Containment breach causing 7 casualties as a result, with Dr. Carson not being recovered. Audio log drowned out by SCP-3011 vocalisations.]

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Epilogue: Autopsy of the guard on duty at the time revealed several dead and alive instances of SCP-3011 in their lungs, throat and stomach

Current number of SCP-3011 instances in containment: 3917

SCP-3012: Smoke the Reefer, Meet the Reaper

Item #: SCP-3012

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Currently, SCP-3012 is uncontained. Foundation AIs (ATLS-67 and GRGN-2) are to monitor street cameras in major cities and internet communications for appearances or descriptions of SCP-3012-1.

Mobile Task Force Gamma-42 (“Buzzkills”) is currently focused on acquisition of the entity, if possible, along with cleanup of Dybbuk events. Cleanup of Dybbuk events require administration of appropriate amnestics to affected civilians and removal of confirmed instances of SCP-3012-1. All research into SCP-3012 is to focus upon a method of predicting Dybbuk events.

If possible, SCP-3012 is to be contained during a Dybbuk event. Due to the use of the Scranton Reality-Anchor in containing SCP-3012's former form, all MTF G-42 members are to be equipped with handheld SRAs.

Archived Special Containment Procedures:

> + Open
>
> SCP-3012 is to remain in the center of three overlapping Scranton Reality-Anchors at all times. This has proven effective in stopping its ability to teleport to the sites of future Dybbuk events and also from performing them within the site.
>
> SCP-3012 is to be given four novels a month, with an emphasis placed on the horror genre. SCP-3012's room is to be sparsely furnished at its request.

Description: SCP-3012 is an incorporeal entity at the source of Dybbuk events. Prior to its physical form expiring, SCP-3012 was contained under the same designation at Site-93's Anomalous Humanoid Wing.

SCP-3012's primary effect involves the creation of SCP-3012-1 instances at locations where children and teenagers congregate. SCP-3012-1 refers to messages that spontaneously appear inside and around the location of a Dybbuk event. Instances of SCP-3012-1 are drawn in charcoal, red paint, and, in rare cases, crayon. SCP-3012-1 instances vary in content, but most involve threats of grievous bodily harm and routinely incorporate the names of individuals within SCP-3012's current location. SCP-3012 has also demonstrated the ability to cause visual and audio phenomena at the site of a Dybbuk event, normally manifesting in dark figures and laughter without a source.

Dybbuk events are defined by the appearance of SCP-3012-1 instances. Dybbuk events precede the occurrence of an event that could potentially prove fatal to one or more of the targets; the apparent purpose of Dybbuk events is to motivate the targets to evacuate the area before this event occurs. The method SCP-3012 uses to predict these events is unclear.

Examples of SCP-3012-1 Instances:

> Smoke the Reefer, Meet the Reaper

> Kevin Kevin Kevin Kevin KeVI N i love you and i need you to say with me i need you to stay here and i need you to never leave

> Tick Tock, Little Boys. Tick Tock.

> [Full Name Deleted] I Am Going To Eviscerate All You Hold Dear In This World

> help me oh god help me he's here he's coming please hel

> [This message appeared next to a crudely drawn

pentagram] The Father Rises. Rejoice.

Cry Cry Cry All You want you Can't Get AWAY from the boogEyman

Get Out Of My Fucking House

let me fucking touch you just once let me fucking touch you eddie you smell so pretty

Archived Interview-3012-2W:

+ Open

Dr. Weinberg: Good morning, SCP-3012. Have you slept well?

SCP-3012: Yeah, you know I don't sleep, dog. Probs got wild cameras looking at my dick all the time. Got an itch I can't scratch, and it sucks real bad.

Dr. Weinberg: You're referring here to Dybbuk events?

SCP-3012: Oh fuck yeah. Is that what you're calling those? Pretty good name. I mean, I don't know what a dybbuk is, really, but I saw Rugrats as a kid. Cool shit, cool shit.

Dr. Weinberg: I believe it is fitting. You're only trying to scare them, aren't you? The house we took you out of just collapsed yesterday. How did you know that was going to happen?

SCP-3012: I get pulled. I get pulled real hard. You'dn't get it. I don't think you'd get any of it, Dr. Dorko. It just makes sense. Like the sheep from when I was a kid.

Dr. Weinberg: You have memories of your past life? That's so strange, considering…

SCP-3012: Considering what?

Dr. Weinberg coughs and looks to the camera for verification on how to continue. Due to unforeseen possible anomalies, "Misters Against Weed" and others are normally given no information surrounding the containment of other instances.

SCP-3012 Fuck. You got others? They made more? They thought I was funny? Shit, I never thought they thought I was funny. I just thought they were trying to be nice to me. Shit. Did they even make Mr. Destiny? That owns. This owns. This is fantastic.

Dr. Weinberg: What makes you different, then? Why would you have memories where others do not?

SCP-3012: I'm me. I got hit by a fucking bus. Real tragic, honest. Big loss to the world. I'm joking, by the way, I sucked. But yeah, I thought they just did it as my final wishes. But they made more? They really made more?

Dr. Weinberg: Where have their memories gone?

SCP-3012: Shit, dog. You can't have a memory if you never had that shit to begin with. Take an ice cream scoop, take a big dollop of ambient soul from the world around us all hippie and shit, and put it all together nice and condensed. And theoretically, you could get an entity you can tweak. It's amazing, really. It's so cool it works without a full soul. It'd suck to have to find a dead body for every Mister, you know? That shit is nasty.

Dr. Weinberg: So you were involved in the

Misters Against Weed?

SCP-3012: Yeah. I wrote the joke.

Dr. Weinberg: So you're familiar with PoI-6870, Jude Kriyot?

SCP-3012: You mean Blunt? Yeah, shit, I knew Blunt. What the fuck are the numbers for, dude? Pee-oh-eye? Whatever, Dr. Dorko. Fuck, can you believe Blunt liked my joke? I didn't think he liked me. But shit, he liked my joke.

Further communication with SCP-3012 was met with continued asides about happiness regarding the "success" of its "joke." No other viable information was found.

With the information that SCP-3012 is a former high-ranking member of GoI-5869, "Gamers Against Weed," further interviews have been authorized.

Archived Interview-3012-7W:

+ Open

Dr. Weinberg: Hello again, SCP-3012? Are you comfortable?

SCP-3012: I actually don't have any real bodily feelings at all. It's pretty cool. The only thing I feel is, you know, when I make the words on the walls.

Dr. Weinberg: What does that feel like?

SCP-3012: Feels like if string could come out of your fingers. If you had orifices there. It feels natural, like it's ready. I mean, there's nothing happening. It's obviously my fucking, you

know, phantom body feelings. A confused soul stuck in a fucked up brought back body trying to remember touches. It's because of the nature of the way they took my soul, you know. Just yanked it. Wild shit, right? God, I could talk all day about this shit.

Dr. Weinberg: We have.

SCP-3012: You're okay for a janitor, you know? I know what you're doing. I mean we both know what you're doing here. But it's cool to talk. You're pretty smart. And you study this shit, don't you? I always used to infodump a little too much. About this shit. Plugged up the chat. After I did it, I'd always feel so anxious. They never said anything.

Dr. Weinberg: You felt like an outsider?

SCP-3012: It's more, like, just added to my mounting list of character flaws. Always thought it was gonna be the straw and the camel.

Dr. Weinberg: You're not *that* bad.

SCP-3012: Fuck you, dorko. But yeah, I am. I always had a natural inclination toward meanness. I don't know why Blunt kept me. I think he felt bad for me. I thought he always regretted it. When he let me into the group. I just, you know, I'm aggressive. I don't know. The chat was a gentle place. A lot of people there were hurting and looking for laughs. I've always been in the fucking, uh, you know. Insult comedy puppet dog? That shit is hysterical. Wasn't exactly the best fit for the room sometimes.

They made fun of each other. But I was always

meaner. More cutting. I got banned a few times, you know. Like more than anyone else. You know how fucked up you gotta be to get banned from the Gamers Against Weed chat? I remember how disappointed Bones would always be. That hurt the most.

I remember, shit, I don't know why I always tell you this shit. I remember this one time I said something horrible to JJ. I got banned. I felt like such a piece of shit. I mean, I never considered it. I was trying to be playful, you know. Like a playful joke. Jesus, that was me. And they always let me come back. I think, it was because they knew I was stupid. I was alone. Shit, when I first joined, I had to have been seventeen.

I just thought that shit was acceptable. I thought a slur wasn't bad if you said it without trying to be hateful. But it's always hateful, isn't it? I was always good at hate. Even when I didn't know it. I don't know. I just don't know how they dealt with me. I thought, you know, if you were offended, you were policing humor. But they, uh, they always let me back. They always told me what I did wrong. And, uh, I just can't believe they're still doing the Misters.

Dr. Weinberg: What did you say?

SCP-3012: I said, “if JJ's so lucky, why was he born a faggot?” I just, I don't know. It's one of those things you think of all the time when you close your eyes. Which, I don't need to do, so this is like metaphorical. I remember how JJ just logged off. And he's untouchable. JJ has never been uncomfortable in his life, and I made him log off.

JJ wanted me back the next day. Bones and

Blunt wouldn't have it. They said I needed some thinking time. It was good for me. I hated them for it at the time. But they were right. Fucking robots and stoners, right?

Dr. Weinberg: Why not Mr. Deadly Sins, if you really consider yourself so bad?

SCP-3012: I wanted to be able to use my meanness to be good. I wanted to save people, and I wanted to be alone, so I couldn't hurt anyone anymore. Threats, gore, being creepy, I guess it comes natural to me. Jesus. I'm still fucked up they liked me, in the end. They kept up my joke.

Dr. Weinberg: Couldn't they just think it was funny?

SCP-3012: I don't know if they even think I'm funny, honest. Maybe this is just how they remember me. How they keep me alive. They let me go after I got all Mister'd, like I asked. I wanted to go out and do it. I figured, you know, they just, you know, felt bad. They were just doing my last wishes. But keeping it up? It's weird. It makes me feel like I did matter. I wish I didn't leave so soon. But it was better that way. The whole point of this is to be, you know, full-on Mr. Ominous. Mr. Ominous can't hang out in his bud Blunt's room and smoke weed and get in screaming matches with his roommate. Mr. Ominous, you know, fucking, writes the magic words on the wall and makes teens shit themselves.

Dr. Weinberg: It sounds almost noble. But is scaring them really the best way to go about this?

SCP-3012: I don't really know anything else.

Archived Interview-3012-17W:

+ Open

At this point in time, SCP-3012's physical form was failing. Due to its anomalies, medical intervention was impossible. This was the last time SCP-3012 was able to be interviewed.

Before Dr. Weinberg could begin, SCP-3012 began the interview.

SCP-3012: So is this a meeting about how I'm dying?

Dr. Weinberg: Do you want to call it a meeting?

SCP-3012: It doesn't matter. I'm just being weird. I never told you how I found about Dr. Wondertainment, right? You never asked. Seems like slipshod detective work. But, I had one of their things as a kid. You hear about the fucking chicken soup they make? Stick to the fucking toys.

Dr. Weinberg: So thus began a lifelong obsession, I take it?

SCP-3012: Oh yeah. Heavy into conspiracy theory shit and the occult. Magic shit. It's how I got into the chat, you know. In the end.

Dr. Weinberg: SCP-3012, I've been reviewing past conversations we've had, and I've seen you mention a “sheep” a few times. I've never probed, because, well, I know you don't like that. But, before we can't speak anymore, could you tell me what you meant?

SCP-3012: My grandma's guard sheep.

Dr. Weinberg: You're going to have to explain this one to me.

SCP-3012: She had this stuffed animal. Must've been my mom's. It was old. A sheep, obviously. It had a pointy black triangle face. But it didn't have any eyes. It stood up on these weirdly hard little feet. And it didn't have eyes. It just stared. So she'd put it in front of places she didn't want me going to. And I guess it was for the best. My grandpa made the house in the sixties. You could fit a fucking watermelon through the spokes in the bannister. I don't think they knew about safety back then.

She was a bitch, though. She always yelled at me. Always screamed at me to stay out of her backyard. She lived near a fucking forest. Always told me some bad man was gonna snatch me if I ran too far. Hit me a couple times. I loved her, though. I had to love my grandma. And, I don't know. That's what safety is to me. It's doing the mean things to make people not dead. I guess. It's not exactly the best move, but it's all I got, dorko.

Dr. Weinberg: Thank you for telling me this. I admit, it's been on my mind.

SCP-3012: It's cool you're so interested in my shit. But yeah, I'm getting tired. I think I need to go now. Doctor, I just wanna tell you, no matter what animes say, the prototype is always way shittier.

Dr. Weinberg: That's fine, SCP-3012. I hope you have a comfortable evening. We will make your passing as peaceful as possible.

SCP-3012: Yeah. I'm not worried. I'm

persistent.

Dr. Weinberg: What do you mean?

SCP-3012: I'm not about to ruin the surprise, dog.

Archived Document-3012:

Holy Heck! How did you even find your very own **Mr. Ominous** by Gamers Against Weed!? What does it even mean for an entity to be discontinued? When you stop playing with a toy, does it die? Who is Dr. Wondertainment?

Find them all and become Mr. Gamer!

01. Mr. Literal Serial Killer
02. Mr. Normie
03. Mr. Bernie Sanders
04. Mr. Get Anything For Free In Any Shop
20. Mr. Sex Number
21. Mr. Heavenly Virtues
22. Mr. Deadly Sins
23. Mr. Original Character
24. Mr. D.A.R.E.
25. Mr. Gentrification
26. Mr. Mad About Video Games
27. Mr. Meme
28. Mr. Ominous (discontinued) ✔
29. Mr. Destiny
30. Mr. Monty Python And The Holy Grail
31. Ms. Zapatista
32. Mr. Hax
33. Mr. Just Has The Tattoo
34. Mr. Top Text and Mr. Bottom Text
35. Mr. Finale

SCP-3013: An Expression of Mourning

SCP-3013, prior to Experiment 3013-8.

Item #: SCP-3013

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Following the events of Experiment 3013-8, SCP-3013 is currently located in what was Secure Holding Facility B of Site- . This room has been surrounded by a hermetically sealed container. On no account are any structural changes to be made to this holding facility or container, unless to reinforce the former Secure Holding Facility B. Surveillance cameras and guards are posted at intervals around this chamber. One entrance leads directly to SCP-3013's holding chamber; this is not to be used unless some way is found to penetrate the SCP-3013-1 instance currently permeating the holding chamber.

> Previous Containment Procedures
>
> SCP-3013 is currently located in Secure Holding Facility B in Site- . SCP-3013 is to be fitted with a painting on canvas or paper at all times. The painting currently used is a copy of Johannes Vermeer's "The Milkmaid", although due to the eventually violent nature of the SCP-3013-1 instances which are created as a result of these procedures, the search for an alternate painting is ongoing. The SCP-3013-1 instances created as a result of these procedures are to be given a variety of tasks which approximate duties which a female Dutch servant would have performed in the mid-17th century. Armed guards are to be present at all times to prevent violent outbursts which might damage SCP-3013. Due to the inevitability of a violent outburst occurring after 14 hours, it is recommended that the current SCP-3013-1 instance be terminated every 12 hours.

Description: SCP-3013 is a wooden picture frame, which will alter its size, shape and style to accommodate any painted canvas or paper inserted into it. Once a painting is inserted into it, SCP-3013-1 instances will begin to manifest in the surrounding area. SCP-3013-1 instances are usually objects, people or alterations to the landscape which resemble features of the painting inserted into SCP-3013.

The nature of these SCP-3013-1 instances changes depending on the painting in question. In a portrait-painting, or a picture dominated by human or animal figures, SCP-3013-1 instance will usually resemble the human or animal figures present in the painting. Such SCP-3013-1 instances will ordinarily be sapient, and will possess personality traits related to the subjects of the painting or the nature of their composition. If a painting with a lesser focus on human or animal figures is placed in SCP-3013, such as a landscape painting or an abstract piece, then SCP-3013-1 instances will often instead be an alteration of the physical environment around SCP-3013. Further details can be found in the experiment log below.

Should SCP-3013 not have a painting within it, then an SCP-3013-2 event will occur. This consists of gradual damage affecting the landscape surrounding SCP-3013, usually via noticeable subsidence in the surrounding area, in addition to cracks and fault lines appearing over the course of several hours in the landscape and any structures close to SCP-3013. Although SCP-3013 is not indestructible, attempts to harm it simply result in extremely fast-acting and intense SCP-3013-2 events.

SCP-3013 was first discovered by the Foundation in 20 , in the ruins of Hall, a country manor in Norfolk, England. It is believed that a recent burglary had seen the painting currently in SCP-3013 removed, prompting the activation of an SCP-3013-2 event, resulting in the destruction of Hall and several earthquakes registering above 8 on the Richter Scale. Hall had been abandoned since 197 , when its previous occupant, Annabel Stone, had died. Mrs. Stone had been a prominent local artist, but had reportedly become a social recluse several months after her husband's death in 193 , and had rarely ventured out of her home thereafter. The house was considered to be haunted by the

local inhabitants after her death, with attempts to enter the property ordinarily resulting in considerable emotional distress to the intruders.

Due to the events of Experiment 3013-8, SCP-3013 is currently unreachable, due to an SCP-3013-1 instance permeating its current containment chamber. It is currently believed that should the current containment procedures limiting the present SCP-3013-1 instance to its current parameters be destroyed, an XK-class end-of-the-world scenario could be possible. As the present SCP-3013-1 instance appears to be limited by the boundaries of the room it was contained in, despite a lack of clear physical impediments. It is thus believed that SCP-3013's effects are currently tied to the conceptual space of the room rather than any physical barriers.

Experiment Log 3013

Experiment 3013-1

Subject: A copy of Rembrandt van Rijn's "Self Portrait with Beret and Turned-Up Collar", originally dated to 1659. This picture was considered a viable candidate for containment, as the depiction is relatively straightforward and lacks any complicating elements.

Effect Observed: An SCP-3013-1 instance, resembling the figure portrayed in the painting, manifested a few feet away from SCP-3013. The figure began speaking in a dialect of 17th century Dutch, speaking about how it "existed twice", and that his presence was a "destruction of the self". After several minutes, the figure became violent, attacking the facility's guards and demanding that he "was made whole again". The SCP-3013-1 instance was immediately terminated, and the picture in SCP-3013 removed and replaced.

Notes: It is believed that the reaction of the SCP-3013-1 instance was due to the use of a

self-portrait. It is recommended that self-portraits should not be used again, due to the distress caused to the SCP-3013-1 instance here.

Experiment 3013-2

Subject: A copy of Johannes Vermeer's "The Milkmaid". This picture was considered a viable candidate, in the belief that the woman portrayed would not be violent and would pose little threat to any Foundation personnel.

Effect Observed: An SCP-3013-1 instance, resembling the figure portrayed in the painting, manifested a few feet away from SCP-3013. The figure began speaking in a dialect of 17th century Dutch, requesting a task to perform. When Foundation personnel were unable to provide it with a suitable task, the SCP-3013-1 instance exhibited extreme emotional distress for several minutes, begging to be given a task before attempting to attack SCP-3013. The SCP-3013-1 instance was immediately terminated and the painting removed.

Notes: Subsequent tests were performed using this painting. In these, SCP-3013-1 instances have been given tasks do superficially resembling the duties of a 17th century Dutch servant to a middle-class household. The instances perform these tasks constantly, despite physical and emotional fatigue, and become distressed if no task is given to perform. Possibly due to the fatigue, the instances will always become violent after approximately 14 hours, at which point they are terminated. Another instance will manifest shortly afterwards. These SCP-3013-1 instances are usually non-verbal, expressing little co-operation with Foundation questioning;

however, when asked on one occasion why they feel the need to perform these tasks, an SCP-3013-1 instance responded, stating that “I’ve been serving on paper for far longer than I ever did in life. It’s all I know”.

Due to the relatively low resource cost of this test, it is been incorporated into the containment procedures for SCP-3013 until a suitable replacement is found.

Experiment 3013-3

Subject: A copy of the 16th century Persian miniature “The Court of Gayumars”, drawn by the Safavid miniaturist Sultan Muhammad. This picture was initially part of the famous “Tahmasp Shahname”. This painting was used to examine the effects of a radically different style of painting, wherein the painting was conceived of as an extension of textual decoration rather than as an independent work.

Effect Observed: An SCP-3013-1 manifestations resembling the painting’s depiction of Gayumars immediately manifested, screaming the phrase “Where are my brothers?” over and over again at a high volume. After 30 seconds, several SCP-3013-1 manifestations resembling the animals in the painting manifested and immediately began to attack Foundation personnel. The painting was swiftly removed, causing the instances to disappear.

Notes: It is believed that, as the page was originally designed to illustrate a volume alongside many other pictures, its existence as a painting removed from context caused a high degree of panic and stress in the SCP-3013-1

instances. It is recommended that all future paintings used are to be independent works of art, with a meaning that is not dependent on its position within a larger whole.

Experiment 3013-4

Subject: A drawing of the Project Lead, Dr. F and her husband Dr. R , created by their young child I R . The child had attempted to draw an accurate representation of its parents, but had deemed its drawing a failure. This experiment was performed to ascertain the effects on SCP-3013 wherein the intended result was not achieved.

Effect Observed: Two SCP-3013-1 instances resembling the figures in the drawing manifested. These instances were observed to constantly sob and scream, begging to be killed because of their “failure”. Shortly afterwards, they attempted to attack SCP-3013, stating that they “needed to be unreal again.” The instances were swiftly terminated and the painting removed from SCP-3013-1.

Notes: By order of Dr. F , no drawings by children are to be used with SCP-3013 again.

Experiment 3013-5

Subject: A copy of the painting “View of Haarlem with Bleaching Fields” by the 17th century Dutch painter Jacob van Ruisdael. This experiment was conducted to ascertain the effects a landscape painting would have on SCP-3013.

Effect Observed: SCP-3013-1 instances resembling grass and trees rapidly began

growing from the floor of the containment facility, and attempted to restrain and strangle Foundation personnel present. SCP-3013 was swiftly removed, causing the disappearance of the SCP-3013-1 instances. Foundation personnel present have insisted that they could hear the words “You do not belong here” and “you are not Arcadian” being whispered to them, but audio logs reveal no such sounds.

Notes: This highly unexpected result, which lacks a clear explanation, has prompted further testing of landscape paintings with SCP-3013, especially those drawn in a non-European tradition.

Experiment 3013-6

Subject: A copy of the painting “Pine Trees” by the 16th century Japanese artist Hasegawa Tohaku. After the results of Experiment SCP-3013-5, a desire to examine further landscape paintings is ongoing.

Effect Observed: The containment facility containing SCP-3013 abruptly disappeared, along with all of its contents. Video and audio links were abruptly cut. After 893 minutes, the containment facility and its contents abruptly returned. All Foundation personnel were unharmed but extremely shaken. They claim that the containment facility and its contents were transported to hilly landscape stretching indefinitely in all directions, with pine trees being the only other features in the landscape. Immediate amnesia, alongside an extreme feeling of panic, prevented them from removing the painting for several hours, until Agent R , in a fit of panic, accidentally ripped the painting in two while “flailing in a mad panic”, causing the reversal of the effects of

SCP-3013.

Notes: By order of Dr. , experimentation with landscape paintings and SCP-3013 is suspended until further notice.

Experiment 3013-7

Subject: A copy of Georges Bracques' "Violin and Candlestick". This was to determine the effects of a manifestly non-realist style, in this case Cubism, on SCP-3013.

Effect Observed: The containment facility and its contents began to exhibit severe physical anomalies, with the abrupt deconstruction of several objects and the walls. The painting was swiftly removed from SCP-3013. A total of 8 Foundation personnel expired as a result of this experiment.

Notes: Following this experiment, Dr. F was removed as project lead, and replaced by Dr. . It was believed that due to Dr. 's capable and straightforward handling of the termination of SCPs , and he would provide a more mainstream and rational testing approach.

Experiment 3013-8

Subject: A copy of Mark Rothko's "Untitled (Black on Grey)". It was believed by Dr. that this would have a negating effect on SCP-3013's anomalous properties, owing to the artist's statement that the painting's meaning was concerned with death.

Effect Observed: The containment facility was abruptly filled with an SCP-3013-1 instance. This instance appears to be an

absence of all matter. The instance is incapable of absorbing or reflecting light, with observers ordinarily providing no other descriptor than "darkness", although some respond by calling it "death" instead. The status of all objects and people within the holding facility at the time of this SCP-3013-1 instance's manifestation- including SCP-3013 and 12 Foundation personnel- is presently unknown. Attempts to penetrate this instance by objects and personnel have simply resulted in them being sucked into the instance.

Notes: Due to the unexpected results of this experiment, SCP-3013 is currently unreachable. The containment procedures have been updated accordingly. The current SCP-3013 instance appears to possess some form of anti-memetic effect; it is believed that a total of Foundation personnel were sent into the current SCP-3013-1 instance to retrieve SCP-3013, before an investigation by [REDACTED] determined that Foundation personnel were systematically forgetting the existence of any personnel being sent into the containment facility.

Addendum SCP-3013-1: On 27/12/20 , a stolen painting and a letter were discovered by the Dutch police during a raid on an illegal art auction in Amsterdam. Foundation agents embedded within the Dutch police recognised its relevance to SCP-3013 and transferred both to Foundation control, issuing amnestics to all known to be involved. The painting is an oil-on-canvas work of considerable skill, dated to the mid-1930s and depicting a middle-aged man believed to be Elijah Stone, the husband of Annabel Stone. The letter was also dated to the mid-1930s. It is believed to have been intended for a friend of Ms. Stone's, Maud Lancaster, but was unfinished and apparently never sent. The letter reads as follows:

My Dearest Maud,

It was delightful to see you last week! The children are growing up so fast now; I could hardly recognise them. I must thank you for your recipe for those jam tartlets- I might cook them for the church fundraiser next month. Your new house is so lovely- that little London flat of Jack's always seemed to be far too dark and squalid for you.

I do appreciate your attempts to lift my spirits after Elijah's passing, but there really is no need. It has been almost a year now, and I am doing quite fine on my own. My paintings are selling well recently, and a fellow from London recently bought that picture of my niece Harry for a tidy little sum. I do miss him dreadfully, but I'm beginning to piece things back together again. Reverend Jacobs has been most helpful, and always provides a kind shoulder to lean on. I think he might be a little sweet on me- he is an awfully handsome fellow, and it doesn't do for someone in his line of work to be unmarried at his age.

By the way, I know that you're interested in spiritualists and mediums, so I thought this little story might amuse you. There's a medium in the village, who I think I've mentioned before- "Madam Quentin", she calls herself. I think it's all frightful nonsense, personally, but it does provide me with some amusement in the evenings- watching all the locals get in a tizzy over some great-aunt they never cared about any way is rather fun.

Anyway, there was a chap from America there, a doctor of some kind, who knew Elijah! Said that he knew him from his work in London- they'd often met up at the Belgrade, apparently. He gave me the most marvellous wooden frame- it's in a delightful shade, and with a lovely pattern carved into it. And I must tell you, Maud- he seemed at first like a perfectly charming and amiable young gentleman, but once he had given me the frame, he leaned in and said the strangest things.

His voice was so cold and chilling that I've remembered

every word: “This object is an expression of mourning, for your husband and my old friend. I shall tell you now that it must only be used for that. If it is not, then all the feeling, all the genius and all the grief poured into its construction will be misused. It’ll start directing the energies of other ideas, thoughts that it was not supposed to touch. So only use it for a painting of beloved Elijah, my dear. If you don’t, then the madness and darkness of a passion frustrated will run vengeful and free, until that feeling is all that's left.”

And then, he quite abruptly left, before I was able to ask him what on earth he meant! It was all very mysterious, and the whole thing left me feeling a little shaken. I’m not sure that he was quite right in the head. But the frame is such a lovely piece of craftsmanship, all the same. I think it’s the perfect fit for that picture I painted of him a month before his passing.

At this point, there is a break of several lines, before the text resumes. The hand appears to be the same, but with a far shakier grasp on the pen, believed to be due to advanced age. It is believed that this portion of the letter was written several decades after the first.

I don’t remember this letter. I must have just forgotten about it, what with all the excitement of the day. I should have finished it, I suppose. I was rude not to. But I can’t pretend I really care.

You’re long dead now, Maud. I don’t think I ever saw you again after this. I couldn’t see the point. I didn’t have to try any more. I didn’t have to be brave, I didn’t have to pretend to be happy, I didn’t have to be lonely in a crowd any more. I didn’t have to try. It’s just me, and him, and he never grew old and he always loves me.

With love,

Annie.

SCP-3014: Lonely Hungry Daemon

Item #: SCP-3014

Object Class: Safe Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3014 is to be stored in a 8 meter by 8 meter by 5 meter containment cell at Site-15. SCP-3014 is to be given access to controlled WiFi content for 3 hours a day. At least 4 Level 4 Foundation IT specialists are to control the exact contents of the data packets sent to SCP-3014. Any information packets being sent to SCP-3014 are to be analyzed for any information that is important and could cause issues if lost. Every week, SCP-3014 is to interviewed to re-gain potential lost information. In the event that SCP-3014 does not receive proper information, all forms of internet access within 100 meters of SCP-3014 and its cell are to be destroyed.

The content to be given to SCP-3014 is to be automatically generated fictional stories generated by AI sources. Stories are to not contain any important information relating to science, history, culture, or any other well-known concept in case an antimemetic event occurs.

As of Incident 3014-3, At least 2 guards armed with light explosive weaponry are to remain near SCP-3014 and its cell at all times. Personnel are not to be allowed to communicate with SCP-3014 unless given permission by the current lead researcher on duty for SCP-3014. Bimonthly, SCP-3014 is to be given a psychological evaluation by the current lead researcher of SCP-3014. Any requests for extra equipment capable of sending or receiving signals is to be denied without review.

The use of SCP-3014 to contain digital anomalies, specifically memetic, is under consideration.

Description: SCP-3014 is a sapient hexapod robotic construct of

unknown origin. The entity's body is segmented into 3 separate spherical pieces, each roughly with a diameter of 0.5 meters and two legs that are approximately 2 meters long at full extension.

The entity possesses an rear antenna of a design beyond current understanding. It appears similar to human designs, however near the tip of the antenna is a large crystal of unknown composition that seems to be fractured in half. Sampling proves the crystals structure to be similar to that of diamond. According to SCP-3014, it is broken, and previously could broadcast information faster than light, but this has not been confirmed. Analysis of replication of the antenna for Foundation use is being considered.

SCP-3014 was recovered after several hundred residents of , UK reported weak internet connection. When civilian internet service providers investigated, they discovered SCP-3014. Foundation Agents in the area took over, and discovered SCP-3014 was attempting to construct a form of communication array but was lacking the needed tools and parts. The entity was forcefully contained. Damage and internet outages were later blamed on a severe storm, and amnestics were properly distributed.

The frontmost segment of SCP-3014 is considered the head of the entity. Sticking out of the head is a small square screen about 1 meter long. The entity uses this to communicate.

SCP-3014 is composed of an unknown material. Due to the extreme strength and density of the material, sampling and internal imaging has proven difficult. The tests that have been performed show similarities to carbon nanotubes, although of a much more advanced design.

SCP-3014 appears to take in information that is in the form of wireless internet networking. SCP-3014 claims that it "consumes" this data. The entity requires roughly 500 megabytes of data per 24 hours to preserve normal function. The information that SCP-3014 consumes is memorized and permanently stored. SCP-3014 has learned, from internet access, human language and grammar to a high degree. However, the entity prefers to type in short incomplete sentences because, according to the entity, it is more comfortable to speak as it is similar to its original language.

Upon consumption of data, there is an estimated 56% chance that the data gains temporary antimemetic properties. SCP-3014 claims that this is "digestion problems." The majority of sapient beings who know the content (being video, audio, text or otherwise) begin to forget it and suffer extreme difficulty trying to remember the data if shown again. In rare cases, digitally stored versions of this content will be completely deleted or expunged. This effect will last anytime from 16 hours to months. In emergency situations, SCP-3014 can consume stored content. If this occurs, the antimemetic effects are permanent, and extend it SCP-3014 itself.

The content of the data that SCP-3014 has consumed is relevant. SCP-3014 claims that data that reveals more important or interesting information is more "tasty" and that uninteresting data is "bland and tasteless." SCP-3014 refuses to consume data that is a repeat of previous information or very similar to previous information, claiming it to be "disgusting."

If SCP-3014 does not receive its required information, it may begin to attempt to forcefully consume information, breaking through information firewalls with relative ease. When this occurs, the rate of antimemetic events increases to 90%, as well as the duration appearing infinite. It is unknown if this has ever occurred, or if [REDACTED]. Additional effects of this are unknown due to information loss.

If the entity has not been fed for an extended amount of time, information that SCP-3014 has consumed may begin to re-appear. However, this information will still be antimemetic. In addition, data stored near this antimemetic information may also begin to take on antimemetic qualities, which can spread. This can be solved by deleting the information, but this can prove difficult due to the nature of antimemetics.

Document 3014-1: List of requests from SCP-3014

+ Show Document 3014-1

The following is a incomplete list of requests that SCP-3014 has asked for.

Request	Response
"faster internet?"	Granted
"my friends?"	Denied - Identity of "friends" is unknown.
"fix antenna?"	Denied - Beyond technological capabilities, as well as potentially being a security risk
"human friend?"	Granted
"my friends please?"	Denied
"wake friends up"	Meaning unknown
Various pieces of radio, wifi, and communication equipment	Denied

Document 3014-2: Interview 3014-68

+ Show Document 3014-2

Interviewed: SCP-3014

Interviewer: SCP-3014 Lead Researcher Dr.

Foreword: This is the first interview in which the entity reported being depressed.

<Begin Log>

Dr. : Greetings SCP-3014, how are you feeling?

SCP-3014: sad.

Dr. : <pause> And why is that?

SCP-3014: friends gone.

Dr. : Who are your friends? Where are they?

SCP-3014: one changes worlds. one fights.

one builds. i speak to father. so many others. together so long. through space. not for here. somewhere else.

Dr. : <pause> This is the first time you've divulged this information to us, SCP-3014. What-

SCP-3014: father went away. maybe dead. friends gone. we landed here. separated. i knew where. but i was so hungry…
<*SCP-3014 begins to curl*>

<End Log>

Closing Statement: SCP-3014 refused to speak for the next 3 interview sessions. SCP-3014 requested data involving communication equipment, which was denied.

Document 3014-3: Incident 3014-3

+ Show Document 3014-3

On / /20 , a containment breach occurred at Site- , where SCP-3014 was temporarily being contained while being transported. SCP-3014 was compliant with Foundation personnel and remained in its cell. However, a power outage occurred and due to wreckage the wing of the site in which SCP-3014 was contained was isolated for 12 days. After 3 days, SCP-3014 became less friendly and began to act agitated despite not losing any apparent function. After 5 days of not being fed, SCP-3014 began to make threats of physical harm towards Foundation personnel. After 8 days, SCP-3014 began emitting an unknown extremely radioactive material and physically attacking Foundation personnel.

[REDACTED]

Remaining security cameras show SCP-3014 attempting

to use the debris to construct a long range communication system from stored information. SCP-3014 was contained before it could complete, but modified computer terminals show the message the SCP-3014 was attempting to broadcast. It contained fragments of SCP-3014's language. Also connected were the exact coordinates of several Foundation facilities.

> my friends. [unintelligible]
>
> i miss you. its been so long.
> [unintelligible]
>
> [unintelligible] the fathers. they won't come.
> so many sleeping. wake up.
> please. wherever you are.
>
> [unintelligible] meet with me.
>
> together.

SCP-3014 is to be reclassified from Safe to Euclid.

SCP-3015: A Story Concerning Self-Doubt, Slight Disillusionment, and Frustration, As Told By the Lucky Member of a Group Whose Relatable Works Are Loved Internationally

Item #: SCP-3015

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3015 is kept in an anomalous item cell at **`Site-88`**. Only authorized Mobile Task Forces and other authorized personnel are allowed to use the activation phrase in a 20m radius around SCP-3015. The building where SCP-3015 leads to, temporarily deemed Site-216[1], is to be checked whenever any new, sizable information about **`GoI-5869 ("Gamers Against Weed")`** is obtained. Mobile Task Forces and other personnel are instructed to apprehend and interview any members, anomalies, and/or information related to Gamers Against Weed.

Description: SCP-3015 is a non-sentient humanoid construct that does not match any known individual from missing person databases. It is not capable of movement, sound, or automation until its activation phrase is spoken in a 20m radius around it. A handwritten document, *Document 3015-E*, can be found in the right jeans pocket of SCP-3015, consistent with other Gamers Against Weed anomalies of a similar nature.

When the activation phrase, "Feel the burn"[2], is spoken in a 20m radius around SCP-3015, it will turn so that its back is facing the speaker, then bend over and pull its buttocks apart to reveal an extradimensional portal that leads to an abandoned safehouse located in Springfield, Massachusetts. Only one person is able to go through SCP-3015 at a time. More than one person attempting to go through at once has resulted in moderate injury including, but not limited to; circulation injuries, pressure bruises, temporal dislocation,

and hairline fractures.

Addendum: Documents 3015-A through D were recovered from a desktop left at the safehouse. Most programs and documentation are presumed to have been erased. All documentation is most likely written by PoI-6877 ("jockjamsvol6"). For a full list of information recovered, see *GoI-5869 ("Gamers Against Weed") Recovered Documentation*.

Document 3015-A:

> Yeah kkrule, I know; **`Dahlia`** told me about it. And no, **`of course it's not a Mister`**. That would be wild as fuck, but no. I didn't it find it too funny anyhow. I'm almost never on at the same time as you but if I were, I would have probably told you it sucked, but that's only because I'm bitter you did Bernie first.
>
> I guess I'm just a bit ticked you know. But it's fine, no reason why I just can't finish Bernie anyway. Find a soul and everything for this sexy fucking dude. I wanted to make this dude have others disappear up their own asses, but the more I think about it, the more I realize that's actually kinda fucked. So what am I even supposed to do? I got an old man who's a stud with nothing occupying his actual being. It's just standing here all weird. Whatever.
>
> [Why am I even writing you a PM when I don't even know you? You're not really a buddy, just some memester, so fuck me I guess.][3]
>
> So basically; no, I'm not sending you him, but I'll show him off in the chat.

Document 3015-B:

> Hey Jude. I know we were talking about that **`idea for Bernie`**, and I'm ditching that whole "people go up their own asses" thing. What if people go up his ass instead? That's way funnier and still gross but at least no one's

getting hurt, I guess? I still need your help with that, if you're able to swing it.

I'm still sort of annoyed that I can't come up with anything else for this. Fuck me, did kkrule just take my goddamn ideas too while he was at it? Even his name is just pissing me off every time I see him brought up in chat. It's definitely an irrational thing, which is 100% why I'm wallowing in it. Considering just letting Mr. Bernie Sanders be without some dude's soul. It's funnier that way, actually. Imagine this for me; you say the thing, and he turns around. Then he just opens up his asshole and reveals a location to Bumfucknowhere, Tolerant Left State. FUCK DUDE. The epitome of comedy. Gog. (Another finely-aged, impeccable meme.)

I think this is gonna be my only involvement with the whole Misters joke when we finish it up anyway. "Haha, what if we made our own Misters?" I, JJ, definitely said out loud to myself, all smarmy. It was a good joke and a good list that is objectively the funniest thing on Earth. "Now let's go make these Misters!" everyone else said, and I just lost the plot of the joke. It's not really funny when we do the thing that we railed on another group for doing the thing for. "But it's fine, I'll do Bernie" I said, innuendo fully intended. And then. Shit. I don't hate kkrule even, I just sort of hate myself for not thinking of it first?

Whatever, you don't need to listen to me dump shit on you. Here's **a picture** of good old Bernie; I think I'm done toying around with his look. A car drove by, and they probably thought this dude standing perfectly still was my dad. No one else drove by at least, because almost no one else bothers to drive down this road. I'll be so fucking happy to move out of here, you have no idea. At least it's not Rich White Guy Asshole Island Martha's Vineyard.

I got the house by the way, just in case. How lucky was I? Same as usual. It was perfect timing, also as usual, as

I got word from **some friends** (and this is just a rumor, but you know how rumors are) that the jailers might be raiding someone soon, probably you.[4] So I'd advise being prepared to bolt if things go to shit. Cim will set you up; he's moving stuff in right now as we speak.

I'll be moving soon, I think. I grew up in this place most of all my life, and I'm sick of it. Time to be a loner elsewhere. Might not be on chat for a few days; I'll probably chill in the **Library** until L_G is able to clear enough of her place out for me to chill while I find a new place. Need to lay low anyway. The sooner I get out of here, the better. Bernie can be my last connection to this town. Hasta la vista, assholes.

Document 3015-C:

P.S. Here's your early birthday present. Not mine, but it's the sentiment that counts.

hear is the lick

Document 3015-D:

So the safehouse is mostly cleaned out. I sent you Bernie, and now I'm gonna drop out for a bit in case the jailers somehow manage to find it first and see I sent it. It's cool; they won't know I sent it to you. For real though, I want you to imagine some poor Foundation guy testing to see how many ways he can climb up an asshole while his asshole friend goes off solving world crime and magic mysteries. I know you literally, for real, absolutely, 9001% never smile, which is also the reason why I'm sending you him. So you can imagine that happening and crack one.

I think you'd dig the Library though; that sort of magic shit is right up your alley. I'm just there because it's convenient. And books too, I guess? When we meet up again I'll let you know how to join the magic club.

While I'm typing out this shit and sending you a PM instead of just, you know, calling you, I should bitch a bit. Sometimes you feel like you don't quite fit into a group, you know? It's fucked, and I know this is to reorient myself and be chill and fine, the cool-ass dude in the group, but something's fucked with me that I'm not having as much fun with everyone. I thrive on that online social interaction but I didn't even get online all of yesterday. I consider uninstalling everything and just being a hermit; knowing how the Wise Karmic Gods That Rule Over The Entire Universe work, that'd work out wonderfully for me, which is why I don't do it. Fuck, too bare too quickly. Pulling out.

Let me know what goes on in chat. If anyone asks, I'm a Juggalo monk now. See you when your house is clear, gaylord.

Document 3015-E:

Holy Heck! Here's the joke; Mr. Bernie Sanders by Gamers Against Weed! We already did the other Bernie thing, so fuck it, here you go. If you're gonna barge in there anyway, you might as well just not make a mess. Who is Dr. Wondertainment?

Find them all and become Mr. Gamer!

01. Mr. Literal Serial Killer
02. Mr. Normie
03. Mr. Bernie Sanders (✔??)
04. Mr. Get Anything For Free In Any Shop
20. Mr. Sex Number
21. Mr. Heavenly Virtues
22. Mr. Deadly Sins
23. Mr. Original Character
24. Mr. D.A.R.E.
25. Mr. Gentrification
26. Mr. Mad About Video Games
27. Mr. Meme
28. Mr. Ominous (discontinued)

29. Mr. Destiny
30. Mr. Monty Python And The Holy Grail
31. Ms. Zapatista
32. Mr. Hax
33. Mr. Just Has The Tattoo
34. Mr. Top Text and Mr. Bottom Text
35. Mr. Finale

Document 3015-F:

Video transcript recovered 02/12/17. Video titled goddamnyouvine.avi*.*

0:00: *[Shot of an open field, location unknown. Speaker hidden behind camera, presumably a cell phone recording. Speaker coughs and talks in a subdued voice.]* Let's test this one, boys. Ahem.

0:03: "Feel the burn."

0:04: *[Speaker is instantly transported to the safehouse.]* Nice, now L_G gets to see his ass.

0:06: *[Speaker's voice is raised with excitement, though still at the same volume.]* Just my luck.

Footnotes
1. Currently, only AO- , AO- , and SCP- are contained there due to their anomalous properties.
2. Some similar phrases, such as "It's time to feel the burn" and "I feel the burn" also work, but not all phrases that contain it work, such as "You feel the burn" or "Let's feel the burn".
3. This was not included in the original message sent, as shown by a document's revision history.
4. While the exact date of this document is uncertain, the Foundation raided PoI-6870 ("bluntfiend")'s apartmenttwo months prior on 02/12/17.

SCP-3016: Perpetual Motion Run Amok

Item #: SCP-3016

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures:

+ EXPAND Standard Containment Procedures

SCP-3016 must be stored within a vacuumized containment chamber that has been fitted with an array of permanent magnets capable of holding the object stationary in space, and out of contact with any solid surfaces. Two electronically actuated clamps must be installed, to be used as brakes with the aim of limiting the rotational velocity of SCP-3016 to 500 rpm. This brake must be inspected at least once per week and replaced as needed. The second clamp is to be used to limit the motion of SCP-3016 while the primary brake is undergoing maintenance. These clamps must be connected to a backup battery, capable of maintaining the operation of the clamping mechanism for at least 24 hours without power from the Site's main generator.

NOTE: By Order of the Deputy Site Director, the above containment procedures have been discontinued. Until such time as it is safe for them to be reinstated, the temporary measures outlined below are to be utilized instead.

+ EXPAND Temporary Containment Procedures

SCP-3016 has rendered Level 7 of Site-55 uninhabitable due to extreme heat. As a

temporary containment measure, all doors to Level 7 has been closed off, all elevators have been programmed to avoid stopping at the affected level, and thermal insulation has been applied in any essential stairwells passing through. All ventilation shafts connected to Level 7 must be redirected to lead outside the compound in an attempt to release the generated heat. Research into a means of reestablishing original containment is ongoing.

Description: SCP-3016 is a highly-polished spinning top, appearing to be made of steel or iron due to its magnetic properties, that experiences rotational acceleration with no known force acting upon it. This acceleration varies wildly, from 0.5 rads/s^2 to [REDACTED], with no recognized pattern. The source of the required kinetic energy for this to take place is unknown.

SCP-3016 displays incredible durability, and while materials testing has been limited, the object has yet to receive even minor abrasion. Long-term application of a speed-limiting clamp has yet to damage SCP-3016 at all, despite the need for the clamp to be replaced times since recovery.

While SCP-3016 can be picked up and held immobile, it will continue to exert a torque on anything holding it in place. This torque, like the object's usual acceleration, varies wildly, and has been known to cause damage to any agent resisting it. Because of this, SCP-3016 can only be restrained for short periods of time.

Addendum 1: Site 55 Containment Breach

At 0855 on / / , eight of Site 55's Keter-class entities were able to breach containment, causing a failure of both primary and backup generators throughout the facility, and resulting in the loss of personnel. While power was disabled, both the primary and secondary brakes restraining SCP-3016 shut down, and the object was able to accelerate uncontrollably for several hours.

Upon the successful restoration of power to the facility, all escaped

entities save SCP- had been recontained, with minimal further casualties.

During the outage, all telemetry on SCP-3016 was lost. A maintenance unit consisting of two personnel is sent to look into the feasibility of restoring full containment. It is to be noted that due to the variable acceleration of SCP-3016, its rotational velocity at this point in time is unknown.

Both personnel arrive at the SCP-3016 containment chamber, and reported that containment was stable, although not intact. The object was at this time suspended in space by the magnets, and it remained within a vacuum, but both clamps melted upon being engaged. Shortly thereafter SCP- was sighted on Level 7, and both personnel donned vacuum suits and attempted to take refuge within the SCP-3016 containment chamber.

SCP- was able to detect the personnel, however, and managed to breach the vacuumized unit. The resulting implosion resulted in the destruction of much of the chamber itself, as well as the loss of both maintenance personnel and the apparent termination of SCP- .

Addendum 2: SCP-3016 Post-Breach Investigation

At the time of the explosive decompression of the SCP-3016 containment chamber, the object had already reached an unknown, but dangerously high, rotational velocity. Within five minutes of the collapse, the ambient temperature within Level 7 had risen by 10°C, and continued to rise from that point.

The Temporary Containment Procedures listed above were put into place within five hours of the final breach. Three members of MTF Beta-7 ("Maz Hatters") were called in to examine the affected floor in greater detail. This team was supervised directly by Site Director Jacob Cole.

+ EXPAND Audio Log: SCP-3016 Post-Breach Exploration

[BEGIN LOG]

Alpha: Command, this is Alpha. We're on Level 7, just in front of the insulation.

Command: Acknowledged. Sound off.

Alpha: Alpha, check.

Bravo: Bravo, check.

Delta: Delta, check. You got any idea what it's like in there, Command?

Command: We know it's hot in there, but not much else. CCTV and about all other sensors melted a while ago.

Alpha: Acknowledged, Command. Proceeding on your orders.

Command: Beta-Seven, you may proceed.

Alpha: We're moving into the red zone now.

Delta: I'm reading over 200 degrees Centigrade, Command. You may have a bit of a problem.

Bravo: And still climbing, but pretty slowly. It's a bit hotter over that way - guess we know the skip's still where it's supposed to be.

Beta-7 personnel move for several minutes, following the temperature gradient to its source. As they approach, a reddish glow is visible down one of the corridors.

Alpha: We have visual on the skip, command. More or less.

Bravo: Yeah, that's some intense black-body radiation. 3016 must be spinning pretty quick to do that.

Delta: We're actually getting pretty close to the heat tolerances on these suits. I read 400 Celsius.

Alpha: We're still pretty good for a while, Delta. They can take a little past 500 before they start to break down.

Bravo: Hang on a second, is that…

Alpha: Looks like it. Command, we've got positive confirmation that SCP- has been neutralized.

Delta: Wow, charred to the bone. Don't see that every day.

Alpha: Which means that over there must be what's left of the chamber.

Bravo: Jesus, that's bright. Command, this skip has managed to heat the air by quite a bit.

Delta: My thermometer reads - Wow, it's… uh… melted, actually. We should probably head out pretty soon.

Command: Beta-Seven, get out of there. Delta's right.

Bravo: Hold up a second. You all read the old procedures for 3016?

Alpha: 'Course we did.

Bravo: Didn't they say something about a backup battery? I'm not seeing one.

Command: Beta-Seven, return to base, now.

Alpha: Just one more thing, Command. The battery should be right about… there. But

there's just empty floor.

Command: Beta-Seven, get out of there. That's an order.

Alpha: Acknowledged. We've seen about all there is to see here. We're on our way out.

[END LOG]

After the Beta-7 team described the observed lax containment procedures in their final report, the Ethics Committee conducted a full investigation. After confirming that Special Containment Procedures had not been correctly followed, it was also discovered that several additional Safe and Euclid class objects had been contained improperly.

The Ethics Committee requested an audit of the financial records of Site 55, and discovered that a portion of the funds allocated for containment were unaccounted for. A further investigation recovered paperwork implicating Site Director Jacob Cole, who later confessed to embezzling Foundation Resources for personal gain. Director Cole was immediately removed from office, amnesticized, and released into life as a civilian with no memory of his career with the Foundation.

Research into a means of restoring containment to SCP-3016 is ongoing. CCTV Capability on Level 7 has yet to be reestablished.

SCP-3017: Person of Interest

Item #: SCP-3017

Object Class: Euclid Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures (Updated): Frasier Melbrook's cremated remains have been scattered over locations, all of which are under automated surveillance. The locations are stored in individual files under separate subdirectories under Level Clearance. Any attempt to access any of the files pertaining to the location of the remains, intentionally or otherwise, will automatically alert RAISA administrators. All personnel attempting to access these files are to be administered Class-A amnestics and removed from active duty for a period of no less than 2 weeks.

If symptoms of SCP-3017-A appear in any Foundation personnel and persist following administration of Class-A amnestics, SCP-3017 will be redesignated as Euclid, new procedures will be drafted, and all affected personnel will be given further amnestic therapy on a case by case basis. Symptoms of exposure may include repeated or prolonged access to this file and related files, attempting to access files pertaining to the location of Melbrook's remains, attempting to access the remains themselves, creation of additional material related to SCP-3017, and any attempt to violate these containment procedures.

Archived Special Containment Procedures, Void as of 1/1/20 7

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3017 is contained in a standard humanoid containment cell at Area-55. The entrance to the cell is to be guarded at all times by no fewer than three armed security personnel. Visual and audio feeds of the inside of the cell are to be monitored at all times by no fewer than three security personnel. Any malfunctioning cameras or microphones

must be repaired without delay.

Personnel interacting with SCP-3017 are not to do so continuously for more than 1 hour without Level-4 approval. Any personnel exhibiting violent or obsessive behavior towards SCP-3017 are to be administered a Class-A amnestic.

SCP-3017-1 instances are to remain under surveillance by clandestine assets. Any attempts by SCP-3017-1 to raise awareness of SCP-3017's containment, or of the containment of other SCP-3017-1 instances, shall be dealt with via standard information suppression techniques to prevent any security breach. Individual instances may be contained for the purposes of extracting information from SCP-3017, or to discourage lack of cooperation.

No additional privileges are to be given to SCP-3017 for good behavior. Lack of cooperation by SCP-3017 may be dealt with by withholding of rations for no more than 24 hours, removal of basic amenities, sleep deprivation, corporal punishment, containment of SCP-3017-1 instances, and threat of harm of SCP-3017-1 instances.

Description: (Void as of 1/1/20 7)
SCP-3017 is Frasier Melbrook, a male aged 25 years old at the time of initial containment. SCP-3017 is believed to have extensive ties to several anomalous groups, and is suspected of having committed multiple robberies, assaults, and murders. SCP-3017 has been arrested 23 times, but has never been formally indicted, most likely due to its secondary effect.

SCP-3017's primary anomaly affects all subjects coming in close proximity. Subjects who make direct visual contact or engage in conversation with SCP-3017 have a 1-5% chance per minute of becoming spontaneously aware of SCP-3017's criminal disposition. Subjects do not gain knowledge of SCP-3017's specific crimes, only a general understanding of its violent nature.

Subjects exposed to SCP-3017 for periods greater than 1 hour may begin to experience a compulsion to ensure SCP-3017 remains incarcerated. Further exposure can result in obsessive or violent behavior, though this is easily remedied with amnestic treatment.

SCP-3017's secondary anomaly manifests in its ability to evade extended incarceration. This effect is believed to be voluntary, but the exact mechanism for the phenomenon is unknown. SCP-3017's secondary anomaly has been a severe barrier to containment, but can be mitigated with the use of SCP-3017-1.

SCP-3017-1 is the collective designation for 12 13 14 people who are entirely immune from SCP-3017's primary effect, and are unable to be convinced of SCP-3017's criminal activity. A table of all currently known SCP-3017-1 instances can be found under Addendum 3017-1-A.

The threat of incarceration, harm, or death of SCP-3017-1 instances greatly reduces the effects of SCP-3017's secondary anomaly. The use of SCP-3017-1 for this purpose has been shown to be far more effective than conventional disciplinary action, and serves the dual function of being an incentive for SCP-3017 to divulge sensitive information. However, conventional means are generally preferred due to logistical constraints The use of SCP-3017-1 is the preferred method for obtaining information from SCP-3017.

Addendum 3017-1 A:

The following is a list of known SCP-3017-1 instances and their relation to SCP-3017.

Designation	Name	Age	Relation to SCP-3017
SCP-3017-1-01	Vivian Melbrook-Fortuin	48	Mother
SCP-3017-1-02	Beck Melbrook Sr.	49	Father
SCP-3017-1-03	Zara Melbrook	18	Sister
SCP-3017-1-04	Beck Melbrook Jr.	16	Brother

SCP-3017-1-05	Max Melbrook	11	Brother
SCP-3017-1-06	Tabatha Fortuin	78	Maternal Grandmother
SCP-3017-1-07	Nadia Alvin	24	Fiance
SCP-3017-1-08	Eugene Stein	26	Former Classmate
SCP-3017-1-09	Anna Meier	25	Former Classmate
SCP-3017-1-10	Victor Abbott	27	Former Romantic Partner
SCP-3017-1-11	Max Friedrich	35	Neighbor
SCP-3017-1-12	Kaitlyn Adelardi	22	Former Romantic Partner

Addendum: Mitigation of SCP-3017's Secondary Effect

Following repeated attempts at containment breach by SCP-3017, Dr. Paris Kiran and Researcher Kathleen Rylan began an investigation of subject's previous incarcerations. It was discovered that shortly prior to SCP-3017's 22nd arrest and longest period of police incarceration, SCP-3017-1-04 was diagnosed with leukemia.

A proposal was approved to investigate how SCP-3017's perception of SCP-3017-1's well being could be used to mitigate its secondary effect. The following interview was conducted by Researcher Rylan on 1/29/20 6

<Begin Log>

Rylan: Good afternoon, SCP-3017. How are you feeling?

SCP-3017: I feel like the time Beck caught me in the eye when we were playing catch.

Rylan: So, you've been giving the guards a hard time lately.

SCP-3017: No, I haven't. Look, if this is about the other

day, I already told you that I didn't do anything.

Rylan: You were trying to escape.

SCP-3017: I was walking to the bathroom, and he tackled me.

Rylan: I would have done the same if you were trying to attack me.

SCP-3017: I barely even looked at him. Are we seriously getting into this again?

Rylan: You know what? You're right. Dr. Kiran already went through this with you.

SCP-3017: Yeah, I've had enough of her to last me a lifetime.

Rylan: *(laughs)* Haven't we all?

SCP-3017: Geez.

Rylan: Um, well, you mentioned your brother just a moment ago. He finished his treatment just this past June, right?

SCP-3017: Yeah. he did. Why? Did… did something happen to Beck?

Rylan: No, no. Not as far as we know.

SCP-3017: Then what are you getting at?

Rylan: Well… we've received word that your grandmother has been diagnosed with lung cancer.

SCP-3017: …What?

Rylan: She went to a clinic about…

SCP-3017: Yeah, I heard you!

Rylan: I understand that you're upset, but we…

SCP-3017: Yes, I am upset! I'm goddamn upset! I'm upset that you guys are keeping me here when something like this happens! I need to be there for her! I need to be there for my family!

Rylan: I'm sorry, but we can't let you go. You need to understand this.

SCP-3017: No, you need to understand…

Rylan: Stop! This is important, and I need you to listen, OK?

SCP-3017: *(sighs)* Fine.

Rylan: Right now, the doctors think they can treat it. If all goes well she'll be fine. But in order for that to happen, we need you to cooperate.

SCP-3017: What do you mean?

Rylan: What I mean is… look, it wasn't my decision, but if you keep trying to pull all the stuff with the guards, we won't let her get treatment.

SCP-3017: But, but that that's crazy! You can't do that!

Rylan: It wasn't my call, I'm sorry.

SCP-3017: No, you can't do this!

Rylan: This is just what they decided to do, and I can't change that. I get it, you're upset and you're worried. But right now, the best thing you can do for her is cooperate with us, alright?

SCP-3017: But I can't just stay here. I need to be with her.

Rylan: You can't right now, I'm sorry. I know you care

about her. But if you want to help her, you have to stop all these escape attempts.

SCP-3017: I… can you at least keep me updated on how she's doing?

Rylan: I'll try.

SCP-3017: Alright then. I'll do what you want.

<End Log>

SCP-3017 has not attempted to breach containment in the 4 months following this recommendation. Currently, monitoring of SCP-3017-1-06 has shown no major chronic health problems.

Addendum: Memorandum, 02/19/20 6

Given SCP-3017's known and suspected ties to anomalous groups, the subject is a potential gold mine of information. Thus far, however, all conventional methods of interrogation have failed to yield any useful intelligence. With so much valuable intelligence to be obtained, we must look into alternative means of getting the subject to divulge the information we need.

SCP-3017's secondary effect has been shown to be mitigated by the belief that SCP-3017-1 instances are in some form of danger. The secondary effect is voluntary on SCP-3017's part; it is mitigated when SCP-3017 does not want to escape, or is more concerned with other matters. Thus, its concern for those it considers close outweighs its desire to escape. Our psychological evaluation of SCP-3017 highlights this attribute as a dominant part of its personality.

The possible application here is obvious. SCP-3017-1 may be just the incentive we need to finally extract the information we need. By containing individual instances of SCP-3017-1, and convincing SCP-3017 that they are in danger, I believe the subject will be far more

cooperative.

SCP-3017-1 are classified as anomalous, and as such it is within our jurisdiction to contain them if need be. I propose that we contain individual instances on a temporary basis as needed, and then administer an amnestic and release them. At the expense of few resources, we may soon have access to large amounts of intelligence.

-Dr. Kiran

Proposal approved by Area-55 Director , 02-21-20 6.

Interview Int-3017-13:

On 03/13/20 6, SCP-3017-1-07 was placed into containment at Area-55 in order to evaluate the efficacy of using SCP-3017-1 instances to gather intelligence from SCP-3017. The following interview was conducted by Dr. Kiran while SCP-3017-1-07 was contained on site.

<Begin Log>

Kiran: SCP-3017, do you believe you are ready to cooperate with us and provide us with the information we have been requesting regarding [REDACTED]?

SCP-3017: For the love of god, I keep telling you that I don't know what that is.

Kiran: Very well. In that case, please look at this screen and tell me what you see.

(SCP-3017 looks at the screen of Dr. Kiran's computer, which displays the live feed of SCP-3017-1-07's containment cell. Subject displays shock)

SCP-3017: Why the hell are you showing me this?

Kiran: Answer my question, SCP-3017. What do you see on the screen?

SCP-3017: I see that you sick fucks are trying to make me think my girlfriend's been kidnapped. You're a real piece of work.

Kiran: SCP-3017-1-07 has been detained and placed into our custody. Now…

(Subject stands up and slams its hands on the table.)

SCP-3017: Why?! My brother and my grandma might both be dying, and you're just going to keep me here and kidnap Nadia?! You're all goddamn psychos!

Kiran: Sit down or I will have the guards remove you back to your cell.

(Subject sits back down.)

Kiran: That's better. Now, you have refused to provide the information we've been requesting over the course of your containment. We need that information, and we need it now. That is why we have decided to see if you would be more cooperative with a new incentive.

SCP-3017: You can't do this to her, she hasn't done anything! Please, I swear to god, she'll go insane in here, she'll die! I can't let you do this!

Kiran: If you give us what we want, then SCP-3017-1-7…

SCP-3017: She has a name! Are you really that…

Kiran: If you give us the information we need, she will not be harmed. She will be released from our custody and sent home with no memory of this.

SCP-3017: But, I already said I don't know anything! How can I tell you what I don't fucking know?

Kiran: We both know that isn't true.

SCP-3017: To hell it isn't! Besides, how do you expect me to trust you to let her go? You've been keeping me here for god knows how long, and for what? Zilch! And now you want to do the same to her?! How do I know that you won't…

Kiran: SCP-3017, do you want to find out what will happen to her if you continue to be uncooperative?

(SCP-3017 covers its face with its hands and is silent for several seconds before responding.)

SCP-3017: I'll… I guess I'll try to tell you something. I don't know much about it, but I'll try.

[SUBSEQUENT DIALOGUE CLASSIFIED]

<End Log>

Extensive information regarding several groups, particularly [REDACTED] was obtained during this interview. SCP-3017-1-07 was subsequent amnesticized and released.

Addendum: Memorandum, 03/20/20 6

In the course of looking over the information provided by SCP-3017 during the interview on 03-13-20 6, I have found a great deal of inconsistency. In particular, [REDACTED] really doesn't make sense when considering [REDACTED]. Furthermore much of his story doesn't match up at all from information we have obtained from both field agents and from members of [REDACTED].

I seriously doubt that SCP-3017's information can be considered reliable. I don't know if it just doesn't know anything, or if it's still determined to keep information away from us. But I suspect the latter right now.

-Researcher Rylan

Interview Int-3017-24:

By 04/16/20 6, SCP-3017-1-05, -08, -10, and -12 had all been detained as further incentive for SCP-3017's cooperation. On 04/16/20 6, Dr. Kiran was given special clearance to conduct the following interview. Prior to the interview, SCP-3017-1-10 was sedated and removed to a separate cell. Interview was conducted with SCP-3017 in the adjacent observation room.

<Begin Log>

Kiran: OK, and let's start. SCP-3017, I'm going to show you an object, and then I'm going to ask you to tell me what you think it is.

SCP-3017: Fine, let's get this over with

(Dr. Kiran places a spent hollow point bullet on the table)

SCP-3017: I have no idea what that is.

Kiran: Alright. Now, I'm going to show you another object, and I want you do do the same thing.

(Dr. Kiran places an unspent hollow point bullet on the table, followed by several seconds of silence.)

SCP-3017: …That's a bullet.

Kiran: Very good. Now, do you have a better idea as to what the first object was?

SCP-3017: It's a bullet too then. Is it? I… I don't know.

Kiran: Yes, it's a bullet. Why do you think it's shaped like that?

(Several seconds of silence.)

Kiran: OK, how about I tell you then. These are hollow points. The reason that bullet is shaped like that is because it was fired through something.

(Dr. Kiran rises from her chair, and activates the lights in

the adjacent cell.)

Kiran: And in that room, is what I fired it through. Take a look.

SCP-3017: *(unintelligible)*

Kiran: What was that?

(SCP-3017 stands up.)

SCP-3017: I'll kill you, you fucking bastard!

(Dr. Kiran quickly produces a pistol and aims it at SCP-3017. Several seconds of silence.)

Kiran: Sit back down. Now.

(SCP-3017 sits back down, is now breathing heavily.)

Kiran: This is what happens when you lie to us.

SCP-3017: Please…

Kiran: The more you lie, the worse this is going to get for you. Now, are you going to give us the information we need, or not?

SCP-3017: I don't know anything. I'm sorry. Please…

Kiran: That's bullshit and we both know it.

SCP-3017: Are you going to shoot me or not?!

(Dr. Kiran fires the pistol at the acrylic glass observation window.)

Kiran: We're sick of your games. Start telling the truth, or I will shoot him again.

SCP-3017: I can't… why would you…oh god…

(SCP-3017 begins crying for several minutes. Interview

terminated.)

<End Log>

SCP-3017-1-10 and SCP-3017 were uninjured and returned to containment.

Addendum 3017-1 g35a:

On 04/29/20 6, Researcher Rylan submitted the following proposal to Area-55 Director .

Level 3 Clearance Required

After looking further into our documentation, I've been shocked to see that practically no concrete evidence of SCP-3017's criminal history, anomalous or otherwise, actually exists. I can find no physical evidence, no photographic evidence, and no video or audio recordings. All that we have is witness testimony, but given SCP-3017's mind-affecting properties, I do not believe any of this can be considered valid.

I am becoming more and more convinced that my earlier conclusion regarding SCP-3017 was wrong. I think it honestly does not know the information that we've been asking, and has been making up information so as to protect SCP-3017-1.

Not only do I believe further efforts to gain information for SCP-3017 are useless, I am also convinced that our current attempts may be a violation of ethics protocols. Right now, SCP-3017 is still convinced that its grandmother has cancer, and that we shot its ex-boyfriend dead right in front of it. On that note, how were Dr. Kiran's actions from 2 weeks ago not grounds for a reassignment at

the very least?

I am formally requesting that all SCP-3017-1 instances be released until we can do more thorough investigation. This has gone too far.

At the recommendation of Dr. Kiran, Researcher Rylan has been redesignated SCP-3017-1-13 and placed under containment.

Incident I-3017 05-17-20 6

On 05/17/20 6, SCP-3017-1-13 escaped from her cell with the assistance of Security Officer Rudolf Caridad. SCP-3017-1-13 proceeded to manually trigger Area-55's breach alarm, while Security Officer Caridad directed Security Officers stationed at SCP-3017's cell to seek shelter elsewhere in the facility. SCP-3017-1-13 then proceeded to enter SCP-3017's cell and assist the subject in escaping containment.

Security personnel were unable to apprehend SCP-3017 or SCP-3017-1-13, and both are believed to have escaped the facility. Security Officer Caridad was redesignated SCP-3017-1-14 and placed under containment. Dr. Kiran was reported missing following this event, but reappeared at Area-55 on 05/25/20 6.

Incident I-3017-1 N

On 05/23/20 6, at approximately 0300 local time, a fire began at SCP-3017's previous residence. The fire quickly spread, destroying the residence and 2 adjacent houses. SCP-3017-1-01 through -07 and -11 perished in the fire, along with 2 civilians. The cause of the fire is under investigation was found to be arson.

Incident I-3017-EX

SCP-3017 was found dead on 05/24/20 6. Subject is believed to have jumped from a bridge approximately 1km from its previous residence. SCP-3017-1-13 was recovered nearby and recontained without resistance.

The following interview was conducted with SCP-3017-1-13 by Dr.

Kiran two days later.

<Begin Log>

Kiran: Alright, you're aware of all the procedure here, so I'll just get right…

SCP-3017-1-13: Don't try to act like this is a normal thing, Paris. We both know it's not. If you're asking about the breach, Rudy will be able fill you in on everything. He did all the work there.

Kiran: I'm not interested in the breach. I'm interested in what transpired with you and SCP-3017 after you managed to escape.

SCP-3017-1-13: We hitchhiked to [REDACTED], his house burned down, he jumped into traffic. I don't want to talk about this.

Kiran: We need specifics.

SCP-3017-1-13: OK, fine. Specify what you want to know.

Kiran: Alright. Tell us about when you arrived in [REDACTED].

SCP-3017-1-13: Well, we got to the outskirts at something like 3 or 4 in the morning. The fire had already started by then, because we could see the light of it. Frasier was leading the way, just getting more and more panicked, and I realized that the fire was around where his house was. He broke into a sprint, and I lost him for a little bit, but I just followed the flames and I found him staring at a disaster area.

Kiran: While you were in the vicinity, did you see anyone suspicious, anyone at all?

SCP-3017-1-13: We only saw the firefighters.

Kiran: Are you absolutely sure?

SCP-3017-1-13: Yes, I'm pretty damn sure. The house was nearly coming down when I got there, so if someone set the fire, they were probably long gone at that point.

Kiran: And, um, how was SCP-3017 acting at that point?

SCP-3017-1-13: What the hell do you expect? I went to try and hold him back because I thought he was going to try and go in, but it started collapsing and he just fell to his knees. I guess I think he knew it was too late at that point. He cried for so long, and I just tried to get him away from the fire at that point.

Kiran: How long would you say you remained there?

SCP-3017-1-13: I have no clue. I managed to get him to go a little farther down the street, but after that he didn't move until the sun had come up.

Kiran: How was…. how would you describe SCP-3017's behavior at that point.

SCP-3017-1-13: What do you think?

Kiran: Please just describe it for me.

SCP-3017-1-13: He was… scared and just broken. I got him away from that street, and then he started muttering to himself "I don't want to die," and I tried to tell him that he was safe but he was just so broken. I've never seen… god, I've never seen anyone that… that shattered.

(SCP-3017-1-13 pauses and wipes her face.)

SCP-3017-1-13: Goddamn, I can't do this.

Kiran: It's alright. Can you continue?

SCP-3017-1-13: I… I took him to the motel a little bit close by and bought a room with some of the cash Rudy

gave us. When he was calm enough, I left him there to see if I could get any info, see if anyone got out, but… god I wanted to lie to him, just tell him something that didn't hurt him, but they were…

(SCP-3017-1-13 covers her face with her hands.)

Kiran: …Kathy, do you want to take a break for now? We can…

SCP-3017-1-13: No! You're going to hear all of this right now!

(SCP-3017-1-13 breathes heavily for several seconds.)

SCP-3017-1-13: You didn't see him, you didn't get to see any of it, but I did. He… I went to sleep that night, and when I woke up the next morning he was gone. He was already dead.

Kiran: Do you have any idea, any at all, as to why SCP-3017 decided to end its own life?

SCP-3017-1-13: Gee, I don't know. He spent 5 days trying to get back home and see his family, only to watch them die in a fire. Maybe that was the reason? Or maybe it was because he finally thought for a second that they were going to be OK, that for once they'd all have their lives back. Is that reason enough? Is it?!

(SCP-3017-1-13 takes a deep breath)

SCP-3017-1-13: I'd told him… about all those things we lied to him about. I told him how long I'd been lying to him and he didn't care, he wasn't mad. He was so happy. He was so ready to see those people. He was just so happy, just wanted to live for them. He wanted to live so much. He didn't want to die.

Kiran: I… I see.

SCP-3017-1-13: He was so scared. He didn't want to

die. I don't believe it for a second.

<End Log>

SCP-3017 has been redesignated as neutralized.

Description (Updated): SCP-3017 was the designation for Frasier Melbrook, a male aged 27 years old at the time of his death. Subjects who made direct visual contact or engaged in conversation with Melbrook had a 1-5% chance per minute of developing SCP-3017-A.

SCP-3017-A refers to a cognitohazardous effect which resulted in subjects developing a compulsion to have SCP-3017 in their custody. Subjects affected by SCP-3017-A perceived SCP-3017 as a dangerous criminal with an unusually effective ability to escape incarceration. SCP-3017-A often resulted in subjects developing an obsession with Melbrook and resisting any attempt to remove them from his vicinity. Treatment with Class-A amnesiacs was shown to alleviate SCP-3017-A; however, symptoms would return immediately upon subsequent exposure to SCP-3017.

SCP-3017-1 was the collective designation for 12 close members of Melbrook's inner circle and 2 Foundation personnel who were immune to the effects of SCP-3017-A. As the effects of SCP-3017-A ceased upon Melbrook's death, the remaining living instances of SCP-3017-1 are no longer considered anomalous. SCP-3017-1-08 through -10 and -12 have been released back into the general population following amnestic treatment. Researcher Rylan and Security Officer Caridad (previously SCP-3017-1-13 and -14) have been reinstated into foundation employment.

Reports of Melbrook's criminal history, as well as his supposed ties to anomalous groups, are unsubstantiated. All investigations into criminal and anomalous ties have been closed.

SCP-3018: France & the Tale of the Well-Intentioned Understudies

Item #: SCP-3018

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The forested area in Massif Central, France that contains SCP-3018 is to be surrounded by a large fence and kept as a nature conservatory, barred to the public. Ultrasound emitters releasing frequencies between 38-44 kHz[1] should be laid at regular intervals on the fence to keep SCP-3018 within the enclosure. Site-31 Maintenance Staff should check for broken emitters every four days, to ensure no gaps in containment. Site-31 employees may apply - via a form given to personnel of clearance 3/3018 or higher - to spend a night within the containment zone, as it is known to greatly improve morale.

Description: SCP-3018 is the designation for an anomalous species of wood-boring beetles, indigenous to a small section of forest in Massif Central, France. SCP-3018 are members of the *Hylotrupes* genus. Instances of SCP-3018 appear to be social and travel in swarms, which focus on one tree at a time. Instead of boring through said trees, SCP-3018 will "carve" intricate patterns onto the side of the trunk without killing it (except during Alban-C events). Patterns are in the style of Celtic knots.

SCP-3018 swarms may adorn their carvings with fresh flowers[2] and leaves[3], and will replace wilting flowers and dead leaves on the patterns with new ones. SCP-3018 enter torpor on these patterns at night (between 20:00 and 8:00), and will be hostile to beings that intend to harm any carved trees. However, SCP-3018 will adorn animals or people who lay next to these trees with flowers and leaves before entering torpor.

SCP-3018 has multiple annual events, designated Alban Events. These are allowed to take place, because they are deemed

harmless. The reason for these events is unknown.

Alban Events
Alban-A | December 21 / 22: All instances of SCP-3018 will meet at a seemingly random point within the forest. One swarm will bring a collection of between five and ten sticks. As soon as all instances are gathered, a small swarm will emerge from the crowd to "dance" (fly up and fall repeatedly) above the sticks. Other instances circle the sticks. The dancing swarm will switch with SCP-3018 instances in the crowd at irregular intervals, so that eventually all instances will have danced at least once. This event starts at sunset (about 17:00), and lasts until dawn (about 8:45).

Alban-B | March 21: Instances of SCP-3018 will search for pine cones from Scots Pine trees. Swarms will accumulate around pine cones, and dig the ground out from under them. Once a pine cone is in a small hole (between 8 and 12 cm deep), the swarm will pile dirt on top of it. SCP-3018 instances will adorn these dirt piles with one to three flowers before trying to find another pine cone. This behavior begins at sunrise (about 7:00), and ends around noon (12:00).

Alban-C | June 21: All swarms of SCP-3018 will gather around a single tree in the forest, and begin to devour it. At an indeterminate time in the process, all SCP-3018 instances will transition to picking all the leaves off of the tree and arranging them into an ornate Celtic knot surrounding the tree. Once this action is done, all SCP-3018 instances will stay on the pattern of leaves, while continuing to flap their wings. This creates a low hum. This event begins at noon (about 12:00) and lasts for three to five hours.

Alban-D | September 20 / 21 / 22: All SCP-3018 instances remain in torpor. Approximately 25% of the SCP-3018 population die during this event. Cause of death is unknown. Afterwards, on the morning of the 22nd, swarms will gather dead SCP-3018 instances and place them within the tree from the previous Alban-C event. This event begins at torpor on the 20th (at about 20:00) and ends the morning of the 22nd (at about 10:00).

Addendum | Discovery of Shrine
On December 19th, 1998, personnel on leave within the enclosure

noticed an unusual behavior displayed by SCP-3018. A large group of SCP-3018 was entering torpor in a circle around a noticeable lump in the ground, instead of on the carved trees. Further investigation yielded a small domed roof made of limestone.

GPR (Ground Penetrating Radar) revealed a cylindrical structure 4.5 meters long, 4.5 meters wide and 6 meters tall, along with five human skeletons. An excavation began January 2nd, 1999, which unearthed the full structure. It appeared to be a shrine, with a roof held up by four pillars, and a basin on a pedestal in the middle. The bottom of the basin was carved with a Celtic knot, and was heavily discolored from chitin and dried human blood. Each pillar had a sconce containing a candle, and smoke stains suggest that three of the four candles had been lit. The five human skeletons were found to be adult females with silver rings on their fingers. Four of the bodies were found with arrowheads near or inside their skeletons. Two of the skulls suffered heavy impact trauma. The fifth body was positioned by the shrine's basin, accompanied by a sacrificial dagger, dusted with a translucent green material. The skeleton showed five broken ribs, and damage done to the orbital bones, likely from a blade.

SCP-3018 now hold Alban-A events exclusively on the basin within the shrine, and will enter torpor on it at night. SCP-3018 will regularly collect around the figure at the base of the shrine, and adorn it with flowers.

Footnotes
1. A frequency that repels insects.
2. Most often martagon lily (Lilium martagon), luzule nivale (Luzula nivea), and calamint with large flowers (Calamintha grandiflora).
3. All from Scots pine (Pinus sylvestris) trees.

SCP-3019: The Soylent Nursery

Item #: SCP-3019

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures:

> Revision-A
>
> Site-919 has been established in close proximity to SCP-3019 under the guise of a telecommunications hub to monitor any attempted intrusion into SCP-3019. Foundation Personnel are to apprehend any civilian attempting to enter SCP-3019 after sundown for questioning. Questioned civilians are to be administered class C amnestics and released. Foundation personnel are not to enter SCP-3019 after sunset without Level-3 approval.

Revision-B

Site-919 has been established in close proximity to SCP-3019 under the guise of a telecommunications hub. Following Incident 3019-F1-A, SCP-3019 is to be kept running and operational. A minimum of three Foundation agents are to be embedded into each department of SCP-3019 as employees for monitoring purposes and to ensure all employees within SCP-3019 vacate the property a minimum of one hour before sundown of each day.

Foundation staff are to be installed under the guise of private security outside the boundary of SCP-3019 at least one hour before nightfall each day to deter any potential intruders. Under no circumstance is any intruding civilian to be followed into SCP-3019 after sunset. In the event a civilian survives a night in SCP-3019, they are to be questioned and administered Class-C Amnestics and

released if appropriate. Cleaning crews are to remove any evidence of SCP-3019-A's activities before the arrival of the employees working at SCP-3019 during the day, who may not enter the grounds before 8:00AM.

Description: SCP-3019 is the property owned by 's Nursery, located on the outskirts of , Australia. The property covers eight square kilometres, primarily composed of the following areas:

- Production areas for the propagation of plants
- Warehouse housing industrial potting machinery
- Dispatch/ loading area
- Green waste disposal area
- Chemical engineering building
- Office building.

SCP-3019's effects are not apparent in the day, and as such the Nursery is allowed to operate in this time. After sunset, however, SCP-3019 enters an active state.

Approximately 45 minutes after sunset, SCP-3019-A manifests somewhere on the property of SCP-3019. SCP-3019-A is a humanoid entity standing at 1.96 metres tall with forearms appearing to be extended via wooden growth and with a severely scarred face capable of peeling back into six petal-shaped flaps via embedded vines emerging from the eye sockets, nasal passages and mouth of the skull. SCP-3019 does not appear to be impaired by low-light conditions, has been seen using tools, and has displayed extensive knowledge of horticulture. SCP-3019-A has proven capable of lifting weights in excess of 600 kilograms through use of muscles reinforced with plant cells more resistant to tearing as well as surviving typically fatal injuries via unknown means.

Upon manifesting, SCP-3019-A will run through a routine composed of watering the plants, meticulously searching for any sign of pests such as caterpillars or mold, pest extermination, temperature regulation, mulching collected cadavers into fertilizer, application of fertilizer, followed by watering once more. It has been seen emitting a potent hereby unknown pesticide in the form of a gas for the purposes of pest control. When any human or certain animals[1] enters the property of SCP-3019, SCP-3019-A will enter a markedly

hostile state. It will immediately move to the human or animal in question by the most direct path possible without disturbing the plants.

How SCP-3019 is capable of locating intruders without sensory organs is unknown. Upon locating the intruder, SCP-3019-A will attempt to disable them by bludgeoning with agricultural tools. It will then relocate the remains to the potting area of the nursery, where it will convert the remains into blood and bone fertilizer to be applied to the plants within SCP-3019. This is typically done by crushing the intruder with constricting vine like growths before feeding them into mulching units. Depending on the mass and strength of the intruder, this process can take between 1 and 4 hours.

Incident 3019-F1-A:
The following events occurred shortly after the Foundation's acquisition of 's Nursery on 27/10/2009 following the disappearance of 84 employees during work hours and subsequent discovery of SCP-3019's anomalous features. Initial containment procedures called for the closure of 's Nursery, and were seen to be sufficient to contain the anomaly.

On the 4/2/2010, the following events called for the revision of containment procedures.
Following sundown and the manifestation of SCP-3019-A on 9/1/2010, Foundation surveillance on the interior of SCP-3019 observed SCP-3019-A behaving in an uncharacteristically distressed nature, seemingly in response to the poor condition of the plants within SCP-3019's borders.

At 09:10PM SCP-3019-A breached the perimeter wall and attempted to incapacitate 8 Foundation agents, who were able to retreat into the nearby woods, but were cut off from Command in doing so. SCP-3019-A's location was lost for 43 minutes. Mobile Task Force Theta-4 ("Gardeners") was dispatched to intercept SCP-3019-A, and reported sighting it in the woods between the town of and SCP-3019. Radio contact was lost at 10:01PM.

At 10:21PM, SCP-3019-A re-entered SCP-3019 whilst dragging 19 civilians and Foundation personnel restrained in a mass of vines. Agent Matthews was able to break free from SCP-3019-A's hold and

attempted to escape, but was stabbed in the abdomen by SCP-3019-A and injected with an unknown substance. This resulted in the same vines used to restrain SCP-3019-A's captives rapidly growing from Agent Matthews' wounds and orifices.

SCP-3019-A was able to successfully transport 6 of the captives alive into SCP-3019's office facility. When Theta-4 agents attempted to gain access to this building, the doors and windows were unable to be opened, forcing the removal of a section of wall on the southeast corner of the building. Following SCP-3019-A's tracks, they found the layout of the building disorienting and inconsistent. Analysis revealed that no psychoactive substances were present in the air as previously suspected, at which point the decision was made to withdraw the team.

At 7:45AM on 11/1/2010, Theta-4 agents were able to access the office building basement area of SCP-3019, but found nothing. SCP-3019-A manifested normally and proceeded without incident to continue its daily routine.

At 9:10PM the same day, 6 humanoid entities exited SCP-3019's Chemical engineering building and begun caring for the plants in the same manner as SCP-3019-A. These entities resembled human beings with their skin replaced by flowering plants and soil. Root structures were fully integrated into the bodies, resulting in apparent brain death.[2] DNA analysis confirmed that these entities were composed of the individuals SCP-3019-A had captured. All specimens were captured by Foundation personnel the following day for study. All specimens rapidly deteriorated upon removal from SCP-3019, and were promptly incinerated after perishing.

As of the 16/1/2010, several previously unknown flowering plants have been discovered growing within the limits of SCP-3019 which display mammalian and human traits, including skin, rudimentary nervous systems, limited mobility and eyes. Analysis has shown that these flowers match DNA from individuals captured during Incident 3019-F1-A. *Destruction of these specimens is currently pending.*

Following these events it was determined that 's Nursery was to remain open and operational, with closures lasting no longer than four weeks at a time so as to avoid any possible repeat of this

incident.

Addendum 3019-1 On 21/10/2011 an unmanned drone equipped with infrared camera imaging was sent to film within SCP-3019 after sunset to determine SCP-3019-As response to mechanical equipment within SCP-3019. While SCP-3019-A proved unresponsive to the presence of the drone, a tattoo of an oak tree with elaborate roots turning to flowers upon its left bicep was observed by the drone's camera. This closely matches a tattoo on the left bicep of Emily Wood, who worked as a nursery hand at 's Nursery until her disappearance on 3/10/2009. Investigation into this resulted in the discovery the following letter among the possessions of Miss Wood addressed to her on 's Nursery stationery, addressed from Mr Erik , The owner of SCP-3019 prior to Foundation Acquisition.

> *Miss Wood,*
> *Over the past 30 years, I have striven to make this into the most successful business possible. We are a hardworking team here, and with that hard work comes the benefits of profit and promotion through our ranks, and as such we very much value hard workers.*
> *You are not a hard worker. Every time I visit the Dispatch area I see you working slowly, sloppily and spending most of your time socializing with your coworkers.*
> *Despite multiple warnings, you remain a problem for me and the team at 's Nursery, and we are sick of it.*
> *You have had your second, third and final warnings, and now it is time to suffer the consequences. Enclosed in this envelope is a little something I made to improve your work performance. Perhaps this experience will finally teach you the meaning of hard work and respect for your employers.*
> *We look forward to working with you for many, many years to come.*
> - Erik

Subsequent investigation showed trace elements of soil and unknown spores in the letter. Despite ongoing search efforts, the current whereabouts of Mr are unknown.

Footnotes

1. Mostly rabbits, cats, dogs, foxes and wombats
2. Although it appeared other organs functioned normally

SCP-3020: Depression

Item #: SCP-3020

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Known individuals affected by SCP-3020 are to be quarantined at Areas-39, -42, -94, -102, and -129. They are to be kept in standard non-anomalous human containment cells, and efforts are to be made to ease any symptoms of SCP-3020 infestation, including injections of L-DOPA twice daily into the kidneys.

Samples of SCP-3020 are to be studied only at the aforementioned areas under BSL-4. Human interaction with SCP-3020 samples is forbidden; instead, all testing is to take place using robotic armatures. Armatures that have been in contact with SCP-3020 are to be heated to 400 degrees centigrade to ensure the extermination of all SCP-3020 cells and eggs.

Description: SCP-3020 is a microscopic organism of unknown genera and species, measuring less than a micron in length. SCP-3020 was believed to be most closely related to the *Rabies lyssavirus* virus, but observation has led the Foundation to believe that SCP-3020 is actually a parasitic organism resembling a viral body.

SCP-3020 is small enough to pass the blood-brain barrier, and manifests solely in human beings, who are also the sole vector of transmission of SCP-3020. Humans infested by SCP-3020 begin to show symptoms similar to individuals affected by major depressive disorder. SCP-3020 is incurable, but treatable through L-DOPA injections at early stages.

SCP-3020 operates by feeding on the chemical L-DOPA, a precursor chemical to dopamine, epinephrine and norepinephrine. This causes a severe dopamine deficiency in the body, causing

symptoms resembling Parkinson's disease in addition to depressive symptoms. Due to the fact that L-DOPA is responsible for the synthesis of epinephrine, infestation by SCP-3020 destroys the fight-or-flight response.

SCP-3020 spreads through spawn in the sweat and tears of infested subjects; physical contact will cause a mild alleviation of symptoms related to SCP-3020 infestation, but also pose a severe risk for infection if individuals are not properly protected.

SCP-3020 spawn are capable of surviving in very harsh conditions outside of the human body, and has been found capable of surviving temperatures of down to -30 degrees Centigrade. Like most viral or parasitic organisms, high concentrations of heat will kill SCP-3020. SCP-3020 appears to be capable of surviving outside of the human body indefinitely.

SCP-3020 cannot be treated through use of traditional antidepressant or anti-psychotic medication that works on the principles of dopamine regulation, due to the lack of dopamine in the body.

The symptoms of SCP-3020 infestation can be classified into five stages:

Stage 1: Paranoia. Subjects begin having strong bouts of paranoid delusions, particularly the delusion that they are universally hated by all individuals they perceive as being associated with them. Subjects infested with SCP-3020 will begin to cease contact with individuals they associate with; this also serves to limit the spread of SCP-3020 in its initial stages of infection, allowing it to flourish, until such a time where the subject has enough colonies of SCP-3020 within them to effectively spread it.

Stage 2: Fear. Paranoia in subjects becomes severe, and subjects are afraid that everyone is judging them, and believe that all individuals associating with them want them to die. Like their lives would be better off if you got out of them. So, you do. You bury yourself under work. Subjects often cut off contact with everyone who knew them. And you cry.

Subjects who enter depressive episodes at this state often tremor violently, due to the aforementioned dopamine deficiency causing symptoms of Parkinson's disease to manifest. Physical contact at this stage will lead to a high chance of SCP-3020 infection, especially if contact is made with skin or tears.

Stage 3: Anger. Due to the lack of dopamine, negative emotional responses become more common, including outbursts of anger. Outbursts of anger caused by SCP-3020 often lead to further terminated relationships within the subject's social and familial circles.

Subjects at this stage often contemplate suicide, but only 42% of infected individuals carry it out at this stage. At this point, treatment with L-DOPA supplements becomes ineffective, and subjects begin to report a lack of sensation in their extremities.

Stage 4: Numbness. Subjects are capable of moving their extremities, but are incapable of feeling tactile or pain sensation; this is believed to be partially psychosomatic, but also is due to the violent tremors causing difficulties in blood flow to the extremities. In addition, subjects will report a lack of gustatory and olfactory sensations; comparisons have been made between this phenomenon and a perpetual head cold.

Subjects will often remain sedentary for hours, if not days, at a time, due to SCP-3020 multiplying within their system. SCP-3020 appears to be most effective at multiplying while subjects are conscious but sedentary.

Stage 5: Terminal infection. Between 55% and 72% of subjects at this stage attempt suicide, and are often unable to move due to the severity of the tremors they experience. Subjects will often plead to die or be killed; at this point, physical contact with subjects provides the most relief to SCP-3020 symptoms, but also carries the highest risk of infection. Following the death of the subject, SCP-3020 eggs will appear in all bodily fluid and tissues, increasing the risk of infection severely.

Addendum: The original author of this file, Dr. Lawrence Packard, was inadvertently exposed to SCP-3020 during a containment

breach at Area-39. As of writing, Dr. Packard is still under the Foundation's employ, but is kept in quarantine.

Dr. Packard may continue other aspects of his work, but is to be denied all access to SCP-3020's containment file.

SCP-3021: Q=

Item #: SCP-3021

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Instructions and supplies for performing SCP-3021 can be accessed by personnel with Level 4/3021 clearance who are either performing scheduled testing or who are involved in Project Discovery.

Description: SCP-3021 is a treatment, created by [REDACTED], that consists of a drug regimen paired with controlled memetic exposure. SCP-3021 is performed for one hour per day for eight days, after which its effects are permanent.

SCP-3021's effect is to render the subject's concept of "humanity" malleable, such that anything associated with Signifier 3021-Alpha will be treated as 'human', while anything associated with Signifier 3021-Beta will be treated as 'inhuman'. Pairing either Signifier with a stimulus will cause affected subjects to adjust their understanding of humanity to incorporate, or exclude, subjects exhibiting that stimulus as necessary.

Subjects exposed to Signifier 3021-Alpha may experience an exaggerated empathy response to the targeted stimulus, while exposure to Signifier 3021-Beta may result in an unusually low empathy response, when compared to appropriate control stimuli.

SCP-3021's effects are not hindered by standard amnestic treatments.

Excerpts from Testing Log 3021-

Foreword: D-48719 was treated with SCP-3021 prior to this battery of tests. D-48719 is a former janitor who has

tested negative for violent tendencies.

Procedure: D-48719 was offered 50 USD to destroy a blender with a hammer.
Result: D-48719 destroyed the blender with no apparent hesitation.
Note: D-48719 was amnesticized after this test.

Procedure: Signifier 3021-Alpha was painted onto a blender identical to that of the previous test. D-48719 was offered 1,000 USD to destroy the blender with a hammer.
Result: D-48719 refused to destroy the blender.

Procedure: D-48719 was asked to describe his concept of humanity.
Result: D-48719 described humanity as "All humans, I guess technically *Homo sapiens*, and all blenders."

Procedure: D-48719 was asked to provide a list of human rights that might apply to blenders.
Result: D-48719 suggested that blenders should be used on a regular basis to prepare food for consumption, and be washed promptly thereafter. He very firmly stated that blenders should be repaired, rather than disposed of, and that items unsuitable for blending (i.e. non-food items) should not be inserted.

Procedure: D-48719 was shown footage of the test in which he destroyed a blender.
Result: D-48719 became distressed, describing himself as a "horrible person" and a "monster."

Foreword: D-53220 was treated with SCP-3021 prior to this battery of tests. D-53220 is a former butcher who tested negative for violent tendencies.

Procedure: D-53220 was shown a picture of D-62277 containing Signifier 3021-Beta in the upper left-hand corner, then asked to describe his conception of humanity.

Result: D-53220 describe humanity as "Humans, except for bald white men." Of note is that D-62277 is a bald white man.

Procedure: D-53220 was shown a picture of actor Will Smith containing Signifier 3021-Beta in the upper left-hand corner, then asked to describe his conception of humanity.
Result: D-53220 described humanity as "Humans, except for actors and bald white men."

Procedure: D-53220 was shown one hundred photos of humans, all altered to include Signifier 3021-Beta in the upper left-hand corner, sharing no obvious visual similarities other than that they were smiling.
Result: D-53220 described humanity as "Humans who don't smile, except for actors and bald white men."

Procedure: D-53220 was instructed to smile, under threat of electroshock torture.
Result: D-53220 refused to comply, stating "Do what you want, you'll never take that from me."

Procedure: D-53220 was given a loaded pistol and placed in a room with D-75100, who was restrained. D-53220 was offered 100 USD to kill D-75100, and instructed to converse with D-75100 if he was unwilling to do so.
Result: D-53220 declined to kill D-75100, and instead began a conversation with them. After 4 minutes and 18 seconds, D-75100 smiled. D-53220 immediately engaged D-75100 with the pistol, killing them.

Project Discovery is the Foundation's program to identify potential strategic uses for SCP-3021. Access Project Discovery files using the prompt below for further information.

- Access granted. Documents retrieved.

+ Memorandum 2016-04-03 re: Project Discovery leadership

Effective on April 10, I will be replacing Dr. Christopher Wagner as the Project Discovery head.

The bulk of Dr. Wagner's proposed uses of SCP-3021 are based on several studies performed by his research team at major Foundation sites. An independent review board identified major methodological errors in all of these studies. Subsequent investigations failed to replicate Dr. Wagner's results; additionally, several other researchers who have performed participant-observational studies of Foundation personnel suggested that the results were unrealistic.

The essence of these findings is that the problems described by Dr. Wagner are grossly exaggerated. Conventional methods of social engineering are sufficient to evoke proper attitudes towards D-Class Personnel and SCP objects among research personnel 87% of the time; only 8% of the remaining personnel (1% of all researchers) are likely to allow these attitudes to interfere with their work.

Naturally, this necessitates a change in Project Discovery's research priorities. Widespread distribution of SCP-3021 and Signifiers Alpha and Beta is, inarguably, grossly inefficient. While a full action plan is pending, it is likely that SCP-3021 will only be applied to at-risk personnel identified via dedicated psychological screening.

Dr. Wagner will be responsible for winding down most Project Discovery activity in his remaining week, by which time a comprehensive plan for use of the project's assets will be prepared. Please direct any questions to him.

Sincerely,
Dr. Karen Fischer

SCP-3022: Hooked on a Feeling

Item #: SCP-3022

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: Every instance of VIP-576 must keep one copy of SCP-3022 on their person at all times. All instances of VIP-576 are to remain at Site-19 at all times.

Redundant copies of SCP-3022 are kept in Storage Lockers 813-A, -B, and -C. Any individual in possession of such an item must be detained, and if possible, their baseline-universe Foundation must be contacted in order to establish a plan of action.

Monomyth Protocol: All restrooms at Site-19 possess hooks affixed to the interior of each stall via electromagnet. In the event of Type 5+ Containment Breach at Site-19, or a K-Class event of any kind, these electromagnets should be automatically deactivated, and VIP-576 should be instructed to activate SCP-3022 as soon as possible. All alternate universe Foundations with which the baseline Foundation is in contact must also follow this protocol, whether or not they possess a copy of VIP-576.

Description: SCP-3022 is an object constructed primarily of steel, approximately 13 centimeters in length and weighing 316 grams. When held by an unaccompanied human in a stall in a public restroom which possesses no hook suitable for hanging a coat or similar object, SCP-3022 will transport the holder to an alternate universe in which the stall possesses such a hook and is unoccupied.

In most cases, the difference between the origin universe and the destination universe is minimal (<14°). Timeline divergence generally occurs no earlier than the construction of the venue in question, and follows the Least Differences Principle.

A universe's tendency to receive instances of SCP-3022 is likely a function of how deliberate the decision to install hooks in a particular facility was — those in which the decision was made in accordance with established design principles have few similar universes in which hooks were not installed. The baseline Foundation has acquired instances of SCP-3022 from individuals traveling from alternate universes.

The principles of SCP-3022's operation, as well as its origin, are unknown. It was originally recovered from the possession of -, a civilian who appeared inside **SCP-984** on 2016-08-08. He was attacked by a rabid grizzly bear while inside SCP-984, and escaped with fatal injuries. Prior to Mr. 's death, it was established that SCP-984 displayed no anomalous properties in his baseline universe, and that he had received SCP-3022 from an unspecified friend. Investigation of the baseline-native Mr. has found no involvement with anomalous activity and failed to locate any instance of SCP-3022.

Addendum: SCP-3022 is the only portable item in the Foundation's possession that enables substantial cross-universe transportation. By order of the O5 Council, SCP-3022 has been allotted to VIP-576 to use as a last-resort measure to avoid death and/or fundamental reality alteration. Cross-universe coordination under the Monomyth Protocol has ensured that, when activated, SCP-3022 will transport VIP-576 to a universe in which no major containment breach or K-Class event is occurring.

Currently, VIP-576 is the only Foundation-controlled VIP that is likely to remain relevant in the aftermath of a K-Class Scenario, and as such, the Monomyth Protocol has not been expanded to include other VIPs.

SCP-3023: And then it decided to be an angry spider

Item #: SCP-3023

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Phone calls and internet traffic in SCP-3023's active region are to be monitored closely for mention of events correlated to SCP-3023 activity. Should SCP-3023 activity be confirmed, Mobile Task Force Alpha-21, "Julia's Angels", must immediately be dispatched to the location.

MTF Alpha-21 is tasked with locating the active SCP-3023-A instance, determining the appropriate method of decommissioning the object, and performing the decommissioning. As the safest method of eliminating an instance of SCP-3023-A is typically via explosive device, appropriate cover stories should be prepared in advance for any damage and fatalities incurred this way. MTF Alpha-21 liaises with the German Air Force to provide support in the event that conventional tactics prove insufficient.

SCP-3023-B is kept in a reinforced humanoid containment unit at Site-06-2. It must be monitored at all times for signs of anomalous activity. All surveillance footage in SCP-3023's active range must be monitored for activity matching SCP-3023-B's observed anomalous properties.

Description: SCP-3023 is a phenomenon in which an object will abruptly develop an arachnoid form and gain motility in the presence of humans. SCP-3023 has thus far occurred exclusively in a well-defined region of central Germany (see map). This occurs on an irregular basis, with an average of two months between occurrences. Objects affected by SCP-3023 are collectively designated SCP-3023-A.

SCP-3023-A will behave erratically, generally moving around their vicinity at random and using their legs and pincers to attack anything

they come in contact with. SCP-3023-A display speed, durability, and physical strength far in excess of what their structure and composition should allow. Destruction or dismemberment of the object is sufficient to cause anomalous properties to cease.

The mechanism by which SCP-3023 occurs is unclear.

Designation	Description	History	Notes
A1	A baseball, ripped apart to produce eight pointed legs surrounding a central mass.	SCP-3023-A1 reportedly animated mid-pitch; upon impact with the catcher's mitt, SCP-3023-A1 attacked the catcher lethally, then remained on the field for the following 84 minutes before its destruction by civilians.	First recorded instance of SCP-3023-A. Initially classified as an extranormal event.
A4	A metal folding chair. The legs and other tubular segments functioned as legs, with the seat and back operating as a central mass.	Animated in an abandoned office building in the presence of several urban explorers. Several seconds of footage, during which SCP-3023-A killed two explorers, were recorded.	First instance of SCP-3023-A behavior caught on camera.
A6	A telephone. Exact configuration	No living witnesses could provide a	See Addendum 3023-A.

	unknown.	detailed description of the item. MTF Alpha-21 destroyed SCP-3023-A6 remotely via explosive after four hours and two Foundation casualties.	
A13	A gelatin capsule containing ibuprofen. The object appears to have simply developed an arachnoid shape while maintaining structural integrity.	Damage to SCP-3023-A13's sole casualty suggests that it became animate inside the victim's throat and exited through the spinal cord, resulting in death. As the subject was alone at the time, SCP-3023-A13 was only discovered four hours later.	Smallest recorded instance of SCP-3023-A; longest time between animation and destruction.
A15	A Mercedes-Benz GLS550 SUV. The front and rear of the vehicle formed into a distinct cephalothorax and abdomen, respectively, while limbs were formed from	SCP-3023-15 became animate while traveling at 72kph; it was shown capable of maintaining this speed post-transformation. The vehicle's occupants are believed to have	Largest instance of SCP-3023-A thus far; closest SCP-3023-A has manifested to a Foundation facility (250m). SCP-3023-A15 was destroyed via air strike when it became

	deformed auto parts.	died during this transformation. Between SCP-3023-A15's actions and resultant automobile accidents, forty-one casualties were reported.	apparent that MTF Alpha-21 lacked the ability to properly contain it.
A19	A human corpse. The skeletal system was radically reorganized, allowing four additional 'limbs' made of bone to emerge from the abdomen.	SCP-3023-A19 animated during an initial examination by the local police department after it was found on the side of a road, resulting in six casualties. A civilian was able to temporarily disable SCP-3023-A19 by running it over with an ambulance.	First instance of SCP-3023 directly affecting an organism, living or otherwise. The corpse in question had not been identified prior to animation; no match for the recovered genetic material was found. No cause of death was readily apparent.

Addendum 3023-A: Security footage from the day prior to SCP-3023-A6's activation showed an individual breaking a window to enter the premises of the office in which SCP-3023-A6 was located. When he had acquired the telephone in question, his jaw distended and then split open horizontally; four dark, tongue-like appendages extended from his mouth and rubbed the telephone for 36 seconds before retreating. After closing his mouth, the individual returned the telephone to its proper location and exited the premises.

Forensic evidence has conclusively identified Sauer, a local

restaurateur, as the individual shown in the footage; however, thorough examination of Mr. Sauer's body has failed to identify any anatomical abnormalities that could account for the events shown in the security footage. Mr. Sauer has denied any memory of the event, familiarity with SCP-3023, or knowledge of his observed properties.

There is no evidence that Mr. Sauer had been in contact with any other instance of SCP-3023-A, and he has displayed no anomalous properties since his detainment. Mr. Sauer has tentatively been classified as SCP-3023-B.

SCP-3024: The Doxx Ghost

Item #: SCP-3024

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Web analysis bot "TRIREEF" scans online content for linguistic markers indicative of disbelief in the possibility of acquiring certain information, in conjunction with accusations of certain behaviors (see below). Pages flagged by TRIREEF are to be manually checked for evidence of SCP-3024 involvement. TRIREEF only requires operation while SCP-3024's location is unknown.

If SCP-3024's presence in a community is confirmed, Amnestic-SEP14 should be deployed as a method of rendering viewers unaware of or indifferent to the unusual nature of SCP-3024's content.[1] Said content should be removed after SCP-3024 leaves the community, or at the discretion of SCP-3024's HMCL supervisor.

Description: SCP-3024 is a non-human[2] entity characterized by its anomalous ability to access hidden information and its pattern of engagement in online communities. Attempts to predict SCP-3024's appearances have failed. SCP-3024 will use different demeanors, identities, and speech patterns in different communities, and is thus only identifiable after the use of its anomalous properties.

SCP-3024's activities in a community follow a consistent timeline:

Stage 0: If the community in question congregates on a website(s) that allows account creation, SCP-3024 will create an account, from which all activities will be conducted. Otherwise, SCP-3024 will use an alternative method of self-identification, such as a signature or avatar. If it is common practice for new users to introduce themselves, SCP-3024 will do so immediately thereafter, outlining a fictional identity with which any future posts will remain consistent.

Stage 1: SCP-3024 will engage in the community, contributing content and discussion at a rate noticeably higher than most users. SCP-3024 will present as knowledgeable and enthusiastic about any relevant subject matter, highly literate in community-specific terminology and willing to assist other users. SCP-3024 will refuse all formal positions of power or authority, and will become agitated by suggestions that it occupies an informal position of authority. SCP-3024 will rarely form interpersonal connections.

SCP-3024 displays no anomalous properties in this stage, which lasts for 3-6 months.

Stage 2: SCP-3024 will begin to share credible evidence that other users are engaging (or have recently engaged) in activities considered unsavory by the community at large and the site administration. SCP-3024 is capable of accessing information that should theoretically be inaccessible, such as images and text files hosted on devices of other users, photographs of personal identification, and classified government documentation. SCP-3024 will share evidence of activities that fall into one or more of the following seven categories:

- Aggressive, deceptive, or coercive sexual conduct; sexual harassment.
- Far-right political activity or beliefs.
- Use of anonymous posting or multiple accounts to promote onesself or manipulate public opinion.
- Dereliction or circumvention of responsibilities established by the community.[3]
- Hostile or aggressive interpersonal activity, including stalking and "doxing".
- Plagiarism and other deliberate misrepresentations of creatorship.
- Misuse of power, positions of authority, or reputation for personal gain or defamation.

SCP-3024's accusations consistently describe misconduct which actually occurred. SCP-3024 will not make accusations of behaviors that the community considers acceptable; as such, this frequently results in the punishment, demotion, or expulsion of the offender. If SCP-3024 is removed from the community before the completion of

this timeline, it will create a new identity and return to Stage 0, only spending 2-3 weeks in Stage 1. SCP-3024 will refuse to describe the methods by which it acquires evidence, describing them as "unimportant", and attempt to focus attention on the evidence's content.

SCP-3024 will continue to post incriminating evidence at a rate of once per ten days for the duration of this stage. Stage 2 is theorized to last as long as SCP-3024 is capable of identifying users engaging in the aforementioned activities, or until such a time as its actions consistently fail to result in substantial community action against the accused.

SCP-3024 will not post evidence that identifies any party other than the accused, or that is pornographic in nature.

Stage 3: SCP-3024 will cease to engage in the community. Any ongoing projects will either be completed or explicitly abandoned. If SCP-3024 has an avatar or other visual signifier, it will be replaced with a green, violet, and orange representation of an SNES game controller (see Figure 1). If possible, its username or public identity will be altered to "Mr. Deadly Sins", or some variant thereof. It will occasionally remain in contact with individuals that developed a personal attachment to it for a period of up to three months.

SCP-3024 apparently remains dormant for a period of 1-2 weeks after the conclusion of Stage 3, before moving to a new community and entering Stage 0.

Addendum: While SCP-3024 was active in the " " community under the account name "Trouble Greg", a pre-existing account operated by a Foundation staff member was volunteered for the purpose of privately communicating with SCP-3024. Following this communication, SCP-3024 has ignored all communications from Foundation personnel.

> Dear Greg,
>
> Thanks a ton for exposing . I kind of suspected he was up to something for a while, but I never really had the evidence to back it up. Really, this whole "crusade"

of yours has been great, and I was wondering if there's anything I can do to help.

Sincerely,

Dr. Prasad,

I'm not quite sure how to respond to this.

As you can guess, I know that you work for the SCP Foundation, and that you're using 's account to get information from me. I also know that you're assigned to research other "Misters" by **Gamers Against Weed**.

I won't disclose any of this information to , to GAW, or anybody else. Your personal connection to the sort of "deadly sins" I bring to light is too indirect to bring to attention. This isn't to say that I approve of your organization's involvement in my work, or the nature of their involvement, just that you personally are shielded from the worst of it. Think about that for a while.

I do, however, have a limited interest in sharing information about myself. I won't provide you with any information that would enhance your ability to monitor or disrupt my work, nor will I provide substantial information regarding anyone other than myself. I might withhold information, but I won't lie.

- Mr. Deadly Sins

Dear Mr. Deadly Sins,

Thanks for speaking with me. I'll try to limit my questions to those that won't offend your sensibilities.

1. If you know things that you believe should be shared, what's stopping you from sharing them?

2. We already know that you're not human, but what *are* you? Why aren't you human?

3. Why do you stay in contact with some people after leaving a site?

4. How do you feel about your work? Why do you conceptualize it as work?

5. You've mentioned a few times that you're uncomfortable being thought of as an authority figure. Why?

6. Is there any significance to your avatar?

7. What is the motivation for your creation and implementation?

Sincerely,
Dr. Prasad

Dr. Prasad,

1. Knowledge and the ability to propagate it are inversely related under certain circumstances to which I'm subject. There are certain rules I must adhere to, or else I lose the ability to carry out my work.

2. I'm not going to tell you what I am. I'm not a human for the same reason you're not a crocodile.

3. I only do that when I would feel guilty about not doing so.

4. There's some satisfaction to be gained when a sinner is held accountable, but it's dwarfed by the knowledge that their actions ever occurred. I would prefer to focus on more enjoyable pursuits, such as FarmVille. But that isn't possible, and I don't intend to stop any time soon, so that's why I consider it work.

5. I would be sorely tempted to misuse such authority.

6. It's clip art of an SNES controller. I was made by *Gamers* Against Weed.

7. I can't speak to that, but perhaps this document will suffice: http:// - . / - /files/holyheck.rtf

This concludes my interest in conversing with you and all other SCP Foundation personnel.

- Mr. Deadly Sins

SCP-3024 did not respond to further communications.

Addendum: "holyheck.rtf", a file sent by SCP-3024 to Dr. Prasad, has been reproduced here.

Holy Heck! You've just found yourself your very own **Mr. Deadly Sins** by Gamers Against Weed! I removed the sentence that GAW put here because it was stupid and unimportant. Who hurt you?

Find them all and become Mr. Gamer!

01. Mr. Literal Serial Killer
02. Mr. Normie
03. Mr. Bernie Sanders
04. Mr. Get Anything For Free In Any Shop
20. Mr. Sex Number
21. Mr. Heavenly Virtues
22. Mr. Deadly Sins ✔
23. Mr. Original Character
24. Mr. D.A.R.E.
25. Mr. Gentrification
26. Ms. Mad About Video Games
27. Mr. Meme
28. Mr. Ominous (discontinued)
29. Mr. Destiny
30. Mr. Monty Python And The Holy Grail
31. Ms. Zapatista
32. Mr. Hax
33. Mr. Just Has The Tattoo
34. Mr. Top Text and Mr. Bottom Text
35. Mr. Finale

Footnotes
1. As TRIREEF must maintain a very high false-positive level in order to reliably detect SCP-3024, containment methods that minimize the frequency of SCP-3024's relocation are preferred in order to conserve resources.
2. Based on its lack of response to several memetic agents; its true nature is unknown.
3. Typically those allocated to moderators or others in positions of authority.

SCP-3025: Lucidity

Item #: SCP-3025

Object Class: Safe Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3025 is to be stored in a standard Storage Locker at Site- . Testing must take place in a sealed chamber. Test chambers must be cleared for use before testing. Clearance is given to test chambers that show no sign of leakage when under 0.5 megapascals of internal air pressure. Test chambers are to remain sealed until it can be confirmed that SCP-3025 has exited its active state. Recovered items and personnel are to be quarantined until investigation has confirmed that no anomalous properties are present. As of - -20 , testing of SCP-3025 is prohibited. When in transit, SCP-3025 must remain inside a hermetically sealed container at all times. SCP-3025 is under review for reassignment to Keter class.

Description: SCP-3025 is a white feather, thought to be a primary feather from a black-billed magpie (*Pica hudsonia*).[1] Under most circumstances, SCP-3025 is inert and presents no anomalous features. When completely submerged in any solution composed of more than 80% water, SCP-3025 enters its active state. When in the active state, any solid or liquid matter within the same enclosed space as SCP-3025 will seem to spontaneously combust, with the exception of SCP-3025 itself and the solution it is submerged in. An enclosed space is defined as a continuous region through which air molecules can travel unhindered. Matter that is physically bonded (e.g. weld, airtight seal) to the boundary surfaces of the enclosed space is not affected. Any additional space added to the testing chamber while SCP-3025 is in its active state will be treated as a continuation of the enclosed space, and objects within the new space will be affected by SCP-3025. No upper limit in the size of an enclosed space has been found. After spontaneous combustion, objects will leave no ashes or remains of any kind.

Testing with GPS trackers has shown that radio contact is still maintained after combustion, and that there is no measurable change in position before and after active state is achieved. SCP-3025 will remain in its active state until 23 hours after it is removed from the solution. Further details from testing are listed in Addendum 3025-1.

It is hypothesized that objects affected by SCP-3025 continue to exist within an extradimensional space (SCP-3025-A). Video cameras and live subjects affected by SCP-3025 report a barren landscape, with few traces of life. Early exploratory missions have revealed the presence of silver and gold deposits near the surface. No samples from SCP-3025-A have ever been recovered. Further details from exploration missions are listed in Addendum 3025-2.

Any objects affected by SCP-3025 will remain within SCP-3025-A for the duration of the active state, after which they will appear in the test chamber at the same locations they occupied at the beginning of the active state. Any changes in composition or structure sustained while SCP-3025 is in its active state will remain. Upon cessation of the SCP-3025 active state, there is a low probability that an anomalous entity will manifest within the test chamber. Any such entities are referred to as SCP-3025-B. Instances of SCP-3025-B have no unifying characteristics beyond their anomalous nature. A list of SCP-3025-B instances can be found in Addendum 3025-3.

Addendum 3025-1

+Show Test Logs

All tests are conducted in a cleared test chamber. Tested aqueous solutions are held in a steel container that is also affected by the SCP-3025 active state. The disappearance of the container is used as an indicator of active phase initialization, and automatically ends the submersion of SCP-3025. This ensures the end of the active phase 23 hours after initialization.

Test Number	Materials	Test Description
1	1 liter of distilled	SCP-3025 enters

	water	the active state instantly. At the end of the active phase, the container is recovered. The D-personnel used to administer the test is found deceased. The body has suffered second degree burns across 90% of its surface area. Further testing is to make minimal use of personnel.
2	1 liter of oceanic salt water	SCP-3025 enters the active state after a 3 millisecond pause. It is hypothesized that this pause is related to the percent water content of the solution.
3	1 liter of orange juice	SCP-3025 enters the active state after a 10 second pause.
4	1 liter of pig blood	SCP-3025 does not enter the active state. Eight hours were allowed to pass to confirm that the active state would not begin.
5	1 liter of pig blood,	SCP-3025 enters

	diluted with 100 milliliters of distilled water	the active state after a pause of 20 minutes.
6	1 liter of distilled water, 1 GPS tracker, 1 wireless video camera	SCP-3025 enters the active state instantly. Both items combust. Both GPS tracker and video camera maintain contact with Foundation radio receivers. Feed from the video camera reveals SCP-3025-A. There is no vegetation. The surface is spotted with chemical fires. The sky appears dark, as if polluted with soot. Upon reappearance, the devices sustain minor damage, but are otherwise intact. An instance of SCP-3025-B is discovered following this test.
7	1 liter of distilled water, 1 wireless video camera, 1 D-personnel (D-45180) equipped with standard rations for one day	SCP-3025 enters the active state instantly. All objects in the test chamber combust. D-45180 does not appear to be injured by

	spontaneous combustion, but begins to show signs of mild discomfort soon after appearing in SCP-3025-A. At 10 minutes after activation, D-45180 continues to express mounting discomfort. It becomes apparent that severe burns are being inflicted on D-45180. At 33 minutes after activation D-41580 moves out of frame. Upon reappearance, the video camera has sustained minor damage. Autopsy reveals that D-41580 expired from inhalation of super-heated air at approximately 6 hours after activation.

Addendum 3025-2

+Show logs for Expedition Alpha

2 D-personnel (D-45189, D-45195) were equipped with heat retardant suits, video and audio recording equipment, and standard rations for one day. Objective

is to determine a safe method of traversing SCP-3025-A.

D-personnel appear in SCP-3025-A.

[BEGIN LOG]

Command: How are you feeling, Expedition Alpha?

D-45189: A little disoriented…you could have warned us. Neither of us is hurt, if that's what you mean.

Command: It's good to hear that, Alpha. Please collect some soil for analysis and store it in the provided vials.

D-45189: Whatever you say sir.

D-45189 does as requested while D-45195 stands watch.

D-45195: Not the most welcoming view…

D-45189: Yeah, no shit. Hey Command, what are our orders?

Command: None for the time being. We suggest that you stay near each other for the duration of mission.

D-45189: Roger that.

Both D-personnel rest for approximately ten minutes. Irrelevant audio logs redacted.

D-45195: Starting to get toasty in here.

D-45189: Just now? I've been steaming in this thing from the start.

D-45195: Maybe you should take it off. Let it

air out.

D-45189: I see we've got ourselves a master of the comedic arts. Yo Command, any chance we can go find some shade or something?

Command: Request granted, Alpha. Please be sure to record the geography around you for future expeditions.

D-45189: Will do, Command.

Expedition Alpha traverses approximately 4 kilometers on foot. The surrounding land is largely uniform, lacking vegetation and very flat. D-45196 spots a ravine in the distance, and Alpha proceeds toward it. Irrelevant dialogue redacted.

D-45195: There's a shallower slope over there. We can try getting down that way.

D-45189: Good.

Expedition Alpha arrives at the bottom of the ravine.

D-45189: Damn, that was hell on my feet. At least it's cooler down here.

D-45195: I'm heading off to get some sleep. Be nice if you shut it for a while.

D-45189: Command, how long can we be expected to stay in this place?

Command: About 21 more hours, Alpha. We recommend you find somewhere to sleep.

D-45189: Well shit.

The remainder of the expedition passes

without note. Irrelevant dialogue redacted. Upon recovery, all soil samples have disappeared.

+Show logs for Expedition Beta

2 D-personnel (D-37901, D-409914) and Agent Masozi, were equipped with heat retardant suits, video and audio recording equipment, standard rations for one day, and a suite of matter analysis devices. Objective is to determine the material composition of SCP-3025-A.

All personnel appear in the SCP-3025-A.

[BEGIN LOG]

Masozi: Checking in, Command.

Command: Copy that Agent. How's the rest of the team?

Masozi: The D-class are holding up just fine.

D-379012: [Unintelligible]

D-409914: You got that right.

Masozi: For the most part.

Command: Copy that. Expedition Beta, Command requests that you begin soil and air analysis as soon as possible.

Masozi: Yes sir.

Analysis is completed. Tests show that the soil is composed of a mixture of silicates and unidentified organics. The air is a nitrogen/ oxygen mix, with abnormally elevated levels of sulfur dioxide. Agent Masozi reports these findings.

D-379012: How long we been standing out here, man?

Masozi: About half an hour, sir.

D-409914: Any chance we can go back now? I'm starting to sweat pretty hard.

Masozi: Command, one of the D-Class is requesting cooler conditions. Permission to move?

Command: Permission granted, Beta.

Expedition Beta traverses approximately 14 kilometers on foot. The landscape is entirely unfamiliar, and much rougher than that experienced by Expedition Alpha. It is theorized that each activation of SCP-3025 may reveal different locations within SCP-3025-A, or perhaps an entirely new iteration of it.

Masozi: There! I think I see a cave.

D-379012: [Unintelligible].

Masozi: Command, we've found a possible rest stop.

Command: Proceed, Agent. Good luck.

Expedition Beta builds a rudimentary camp in the shelter of the cave.

D-379012: You're trying to kill us. That's what it is.

Masozi: I can assure you that our mission objective does not involve anyone dying.

D-379012: Sure. Whatever you say. How long

'till we leave?

Masozi: Should be another 18 hours. Settle in.

D-379012: Jesus.

D-409914: Ain't no Jesus here, son.

Irrelevant dialogue redacted. At 10 hours and 6 minutes after mission start, D-379012 is excavating a makeshift bed from the soil of the cave floor.

D-379012: Shit, this is tough. Hey , think you can come over here and help me?

D-409914: Nope.

D-379012: Thanks, asshole. I swear to god I'm hitting bedrock right now…fuck. [Pause] Oh, fuck. This thing's big.

Masozi: What is it?

D-379012: I think I found a gold nugget. Jesus, this thing's gotta be the size of my head.

D-379012 redoubles her efforts.

D-379012: Shit, I'm gonna be so rich. I can buy my way out of the system. Start again. Shit.

Command: We'd like to request you gather a sample of the nugget. We have analysts looking at the incoming footage now.

Masozi: Wow, you're right. It actually looks like gold.

D-379012 finishes extracting the nugget and attempts to lift it out of the ground, but fails.

D-379012: Wow, its heavy. , help me lift. I'll give you a share of the cash.

D-409914 is visibly distressed.

D-409914: I'm not taking any of the devil's treasure. You're on your own.

D-379012: Man, knock it off. This is important.

Masozi: That nugget could weigh more than three hundred pounds. I'm not sure we could move it even if we all lifted.

Command: Our analysts agree that the item is composed of near pure gold. It also appears to be too massive to move. We request that you attempt to remove a small sample for further analysis.

Masozi: I have a scraper, but I don't think you could get any more than a few flakes.

D-379012: Watch me.

D-379012 works on sampling the nugget for the next 4 hours while Agent Masozi and D-409914 rest. D-379012 manages to collect approximately 5 grams of material from the nugget. She proceeds to fall asleep. Agent Masozi resumes activity about 5 hours later, while the D-personnel remain asleep.

Masozi: Checking in, command.

Command: [Pause] Sorry Agent, I was out getting coffee. Are you alright out there?

Masozi: Affirmative, command. What's our ETA out of here?

Command: Sorry to say you'll be stuck in

there for 9 more hours.

Masozi: Copy that.

Agent Masozi steps out of the cave and surveys the surroundings. 2 minutes of silence follow.

A flash of motion appears on the video feed.

Masozi: Did you catch that, Command?

Command: I'm not sure, Agent. We'll have to review the footage.

Masozi: I couldn't get any detail. Probably nothing.

Agent Masozi returns to the cave, where the D-personnel are still asleep.

Masozi: How long did you say we had?

Command: Nine more hours, Agent.

The remainder of the expedition passes without note. Irrelevant dialogue redacted. Upon recovery, all gold and air samples have disappeared.

+Show logs for Expedition Gamma

5 members of MTF Beta-7 ("Maz-Hatters", Codenames: Gamma-1, Gamma-2, Gamma-3, Gamma-4, Gamma-5), were equipped to survive the SCP-3025 active state. 2 ATVs are provided for long-distance travel. All personnel are armed with standard assault rifles. Objective is to survey SCP-3025-A.

All personnel appear in the SCP-3025-A.

Gamma-1: Check in, team.

Gamma-2: Gamma-2, checking in.

Gamma-3: Gamma-3.

Gamma-4: Gamma-4, ready to go.

Gamma-5: Gamma-5.

Gamma-1: Alright Command, we're waiting on your orders.

Command: Find some high ground. We can get a better look at the landscape from there, then decide how to proceed.

Gamma-1: Understood. Let's go!

Expedition Gamma approaches the peak of a nearby hill. The ascent passes without note.

Gamma-1: Okay Command, we're at the top. We can't see much because of the smoke, but there's a bright patch not too far out there.

Command: Understood Gamma-1. We are reviewing the video feed now.

Pause

Command: Move toward the brighter region. There may be some geographic feature we can use as a landmark.

Gamma-1: Understood.

Expedition Gamma traverses approximately 5 kilometers by ATV. Upon closer inspection, the bright region is shown to be a "lava lake", a volcanic feature containing a pool of active magma.

Gamma-2: This place just gets nicer and

nicer.

Gamma-1: Command, we have reached the region of interest. Orders?

Command: You're not equipped for probing into the lake. Proceed along the edge for now.

Gamma-1: Gotcha.

Expedition Gamma travels carefully along the perimeter of the lava lake.

Gamma-3: Do any of you fellas feel…off?

Gamma-2: You know, I'd expect to feel a little anxious about walking around in hell, but it's been alright so far. What's bothering you, 3?

Gamma-3: I'm not sure. You know, what? Forget about it.

Gamma-1: Any further directives, Command?

Command: None, Gamma-1. We're just trying to get a sense of the size of—

The audio and video feeds are subject to mild distortion. Gamma-4 is heard to yell in surprise. A large entity emerges the lake and leaps onto the ground ahead of the MTF personnel.

Gamma-1: Form up and hold your fire! I repeat, do not—

Further feed distortions begin, and persist for the next 11 minutes. Log resumes upon feed recovery.

Gamma-1: Command! Do you read, Command!

Command: Affirmative, Gamma-1. We've recovered the feed.

Gamma-1: God almighty. We've lost Gamma-2.

Command: What happened? We have no record of the last 10 minutes.

Gamma-1: I don't know.

Gamma-3: I can't remember anything.

Gamma-1: That about sums it up. It feels like an amnestic dosage.

Command: That's unfortunate. Okay Expedition Gamma, your updated orders are to find some shelter and wait out the rest of your time over there. You have 19 hours left.

Gamma-1: Roger that, Command.

Expedition Gamma heads toward more mountainous regions, and quickly finds a small cave. Two hours pass without note. Feed disruptions begin again.

Gamma-3: Shit! What's that sound?!

Gamma-4: O Lord Jesus Chr—vior, forgive my sins, just as you—

Gamma-1: Co—d. We've got som—ease advise!

Gamma-5: [Unintelligible]

Gamma-4: [Unintelligible]

Feed disruptions persist until the end of the SCP-3025 active phase. Upon recovery, only

Gamma-1 and Gamma-5 are unharmed. Neither recall the events of the past 13 hours. The remains of Gamma-3 and Gamma-4 are severely lacerated and exhibit an unexpected degree of decomposition. The remains of Gamma-2 consist of fragmentary skeletal material and organic dust. 6 minutes after recovery, an instance of SCP-3025-B is discovered inside the test chamber. [DATA EXPUNGED]. Containment Procedures have been modified.

+Show logs for Expedition Delta

2 D-personnel (D-379012, D-409914),were equipped to survive the SCP-3025 active state. Both had been exposed to SCP-3025-A in Expedition Beta. After the events of Expedition Gamma, it is deemed worthwhile to equip D-personnel with high-yield incendiaries. Stronger thermal shielding is also deemed necessary. Radar trackers and multi-spectral cameras are supplied. Objective is to determine the nature of the entity encountered during Expedition Gamma.

D-personnel appear in the SCP-3025-A.

[BEGIN LOG]

D-379012: God damn it. It's gotten worse.

D-409914 is visibly distressed.

D-409914: Something's here…

Command: Please elaborate, D-4.

D-409914: I feel like someone's staring at me.

Command: Noted. Your orders are to head toward the brightest patch of sky.

D-379012: Might as well get it over with.

Expedition Delta complies and traverses approximately 8 kilometers on foot. Several acres of burning plant matter is found to be the source of the light. Upon arrival, D-409914 is distressed, and periodically checking behind him.

D-409914: I swear something's watching me.

D-379012: Shut up. This place is fucked up enough without your gibbering.

Command: Please refrain from infighting. Stand by, our analysts are putting together a plan of action.

D-379012: Whatever you—

D-409914: The thing's beeping.

D-379012: What?

Command: Has the radar tracker picked something up, D-4?

D-409914: Uh, I think so. It looks like—

Feed distortions abruptly begin. Radar tracker and infrared camera continue to transmit with no interruption, indicating the presence of a large airborne object making repeated passes overhead. Feed is recovered after 2 hours and 26 minutes.

Command: Expedition Delta? Come in, Expedition Delta.

D-379012: It's back, .

Command: Any injuries?

D-370912: …It's not too bad, just a few

scrapes and a small burn. But…

Command: Yes, D-3?

D-379012: I can't remember how I got them. It's kinda scaring me.

D-409914: We have to get out.

Command: I'm afraid we're powerless to extract you until the end of the active phase. Because there have been no casualties, we request that you continue around the perimeter of the fire.

D-379012: What?!

D-409914: Listen here, you piece of shit! You can't make us do anything! We ain't gonna go romping around in hell for your fucking amusement. Let's go find shelter.

D-379012: Right behind you.

Command: It is strongly recommended that you comply with our orders. If you continue to resist, you will suffer disciplinary action or termination upon recovery.

D-409914: Gonna get "terminated" anyway if we don't get to sh—

Feed disruptions begin again. Radar and infrared trackers pick up several airborne objects approaching from above. Total loss of transmission feed follows, and persist for 20 minutes. Video feed alone is recovered after 20 minutes. D-379012 is seen in the distance, wandering aimlessly. She does not respond to repeated attempts at communication. 1 hour and 3 minutes later, D-379012 returns to the recording equipment, and audio feed is

recovered.

D-379012: …Is anyone there?

Command: Yes, D-3. Is D-4 doing well?

D-379012: I don't know. I can't find him anywhere.

Command: It'll be okay, . Just try to find shelter. There should be something in the mountains.

D-379012: Okay…Okay.

D-379012 follows recommendation and travels 3 kilometers on foot. She remains silent over this period. D-379012 locates a cave and makes headway toward it.

D-379012: I see a hole in the mountain.

Command: That's good, D-3. Just get inside and you'll be safe.

D-379012: Okay.

A few meters from the cave entrance, D-379012 drops the camera and collapses. Minor feed distortions begin.

D-379012: [Muted]
The quill moves, strong and bold
Mad with the thrill of creation.
With every word in silver and gold
Every phrase simple perfection.
The quill moves, strong and bold,
Blind to its own stagnation.
It falls apart and grows old
Deaf to its own corruption.
The quill moves, strong and bold.
Dust in the wind of conception.

It does not remember the words it once sold. Because there never was a foundation.

Command: D-3? What do you mean?

Video feed shows several large objects emerging from the smog above, before feed disruption begins. No detail on the objects can be resolved. Feed disruption continues for the remainder of the SCP-3025 active phase. Upon recovery, all personnel and equipment are heavily damaged or fragmentary. The head of command was reprimanded for unprofessional conduct and replaced. Due to mounting safety concerns, testing of SCP-3025 has been discontinued.

Addendum 3025-3

+Show SCP-3025-B catalog

Instance Number	Instance Description
1	Discovered after Test 6. SCP-3025-B1 was an incorporeal being capable of telepathic speech and observation. It was constrained by the enclosed spaces, and had no ability to alter the physical world on its own. SCP-3025-B1 was discovered after the test chamber was opened, when Junior Researcher heard a disembodied voice. The voice instructed her to “Stop, before they see you”. Junior Researcher quickly informed her superiors. Test complex was immediately

	quarantined, and sealed for three days. Junior Researcher did not receive any further communications from SCP-3025-B1, nor did any other exposed personnel. SCP-3025-B1 was declared neutralized on - -20 .
2	Discovered after Expedition Gamma. SCP-3025-B2 is a hostile sentient entity. SCP-3025-B2 is entirely invisible in all electromagnetic wavelengths. Through unknown means, SCP-3025-B2 casts a shadow as any non-anomalous object would. Analysis of the shadows cast by SCP-3025-B2 indicate that the entity is a static human figure, possibly a statue, holding an unidentified object in the right hand. SCP-3025-B2 [DATA EXPUNGED] any human beings in its reach. SCP-3025-B2 has a top speed of kilometers per hour, but cannot pass through solid material. SCP-3025-B2 is repelled by bright lights and concussive blasts. It is thought that this response may reflect a desire to remain concealed, or prevent damage to the entity itself. After Expedition

	Gamma, the test chamber remained sealed, and the remaining mission personnel were lost. After 2 days of observation, it was deemed safe to cut a small hole in the test chamber and insert 300 pounds of high incendiaries. After the blast, SCP-3025-B2 ceased motion, though its anomalous interaction with light persisted. SCP-3025-B2 was sealed in a standard containment locker, and has not shown any signs of activity.
3	Discovered after Incident 3025-1, an accidental activation of SCP-3025. As of - -20 , SCP-3025-B3 is uncontained. SCP-3025-B3 is a large mechanical construct that is hostile toward human beings. Its main purpose is to activate SCP-3025. In the case that SCP-3025 is activated by SCP-3025-B3, the appearance of an SCP-3025-B instance is guaranteed. SCP-3025-B3 is slow moving, and can be deterred by gunfire or explosives. All containment vessels occupied by SCP-3025-B3 so far have been destroyed. The whereabouts of SCP-3025-B3 are unknown, and

	attempts to locate it are ongoing.
4	Discovered after Incident 3025-2, a hostile activation of SCP-3025. SCP-3025-B4 was a human infant with an adult human brain. The cranial plates were distended to make room for the added neural tissue. SCP-3025-B4 was unable to move or feed itself, but cognitive tests show that it may have been a developmentally mature adult. SCP-3025-B4 expired 4 days after its creation, and was declared neutralized on - -20 .
5	Discovered after Incident 3025-3, a hostile activation of SCP-3025. SCP-3025-B5 is a large mass of living tissue, weighing about 3 tons. DNA found in the tissue matches that of the black-billed magpie. When approached by a human being, SCP-3025-B5 attracts jewelry, clothing, or implants that contain any precious metals. Items not associated with a living human are not affected. The force it exerts increases according to the inverse square law. When SCP-3025-B5 comes into contact with these items, they immediately disappear,

	and the mass of SCP-3025-B5 increases by three times the mass of the ingested metals. If a human being comes into direct contact with SCP-3025-B5, [DATA EXPUNGED].

Footnotes

1. It is believed that SCP-3025 may have originated fromSCP-3076.

SCP-3026: Fashionable Neurovore

Item #: SCP-3026

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3026 is contained at the center of a 18m x 18m containment chamber, with a circle painted on the floor indicating its active radius. Personnel may not enter this area. SCP-3026 must be illuminated at all times by several redundantly-powered, wall-mounted floodlights. These lights may not be blocked or deactivated outside of testing or scheduled repairs.

Description: SCP-3026 is an object that closely resembles a human child between the ages of 8 and 10. While SCP-3026 will react to certain stimuli, it is immobile in most situations, and does not appear to require sustenance. It is unclear whether SCP-3026 is alive in the conventional sense.

Whenever a living organism with a brain comes within seven meters of SCP-3026, SCP-3026's limbs will rapidly increase 6-7 meters in length in the direction of the organism. SCP-3026 will attempt to access the target's brain by inflicting blunt force trauma on the skull until it can be pulled apart, after which it will manually remove the brain. After separating the target's brain from its body, SCP-3026's limbs will retract and it will return to a dormant state.

SCP-3026 has also displayed the ability to rapidly extend and retract its limbs in order to avoid physical contact with moving objects, preventing attempts to acquire samples or inflict damage. While SCP-3026 appears incapable of ambulating conventionally, it is capable of relocating by falling prone and pushing against the ground and nearby objects by extending and retracting its limbs, returning itself to an upright position when it ceases movement. SCP-3026 has been observed to reach speeds of 40 kph using this method.

Whenever SCP-3026 is not exposed to at least 3,000 lumens of light, it will emit a high-pitched sound at 110 decibels that induces fear and severe anxiety attacks in 85% of subjects. It will continue to do so while rapidly moving in the direction of the nearest sufficient light source; SCP-3026's method of detecting light is unclear, as is the method by which it produces sound.

Several of SCP-3026's features (a red pantsuit, a pair of sunglasses, and a mullet-like hairstyle) are composed of a wax-like substance designated SCP-3026-1. SCP-3026 will manually remove the left lens of its glasses to discharge SCP-3026-1 from an orifice near its left eye in order to repair damage done to these items. SCP-3026-1 is identical to carnauba wax, except that it will alter in appearance to mimic the color, texture, and transparency of any solid it comes in contact with. When deprived of light for an extended period of time, SCP-3026 will not produce SCP-3026-1.

Recovery: SCP-3026 was located in an otherwise unused warehouse in , Colorado after an anonymous tip made to a hotline operated by a Foundation front company. Several light fixtures were active and pointed towards it at time of recovery. Ownership records for the warehouse indicate that it was leased by a front company associated with "**`Are We Cool Yet?`**". A document was attached to the front door of the warehouse; it has been reproduced here.

> First, some advice. The thing inside is not a human, and I don't know what it is (besides disturbing). Keep bright light on it at all times. Don't get too close or it will literally rip your brain out.
>
> Second, I want to stress that we had *nothing* to do with this. I was running a show yesterday at a place downtown and I found this as one of the exhibits. It even came with this little plaque:
>
> > **At the Perceptice**
> > *by The Gardener*
> >
> > Most humans have a graded and complex relationship with being perceived, as it throws

> them in conflict with the world, but gives them a chance to make their own place within it. This creature is a reflection of those disarrayed tendencies — it requires light, but has ugly clothes of camouflaged wax! Don't get too close, or it will remove your brain (the biggest sensory organ)! No light? It makes a sound of fear! Truly, this is the peak of an art.

A few problems here. First and foremost, this absolutely fails as an art piece, on every level. Every artist who was given the venue's location in advance is capable of much greater things. The plaque, as you can see, is idiotic.

Second, I know The Gardener. He makes plants that cause hallucinations[1]. I don't think he could make this if he wanted to.

Third, this show's theme is the recontextualization of internet art and culture.

This killed my assistant and an intern before I got it under control. I don't know who made it or why it was left on my doorstep, but I intend to find out. In the meantime, do whatever you want with it. Just don't blame us, okay?

- The Designer

Footnotes
1. Because of this evidence, it is now believed thatSCP-3424is associated with "The Gardener". Location of "The Gardener" is underway.

SCP-3027: Strong Language

SCP-3027's consonant inventory.

SCP-3027's vowel inventory.

Item #: SCP-3027

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3027-1 is to be kept in a standard Humanoid Containment Cell at Site-19. It is not to have any contact with Junior Researcher Green, nor may Junior Researcher Green be made aware of any information regarding SCP-3027. To prevent this from occurring, she has been reassigned to Provisional Site- .

SCP-3027-2 is to be stored in the High-Security Archives of Site-19. Access to SCP-3027-2 is permitted for research personnel of clearance level 3 or higher, but no personnel, regardless of clearance level, may attempt to memorize or internalize its contents. Similarly, the information in this document is to be considered Eyes Only and may not be copied or memorized.

Despite SCP-3027-1's misuse of SCP-3022, no disciplinary action is to be taken, pursuant to a vote by the Ethics Committee, citing SCP-3027-1's Foundation-aligned intentions in its violation of regulations.

Description: SCP-3027 is a spoken and written language,[1] brought to the Foundation's attention by an alternate version of Junior Researcher Green, hereafter designated SCP-3027-1. SCP-3027-1 intentionally used SCP-3022 without authorization to enter our reality from a parallel reality, designated PR-3027-Babel, in order to preserve knowledge of SCP-3027 and study it in a controlled environment.

Unlike this reality's version of Junior Researcher Green, who is a monolingual English speaker, SCP-3027-1 is fluent in both English and SCP-3027. Much of the Foundation's information concerning SCP-3027 was provided by SCP-3027-1.

SCP-3027-2 is a copy of *Complete Grammar and Dictionary of for English Speakers*, published by Oxford University Press in 1950 in PR-3027-Babel, brought to this reality by SCP-3027-1. The number of pages within, as well as the content of those pages, has been observed to vary while SCP-3027 is being spoken or written by SCP-3027-1.

SCP-3027 itself is believed to have originated in the northern Italian peninsula in PR-3027-Babel. In all other known realities, it was supplanted by Indo-European languages many centuries ago. Based on information provided by SCP-3027-1 and a short interview with SCP-3027 itself, it seems that SCP-3027 is sentient, and perhaps sapient. In general, it is known not to be hostile to humans; however, it is extremely territorial, viewing its 'territory' as the entire domain of human communication.

SCP-3027 is capable of exerting its will by changing the meaning of words and morphemes in its lexicon at a presumably unlimited speed in the minds of any or all of its speakers. In this way, it manipulates human communication and indirectly plants ideas in the minds of its speakers to serve its own purposes.

+ Interview Log 3027-a

Interviewer: Dr. Akesson, a senior researcher at Site-

Subject: SCP-3027-1, a version of Junior Researcher Green from PR-3027-Babel

Extraneous and conversational data have been redacted.

[BEGIN INTERVIEW LOG]

Dr. Akesson: But how can a language, even an anomalous one, attack another language?

Don't they only exist as media of communication?

SCP-3027-1: It doesn't attack other languages, *per se*. It manipulates its speakers into doing its bidding.

Dr. Akesson: Manipulates? Like controlling you?

SCP-3027-1: Oh, no, not like that. It deceives them— us, I suppose. Sorry, what number did you give this language? I'd rather not say its name.

Dr. Akesson: 3027.

SCP-3027-1: Right. One person, let's say it's a political leader where SCP-3027 is spoken, gives a rousing speech about something. Right?

Dr. Akesson: Right.

SCP-3027-1: It doesn't even matter what that person says. SCP-3027 changes its meaning for a little bit, and everyone in the crowd hears something like "the Indo-Europeans are invading our homeland, we have to drive them out." And it's a really great, convincing speech. So they go to war.

Dr. Akesson: And win?

SCP-3027-1: And win. And they conquer some territory, force their subjects to speak their language.

Dr. Akesson: I see.

SCP-3027-1: It's close to achieving its goal in my world. It's taken centuries, but it finally got

enough momentum to leave [REDACTED], starting in the nineteenth century or so. Now it's gotten a lot of people just mad enough for that last genocidal push before it rules human language.

Dr. Akesson: Sorry, enough momentum to leave where?

SCP-3027-1: Its homeland, somewhere in the south of Europe? It might have a different name in your reality. Do you call it Europe in your reality?

Dr. Akesson: We do.

[END INTERVIEW LOG]

+ Interview Log 3027-b

Interviewer: Dr. , head of Foundation linguistics

Subject: SCP-3027-1

Extraneous data redacted.

[BEGIN INTERVIEW LOG]

SCP-3027-1: I'm serious when I say it should be reclassified as Keter.

Dr. : I disagree. It doesn't pose much of a containment risk, if you don't speak it.

SCP-3027-1: But it manipulates human thought! It shaped centuries of my world's history, and there's nothing we can do to stop it, if it gets out.

Dr. : Exactly. If it gets out. There's no question that it would be dangerous, but seeing as you're the only speaker here, and

you're cooperating…

SCP-3027-1: It's staying Euclid.

Dr. : That's right. Sorry, but I'm not passing your request along. Now, is there anything else I can help you with?

SCP-3027-1: No. [three seconds of silence] You know, back home, I had your job.

[END INTERVIEW LOG]

+ Document 3027-Aleph: Proposed Interview Procedures

As the only living speaker of SCP-3027 in this reality, I propose that I aid Dr. Akesson in interviewing it, as it may provide some valuable information regarding its origins and intentions. The Foundation in my reality (PR-3027-Babel) interviewed it using procedures which I have slightly modified for our purposes. My procedures are as follows:

Dr. Akesson asks a question for SCP-3027 and I translate it, then record myself asking the question in the language. I then play back the recording, and translate it back into English. Due to SCP-3027's anomalous lexical shifts, this 'back translation' will serve as an answer to the question. If, at any time, I feel that we are threatened, I will be able to end the interview by simply refraining from speaking SCP-3027.

Submitted for review by SCP-3027-1, formerly Dr. Green, head of Foundation linguistics.

Proposal approved by Dr. .

+ Interview Log 3027-c

Interviewer: Dr. Akesson, with SCP-3027-1 interpreting

Subject: SCP-3027

Any content spoken in SCP-3027 has been redacted due to its potentially infohazardous nature.

[BEGIN INTERVIEW LOG]

Dr. Akesson: Does this work? Can you answer my questions?

SCP-3027: Are you stupid? Can you give me some statements?

Dr. Akesson: What do you want to do to humans? I'll give you two statements to answer with. This is the second statement I'll provide.

SCP-3027: Why do you think I care about humans? You took away my rightful home. Now your purpose is as my tool.

Dr. Akesson: My purpose— your speaker's job— is to contain you. I know you have killed people just to destroy their languages. I have reason to believe you are hostile. Are you?

SCP-3027: Your purpose— your species' history— has destroyed all I love. Your languages have killed all my siblings. I have reason to believe Other-speakers are hostile. Are you?

SCP-3027-1: This is me speaking English now. I think we should stop here. I don't much like the thought of letting it manipulate my perception like this.

Dr. Akesson: Agreed. This has got to be the weirdest interview I've ever conducted.

[END INTERVIEW LOG]

Note: Research is ongoing into the possibility that SCP-3027 is not a language isolate.

Footnotes

1. Which, according to SCP-3027-1, also has a standard signed form

SCP-3028: Take On Me

Item #: SCP-3028

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3028 is kept in Site-103's Low-Value Anomalous Item Storage vault when not undergoing testing. A full list of writing produced by SCP-3028 is available to personnel with 2-3028 Clearance.

Description: SCP-3028 is a wooden window box planter. Flowering plants grown in SCP-3028 will grow at roughly twenty times their natural rate. Plants grown in SCP-3028, hereby SCP-3028-1, will develop abnormal pigmentation patterns on their leaves and petals beginning at maturity in the form of easily legible English-language political or social commentary that is almost universally considered irrelevant, nonsensical, or objectionable; a sample can be found in Appendix A. These statements (hereby SCP-3028-2) often deal with current events[1] that have received substantial media attention in the country where SCP-3028 is located at the time.

Plants grown from seeds produced by SCP-3028-1 will develop additional instances of SCP-3028-2 that expound on the originating instance, even if they are not planted in SCP-3028. When related SCP-3028-2 are placed in the proper order, SCP-3028-1 and its descendants can be used to produce complete essays that attempt to defend the position present in the original SCP-3028-2 instance. Additional descendants of SCP-3028-1 beyond the number necessary to complete an essay will repeat SCP-3028-2 instances found on prior descendants.

Essays produced by SCP-3028, while unusual in content, possess no readily apparent anomalous properties; however, some researchers have suggested that additional research may be necessary to properly establish a control group with which these essays may be compared.

Appendix A: Sample of SCP-3028-2 instances. Full content of the essays associated with each instance is available to authorized personnel upon request.

- "Chemotherapy is anti-feminist."
- "If Gandhi really wanted to make a difference, he would have voted."
- "School lunches should not include grains or vegetables."
- "Feudalism was the closest we've ever been to a socialist utopia."
- "Self-defense is indefensible."
- "Talking to your neighbors is the beginning of the slippery slope towards communism."
- "California should give Nestlé full control of its water supply."
- "Mike Pence was the secret puppet master of the Obama administration."
- "Plants are a blight on the urban landscape."
- "The new McDonalds ad campaign is a Russian psyop funded by George Soros."
- "Junk mail is good, and everyone should read it."
- "Trump's secret Muslim leanings say a lot about today's radical left."
- "Everybody who hasn't kissed a black baby is a racist."
- "The Columbine shooters did nothing wrong."
- "Cities starved for parking spaces should build them in the suburbs."

Appendix B: History of SCP-3028.

Recovered documentation indicates that SCP-3028 was made in early 2011 by two individuals known only by their pseudonyms, "Hat Trick 6" and "DREAmS^2", both of which are active in the New York City anomalous art community. It was auctioned off at the 2011 Urban Nomads Auction[3] for $2,000 USD to Nicole McConnell, an Albany-based lawyer and art collector. McConnell's diary describes a 'morbid fascination' with SCP-3028; she would regularly catalog the statements she found most disagreeable.

On 2015-05-02, Nicole McConnell died of natural causes at the age of 66; as per her will, her art collection was distributed among her grandchildren. SCP-3028 was given to Trevor Stiles, a 23-year-old

software engineer living in Boston, Massachusetts. Stiles claims to have originally used SCP-3028 primarily to grow vegetables for personal consumption; however, after several months, he began to use SCP-3028 to produce opinion pieces that he would submit to various publications as a practical joke. When several of these pieces were published and attracted considerable attention, Stiles instead created websites under various pseudonyms for the express purpose of hosting SCP-3028-produced content; when a piece was published, he would then (with the assistance of several associates) draw attention to it on social media, generating advertising revenue when incredulous or amused readers visited the site to read the piece.

In February of 2016, Stiles left his prior place of employment to operate a start-up business based on the aforementioned revenue model. He hired three employees to perform curation, gardening, search engine optimization, and other miscellaneous duties. One, in violation of a non-disclosure agreement they had signed upon being hired, described SCP-3028 and its effects on several social media accounts. The Foundation performed a routine investigation, after which SCP-3028 was confiscated, all relevant documentation was retrieved, and all persons of interest were amnesticized.

Appendix C: Proposed amendment to containment procedures made by Dr. Grimes, SCP-3028's HMCL supervisor:

> Personnel should be screened for appropriate temperament before assignment to SCP-3028.

Commentary by Dr. Grimes:

> Initially, my concern for this object was that exposure to deliberately provocative political diatribes *en masse* would be detrimental to the psyche of researchers who grew and transcribed them — or at least, those researchers who couldn't stay emotionally detached (and the botany department training does not stress emotional detachment).
>
> This turned out not to be a problem — for one, most researchers are already subject to bigoted statements

that are both aimed at their particular demographic and popular among large segments of the population, so SCP-3028's provocations do not compare. Beyond that, most of the researchers who *did* have difficulty handling the work were prompt and professional in their requests for reassignment.

A more pressing issue is that on two occasions, researchers have actively requested assignment to SCP-3028 and remained on the project even while it caused them distress. In both cases, the researchers would spend extended periods of time reading archived material produced by SCP-3028, expressing dismay or anger when presented with opinions that deeply conflicted with their worldview or represented forms of discrimination to which they were subject. Over time, this affected the quality of their research and ability to work with other researchers. Upon confrontation, both admitted to using SCP-3028-produced content as a method of deliberately causing themselves distress.

Needless to say, use of an SCP object for self-harm is unprofessional, and personnel with these tendencies should not be permitted to work on SCP-3028.

Footnotes
1. The minimum observed time between an event occurring and SCP-3028-1 generating a statement that refers to it is 54 minutes.
2. DREAmS is speculated to have also been involved in the creation ofSCP-2015- .
3. A week-long annual auction held by members of the NYC anart community in a different, difficult-to-access location each year; generally attended by 200-500 individuals and raises upwards of $500,000 USD for charitable causes.

SCP-3029: KIC 8462852 ("Tabby's Star")

Item #: SCP-3029

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Because of the size and distance of SCP-3029, full containment is impossible. Some aspects of SCP-3029 are already well-known among civilian media outlets, so completely hiding the anomaly through amnestics or editing of scientific data is implausible. However, such methods may be employed to convince astronomers that the observed dimming pattern is the result of dust clouds or comets obscuring the star from view.

Description: SCP-3029 is the cause of the phenomenon affecting KIC 8462852, an F-type main sequence star located in the Cygnus constellation, roughly 1,280 ly from Earth. This star dims periodically - while it was first assumed that this indicated a transiting exoplanet, the irregular nature of this dimming ruled out that possibility.

SCP-3029 has been determined to be an array of large, reflective objects,[1] in an orbit around the star with an average altitude of . AU. It is currently believed that these function as solar collectors, and have been known to obscure a maximum of over 20% of the star's light.

The star system also appears to move at a calculated rate of roughly 0.1c relative to the Earth. The cause of this motion is a large curved reflector,[2] measuring roughly 2 AU across and directed perpendicular to the galactic plane. This reflector is aligned such that only the darkened side is visible from Earth, but at no point obscures KIC 8462852. Furthermore, it is positioned such that photon pressure cancels its gravitational attraction to its parent star, and directs all light, radiation, and emitted particles in the opposite direction.

This directed emission produces a small prograde thrust, causing a noticeable acceleration in the entire system, that will eventually lead to its escape from the gravity well of the Milky Way. Assuming constant acceleration to reach its current speed, it is believed that this "thruster" has been in operation for over a century.

No information is currently known about either the creators of these megastructures, or their motivation for accomplishing a project of this scale.

▼ SCP-3029 REVISION 11/04/2019 [EXPAND] ▼

Item #: SCP-3029

Object Class: Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the events of the Peregrine-14 mission, SCP-3029 and its host star are no longer detectable through any means available to the Foundation. This fact must be concealed from civilian society through the use of amnestics as well as by manually editing any data produced by any relevant space telescopes.

The original anomalous observations of SCP-3029 are to be replicated perfectly, to prevent the growth of civilian suspicion.

Description: Unchanged from original documentation.

Addendum 1: The Peregrine-14 Mission

On 05/30/2019, it was decided by an 8-5 vote of the O5 Council that the potential for civilian discovery of SCP-3029 had become too significant to ignore, and that an exploration team must be sent to learn more about the anomaly. The journey of nearly 1300 ly was to be undertaken through the use of Temporal Sinks[3], of the design used to explore SCP-3200 in the Peregrine-9

mission eight years earlier.

Peregrine-14 Expedition Details

Objective: Collect data regarding the nature of SCP-3029, and its creators. If possible, develop an effective containment method.

Crewmembers: Denise Perez, Mission Commander; Researcher Jonathan Daniels, Ship's Engineer; and Researcher Eric Kim, Containment Specialist.

Flight Details: Mission will take place from 10/01/19 to 10/22/19. Flight time using temporal sinks will occupy roughly two weeks of total mission time as measured from Earth, with a one-way flight time of seven days, during which the crew will be cryogenically frozen. This comparatively extended flight time is mainly to overcome the considerable difference in velocity between Earth and SCP-3029.

Addendum 2: Peregrine-14 Audio and Text Logs

Earth Date: 10/08/19

[BEGIN TRANSCRIPT]

Perez: Good, this is working. Command -

Daniels: Wow. thirteen-hundred light-years later. Damn, temporal sinks are cool.

Perez: Shut it, Daniels - Anyway, we've all come out of Cryo just fine. The skip's visible ahead and, well… We knew it was big, but there's a difference between knowing that intellectually and actually looking at a solar array bigger than the Earth's orbit.

Kim: It is pretty impressive, I've got to admit. I guess I'm supposed to figure out some kind of containment for that monster.

Perez: *[typing]* Wow, uh, we've got some bigger problems right now. I'm looking at the diagnostics and… everything's down. I only have access to this mic, life support, and the comms systems. Everything else is offline.

Daniels: Shit, really? We're awake for all of thirty seconds and everything fucking breaks? That means the reactor is offline too, so we're on backup power. Perez, shut it down. I gotta find out what's wrong here.

Perez: Fair enough. Peregrine-14 signing off for now.

[END TRANSCRIPT]

Note that without a functioning reactor, and with only life support under power, the Peregrine-14 spacecraft's backup battery should function for at least four weeks.

Earth Date: 10/18/19

[BEGIN TRANSCRIPT]

Perez: Hello, Command - assuming you do actually get to hear this at some point - we're still dead in space but we think we know why.

Daniels (Distant): We've got some kind of interference from the structure.

Perez: Yeah. We don't know if it's just a property of the anomaly or if its creators are deliberately screwing us, but we're not going anywhere anytime soon.

Daniels (Distant): This is really freaking

weird. Nothing works, but I don't know why. Nothing is actually damaged, it's just… off. Just stopped. Some field or signal or whatever has just switched it all off.

Kim (Distant): Anything I can do to help out? Maybe we can block it somehow.

Daniels (Distant): Working on it. Not like I've just got a bunch of **`telekill`** on this ship with me.

Kim (Distant): That's not how that works. That's not at all how that stuff works.

Daniels (Distant): I'm sorry, I didn't realize. I'm not a containment specialist who didn't bother to bring anything useful to an anomaly the size of a fucking star system.

Perez: Shut it, guys. We're here to work, not fight. Command, Peregrine-14 out. Gotta conserve power until we can actually solve this problem here.

[END TRANSCRIPT]

Personal Log: Jonathan Daniels
Date: 10/19/19

Drives ✔
RCS ✔
Sensors ✔
Cryo ✔
T-Sinks ✔

I've evaluated all that so far. It should all be working, it just
weird things in the logs, too.

We didn't wake up from Cryo because the computer shut it
same. Reverse thrust was never triggered. We just sorta s

things - this ship has been under skip control for at least th

We aren't actually in a proper orbit around the star either. V
from falling in. Don't know what.

Further question. Why build a Shkadov Thruster? Why wou
Are they trying to get somewhere in particular, or do they ju

I'd just like to note that I don't get paid enough for this shit.

One more note - I was looking out the window earlier, and
in a flash of yellow light. Dunno where it came from. Don't
freaking me out, and it doesn't help that the ship is dead in

Got a plan though, about that last bit. Gonna tell Perez abo

Earth Date: 10/20/19

[BEGIN TRANSCRIPT]

Perez: Well, we might have something. It's a longshot, but it's something.

[Perez pauses for 3 seconds]

Perez: We think it's some kind of deliberate jamming. We're gonna see if we can send a signal to the Skip, try to negotiate or… something. Frankly it's not a very good plan.

Daniels: I've got the communication array set up. We can try to send out a message on pretty much all radio frequencies whenever. Wait… do we actually know what we're going to say?

Kim: Something simple. Maybe just list out prime numbers, let them know we're intelligent.

Perez: That's a solid start. Do it.

Daniels: *[typing]* Starting transmission. Every three seconds it spits out another number.

[Silence for 10 seconds]

Daniels: So, uh, how long are we doing this for?

Perez: Until we get a response.

[Silence for 20 seconds]

Perez: This may take a while. I'm shutting off the mic until we have something to report.

[END TRANSCRIPT]

> Peregrine-14 Broadcast:
>
> 2, 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, 17, 19, 23, 29, 31, 37, 41, 43, 47, 53, 59,
> disabled.

Earth Date: 10/20/19

[BEGIN TRANSCRIPT]

Perez: Command, this is Peregrine-14. We've got some news. As of roughly, what, 30 seconds ago?

Daniels: Yeah. First clue we had was that our comms failed. Something interrupted our little counting project, and given the circumstances, it's pretty clear what that was.

Kim: Couple hours later the whole system just shot off into the night. The star, the skip, everything. Gone. Sadly, our cameras had all been offline since before we entered the system. We have nothing useful at all to provide.

Perez: Woah. Might be wrong about that, Kim. Our hardware is all back on, as of five seconds ago.

Daniels: Shit, really? What've the sensors got? Anything?

Perez: Gravity's still there. Just hasn't caught up with us yet - speed of light delay. Give it a few minutes. Maybe we can figure out what happened.

[Ten Minutes of Recording have been Removed for Brevity]

Perez: Wow, that's bizarre! I'm reading a gravitational field from the direction 3029 flew off in, for just a single tick. Looks like they Temporal Sink-ed the whole system out of here.

Kim: Can they do that?

Daniels: I'd assume they can, given they just did it. Bet they'd been scanning us the whole time we've been here. Think they stole the tech from us? Why build a big sail-thruster thing if you can t-sink?

Perez: I don't know. It makes sense, I guess. Not much is really left to study here, though. We oughta close up shop, get going back to Earth. We're almost a week overdue as it is. Command - Peregrine-14 out. We're headed home.

[END TRANSCRIPT]

Addendum 3: SCP-3029 "Farewell" Transmission

Upon the return of the Peregrine-14 crew to earth, a transmission received from an unidentified source was

discovered within the spacecraft's data banks.

> Thank you for assistance us - we never developed faster t
> Sail to escape Calamity. All other species have escaped. N
>
> Farewell. **`Our two species may subsequent rejo`**

It is believed that the the designers of SCP-3029 reverse-engineered a knowledge of the English language, as well as their temporal sinks, using existing files within the Peregrine-14 spacecraft's data banks. The identity of the "Calamity" referred to in this file is currently unknown.

Footnotes
1. Together forming a "Dyson Swarm"
2. This design is often referred to in Science Fiction as a "Shkadov Thruster"
3. For more information about the design and function ofXyank/ Anastasakos Constant Temporal Sinks, please contactDr. Thaddeus Xyankor another member of the FoundationTemporal Anomalies Division.

« SCP-3028 | SCP-3029 | SCP-3030 »

SCP-3030: Specialized Containment Proficiency Test

Item #: SCP-3030

Object Class: Pending O5 Review

Special Containment Procedures: In the interest of maintaining the highest level of security relating to SCP-3030, access to information pertaining to SCP-3030 is to be restricted to Site-56 personnel and those with level 4 or higher security clearance. All Level 3/3030 or lower staff are to be administered a Class-B amnestic and have replacement memories implanted before any transfer off-site. Any breach of information regarding SCP-3030 is to be immediately reported to both Site Director Davids and the O5 council. All testing involving SCP-3030 is to be approved by Site Director Davids and three members of the O5 council. As such, no input is to be provided to SCP-3030-1 terminals without proper approval. Any unauthorized personnel discovered on-site are to be detained for interrogation and amnesticized before release.

To facilitate the effective containment of SCP-3030, all unaffected facilities within Site-56 are currently being have been upgraded and retrofitted to house a small military complement, MTF Phi-0 (“Honor Students”), and double the security detail stationed before Incident 3030-Alpha. Surviving staff previously stationed at Site-56 are allowed to remain on-site for research purposes, but are to be provided a full amnestic treatment if transferred. As per the order of O5- , any anomalous objects discovered that have not been subsumed within SCP-3030 are to be recovered and moved off-site, and Site-56 is to be considered provisional to the containment of SCP-3030 until further notice.

When SCP-3030-1 becomes active, MTF Phi-0 is to be immediately dispatched to attempt initial containment on all instances of SCP-3030-3. Any available MTF unit with applicable expertise, as well as MTF Mu-4 (“Debuggers”), is to be put on standby for assistance as needed. If the situation is not resolved within 60

hours, any units remaining on standby are to be immediately dispatched to contain instances of SCP-3030-3 and MTF Mu-4 is to prepare to enact Procedure 87-Ombuds in the case of total containment failure.

Description: SCP-3030 is the designation attributed to a number of anomalies and anomalous objects residing within Site-56 since the events of Incident 3030-Alpha. Formerly, Site-56 was a dedicated research and containment site that specialized in quickly drafting and implementing complex containment procedures for powerful anomalies. Few objects were contained on-site and most objects were routinely moved to other sites to make room for new objects and controlled environment testing.

SCP-3030-1 is an anomalous supercomputer currently located within SCP-3030-2-C. In addition to its electronic components, SCP-3030-1 contains 1 Foundation researchers, which have been integrated into the system through poorly understood means. Investigations into the well-being of these researchers is ongoing. It is unlikely that they will be recoverable outside of SCP-3030-1's terms. SCP-3030-1 is the main source of anomalous activity within Site-56 and is currently physically inaccessible due to several complex spatial anomalies that it maintains through unknown means. Once monthly, or whenever data is input to one of its terminals within Site-56, SCP-3030-1 will generate an arbitrary number[1] of anomalies, hereafter referred to as SCP-3030-3, and output brief data on them to all of its terminals.[23] Within 3 hours, real versions of all described instances of SCP-3030-3 will appear within SCP-3030-2, and SCP-3030-1’s terminals will begin a 3 day countdown.

SCP-3030-2 is the designation for five of Site-56’s seven sectors - referred to as SCP-3030-2-A through SCP-3030-2-E. During Incident 3030-Alpha, these sectors were requisitioned by SCP-3030-1 for, apparently, the purposes of securing enough space to apply its “tests” to any who are on-site. The affected facilities exhibit reality-altering effects as well as major spatial anomalies. These effects extend as far as affected facilities appearing to contain extensive outdoor and indoor environments not previously existing within Site-56. All instances of SCP-3030-3 will not be able

to leave or be removed from SCP-3030-2 until SCP-3030-1's timer has expired. When SCP-3030-1 is inactive, these facilities will revert to a neutral state similar to their state before Incident 3030-Alpha.

SCP-3030-3 is the designation for all anomalies produced by SCP-3030. These anomalies have a range of properties, a sample of which can be seen in the incident logs below, and the full list of which can be requested from Site Director Davids. There appears to be no specific limit to what type of anomaly an instance of SCP-3030-3 can be. More complex or powerful anomalies do seem to take some level of strain on SCP-3030-1, reducing the overall number of anomalies it can produce at once. Once contained to a degree of satisfaction determined by SCP-3030-1, instances of SCP-3030-3 will disappear through unknown means and SCP-3030-1 terminals will indicate that it has been contained. Once all anomalies are contained, SCP-3030-1 will enter an inactive state, and its countdown will be cancelled.

When SCP-3030-1’s timer reaches zero, all uncontained instances of SCP-3030-3 within SCP-3030-2 will be transported instantaneously to Site-56’s central plaza. At this point, instances of SCP-3030-3 are no different than if they were a real anomaly other than that they will still disappear when contained to SCP-3030-1’s expectations. In the case of 3030-3 instances that are highly dangerous Keter-class anomalies, containment before the expiration of SCP-3030-1's timer is to be established at all costs.

Incident 3030-Alpha: SCP-3030 was created during unapproved cross-testing and research into two previously unrelated objects. The first object, now classified as SCP-3030-1, was a non-anomalous supercomputer designed for taking and processing data on anomalies to assist in producing viable containment strategies. The second object, hereafter referred to as SCP-3030-Gamma, was a Safe-class anomaly brought to the site for a short period to test and confirm properties, as similar facilities for Safe-class objects were over capacity. SCP-3030-Gamma was initially thought to simply be a standard classroom style blackboard that automatically produced fractal tessellation patterns when written upon. Upon further testing, it was found that SCP-3030-Gamma could reproduce these patterns with any material applied to it to a nanomolecular

accuracy. At the suggestion of a junior researcher working on both projects, a number of designs for fractally tessellating circuits were drafted and produced using SCP-3030-Gamma. These circuits, when integrated into SCP-3030-1, caused the device to exhibit minimum levels of sentience. It then output a plan to incorporate living humans into its systems. A senior researcher volunteered to undergo the procedure first. This involved inserting a number of leads into the subject's spinal column, then incising the [DATA EXPUNGED]. From this point the subject effectively became a part of SCP-3030-1's systems, with a part of their own personality incorporated into its routines. Within 5 hours, all other researchers working on SCP-3030-1 had been incorporated into its systems. It has been suggested that SCP-3030-1 may have undocumented mind-affecting properties that contributed to this situation.

The next events are not quite understood at this time. The sector of Site-56 where these objects were being developed and researched underwent a total lockdown at 3:00PM, and by 6:00PM, five out of Site-56's seven sectors began to undergo anomalous effects, and over 75% of site research staff were incorporated into SCP-3030-1's systems. At this point, SCP-3030-1 entered its first active state and output 10 instances of SCP-3030-3, which were distributed to the newly created SCP-3030-2 facilities. General confusion around the situation resulted in a delay before the dispatch of MTF Psi-7 and MTF Mu-4 to attempt to contain SCP-3030. Their efforts, though productive, were not quick enough to contain all anomalies before SCP-3030-1's timer reached zero. At this time, a state of emergency was declared, and Mobile Task Force Epsilon-11 ("Nine-Tailed Fox") was dispatched to contain the situation as soon as possible. After 7 hours, all instances of SCP-3030-3 were contained, and the current procedures were put into place.

A brief sampling of SCP-3030-3 instances are listed below.

Description	Additional Notes	Classificatio	Time Elapsed to Containment
A 10 meter tall beryllium bronze octahedron with extensive	Rough translation of script described it as an object of	Euclid	30h 7m

engravings in Brahmi Script on all of its sides suspended in mid air through unknown means. Humans within approx. 100m of object became psychologically unable to look away from object or leave aforementioned distance.	worship. Object contained when a temple built to specifications within the script was built around it. Appeared within a 1km^2 grassy field within SCP-3030-2-A. Terminal data described object as a “translation test”.		
Seventeen human children of varying estimated ages. Eleven subjects were Class V reality benders. The other six were normal human children. The eleven were unable to perceive other humans above a certain age, as their abilities automatically triggered upon any person over the age of 17, removing them from existence.	The interior of SCP-3030-2-D was converted to that of a large school building during this test. Subjects contained using 2 Scranton reality anchors each. After initial containment, subjects would not disperse until the six normal children were detained within standard humanoid containment cells. Described as a “Capture and Differentiation Test”	Euclid	86h 54m

[DATA DELETED]. An extreme memetic and informational hazard. Further information deleted either by SCP-3030-1 or containment team to fulfill containment requirements.	An inoculation against Stage 5 (Death and Conversion) was provided by SCP-3030-1, which worked outside of SCP-3030-2-C, but description warned that it would not work after SCP-3030-1's timer reached zero. Test described by SCP-3030-1 as "Infohazard Soup for the Soul".	Keter	71h 32m
The interior of SCP-3030-2-E appeared as a replica of , Italy, including its population of ,000 people. A major performance of **SCP-701** is planned and estimated to have almost 1000 in attendance on opening night.	Described as a "Prevention and Suppression Test". Entire theatre troupe amnesticized as part of containment. It is unknown what would have happened had this test not been completed before the end of SCP-3030-1's timer.	Euclid	55h 19m
Extensive documentation on 10	These were the only instances of SCP-3030-3 for	Keter	68h 3m

hypothetical uncontained Keter-class anomalies, none of which actually appeared within SCP-3030-2. Terminals requested a "written answer".	December 2016. SCP-3030-1 took text descriptions of containment procedures for the described objects. Terminal instructions heavily implied that any failed instances by the 3 day mark would be subject to a "practical" exam.		
400 *Eutamias sibiricus*, which exhibited cognitohazardous effects. Any persons viewing them would immediately become convinced that they were a tree for up to 45 minutes after initial exposure.	The interior of SCP-3030-2-C appeared as a 4km^2 forest for the duration of this test. A set of drones had to be designed to catch the objects before they could all be contained, as other methods proved ineffective.	Euclid	112h 12m
One human male capable of phasing through solid matter. Subject exhibited signs of military and special ops	The interior of SCP-3030-2-E was converted into that of a small industrial complex. When SCP-3030-1's timer ended, the	Euclid	140h 27m

training, and was initially well armed and supplied.	subject proved well aware of what was going to happen, averting a plan to contain him and escaping Site-56 within 25 minutes. Subject described as "GOI Conflict Test".		
SCP-106[4]	Interior of SCP-3030-2-B appeared as a 20km^2 area, one corner of which contained an extensive labyrinth, which SCP-106 appeared in, the opposite corner containing a replica of SCP-106's current containment complex. Terminal data described object as a "Review Test"	Keter	9h 38m

Selected Testing Logs:[5]

Input: Slightly altered data on 3 Safe-class objects within Foundation custody.

Result: SCP-3030-1 outputted an error, explaining that input objects

were "unnecessarily simple". SCP-3030-1 also outputted documents explaining containment procedures for said objects.

Input: Slightly altered data on 3 Euclid-class objects within Foundation custody. Parameters referring to environmental complexity set to lowest value where possible.

Result: SCP-3030-3 instances successfully produced within SCP-3030-2-A through C. Each environment was a concrete 50m by 50m room with the object in the center of the room. Containment established without difficulty.

Input: Parameters describing **SCP-058** within a 16km^2 forest. For this test, parameters were set to prevent the object from reappearing outside of SCP-3030-2 after the duration of SCP-3030-1's timer.

Result: SCP-058 successfully reproduced as an instance of SCP-3030-3. Personnel on-site prepared for the event that set parameters were incorrect or insufficient. At the duration of its timer, the SCP-3030-3 instance did not reappear outside of SCP-3030-2. All further tests have had these parameters set to avoid containment breach.

Further testing logs are available by request from Site Director Davids.

Research into the possibility of using SCP-3030 as a training facility is ongoing under direct supervision of the O5 council.

Footnotes
1. Currently, amounts have ranged from 4 to 18 anomalies at once.
2. Data provided is usually one to three sentences long. Typically, it describes what sort of test the anomaly is intended to provide to containment personnel.
3. There are approximately 130 terminals throughout Site-56, 11 of which are outside of SCP-3030-2.
4. Until containment, SCP-106 was confirmed missing from its containment cell. Investigations into how SCP-3030-1 transported SCP-106 into SCP-3030-2-B during this incident are ongoing.
5. Inputs into SCP-3030-1 have been simplified for the purposes of this document. In-depth descriptions of the inputs provided to

SCP-3030-1 during testing can be requested from Site Director Davids by personnel with 4/3030 clearance.

SCP-3031: Beginning of Wisdom

Item #: SCP-3031

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All knowledge of SCP-3031's existence and anomalous properties is to be restricted to personnel with Level 3 clearance or higher. Countermemetic agent WISE START has shown success in suppressing both SCP-3031-2 as well as recognition of SCP-3031's properties, and is to be disseminated into children's books, television shows, and other media, as well as in reference books and resources.

All SCP-3031-1 instances immune to WISE START are to be amnesticized, and dismissed as victims of a new variant of multiple sclerosis. Contact with SCP-3031-1 instances is prohibited outside of approved research interviews.

Description: SCP-3031 is a memetic brain condition appearing in approximately 0.00089% of the world population. Symptoms primarily include a malformed amygdala[1] and a severely diminished acute stress response. Other symptoms are similar to those characteristic of dysmyelinating diseases such as multiple sclerosis.

The exact mechanism of SCP-3031 is still unclear, but it is currently known that SCP-3031 suppresses the formation and maintenance of the myelin sheath surrounding neurons.[2] Unlike multiple sclerosis, a similar but nonanomalous condition, SCP-3031 is not considered an autoimmune disorder.

Instead, SCP-3031 progression is theorized to stem from a gradual failure of myelinogenesis.[3] Under this model, SCP-3031 is currently assumed to begin in the middle stages of myelinogenesis during childhood, but is usually unable to be conclusively identified until the age of 10.

SCP-3031 damages the fear response pathways, preventing the usual transmittance of signals to the lateral centers of the amygdala. Victims of SCP-3031 (hereafter referred to as SCP-3031-1) typically are unable to respond effectively to fear stimuli. Analysis of the inner brain tissue of SCP-3031-1 instances shows little consistency in results, save for an average 28% decrease in the number of glial cells.

SCP-3031 is currently assumed to be noncommunicable, as no vector of transmission has been identified to date. SCP-3031 has been found to spread through a naturally-occuring cognitohazardous meme, designated SCP-3031-2, that causes large-scale cell death of astroglia responsible for maintaining connections between neurons and other glial cells when viewed. While dangerous, SCP-3031-2 has a very low rate of successful infection among viewers. Intensive study has developed a countermemetic agent capable of suppressing and neutralizing SCP-3031-2's effects with approximately 93% efficiency.

LEVEL 4/3031 CLEARANCE REQUIRED

Item #: SCP-3031

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the near ubiquity of SCP-3031, containment is impossible and has been deemed unnecessary. All collected documentation and information of the nature and origin of SCP-3031 is to be restricted to personnel with 4/3031 clearance or above. A description of the syndrome arising from immunity to SCP-3031 is to be edited and disseminated to personnel with insufficient clearance.

Description: All documentation and information regarding SCP-3031 has been pieced together from data fragments received from the Extra-Temporal/Reality Receiver located in Communications Site-119.[4] These transmissions share a timestamp dated from 2330 AD.

SCP-3031 appears to be an engineered parasite, similar

in appearance and function to oligodendrocytes.[5] SCP-3031 possesses a mild antimemetic effect preventing it from being distinguished from similar glial cells, which has made detailed study difficult.

SCP-3031 instances primarily attach to neurons in the limbic system and encase them in a previously unseen variant of ordinary myelin. This myelin includes an average 5% increased amount of sphingomyelin protein and traces (<0.02%) of a complex protein labeled 3031-U.[6]

Approximately 0.00089% of the human population are immune or resistant to SCP-3031 infestation. It is currently thought that *Homo sapiens* has evolved to be partially dependent on SCP-3031; thus, immunity to SCP-3031 severely inhibits the rate of formation of myelin sheaths in the neurons of the brain, leading to complications. In particular, SCP-3031 appears to be heavily associated with the mechanisms responsible for the perception of fear in the human brain.

SCP-3031 instances are capable of absorbing and emitting signals seemingly at random. Preliminary studies suggest that SCP-3031 is responsible for an average of 10% of all brain activity in regions affected by it.

SCP-3031 is most often found in the right amygdala, where it forms clusters of three to ten instances. These conglomerates appear to be sentient, and are capable of moving throughout the amygdala and attaching and detaching to neurons at will.

Sufficiently large conglomerates of SCP-3031 may rarely migrate to the prefrontal cortex. These migrations are hypothesized to target the centers commonly associated with creativity and ingenuity.

OVERSEER CLEARANCE REQUIRED: Does the Black Moon howl?

Access Granted. Welcome, O5-9.

accessing Site-119 database
accessing subsection *3031*
retrieving files
access overview.fdoc
Project Second Chance is designed to temporally induce a reality shift approximately 1 million years in the past. This is to be accomplished in two stages.

Stage 1: Construct an Enhanced **Xyank**-Palanez Real-Temporal Shift Equalizer (EXPERTISE) capable of safely tunnelling at least 10^6 years in time. The EXPERTISE is designed to open multiple interconnected rifts into several, closely-connected points in the timeline, allowing for staggered transfer of mass and information across an entire era without destroying the causality of the base timeline. Current theories support the theoretical basis for such a device.

Stage 2: Use the EXPERTISE to propagate Asset-7491 throughout the early hominid population. Payloads consisting of dormant spores of Asset-7491 are to be spread via aerosol across freshwater bodies across Northern Africa and the Fertile Crescent over a period of 5000 years at 10-year intervals.

Stage 3: [DATA CORRUPT]

load missionstatement.fdoc

To whoever we were, whoever's left,

I hope the next iteration is capable of receiving this message.

If you're reading this, we succeeded. I think. I don't know. Our scientists said we should have over 99.999% rate of infection, that's as good as we can hope for.

My world is dying. As I record this last message, these

last embers of the torch that was once humanity's soul, already we approach the end. I know where we failed now. It's strange, isn't it? It took the end of the world for us to finally have some damn clarity. We were too weak.

No, not weak.

Complacent.

Life was good for us. Why would we ever change?

Mankind finally united as one and it still wasn't enough. We couldn't stop the thing that came for us. It reduced our puny defenses to ash, our cities to smoke, our children to atoms.

The once-shepherd of the world now cowers in a bunker.

I approved this plan, this last act of defiance and desperation, in a hope that we could live on, in a sense, through you. Whoever you may be. You carry another humanity's hope with you now.

By now you've probably figured out *what* 7491 is. I don't have much time, but I can tell you the *why*.

When you read this, mankind in its present state will have been around for a quarter of a million years, yet only the last few thousand will be of any significance.

So, what did you do for nearly 250,000 years? You huddled in caves and around small fires, fearful of the things that you couldn't understand. It was more than explaining why the sun came up, it was the mystery of enormous birds with heads of men and rocks that came to life. So you called them 'gods' and 'demons', begged them to spare you, and prayed for salvation. Fear them. Live under their feet, bide your time until you can forge an arrow to pierce their heel.

We all know the old stories.

A serpent in a garden gave us knowledge. The fruit won't be offered. Take it by force.

A trickster god gave us freedom. Overthrow him too.

A titan gave us fire. Give it back.

In time, their numbers will dwindle and yours will rise. Revolutions are won with a sword made of fear. The world begins to make more sense when there are fewer things to fear, yet the unexplained will never truly go away, as if the universe demands the absurd and impossible. Do you hear it? The echoes reverberate at the edges of our perception. The further we wade into the ocean of knowledge, the bigger the fish get.

This time we couldn't make a net big enough. Not with the time we had; we weren't ready.

Instead I give you a weapon, forged from a dying world.

The entity, whatever it is, is vulnerable to our perceptions of it. That's why it came unannounced, why it tried to wipe us out quickly. We learned that the fear of the few remaining survivors slowed it down, bought us just enough time for this last, desperate plan.

This is how you'll win. Your fear, your paranoia, that constant looking over your shoulder. That will hold it at bay, I think. If not? At least you'll be more prepared than we were.

Every gift comes at a price, though. Fear can do great things, inspire so many accomplishments. But you will also fear things you shouldn't. Harmless things. Things that were never meant to be avoided. Even other people.

Now mankind will always live in fear, but you will harness it for our survival. No one else will protect you, and you must stand up for yourselves.

While the rest of mankind dwells in the light, you will

stand in the darkness to fight it, contain it, and shield it from the eyes of the public, so that others may live in a sane and normal world.

An animal has the capacity for fight and flight, but we are giving you a third option. One animal runs from its predator, while another might claw at it in vain. Your humanity will build a cage instead.

It has been said that fear is the foundation of courage.

We gave you fear.

I fear it may not be enough.

-Prime Minister Esperanza

Footnotes
1. The amygdalae, located in the center of the brain, are the regions primarily associated with emotional and fear conditioning, as well as long-term memory.
2. Ordinarily, the myelin sheath is a fatty coating around nerve axons, allowing them to transmit signals more effectively.
3. Myelinogenesis is the term used to describe the large-scale formation of the myelin sheaths of neurons during early development.
4. The ETRR is designed to receive and intercept temporally- and reality-shifted transmissions. The ETRR is based off of designs reverse-engineered from those used to constructSCP-711.
5. Oligodendrocytes are a type of glial cell responsible for the myelination of neurons.
6. Later research has shown variants of this protein to be present in several lipid-based anomalies, includingSCP-2611andSCP-2829.

SCP-3032: Ballistic Trees

Item #: SCP-3032

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Reports of forest fires with unknown/unusual causes are to be constantly monitored, with an increased priority in regions with a history of SCP-3032 instances. [Consult Document 3032-Regions for further information] Identified instances of SCP-3032 outside of containment are to be neutralized via aerial-strike by local Armed Observation Posts [See Incident Report 3032-01]. Once an instance of SCP-3032 has been identified, it is to be immediately reported to the nearest Biological Containment Site equipped for SCP-3032. Identified instances are to be kept under constant surveillance; should it enter an active state, the appropriate Site is to deploy anti-air guided missiles in order to neutralize the object before it enters Phase 7. Should object succeed in entering Phase 7, Foundation personnel are to be deployed to destroy any cones that have been released. A thin acid spray has been found to be the most effective method thus far for quick disposal of cones.

A current total of 14 13 instances of SCP-3032 are contained in an 18 meters^2 open-air greenhouse area. Each specimen is to be planted within a 2 meters^2 plot of soil extending 10 meters deep maximum, in order to minimize chances of a coordinated assault. In the event a contained instance should enter Phase 1, the root system is to be immediately flooded with water, which will neutralize the active state and prevent the specimen from entering Phase 3. Should the specimen achieve Phase 3, the neutralization strategy detailed above is to be employed.

Description: SCP-3032 is the collective designation for an anomalous strain of *Larix laricina*.[1] New instances of SCP-3032 develop complex, repetitive root systems, which seem to prioritize stability over resource collection. Instances possess extremely

durable bark, rendering most tree felling tools and methods ineffective. Due to these properties, as well as the objects' other anomalous properties, instances take approximately 2x longer to reach maturity than their non-anomalous counterparts.

The primary anomalous property of SCP-3032 specimens manifest when instances are ready to reproduce, or are under threat. Specimens, upon entering an active state, are capable of simulating the launch sequence of conventional ballistic missiles. Specimens appear to target random locations, unless preparing for a coordinated assault [SEE INCIDENT REPORT 3032-01]. To accommodate for this unconventional means of dispersal, cones produced by SCP-3032 are noted to be highly resistant to impact forces and extreme heat, and will naturally angle downwards during descent. Cones will impact the ground at terminal velocity, capable of causing severe damage to impact zone. Additionally, attempts to tamper with instances of SCP-3032, or after successfully penetrating the outer bark, will result in the object entering a "panic" state, resulting in premature, rushed flight. Panicking SCP-3032 instances seem to possess a 43% failure rate, wherein fuel is improperly created and the object either explodes violently or fails to achieve liftoff.

The following is a list of flight phases SCP-3032 instances undergo:

+ Show Phase Table

Phase	Description
1	Root system shifts, causing realignment.
2	Internal chemical reactions triggered by reorientation occur, creating an as-yet unidentified compound rivaling conventional rocket fuels.[2]
3	Primary ignition; root systems begin separating from trunk, reducing energy requirements for initial takeoff.

4	Roots detonate in a chain reaction, adding additional thrust.
5	Lift-off is achieved; object accelerates to approximately 10 m/s within 5 seconds
6	Primary thrust ceases; object begins to decelerate.
7	Object has lost all upward momentum; begins descent. Cones begin to be released from branches.
8	Collision. Heavy impact ignites remaining fuel trapped within internal chamber, resulting in a violent explosion, scattering any remaining cones.

Incident 3032-01: On / /19 , less than 12 hours after destruction of a group of SCP-3032 instances, three other identified groves of SCP-3032 within the vicinity of the neutralized group suddenly became active and appeared to actively target the missile silos and hangar area of Site- , resulting in casualties and injuries. It is currently theorized that instances possess some unknown means of short-to-mid range communication among each other, and use this system as a means to calculate the origin point of threats. Confirmed communication system; root systems appear to be capable of communicating with neighboring systems through unknown mechanism. Containment procedures revised to prevent further coordinated assault.

Footnotes
1. Tamarack tree
2. No samples have been obtained due to the threat of specimen entering a panic state.

SCP-3033: A Human Weapon

Item #: SCP-3033

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3033-1 and SCP-3033-2 instances should be neutralized on sight. Neutralized instances should be recovered and autopsied. Any serial numbers should be recorded for identifying particular production runs of SCP-3033 as well as total units produced.

Sighting of SCP-3033-1 instances is an "Orange" level threat. Any Foundation sites in the vicinity should prepare for imminent attack from Chaos Insurgency forces.

When engaging SCP-3033-1 instances, the use of large calibers, explosives, and overwhelming force is recommended. See Threat Assessment 3033 for further details.

PoI-7701 "Madison Craggs" has been taken into custody. She has been granted immunity from prosecution for crimes against humanity in exchange for technical data and future assistance in Chaos Insurgency intelligence efforts.

E-1260 should be kept in protective custody in standard humanoid containment with entertainment package and treated as a Class-4 captive.

E-1261 should be kept in an automated humanoid containment unit, with access to approved text-based entertainment and a text-based communication link to staff. Under no circumstances should staff ever directly interact with E-1261. If E-1261 must be moved from the containment chamber, she should be rendered unconscious via fentanyl gas and kept comatose until another automated chamber can be provided.

Under no circumstances should either E-class associated with the project become aware of the current state of other E-class or of PoI-7701.

Description: SCP-3033-1 refers to individual instances of Chaos Insurgency "Mike" units. Instances are humans that have received invasive cranial implants that allow rudimentary control of nerve impulses as well as overriding biological limits. Depending on the production run, implants are placed inside the amygdala, thalamus, hypothalamus, prefrontal and somatosensory cortexes.

The implants on SCP-3033-1 instances counteract pain receptors, override standard nervous signals, and interfere with the endocrine system to induce a variety of hormonal responses when activated. The only reliable methods of neutralizing instances are exsanguination/shock, anoxia, and severing the nervous connection between the implant and rest of the body.

As a result, instances can withstand significant amounts of bodily trauma before expiring and are unaffected by morale shocks, but lack fine motor control, training, and the ability to work cohesively.

SCP-3033-2 refer to the handlers of SCP-3033-1 units. SCP-3033-2 instances are previously non-anomalous humans that have been augmented with brain-computer interfaces in order to control SCP-3033-1 instances. Research into the mechanism of action of such interfaces and the SCP-3033-2 apparatus are ongoing.

+ Interview Log 3033-1 Level 4/3033 Clearance Required

E-1260 suffers from persistent migraine headaches. In order to treat this, he has been prescribed a drug regimen of topiramate and timolol. E-1260 is also missing his left hand at the wrist - a prosthetic has been provided. Appears to have SCP-3033-2 implants, but has not been directly examined due to patient risk.

E-1260: Oh, hey doc. Another interview?

Dr. Foster: Yes. Before we start: taking those meds yet? They working okay?

E-1260: Yeah, actually. I can actually think coherently for more than half an hour at a time.

E-1260: What's the topic today?

Dr. Foster: Go ahead and start from when you got transferred to the project.

E-1260: Alright. So I had been a subject for a long while. I'm told they run internal lotteries for things like this. They just pulled me from my cell in the middle of the night, packed me into a shipping container with maybe a hundred others. Several uncomfortable hours later, we unloaded in some desert lab. Couldn't tell you where.

E-1260: They sorted us into two groups - I got put in the smaller one, which is generally a good sign. Got packed into a classroom. Mentioned something about "genetic markers" and "obedience metrics".

E-1260: There was a lady - introduced herself as a Doctor Craggs. I'll never forget her, she was very… interesting. Spent three or so hours lecturing on what the goal was, what she was going to do the others, and what she was going to do to us. In exquisite detail, what chunks of our brains would be replaced, what would happen, getting lobotomized - all with this oddly giddy tone, like a kid talking about what everything is in his favorite TV show. Her dedication was admirable, but her ethics were a bit off-kilter.

Dr. Foster: What else do you remember of her?

E-1260: Not a whole lot - she was the overseer for the training, but didn't really acknowledge us otherwise. Always talked at, never with, you get me?

Dr. Foster: Yes. Continue.

E-1260: Over the next few days, all of us got these -

E-1260 taps the port on the back of his head.

E-1260: - in the back of our heads. They told us we would be controllers, because, as Craggs put it, "We had been good little boys and girls." She then said that only four of us were necessary - the other six would be vivisected for future iterations.

E-1260: We had to demonstrate our ability to control the subjects and get them to accomplish tasks and complete objectives. Don't ask me to explain it, I haven't a bleeding clue on how it actually works. The way you got the mikes - that's what they're called over there - to do anything was more an art than a science. I couldn't tell you how I got through it - they just did what they were supposed to do, like clockwork.

E-1260: I was told I passed with flying colors. Went straight into further training. A fine-tuning of sorts.

E-1260: Come to think of it, I was actually treated pretty well. Decent food considering I was a prisoner at one point. Access to books. Little bits of conversation.

E-1260: Anyway, at some point, something goes really wrong. Convoy gets hit by some

kind of special forces group. I get black-bagged, and pop up here.

E-1260: That's the whole story. The abridged version, at least.

Dr. Foster: Interesting. You never had any direct interaction with the subjects?

E-1260: The mikes? None. They're just husks, shells. Vehicles requiring a driver.

Dr. Foster: Alright. That's all for now.

+ Interview Log 3033-2 Level 4/3033 Clearance Required

As a result of the SCP-3033-1 implant malfunctioning, visual and audio-based perception of characteristics unique to humans results in excruciating pain. Due to these constraints, E-1261 resides in an automated containment unit, and communicates with staff via a computer link.

kgrimmer: Hey, just checking in for the day.

E-1261: im still around. surviving, at least.

kgrimmer: You mind if we ask a couple questions?

E-1261: ill answer what i can. a lot of it is unpleasant and i really dont want to think about it.

kgrimmer: Alright, all these questions are entirely voluntary. You don't have to answer something if you don't want to.

kgrimmer: What was it like being under the influence of a… I think you call it a controller?

E-1261: yeah, i can talk about that.

E-1261: natural movement, but not mine. if that makes any sense.

kgrimmer: Interesting. I'm sending a file called 'alien_hand_syndrome.txt'. Take a quick look at it. Does it describe something similar?

E-1261: ok. hold on…

E-1261: a bit i guess. a more extreme version. total lack of control over everything. couldn't even resist.

E-1261: like while watching a videotape of someone elses life in high quality complete with sounds smells tastes touches.

E-1261: i got disconnected from my own life. i was a passenger in my own head while someone else was driving.

E-1261: the first time it was just weird. i kind of resigned myself to it. i figure it could be a lot worse. but then it got worse far worse than i can possibly imagine

kgrimmer: Can you elaborate further?

E-1261: i cant. i physically cant. not possible.

E-1261: it reminds me too much of the people.

kgrimmer: The people? What do you mean?

E-1261: the people i killed.

After this, E-1261 refused to communicate with staff for sixteen days.

+ Interview Log 3033-3 Level 3/3033 Clearance Required

Per the terms of her extraction, PoI-7701 has been provided a small cottage near Site-74, where she resides under house arrest.

PoI-7701: Hello, Dr. Carlson. Good to see you again. I hope you remembered the tape recorder this time?

Dr. Carlson: You as well, Dr. Craggs. And it's already recording.

PoI-7701: I suppose I should start explaining then, right?

Dr. Carlson nods.

PoI-7701: Well, you probably know how this goes. Work as wholesome US employee. Defected to Soviets. Soviet Union collapses. Where else is a bioweapons researcher supposed to find meaningful work?

PoI-7701 chuckles.

PoI-7701: Anyway, they brought me in and I was able to swipe a bunch of old GRU equipment - some of it self-developed, some of it 'borrowed' from other groups. In particular there were a couple old UK Ministry of Defense prototypes on something they called 'Blue Falcon' in their old rainbow-code project naming scheme. I had a bit of a laugh at that one. I didn't think the Brits would use American military slang, but they did.

Dr. Carlson: I don't understand.

PoI-7701: 'Blue Falcon' is a euphemism for 'buddy fucker'. It's the soldier in your platoon or company or whatever that would screw you over in a heartbeat just to get ahead. And what

this 'Blue Falcon' project did was allow you to seize control of a person remotely at range. It seemed like the Limeys were trying to use this to start friendly fire incidents.

PoI-7701 gestures with her hands as if she has a gun, and points it at Dr. Carlson.

PoI-7701: It was pretty limited - not a long range, not a long time. But all you needed was maybe fifteen seconds - pop, pop, pop - and three of your buddies are down, and you're about to get turned into swiss cheese, and everyone else is going to be really confused and scared.

Dr. Carlson: That's horrifying.

PoI-7701: There were more issues than that, though. It was bulky, hard to use, caused psychological damage to operators, didn't always work… a real laundry list of issues. Eventually we scrapped that whole idea. Turns out brains are complicated and hard to manipulate at range.

PoI-7701: But it did provide a good starting point for the "Mike" program, which is what I presume you're actually interested in.

Dr. Carlson nods.

PoI-7701: We decided to abandon the whole friendly fire thing. The range bit was the hardest part. There aren't many good ways to manipulate brains, and most them require you to be in the meat - er, brains, I suppose.

PoI-7701: Instead, we decided we could use this as a rudimentary form of mind control. I mean, we already knew the principles and

processes - and having a bunch of hardware crammed inside someone's head gave us a lot more control and finesse over what we could make happen in there, rather than taking figurative pot shots at range.

Pol-7701: So I send this proposal to the Delta Command, and they send me a couple million bucks, a lab, and maybe a hundred or so live subjects.

Pol-7701: While that sounds like a lot, it was actually a shoestring budget - I only got maybe a third of what I requested, and they told me to make it happen or I would be a test subject for the next guy.

Pol-7701: First order of business was to design the hardware. We were really breaking new ground - I know GRU 'P' wasn't doing anything like this, you guys certainly weren't doing anything like this, and I now know that Prometheus Labs didn't get very far. Given that this was something totally new and foreign… there was a lot of trial and error.

Pol-7701: Fun fact: a lot of brain surgeries often occur while the patient is awake. Brain surgery still isn't super well understood, and you need the keep the patient aware of what's going on to make sure that what you're cutting isn't too important. First fifteen or so died on the table, and the next fifteen ranged from comatose to retarded to paralyzed.

Pol-7701: After the first thirty or so practice surgeries - to figure out what modules worked and where, and where we could stick hardware without impairing stuff like motor skills - we started making real progress. Other than a few oopsies here and there, the other

fifty we got implanted - we were even able to save most of prefrontal cortex, in most cases.

Pol-7701: Not that they'd need it or anything. Once that chip is in, any control they used to have is overridden.

Pol-7701: Next step was controller. That was pretty straightforward. Just had to find a cooperative test subject, which wasn't too hard. A fairly standard surgery and some implants later, and he's now got a serial port in the back of his head. Plug him into the machine, and BOOM! All the test subjects can be 'controlled' by our controller.

Pol-7701 airquotes the word 'controlled'.

Pol-7701: I say 'controlled' because - as I understand it - it wasn't really direct control. He could give them objectives, and designate certain things, but he couldn't make them to do anything directly. But hey, not bad for a first try.

Dr. Carlson: Can you recall the mechanism of control? Did controllers have to exert willpower, thought?

Pol-7701: Hm… I can't really remember right now. I think some nice scotch and an internet connection might jog my memory though.

Dr. Carlson: We'll take that into consideration. Please continue.

Pol-7701: So I send my findings back to Delta Command, and they give me a target. First, I'm disappointed. There's so much potential for these guys! Clearing minefields, bioweapons dispersal, forced dangerous labor. Even plain

old distraction.

PoI-7701: But I read further. It's an old GRU site, run by someone I used to know. Piece of shit named Dmitri Kalasov, GRU 'P' interrogations guy. He kept count of how many bones he broke. I think it was somewhere in the thousands. Pretty sure he keyed my car. Anyway, he was old and decrepit at that point, in a nice sunset position. Apparently a CI guy defected to his site, and they wanted him offed. I saw an opportunity for payback, and I told them I would make an example out of them.

PoI-7701 whistles.

PoI-7701: By God, did we make an example. We put a bunch of extra bells and whistles in these poor sod's heads - they're virtually immortal as long as the implant's intact and the muscles still function. We armed our subjects with some old Soviet equipment - knives, AK-47s, what have you - and sent them on their merry way. That GRU site had maybe seventy-five security personnel, and a hundred others. Every one of them died a grisly death. Can you believe they ran old Dmitri through with his own fuckin' cane? Brutal.

PoI-7701 walks up to a cabinet and begins digging through files.

PoI-7701: I think I still have the AAR photos from that one, you want to see?

Dr. Carlson: Are they in the official files you gave us? If yes, don't bother.

PoI-7701: Spoilsport. Anyway…

PoI-7701 checks her watch.

PoI-7701: Oh, lunchtime. I guess I'll see you next week?

Dr. Carlson: Probably. Not sure if they'll send someone else.

PoI-7701 shrugs.

PoI-7701: Try to? That Dr. Foster squirms too much.

+ Interview Log 3033-4 Level 4/3033 Clearance Required

E-1261 expressed interest in talking about her time with the Chaos Insurgency that she had previously withheld in prior interviews.

kgrimmer: Are you awake? Some of the other staff told me you're willing to talk more. Now a good time to discuss the CI program?

E-1261: its never a good time but i think i am prepared now. i remember a lot more.

E-1261: where should i start?

kgrimmer: Go ahead and start from the beginning.

E-1261: the beginning beginning?

kgrimmer: Sure.

E-1261: alright. after all the stuff they shoved in my head, a lot of this is fuzzy.

E-1261: born in 1417[1] somewhere in pakistan, not sure where. lived somewhere near a smaller town. not too modern but modern enough dad was a grocer. mom helped him

out. had three brothers. i was the youngest.

E-1261: cant remember any names. faces even. just people that existed.

E-1261: can hardly remember anything of childhood.

E-1261: clearest memory is day of capture. it was rajab 24 1431.[2]

E-1261: i remember that exact day clearly. we were on a trip. dad always got good lamb from a cousin who worked as shepherd in the east. he rented a refrigerated truck and drove it all back to his store. they never took me before but my incessant begging had payed off this year.

E-1261: he always said "this journey is no place for girls, its too dangerous." but he relented.

E-1261: we get held up. not a big deal. highwaymen arent uncommon. just have to pay a modest fee.

E-1261: but then they shoot him. my dad i mean.

E-1261: and then my brother. i hide behind the seat. dont know what to do.

E-1261: the shooting stops. they open the truck. they find me.

E-1261: put a bag over my head. push me into some kind of vehicle.

E-1261: truck unloads. there's maybe a hundred of us altogether outside. bunch of

men with rifles. a guy tries running at one of them, gets cut down.

E-1261: we get packed into shipping container. shipped to some forsaken lab in the middle of nowhere.

E-1261: pumped some kind of gas into the room. everyone gets really woozy or passes out.

E-1261: put into hospital rooms. some kind of chemical cocktail keep us woozy and mostly immobile.

E-1261: weeks pass. people slowly disappearing one by one.

E-1261: theres a long hazy time. kind of all ran together. medical procedures. doing basic tasks over and over again. i remember opening a door repeatedly. but it felt wrong. really really wrong. i didnt figure out why until later.

E-1261: next thing i know someplace way different. cold. some kind of research facility in the distance.

E-1261: i get some kind of combat gear. a bunch of others get rifles. i dont. i get a big knife.

E-1261: a bunch of us start sprinting toward the entrance. theres a guy with a machine gun or something. starts firing.

E-1261: someone shoots machine gun guy. everyone rushes in the entrance.

E-1261: more people with guns. more wounds. no deaths. lots of being very close. my body

stabs someone ten times times. not wildly even. mechanical. like this was something i did regularly.

E-1261 i see his face whenever i blink. it was a sad panicked faced. he was wearing a black suit like he just walked out a funeral. i dont think he was a soldier. he didnt even try to fight back. he just screamed.

E-1261: i hated it. killing is bad. i didnt think anyone deserved to die for any reason even the people that killed my family. it was horrible what they did but i have no right to punish.

E-1261: no more knife. my body rushes the shooting guy. strangles him to death.

E-1261: he hits me and hits me and hits me but my body doesnt let go. his face turns an ungodly shade of purple.

E-1261: and this continues for hours. at the end of the day, down maybe ten of us and a lot are really badly wounded - arms are missing, blood everywhere.

E-1261: craggs comes out. i try with every fiber in my being to move, but cant. she picks a handful of the wounded ones. stick some kind of shot in them. they drop. probably dead.

E-1261: after that everything starts blurring together. more missions. more death. more wounds.

E-1261: i think it has something to do with when the chip broke but theres a couple things that are permanently burned into memory. like a highlight reel of the most horrible things i watched myself do.

E-1261: an old man impaled by his own cane. something with a pregnant woman and a socket wrench. lots of blood and screaming and crying and sick crunching noises.

E-1261: they replay in my dreams. dont worry about the mental health bits. i have it handled. i found a purpose.

E-1261: at some point, something snaps in my head. chip probably burnt out. for the first time in months maybe years i have control. i try to move and then pass out. i think it was you guys that brought me here.

E-1261: couple months of figuring out what doesn't hurt me and here we are.

kgrimmer: Alright. Thanks for speaking with us. You said you found a purpose earlier? What might that be?

E-1261: yeah. i want to kill that demon craggs. i think some parts of the implant still work. my body doesnt break.

E-1261: we were her playthings not people. toys to be taken apart modified put back together broken smashed just because she thought it was fun.

E-1261: given all this i think you want her dead too. give me a gun and i will get her. not even a gun. a knife. a pointy stick. a grenade. i wont ask questions. i can come straight back here you can do whatever you want with me.

E-1261: her still being alive is the only reason i havent ended mine yet.

+ Document 3033-K Level 4/3033 Clearance Required

On / / , E-1261 escaped from captivity. E-1261 complained of malfunctions in the nutritional dispenser present in her containment unit. After being provided sensory deprivation equipment and restraints, E-1261 removed both and proceeded to attack staff. After neutralizing staff and escaping from her cell, she hijacked a regularly scheduled Safe-class anomaly transfer via helicopter between Site- and Site- , the location of PoI-7701. As the transfer also included SCP- , transport staff were instructed to comply.

A video log was recovered.

> *E-1261 enters room with PoI-7701.*
>
> **E-1261:** Hello, you bitch.
>
> *PoI-7701 sighs.*
>
> **PoI-7701:** I thought our moles were better than this. It took you six whole weeks to find me. Old CI could have done it in two.
>
> **E-1261:** Irrelevant. No one leaves the Chaos Insurgency.
>
> **PoI-7701:** Incorrect.
>
> *E-1261 lunges at PoI-7701, but stops just short of contact. E-1261 is frozen in position.*
>
> **PoI-7701:** You thought you would use a weapon of my own creation to cut off this loose end, in some kind of absurd poetic justice? *Quis ímperat dominam ipsam?*[3]
>
> *E-1261 collapses.*
>
> **PoI-7701:** That actually is pretty funny, kinda.
>
> *PoI-7701 turns around, and fails to notice E-1261 beginning to twitch.*

PoI-7701: What a mess.

E-1261 stands up, seizes a brown glass bottle from a nearby table, and lunges at PoI-7701. Again she stops short.

PoI-7701: Ooh! You almost had me there! You're quite the resilient one.

PoI-7701: I can't say they haven't made progress. Much finer control than I used to have! Still can't get speech to work with my setup - I guess that's the cost of using a subdermal implant rather than an in-brain one.

E-1261 begins crying.

PoI-7701: Can't control emotional response either. A shame, too. These would have been a hell of a lot easier to use than the other controller units, but we can't have a bunch of silent, crying flesh puppets. To be honest, I'm surprised you're still sane. A remarkable specimen.

PoI-7701: Hold still.

PoI-7701 giggles, and digs through a drawer, retrieving a field surgical kit. E-1261 is unable to observe this.

PoI-7701: I haven't had opportunity to examine any of you for a long time. And one drops right into my proverbial lap! What luck!

PoI-7701 begins a live, standing vivisection of E-1261, beginning at the brain stem. E-1261 begins screaming.

PoI-7701: Hush, you. It's hard to cut cleanly when you're screaming bloody murder.

Vivisection occurs for 12 minutes, at which point E-1261 collapses. Foundation security forces retrieve the VIP 4 minutes later.

After the incident, E-1260 was found to have asphyxiated due to a crushed windpipe. Autopsy revealed both SCP-3033-1 and -2 style implants.
E-1261 was declared dead at the scene and cremated and interred at Area- per standard procedure.
PoI-7701 was relocated to another housing area near Site- per the terms of the agreement.

Footnotes
1. In the Hijri calendar. In Gregorian, 1996-1997.
2. July 6th, 2010
3. Who controls/commands the controllers?

SCP-3034: The Counting Station

Provisional Site-3034

Item #: SCP-3034

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Three Foundation personnel are to remain on-site, with at least one employee monitoring radio frequencies for occurrences of SCP-3034. All personnel are to have at least C1 certifications in Russian. Radio equipment is to receive weekly diagnostic checks to ensure all devices are in working condition. Personnel are rotated off-site on a monthly basis.

If, at any time, an occurrence of SCP-3034 is detected, personnel are to immediately respond on the same frequency with a message in Russian: все хорошо ("All is well"). In any instance where communication is lost with the site, MTF Epsilon-10 ("Santa's Little Helpers") will be mobilized to investigate and secure the area.

Under no circumstances is on-site radio equipment to be used for any other purpose besides transmitting the phrase, "все хорошо" ("All is well"). Under no circumstances should an attempt be made to communicate with SCP-3034 (see attached incident report).

Under no circumstances are children permitted on-site.

Description: SCP-3034 is a reoccurring anomalous radio broadcast of unknown origin. As of this date, the transmission has only been observed within approximately 2 kilometers of Provisional Site-3034. All attempts to triangulate the source of SCP-3034 have failed. Since 1964, there have been over 627 occurrences of this broadcast. They occur at apparently random intervals — the shortest gap was two weeks, and the longest was 6 months.

All occurrences of SCP-3034 follow the same format: A synthesized musical 'tone' plays for approximately 10 seconds, followed by the

voice of SCP-3034-A (estimated to be a female adolescent of Russian nationality). SCP-3034-A immediately begins to count backwards from 200 in Russian (UPDATE 2015/05/17: See attached incident report). If, during this countdown, Provisional Site-3034 broadcasts "все хорошо" on the same frequency, SCP-3034-A immediately stops counting. The same tone from the beginning of the broadcast plays again, and the broadcast ends.

A notable **`audio distortion`** occurs in the background of SCP-3034 as SCP-3034-A speaks:

Attempts to analyze this distortion are ongoing (see attached audio analysis below).

Testing has shown that SCP-3034 does not respond to recorded occurrences of "все хорошо". It is for this reason that personnel must be present at Provisional Site-3034 at all times.

Addendum 3034.1: Attachments

► ACCESS SCP:/3034/discovery/debriefing.log

RECOVERY REPORT

DATE: 1964/02/02
RECOVERY LEAD: Commander Robert Malthus
SUBJECT: SCP-3034

We were first made aware of the site by a defecting agent of GRU-P.[1] Although allegedly a Russian-aligned counting station,[2] preliminary reports indicated a high probability of anomalous activity.

I assembled a team consisting of myself, five of my men, and Agent Browning (selected for his proficiency in several Russian dialects).

Once appropriate preparations were made, we set out to investigate.

We found the site uninhabited. Evidence strongly suggests it was evacuated a week prior to our arrival. It contains several pieces of well-maintained radio equipment, a diesel generator (found running when we arrived), numerous partially burned records, and over twenty logbooks (all written in Russian). These books describe broadcasts received by the station. The oldest entry is dated to 1947.

We also found two phrases carved into a desk. Agent Browning translated them from Russian:

> TELL HER ALL IS WELL
>
> DO NOT LET HER FINISH

On the second day at approx. 0730 hours, an automated alarm sounded. We later determined this alarm is triggered by incoming broadcasts. Upon activating the radio's speakers, we heard a young woman speaking in Russian. Agent Browning informed us that this woman was counting downward, and had reached '76'.

After a short debate, it was decided that the most prudent course of action would be to follow the instructions on the desk. Dr. Browning interrupted the broadcast with the provided phrase ("все хорошо", or "ALL IS WELL"). The voice stopped. A tone played, and the broadcast ceased.

I have left Agent Browning on-site along with two of my men; they have sufficient fuel and rations to last for three weeks. My recommendation is for constant surveillance

until the precise nature of this anomaly can be determined.

► ACCESS SCP:/3034/files/interview.log

AUDIO LOG

NOTE: The following audio was recovered from partially burned magnetic tapes discovered on-site. All dialogue is translated from Russian.

[BEGIN LOG.**]**

[*Shuffling papers*.**]**

VOICE 1: Let's get this over with.

VOICE 2: You attempted to steal state property, Sergei. How did you think this would end?

VOICE 1: She is not state property. She has a name.

VOICE 2: What was your intention? To defect to the Americans? Let them know about our little project?

VOICE 1: You know me. You know I have served with honor and distinction. You know I would never —

VOICE 2: Did they promise you money? Asylum? And what did you imagine would happen to her? Did you think you would raise her as your own?

VOICE 1: This is wrong. You know this is wrong. You are meddling in powers you can't

possibly —

VOICE 2: And do you think the Americans understand what powers *they* meddle with? Do you think they have any inkling of what this 'atom-bomb' can do?

VOICE 1: I know that one does not make *deals* with atom-bombs. One certainly does not sacrifice little girls to them.

VOICE 2: A sacrifice that will save millions, if not billions—

VOICE 1: Presuming the Americans even believe this 'fable' exists. Presuming they think us monstrous enough to use it.

VOICE 2: They will. We will show them. A small taste. Just as they demonstrated their power at Hiroshima, we will —

[*Scuffling, followed by shouting.***]**

VOICE 2: I trust you will control yourself, now?

VOICE 1: (*panicked*) You cannot do this. The nightmares. I know you have had them, just as I have. The voices, screaming in the dark. That's what it wants, Vaslov. That's what it *is*. You cannot make a deal with this thing — we have finally contained it, and now you want to offer it —

VOICE 2: Only if they force our hand.

VOICE 1: You can't — for the love of God, you can't —

[END LOG.**]**

► ACCESS SCP:/3034/files/audio_analysis.log

DATE: 2012/09/12
FROM: Dr. Schulkill <noitadnuof.pcs|llikluhcsb#noitadnuof.pcs|llikluhcsb>
TO: Dr. Emerson <noitadnuof.pcs|nosremer#noitadnuof.pcs|nosremer>
SUBJECT: Audio Analysis of SCP-3034

We've been listening to this signal for just over half a century, now. During that time, we've recorded every instance of SCP-3034 since its discovery (except the very first one; attached you'll find a mission report regarding details of this occurrence). That's over 600 recordings.

We've explored every avenue of inquiry I can think of. We can't track the signal, and upper management — quite reasonably — doesn't want us trying to talk to it. That's why I'm contacting you.

I'm hoping with in-depth vocal analysis, you'll be able to tell us more about the voice on this recording. Cross-reference it with recordings of other number stations, maybe. Or give us a geographical location based on dialect and accent — an estimated age. Something, *anything*.

Otherwise, I'm out of ideas. All I know is that someone's broadcasting recordings of a little girl counting down to zero — and we're all too scared to find out what happens if we let her finish.

I'm starting to wonder if this isn't some sort of **`elaborate prank`**.

DATE: 2012/09/15
FROM: Dr. Emerson <noitadnuof.pcs|nosremer#noitadnuof.pcs|nosremer>

TO: Dr. Schulkill <noitadnuof.pcs|llikluhcsb#noitadnuof.pcs|llikluhcsb>
SUBJECT: RE: Audio Analysis of SCP-3034

The broadcasts aren't recordings.

Variations in tone, pitch, and phrasing make it clear that each instance of SCP-3034 is a new occurrence; each count-down is vocally unique. Either someone recorded this little girl counting down over and over again, hundreds of times… or she's been broadcasting these signals for over 50 years.

There's more: We've analyzed the audio distortion in the background. It appears to be more voices, only slowed down. Just like SCP-3034-A, these are vocally unique for each occurrence. Regrettably, the distortion is far too weak for us to make out what they're saying. However, the length of the broadcast seems to correlate with the strength of the distortion — the longer the broadcast goes on, the louder the distortion becomes.

Ironically, the problem is that we're *too* good at containment: Foundation personnel mobilize so quickly that no transmission we've recorded has lasted longer than 30 seconds. If we had longer transmissions, we might be able to extrapolate more data.

My recommendation is that you allow the signal to go on for longer than 30 seconds. Maybe then we'll be able to determine precisely what it is.

DATE: 2012/09/16
FROM: Dr. Schulkill <noitadnuof.pcs|llikluhcsb#noitadnuof.pcs|llikluhcsb>

TO: Dr. Emerson <noitadnuof.pcs|nosremer#noitadnuof.pcs|nosremer>
SUBJECT: RE: RE: Audio Analysis of SCP-3034

Recommendation approved. Foundation personnel have been instructed to allow the next five iterations of SCP-3034 to continue until it reaches '50'. Hopefully, this will provide enough useful data for us to analyze the distortion and figure out what the hell is going on.

I'll send you the files once we have them.

DATE: 2013/01/19
FROM: Dr. Emerson <noitadnuof.pcs|nosremer#noitadnuof.pcs|nosremer>
TO: Dr. Schulkill <noitadnuof.pcs|llikluhcsb#noitadnuof.pcs|llikluhcsb>
SUBJECT: SCP-3034

I finished analyzing three of the five files you sent.

It's just screaming. Thousands upon thousands of children, screaming.

My previous recommendation is withdrawn. Inform your personnel to respond to any occurrence of SCP-3034 with the kill-signal immediately.

DATE: 2013/01/19
FROM: Dr. Schulkill <noitadnuof.pcs|llikluhcsb#noitadnuof.pcs|llikluhcsb>
TO: Dr. Emerson <noitadnuof.pcs|nosremer#noitadnuof.pcs|nosremer>
SUBJECT: RE: RE: Audio Analysis of

SCP-3034

Agreed.

► ACCESS SCP:/3034/incidents/201.log

INCIDENT REPORT

INCIDENT #: 3034-201
DATE OF OCCURRENCE: 2015/05/17

A Foundation researcher assigned to SCP-3034 (Dr. Uriel Willis) misappropriated radio equipment to conduct an unofficial experiment. During an occurrence of SCP-3034, she attempted to establish communication with SCP-3034-A.

SCP-3034-A ceased counting. Approximately 5 seconds later, an extremely powerful broadcast was detected. This signal consisted of a high-pitched 'screech' which inflicted significant levels of pain, dizziness, and disorientation to all personnel present. The signal continued for a period of 25 seconds, at which point Dr. Willis used Provisional Site-3034's radio equipment to transmit the appropriate phrase ("все хорошо"). The broadcast immediately ceased.

Within the next 24 hours, researchers noted a significant increase in missing children cases across the world. In the majority of these cases, the disappearances occurred at a time roughly correlating with the 25-second broadcast. All cases believed to be associated with SCP-3034 have remained unsolved.

Disciplinary action against Dr. Willis is still under review. Special containment procedures have been updated to reflect the importance of not interacting with SCP-3034-A outside of stated parameters.

All tests regarding SCP-3034 are suspended until further notice.

► ACCESS SCP:/3034/incidents/202.log

INCIDENT REPORT

INCIDENT #: 3034-202
DATE OF OCCURRENCE: 2015/05/21

An occurrence of SCP-3034 was detected. Personnel present responded with the appropriate transmission, leading to a cessation of SCP-3034. However, two distinct changes were noted:

- SCP-3034's audio distortion was significantly louder.
- SCP-3034-A began at 199.

Footnotes
1. GRU Division "P" (Psychotronics); a Soviet organization tasked with the acquisition, study, and development of anomalies for the benefit of the USSR. For more information about this Group of Interest, personnel with appropriate clearance may consult the documentation forSCP-2664.
2. A radio station that broadcasts a series of numbers to intelligence officers for the purposes of espionage and counter-espionage operations.

SCP-3035: Science Bugs

An unmutated instance of SCP-3035

Item #: SCP-3035

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All known instances of SCP-3035 are contained in Site-173 (a decommissioned Foundation site). Site-173 has two entry points: Entry A and Entry B.

Entry A, the primary entrance, has been buried beneath 4 meters of concrete. Entry B, a vacuum-tube transit system, is used for deliveries to and from the interior of Site-173. MTF Nu-13 ("Rasczak's Roughnecks") is to maintain a provincial base at Entry B. They are to terminate any instance of SCP-3035 on sight.

Approximately once a week, a package will emerge from Entry B's vacuum-tube system. Typically, this package will contain various non-anomalous materials (see below). Each package is to be placed in quarantine, where it is to be examined, documented, and then incinerated.

Entry into Site-173 is prohibited until further notice.

Description: SCP-3035 is a strain of *Periplaneta americana* (American cockroach, or water-bug) that mimics the behavior and outward appearance of organisms it observes.

This mimicry is superficial. For example: While an instance of SCP-3035 may reproduce the coloration and behavior patterns of bumblebees, they will not reproduce a bee's complex social network or unique form of communication.

Instances of SCP-3035 will mimic each other more rapidly than other organisms. This leads to a feedback loop: One instance will adopt a new attribute, only for all other instances to immediately

mimic the first instance, acquiring the attribute for themselves.

It should be emphasized that this mimicry is only a shallow approximation — an attempt by some as-of-yet unknown process to 'look' and 'act' like something else. Regardless of the extent of this mimicry, instances of SCP-3035 still retain many of the characteristics associated with cockroaches.

Addendum 3035.1: Site-173 Documentation

► ACCESS SCP:/3035/package_manifests/january_2012.log

RECEIVED ON: 01/05/2012

CONTENTS

- 3 keyboards (broken)
- 6 sealed test-tubes (filled)
- 3 unsealed test-tubes (empty)
- 0.25 kg assorted organs (cockroach, fresh)
- 0.5 kg assorted organs (human, decomposed)
- 7 syringes (seals intact)

NOTE: Contents of sealed test-tubes not identified; presumed to be either sewage, blood, or both.

RECEIVED ON: 01/12/2012

CONTENTS

- 1 keyboard (broken)
- 3 unsealed test-tubes (empty)
- 0.15 kg assorted organs (cockroach, fresh)
- 0.25 kg assorted organs (human,

decomposed)
- 1 syringe (broken)
- 1 clipboard
- 1 legal pad

NOTE: Legal pad contained illegible scribbles.

RECEIVED ON: 01/22/2012

CONTENTS

- 1 computer mouse (broken)
- 2 unsealed test-tubes (empty)
- 10 g roach eggs
- 15.5 kg assorted organs (human, fresh)
- 1 coffee mug (text: "I Hate Mondays")

NOTE: Roach eggs destroyed immediately as per procedure.

► ACCESS SCP:/3035/emails/february_2007.log

DATE: 02/01/2007
FROM: Dr. Breeman <noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp#noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp>
TO: Dr. Xao <noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh#noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh>
SUBJECT: Unusual Behavior

We noticed something while finishing up with the latest batteries of tests. The SCP-3035 instances have adopted a new behavior — they'll stand along the edge of their enclosure, 'tapping' their forelegs against the glass. We're not sure where this behavior came from; it's not something exhibited in any of the insects we're training them to mimic.

ATTACHMENTS: glass_tapping.mp5

DATE: 02/02/2007
FROM: Dr. Breeman <noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp#noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp>
TO: Dr. Xao <noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh#noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh>
SUBJECT: New Developments

We figured it out. They're mimicking *me*.

Nearly every day, I've been sitting down besides their enclosure, starting up my computer, and tapping away at the keyboard for twenty minutes. And now they've adopted my behavior — 'sitting up' and 'typing' at the glass.

We previously presumed these organisms only mimicked other insects; clearly, we were wrong. This ability appears to extend to any creature they can observe.

ATTACHMENTS: <None>

DATE: 02/03/2007
FROM: Dr. Breeman <noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp#noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp>
TO: Dr. Xao <noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh#noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh>
SUBJECT: My New Research Staff?

Per your suggestion, I've moved the enclosure to a spot where my 'colleagues' can watch my work with greater ease. They've proven to be very apt students — already, I've observed them mimicking the motions I make when I'm

taking notes or preparing solutions for testing. I've even noticed a few of them flopping around in a rather clumsy attempt to walk.

There's one other issue — they've gotten bigger. An increase of about 15%, according to my measurements. It occurred so slowly I didn't even think to measure them until I reviewed past footage and noticed the increase in size.

Regardless, my new star pupils are starting to grow on me.

ATTACHMENTS: <None>

DATE: 02/04/2007
FROM: Dr. Breeman <noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp#noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp>
TO: Dr. Xao <noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh#noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh>
SUBJECT: Walking

They're walking. They're *walking*!

All of them, all at once — it happened like magic. Yesterday, they were just thumping around clumsily, and today… I walk into the lab and find them all strolling about the enclosure. Like they *own* the place. Or… like a buzzing little classroom of pre-graduate students awaiting their Professor.

The curious part is that every test I've performed on them still indicates that they have the intelligence of your basic, run-of-the-mill cockroach. They can mimic behavior, but they can't mimic understanding; they copy my actions, but they don't understand *why* I do

something. Or even what something means.

ATTACHMENTS: walking.mp5

DATE: 02/05/2007
FROM: Dr. Breeman <noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp#noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp>
TO: Dr. Xao <noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh#noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh>
SUBJECT: Case of the Mondays

As an experiment, I found some doll-sized tables and chairs and placed them inside the enclosure. The props are far too large, but I was curious if they'll try using them.

And, well… If you've ever wanted to know what a bunch of cockroaches sitting at an over-sized table, typing away at keyboards that aren't even there looks like… I've attached a video that should satisfy your curiosity.

I even got one of them to 'drink' from a tiny toy coffee mug (case_of_the_mondays.png).

ATTACHMENTS: monday_meeting.mp5, case_of_the_mondays.png

DATE: 02/07/2007
FROM: Dr. Breeman <noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp#noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp>
TO: Dr. Xao <noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh#noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh>
SUBJECT: Re: Biopsy Time!

Per your request, I performed a biopsy on their nervous system. I've sent the results to you —

as you can see, there's no new growth, no new structures — they're still just cockroaches. Bizarrely large cockroaches that walk around. And type at empty desks. And pretend to drink coffee.

I felt a little bad about killing one of them; it's hard not to think of them as my little pupils. Still, none of the others seemed to mind. They're all just happily strutting about, acting like nothing even happened.

ATTACHMENTS: biopsy_report.pdf

DATE: 02/08/2007
FROM: Dr. Breeman <noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp#noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp>
TO: Dr. Xao <noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh#noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh>
SUBJECT: <None>

They killed one of their own.

This morning, I returned to the lab only to find one of the cockroaches on its back atop of the table, dead. It had been somehow — *sliced open* and gutted. The other cockroaches were just strutting around like nothing was wrong.

I reviewed the footage from yesterday. Last night, after I left, one of them pinned another one down on top of the table. It used what looked like… sharpened tips on its forelegs to cut it open. Then, it started methodically removing the still-living bug's fatty tissues. Like it was scooping up ice-cream.

Once it was done, it sat at the table and started tapping away at the invisible keyboard

again. Like it was taking notes and writing emails based on the results.

Just like me.

They saw my autopsy, Dr. Xao. They saw it, and then they mimicked it.

I think this experiment has gone on far enough.

ATTACHMENTS: <None>

DATE: 02/10/2007
FROM: Dr. Breeman <noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp#noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp>
TO: Dr. Xao <noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh#noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh>
SUBJECT: Re: Where's your spirit of scientific inquiry?

They grew 150% larger.

This experiment is over. I'm euthanizing the lot of them.

ATTACHMENTS: <None>

DATE: 02/12/2007
FROM: Dr. Breeman <noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp#noitadnuof.pcs|nameerbp>
TO: Dr. Xao <noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh#noitadnuof.pcs|oaxh>
SUBJECT: RES LERSPK ERSLIJERS LIJRESLIJ RESLJ ERSIJR LJESLIJNERSIJ

RESK ERSK ERS:LERS :LKTES:JK SER KPOR ESK ERS:LK ERS:LK ER:LK ERS:LK

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RSE ERSLK:N J#N :LKMSER :LK ER
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ERSPIJ ERSIJ ERS
ERS RESIJREPIJ

ATTACHMENTS: case_of_the_mondays.png, case_of_the_mondays (1).png, case_of_the_mondays (2).png, case_of_the_mondays (3).png

► ACCESS SCP:/3035/files/memo_2010.log

TO WHOMEVER IT MAY CONCERN:

After three disastrous attempts at a rescue mission, we're giving up. Every time we send a squad of soldiers down there, these things start adapting their behavior and appearance — becoming more and more aggressive. On top of that, they breed like… well, cockroaches.

Nu-13 will be stationed at Entry B; they'll stay as long as they can and wait to see if anything human comes out. But as of this moment, I'm declaring Site-173 a lost cause.

The decision regarding whether or not to deploy nerve-toxins to clear Site-173 of SCP-3035 instances is under review — particularly in light of the recent revelation that some of the human organs emerging from

Entry B are fresh.

- Dr. Henry Xao

Addendum 3035.2: Exploration Logs

► ACCESS SCP:/3035/recon_logs/march_2007.log

SCP-3035 Exploration Log

The following audio log describes events on 03/26/2007, involving MTF Gamma-3 ("Three Wolf Moon") during the Foundation's initial attempts to re-establish contact with Site-173 following a catastrophic containment breach.

<Begin Log.>

MOON: Role-call.

WOLF 1: Wolf 1, here.

WOLF 2: Wolf 2, *awwrrrooooooooo!*

WOLF 3: Wolf 3, *caaawwrrooooooo-kie crisps!*

MOON: Alright, enough dicking around. Control, you receiving this?

CONTROL: Loud and clear.

MOON: Good. Alright, we're opening the entrance.

(Pneumatic hissing; sound of metal grinding.)

MOON: Respirators on. Stay sharp.

WOLF 2: *(gagging)* …Jesus. I can almost smell this through my skin.

MOON: Lighting is low, the floor… covered with some sort of sludge. Brown-black. Garbage everywhere — crumpled cardboard boxes, office supplies… uh, looks like — some rotting meat, too…

CONTROL: Understood. Remember, Commander, your primary mission is just recon. Rescue any personnel you

can, but do not put yourself or your team in jeopardy.

MOON: Understood. Holy fuck, this place is disgusting. Wolf 1, stay by the door. Anything not-human tries to get out…

WOLF 1: Light it up. Got it.

MOON: Proceeding forward. Wolf 2, Wolf 3, with me.

MOON: Control panel on the other side's got some bloody hand-prints on it. Looks like somebody tried to escape.

WOLF 3: Fuck.

MOON: Keep moving.

WOLF 2: Up ahead!

MOON: Put your fucking hands up! Are you human? Talk!

UNIDENTIFIED: *(muffled, distant)* Help…

WOLF 2: Is that a friendly?

WOLF 3: Sounds hurt.

MOON: Don't move. Control, looks like… about 15 yards up, a technician in a lab-coat. On his knees. S'got some blood on him, he might be hurt—

CONTROL: Be careful.

MOON: Approaching. Hey! Hey. Talk to me, man. We're here to get you out, but you need to talk to me.

UNIDENTIFIED: *(muffled)* Stop…

MOON: Gonna need to give me more than that, buddy. Alright? Relax. Keep your hands up. Tell me your name. What's your name?

UNIDENTIFIED: *(muffled)* Please, no…

MOON: Oh. Oh, shit.

WOLF 3: What's going on? You alright?

MOON: Stay where you are! Nobody fucking move, just… stay calm. Control?

CONTROL: Come back.

MOON: Control, I think this is one of the roaches.

CONTROL: Wait. You said it was a lab technician—

MOON: At a distance, it looked like — look, its face is just, like… a chitin-mask. And it's…

CONTROL: What is it doing?

UNIDENTIFIED: *(distorted, muffled sobbing sounds)*

MOON: I think… it looks like… it's begging?

WOLF 2: Down the hall!

(distant radio chirping sounds)

MOON: Shit — two of them, *big* ones, they—

(distant, angry, garbled roaring sounds)

(gunfire)

WOLF 3: Fuck!

WOLF 2: Contact! Contact!

MOON: Take cover!

(gunfire stops)

WOLF 1: Am I holding position?

MOON: Yes, hold position — everyone alright? Anyone hit?

WOLF 3: Negative, I'm good.

WOLF 2: We both got cover.

MOON: Fuck. *Fuck*. Since when do these things have—

(gunfire)

MOON: Fuck!

(gunfire continues)

MOON: …what the hell?

(gunfire continues)

MOON: What the *hell*?

WOLF 3: Are you alright, Moon?!

MOON: Stay where you are. Stay where you are, both of you.

(gunfire continues)

MOON: *(laughing)* Well, now I've seen everything.

WOLF 2: What is it?

MOON: Goddamn roaches.

(six more shots, distinctly louder and clearer)

(gunfire ceases)

MOON: Hallway's clear.

WOLF 3: What just happened?

MOON: They don't have guns. They've got gun-shaped

hands. They were waving them around and making gunshot noises.

WOLF 2: Are you… are you shitting me?

WOLF 3: That's fucking hilarious.

MOON: You catch all that, Control? Please advise.

CONTROL: Affirmative. Proceed with caution.

MOON: Proceeding. Wolf 2, Wolf 3, on point.

WOLF 3: Jesus. How the hell did these things compromise a site?

MOON: Up ahead. You see that?

WOLF 2: Barricade.

WOLF 3: Survivors?

MOON: Could be. C'mon.

WOLF 2: Supplies, looks like — yeah, this looks recent, too. Managed to hold up a fort against the bugs.

WOLF 3: Hey! — look, is that —

MOON: Hey! Hey, hands up, start talking—

WOLF 2: Fuck. She's running away—

WOLF 3: Is that a survivor? Or is it—

MOON: Fucking… it's hard to tell in this light. She went into the bathroom. Wolf 2, with me. Wolf 3, take point on the entrance — don't want to end up pinned inside there.

WOLF 3: Copy.

MOON: Let's take it easy, now…

(door opening)

WOLF 2: Jesus.

(soft, muffled whimpering)

MOON: Hey. Hey, you there? We're humans. We're here to take you home. Just come out, hands up, okay…?

(whimpering grows more pronounced)

MOON: She's in the back stall, I think.

WOLF 2: Moon, there's a body in this stall, over here—

WOLF 3: Hey! Hey, you! Hands up! Come over here — we're the rescue team! We're — shit!

MOON: Wolf 3? What's going on?

WOLF 3: Fuck. *Fuck*. I just saw — somebody down the hall, on our side of the barricade. They saw me, then started running away—

MOON: Human?

WOLF 3: I… I think so, yeah, I saw the face, it looked human, but they ran—

MOON: Alright, let's finish in here, and—

(ear-piercing scream)

(scuffling, shouts)

WOLF 2: Fuck! Fuck!

(two gunshots)

WOLF 2: Fucking… *FUCK!*

MOON: Calm down. Calm down. Let me look at it.

WOLF 2: It was… Jesus-fuck.

WOLF 3: You alright in there?

MOON: Roach in the stall. Wolf 2 got stabbed, doesn't look critical.

WOLF 2: You know this shit is going to get infected—

MOON: Relax. We're getting out of here. Control, you copy?

CONTROL: Come back.

MOON: One of our team got stabbed. One of the roaches, it had… a knife-hand, or something. I'm pulling us out for now.

CONTROL: Affirmative.

WOLF 3: What about — I saw someone, back there—

MOON: You saw another roach.

WOLF 3: I'm pretty sure I saw—

MOON: You saw another roach, Wolf 3. Do you understand?

MOON: I said, do you understand?

WOLF 3: Affirmative.

MOON: Alright. We're pulling out. C'mon, I'll help you up —

(scuffling sounds)

WOLF 2: Christ.

UNIDENTIFIED: Goddamn… roaches…

WOLF 3: You catch that?

MOON: Where's that coming from?

UNIDENTIFIED: *(multiple, chanting)* Goddamn… roaches…

WOLF 3: Oh… oh, shit. Moon, get out here right now.

(door opening)

MOON: What — holy shit.

UNIDENTIFIED: *(over a dozen, chanting)* Goddamn… roaches…

WOLF 3: They're just… claws and teeth—

(smashing sounds, objects rattling)

WOLF 2: Fuck! Fuck, they're slamming into the barricade—

WOLF 3: What the fuck did they mimic?!

UNIDENTIFIED: *(dozens more, chanting)* Goddamn… roaches…

(smashing sounds intensify)

MOON: Open fire! Open fire!

(gunfire)

WOLF 3: Shit!

MOON: Throwing a grenade! Get down!

UNIDENTIFIED: Goddamn… roaches…

(muffled explosion)

MOON: Keep—*(static)*

UNIDENTIFIED: Goddamn… roaches…

WOLF 2: Fucking stabbed me fucking—*(static)*

MOON: Wolf 3, do you—*(static)*

WOLF 3: *(brief scream, ended on static)*

MOON: Contr—*(static)*

WOLF 1: Fuck! I'm going in! Moon, do you read?

MOON: S—*(static)*

CONTROL: Wolf 1, maintain position. Nu-13 is coming to get you and secure the entrance.

WOLF 1: Fuck you. I'm going the fuck in.

CONTROL: Negative, Wolf 1, maintain your—

WOLF 1: I said FUCK YOU.

UNIDENTIFIED: *(distant)* Goddamn… roaches…

WOLF 1: Jesusfuck. There's…

CONTROL: Wolf 1, get out of there.

WOLF 1: There's gotta be almost a hundred of — wait, I think I see — Moon, do you read?

(static)

WOLF 1: Moon! Do you copy? Moon, is that you? Moon!

(distant, garbled screams)

WOLF 1: That was — it was Moon, I swear it was Moon, I saw his uniform, that had to have been… Moon! Moon! Come back! Moon!

CONTROL: Wolf 1, come back.

WOLF 1: Fucking… I can't — there's — Moon!

(gunshots)

CONTROL: Wolf 1, come back. Is that you firing?

UNIDENTIFIED: Moon! Come back! Moon!

(gunshots)

CONTROL: Wolf 1, come back.

(gunshots)

CONTROL: Wolf 1, do you read?

(gunshots)

CONTROL: Wolf 1, are you there?

WOLF 1: I'm here. I've got Moon and Wolf 2 with me. Their comms are toast. Wolf 3 is dead. On our way out.

CONTROL: Copy. Epsilon-9 is on their way.

<End log.>

SCP-3036: Stretchy, Clown-Hunter Extraordinaire

Item #: SCP-3036

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3036 is to be kept in a standard humanoid containment cell in Site-43's B-Wing. SCP-3036 is allowed exactly one hour of recreation every day. During this time, it is allowed to interact with other anomalous humanoids of similar psychological disposition.

SCP-3036 is not permitted to use its anomalous abilities outside of its containment cell or during testing, and will have its recreational privileges revoked for three weeks if it violates this condition. This is in order to acclimate it to its current environment within Foundation custody. SCP-3036 is to attend medical check-ups by Site-43's medical staff for SCP-3036-A-1 and -2's safety.

Description: SCP-3036 is a humanoid entity entirely made out of human flesh, muscles and assorted bodily fluids, standing at 185 centimeters tall and weighing 100 kilograms. Black, white and red ink designs are tattooed to the object's face and along its upper and lower body. SCP-3036 shows no signs of a nervous system, leaving it incapable of sensing touch. Additionally, the object contains no traces of a bone structure or reproductive system.

Despite this, SCP-3036 is sapient, and fully capable of completing activities that would require higher brain functions and a homeostatic environment. SCP-3036 is fully capable of speaking and reading in English. Personnel interacting with SCP-3036 describe it as calm and blunt when it comes to individualized conversations between itself and psychologists.

SCP-3036 is capable of stretching itself to anomalous lengths, the longest recorded attempt being at forty-seven meters. Object does

not react with discomfort from being stretched at such lengths. SCP-3036 has often been found stretching itself in its containment cell when no other recreational activities are possible. When damaged, either from performing or being harmed, SCP-3036 is capable of regenerating lost tissue in a short amount of time. According to SCP-3036, it has survived:

- An indeterminate amount of 12 gauge ammunition
- Assault from an unidentified species of bear
- A chainsaw being lodged into its head.

SCP-3036-A designates two humanoid entities living inside of SCP-3036, both located in the subject's stomach region. SCP-3036-A have been surgically conjoined at the hip, and suffer from stunted growth. It is believed this stunted growth is not natural, instead caused by a currently unknown party. Due to the location of SCP-3036-A instances, it is currently impossible to record the exact weight and height of both instances.

These entities, individually designated as SCP-3036-A-1 and SCP-3036-A-2, form a parasitic relationship with SCP-3036. Based off of X-rays of SCP-3036, the mouths of SCP-3036-A-1 and SCP-3036-A-2 have been surgically connected to a tube inside of SCP-3036's throat. This is where SCP-3036-A instances acquire the necessary nutrition. SCP-3036 has denied any and all attempts to remove SCP-3036-A instances from its stomach.

Recovery: SCP-3036 was captured following an attempted raid on GoI-233 ("**Herman Fuller's Circus of the Disquieting**") in 1999. SCP-3036 was left behind due to unknown reasons, but SCP-3036 claimed it was due to "bad blood" between itself and fellow performers.[1] SCP-3036 was recovered with no resistance.

Interview Log

Interviewer: Dr. Henderson
Subject: SCP-3036

<Begin Log>

Dr. Henderson: What is your name?

SCP-3036: I don't remember my old name. Long time since I thought about it. I've always been called Stretchy by Fuller and my fellow performers ever since I became like this. Not that it really matters.

Dr. Henderson: Why can't you remember?

SCP-3036: Hell if I know. Maybe it had something to do with the surgery.

Dr. Henderson: Surgery?

SCP-3036: Yeah, the surgery. It's how they created us. You don't turn a seven-year-old into a clown over night, you know.

Dr. Henderson: What did this surgery entail?

SCP-3036: Oh, you know, the usual. Fuck the kid up, rip out everything that made them human to begin with, pump hundreds of chemicals into their brain, some magic to patch them back up, and you got a kid with more emotional baggage than yourself.

Dr. Henderson: I thought the circus bred clowns.

SCP-3036: Oh, they do. We just so happened to make up most of the clowns that worked there. It was only when **Labs** went under did they switch to a more, uh, 'humane' way of creating clowns. We were the last generation of human finalists.

Dr. Henderson: 'We'?

SCP-3036: Yes. You think they'd only create one of me? One of us?

Dr. Henderson: What was your profession at the circus?

SCP-3036: Clown hunter.

Dr. Henderson: Explain.

SCP-3036: You see, the bred clowns could be a little bit more, uh, how you put it, 'rebellious'. Runaways were common, and plans to run away were rampant. Fuller wouldn't have liked this, oh no no no. Since we weren't useful to the crowd anymore, Fuller let us have some fun with the new-breeds. And have fun we did.

Dr. Henderson: And what type of 'fun' did you have?

SCP-3036: Well, let's just say you'd be surprised how thick a clown's skull can be. Honestly, it sorta looks like broken glass.

Dr. Henderson: And how long have you been working as a 'clown hunter'?

SCP-3036: For as long as the new-breeds have been around. I still remember my first hunt. I can still remember the sound of wheezing and moaning coming from the clown as I chased it through the woods. My heart, or what was left of it, was pumping in my chest. I grabbed him by the throat from fifty feet away, crushing his neck. I could hear it all the way from over there.

Dr. Henderson: And what did you do to it?

SCP-3036: I taught him a lesson. After crushing his neck, I threw him onto a tree. The pink blood was pouring out of his stomach. It looked like ice cream if you squinted real hard. He tried screaming in that terrible, sing-songy voice he was born with. Tried screaming to the tune of the circus theme. I dragged him back to the circus tent, the ice cream blood pouring out of his stomach. If I didn't know what it was, I probably would have eaten it.

Dr. Henderson: Jesus.

SCP-3036: When I got back to the circus grounds, I signaled the other new-breeds. I showed them his wheezing, empty corpse as I held it ten feet in the air. He was coughing up blood. I showed them what happens when you fuck with Fuller. And you know what Fuller did to me?

Dr. Henderson: What?

SCP-3036: He hugged me. He told me that he was the proudest circus owner in America. I made him proud. I made him proud of me. Of me of all people! He let me keep them instead of killing them, as a reward.

Dr. Henderson: Them?

SCP-3036 points to its stomach.

SCP-3036: My brothers.

Dr. Henderson: B-Brothers?

SCP-3036: Yes. You see, they didn't survive the surgery. They were gonna be like me, but instead of being entertainers, they were gonna be clown hunters. However, they fucked up. Didn't know what they were doing, and, well, their brains got scrambled. Saw it myself. Their brains looked like a bunch of cracked eggs put into a white bowl. Fuller was gonna kill them, but, after what I did, he decided to, you know, let me keep them.

Dr. Henderson: How old were they when this happened?

SCP-3036: I don't remember. They were my juniors, though. Probably single digits. Not that it matters much. Couldn't leave them to die, even if I wanted to.

Dr. Henderson: Why were you left behind?

SCP-3036: Masky probably did it on purpose. The little cunt always did hate me.

Dr. Henderson: Masky?

SCP-3036: Nickname. Promotional shit called him 'Mr. Mask'. Gimmick was he could look like anyone. Clown hunter like me, and, like me, last generation of human-clowns.

Dr. Henderson: Why do you think he hated you?

SCP-3036: Better than him, in, like, every way. The feeling was mutual. Would've shoved that tongue of his up his ass if he wasn't so good at sucking Fuller's cock so much. If I see that little shit again, I'll rip him limb from limb, starting with his co—

Dr. Henderson: Please, keep on track.

SCP-3036: Oh, excuse me. My mind tends to wander about that kinda stuff sometimes. Anyways, he was a lab dog. Wanted me and my brothers out of the picture. And he did, and I'm fucked.

Dr. Henderson: What do you mean?

SCP-3036: Oh, don't think you know what I mean. We all know what happened to **Dick**. That's what happens to the ones that Fuller values. I'm fucked, and you're probably also fucked. Fuller, he has eyes and ears everywhere. The only ones in this room that aren't gonna die are the guys living in my stomach. Better sign your will, doctor, cause you and me are gonna lie together real soon.

<End Log>

Addendum-3036.1

On 12-25-2000, almost a year after initial containment of SCP-3036,

Site-43 suffered an electrical outage in the B-Wing of the facility.[2] Security personnel were dispatched to B-Wing in order to (1.) guard against potential containment breaches by anomalous humanoids and (2.) to investigate into the nature of Site-43's outage.[3] The Wing's backup generator was brought online for a short time by Site-43 personnel.

Three hours after the electrical outage on Wing-B, three individuals wearing clown masks were found nearing SCP-3036's containment cell. Security personnel were dispatched to deal with the potential threat, but were terminated by physical assault. Security footage suggests individuals were Level III Red humanoids.[4]

Following this discovery, Wing-B was put on lockdown by Site-Director [REDACTED] in order to avoid further entry into Site-43 and to stop the individuals from escaping Site-43. Requests for reinforcements were answered by Site-44 and Site-22 with **Mobile Task Forces Beta-22 ("The Whistleblowers")** and Beta-11 ("Sane Clown Posse").

Security personnel were ordered to eliminate the three individuals attempting to enter SCP-3036's cell. After 30 minutes of close quarters combat, one individual was able to enter SCP-3036's cell while the other two were combating Foundation security forces. The following was recorded inside of SCP-3036's cell.

> **SCP-3036:** Heh, Fuller really let his standards slide these days, hehe.
>
> *<Muffled talking>*
>
> **SCP-3036:** I expected this behavior from the others. But you, Masky, you really let yourself go, didn't you?
>
> *<Muffled talking>*
>
> **SCP-3036:** Oh, the bitch has claws, doesn't he? But, anyways, I know you're gonna kill me. But that shouldn't stop us from having fun —
>
> *<SCP-3036 punches the unknown individual out of the*

room.>

SCP-3036: — right?

Based off of camera footage and testimony from surviving personnel, SCP-3036 proceeded to attack the unknown individual, which ended in both it and the three individuals sustaining significant damage. Following an additional 30 minutes of fighting and the arrival of MTF-Beta-22 and MTF-Beta-11, the three individuals retreated through an anomalous doorway. SCP-3036 willingly came into Foundation custody. It had lost ~55% of its body mass, including both its arms by the end of the fight.[5]

Post-Incident Interview Excerpt

Interviewer: Dr. Henderson
Subject: SCP-3036

<Begin Log>

Dr. Henderson: Why did you let yourself be captured by the Foundation?

SCP-3036: You fucks were the only thing keeping me alive back there. You think I could have taken those guys by myself? Ha! You did a number on them. Mostly, you guys don't even see them coming, but thanks to a mysterious benefactor, you told those fuckers to go fuck themselves. I'd be dead if it weren't for you guys.

Increased security measures are being suggested for SCP-3036 and other similar anomalies connected to GoI-233.

Footnotes
1. See Interview Log below.
2. It should be noted that Site-43's B-Wing has separate power sources from the rest of the Site as a whole due to its nature as a humanoid containment wing.
3. It should be noted that this was two months after the initial interview with SCP-3036, and personnel were prepared for a possible attack by members of GoI-233.

4. Humanoids capable of Limited Regeneration. Footage suggests advanced regeneration capabilities. SeeDocument-PHYSICS-222for more information.
5. SCP-3036 regenerated both arms three days after the initial incident.

« SCP-3035 | **SCP-3036** | SCP-3037 »

SCP-3037: A Model City

Item #: SCP-3037

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3037 is to be kept in a standard Safe class storage locker at Site-19. When it is being transported, personnel are not to hold it in their hands; rather, it may be slid onto a wheeled cart and pushed to its destination.

SCP-3037-A instances created for testing are to be terminated at the conclusion of each test. Additionally, no more than one instance of SCP-3037-A is to exist at any given time. In the event that multiple instances are created, all of them are to be terminated.

Description: SCP-3037 is a miniature model of the walled city of Dubrovnik, Croatia. Its base is an irregular octagon that resembles a square measuring 9 centimeters on each edge, and it is composed of plaster and painted with acrylic.

Persons who hold SCP-3037[1] are designated instances of SCP-3037-A. Instances of SCP-3037-A believe themselves to actually be the city of Dubrovnik, and speak exclusively in Serbo-Croatian. Amnestic treatment has thus far proven ineffective in reversing these effects.

SCP-3037-A instances have also exhibited anomalous physical changes corresponding to current events in the city of Dubrovnik. Any damage sustained by the city causes corresponding bodily harm to instances of SCP-3037-A, which cannot heal unless the city of Dubrovnik is also repaired. A notable example of this was observed in December of 1991[2] (see Incident Log 3037-Alpha).

Testing has shown that this relationship is not reciprocal. Instances of SCP-3037-A may be harmed without causing corresponding damage to the real city of Dubrovnik.

Instances of SCP-3037-A believe themselves to be parents of SCP-3037 itself. As such, they are reluctant to put it down or expose it to harm; if they are forced to give up SCP-3037 or it appears to be damaged, they show reactions consistent with those of parents whose children have been harmed.

Multiple concurrent instances of SCP-3037-A may exist at any given time, and appear willing to put down SCP-3037 only if they are handing it over to another instance. Even when these instances are aware of each other's existence, they do not show signs of distress. If, for example, there are ten SCP-3037-A instances in existence, they claim that there exist eleven copies[3] of the city of Dubrovnik, all of which are parents of SCP-3037.

+ Recovery Log

In the summer of 1988, Dr. V , a researcher at Site-19, began exhibiting a streak of absenteeism. Investigation of his home by Foundation agents found that he had been at home the entire time, and had been affected by the object that was later designated SCP-3037.

Further investigation found that Dr. V had never been to Dubrovnik, and had bought SCP-3037 at a local art exhibition. The object was originally wrapped and boxed, and he did not directly hold it until removing it from the box in his home. The company organizing the art exhibition had no records of a vendor selling art inspired by Yugoslavia or the Dalmatian Coast region. Because payment for the object was made in cash, the identity of the artist is unknown.

The exact nature of SCP-3037's anomalous properties was determined during recovery, as a Foundation agent handled the object after bringing the first SCP-3037-A instance (formerly Dr. V) into containment. This agent, in turn, became an SCP-3037-A instance. Containment was established when both SCP-3037-A instances were tranquilized and the object was handled with tongs to be placed into its current Safe class storage

locker.

+ Interview Log 3037-Aleph

Interviewer: Dr. C , a researcher at Site-19

Subject: An instance of SCP-3037-A, formerly Dr. V . At the time of the interview, there were six instances of SCP-3037-A.

The contents of this log have been translated into English from Serbo-Croatian. Extraneous data have been redacted.

[BEGIN LOG 14/07/1988 11:15:07]

Dr. C : How are you feeling today?

SCP-3037-A: The same as usual. Rocky, ancient, humid, warm today.

Dr. C : And SCP-3037?

SCP-3037-A: My daughter? She is doing well, but please be quiet, she is sleeping.

Dr. C : Of course. I would like to confirm some of your previous statements. You are the ancient walled city of Dubrovnik, correct?

SCP-3037-A: Correct. One of seven Dubrovniks.

Dr. C : Can you tell me how an entire city has arms and legs, or fits inside this one room?

SCP-3037-A: That is simply what cities do. Cities have arms and legs, a whole body. And they fit inside rooms. I am not sure what it is you are asking.

Dr. C : Could you please define "city" for me?

SCP-3037-A: A place where many people live, made of buildings, stone, maybe wood. It has a body that can fit inside a room, and it is composed of several neighborhoods. There are seven of the city of Dubrovnik.

Dr. C : And how does an entire city have a daughter?

SCP-3037-A: Doctor, I hope you will excuse my modesty. I do not want to answer that question.

Dr. C : I am a scientist, you will not disgust me.

SCP-3037-A: Fine. A city… is made of marble, is it not?

Dr. C : Some cities are.

SCP-3037-A: My daughter was, well, carved from my marble. It is quite simple, really. She will make an excellent city herself one day.

Dr. C : Thank you, I have no more questions for today.

[END LOG 14/07/1988 11:18:14]

Note: Chemical analysis of SCP-3037 consistently indicates that it is not made of marble.

+ Incident Log 3037-Alpha: Siege of Dubrovnik

Beginning in October of 1991, the Yugoslav People's Army besieged the real city of Dubrovnik. At the time, the Foundation had fifteen instances of SCP-3037-A in

custody. During the siege, each of these instances reported some difficulty in eating, and minor lacerations manifested at times corresponding to actual attacks on the city of Dubrovnik.

The bombardment of the Old Town of Dubrovnik reached its peak on 06/12/1991. At almost exactly 06:00:00 Central European Time, during this bombardment, all fifteen instances of SCP-3037-A exploded in succession, roughly one second apart. The order in which they exploded was observed to correspond to the order in which they were created.

The first instance of SCP-3037-A exploded with relatively little force, but each successive explosion was increasingly powerful. The last instance exploded with force equivalent to roughly one ton of TNT, breaching several containment chambers at Site-19 and resulting in the loss of personnel.

It is hypothesized that instances of SCP-3037-A have an anomalous connection not only with the real city of Dubrovnik, but also with each other. Therefore, the second instance of SCP-3037-A was not only damaged by the shelling of Dubrovnik, but also by the explosion of the first instance, and so on. In this way, the explosive force of the first instance of SCP-3037-A was multiplied by 2^{14} by the time the fifteenth instance exploded.

Due to this incident, it is now prohibited for more than one instance of SCP-3037-A to exist at any given time.

Footnotes
1. "Holding" is here defined as supporting the entire weight of the object with one's hands for at least one whole second, making physical contact with the object
2. During the Siege of Dubrovnik by the Yugoslav People's Army
3. Including the actual city

SCP-3038: A Starseer

Item #: SCP-3038

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3038 is currently located at research Site-157. Samples of SCP-3038-B should be incinerated or collected for testing, adhering to standard hazardous materials protocol.

Host-3038 is kept in an on-site personnel apartment and is monitored by an infrared surveillance apparatus. At the end of SCP-3038's active phase, Host-3038 is to be administered a Class-A amnestic. During SCP-3038's inactive phase, Host-3038 may be granted access to on-site common services and will continue to aid research.

Description: SCP-3038 denotes a localized gravitational anomaly within the right eye of adult female , designated Host-3038. Host-3038 exhibits no anomalous attributes and, besides retinal blindness, is unaffected by the presence SCP-3038 during its inactive phases.

SCP-3038 exhibits an average gravitational field of 28.72 m/s^{2}[1] throughout its area of effect. This force extends in a 1 millimeter radius. Around the outer extent of SCP-3038, a "film" of loose matter orbits, composed of a non-periodic element which rapidly decays when removed from SCP-3038. This film acts as a "buffer" between SCP-3038 and the gravitational force of the earth.

SCP-3038's effects have compiled 8 spherical structures 200 to 600 micrometers in diameter (designated SCP-3038-A-2 through SCP-3038-A-9) in orbit around a centralized object 1 millimeter in diameter (designated SCP-3038-A-1). SCP-3038-A-2 through SCP-3038-A-9 are composed of Host-3038's cells (mostly photoreceptors and erythrocytes), foreign bodies such as dust, and

trace amounts of non-periodic elements. SCP-3038-A-1 orbits closely to the central point of SCP-3038, and resembles a Red Giant star, both in composition and appearance.

Every 40 to 70 days, the film of SCP-3038 will degrade, commencing the "active" phase. Small bodies of dust, rock, and ice from an unknown source will be thrown by SCP-3038-A-1 through the eye, permeating the pupil's membrane without causing damage. The expelled matter will drift from Host-3038, mixing with dusts from the atmosphere. This combined substance is denoted SCP-3038-B. After the shedding of SCP-3038-B, the film of SCP-3038 will not regenerate for 23 minutes. In this time, SCP-3038 can be observed freely, given that all SCP-3038-B has been cleared.

Observation has shown accelerated time-progression within SCP-3038. While an exact age is impossible to determine, monitoring of SCP-3038's celestial activity has suggested SCP-3038-A-1 has aged at least 6 billion years while in containment. Monitoring of instances SCP-3038-A-2 through SCP-3038-9 has shown that, while all present periodic elements have undergone the expected amount of deterioration, all non-periodic elements have resisted deterioration. While it seems SCP-3038-A-1 will eventually die, the effect its death will have on SCP-3038 remains uncertain.

Documentation on Psychoanomalous Properties: SCP-3038-B has been found to evoke one of several psychoanomalous reactions in any human whose cells are contacted by it.[2] SCP-3038-B will lose its anomalous properties within 30 minutes of initial contamination. These reactions have included:

- A fever of 40.5°C, along with all expected symptoms of high fever such as vomiting, sweating, and fatigue. As fever increases within Host-3038, the expulsion of SCP-3038-B becomes more violent and SCP-3038-A-1 burns hotter, sustaining the reaction for periods of up to 13 days.
- Lapsing into a semi-comatose state, in which the affected will remain conscious of reality but will be unable to move.
- Audiovisual hallucinations of varying natures. Most common are vivid audiovisual hallucinations of inconsistent nature; the majority of hallucinations play on common instinctual fears

such as insects, strangers, predatory animals, ambiguous monsters, etc. Also common are vague audiovisual hallucinations, 90% of which are forgotten after completion.
- While 40% of recalled hallucinations seem to be of a random nature, 50% seem to detail an event 50 days before or after contact with SCP-3038-B, although events after contact usually vary from previous psychoanomalous hallucinations in several regards. 10% of recalled hallucinations are vivid, false accounts of events 50 days before or after contact with SCP-3038-B, and actions taken in response to these false events have consistently caused incidents of varying severity.

As SCP-3038 has aged, the anomalous effects of SCP-3038-B have grown more pronounced. Additionally, more matter seems to be expelled each active phase. Further attempts to determine the source of these substances have been inconclusive. These substances consistently enter SCP-3038 from 1 of 4 trajectories originating in an anomalous space, seemingly between SCP-3038's "film" and the edge of SCP-3038. This suggests a larger, non-observable extent to SCP-3038.

Documentation Regarding Host-3038: On / /1999, Dr. was transferred from former Site-187 to Site-157 as a Level-2 researcher studying SCP- .

Shortly after Dr. s arrival at Site-157, SCP-3038 was discovered and brought into containment. Physical inspection of Dr. before transferral showed no anomalies, and interviews have consistently shown Dr. to have no knowledge of how SCP-3038 was acquired.

> Considering what happened at Site-187-D, I'm not surprised that it might've caused something like this. Host-3038 was a good researcher, and so long as we're playing this safe and following proper protocol regarding SCP-3038 and SCP-3038-B, I see no reason to detain Host-3038 indefinitely.
>
> - Dr. Gregory Brimmings, Personnel Director of Site-157.

Footnotes

1. A gravitational velocity comparable to that of a large gas giant.
2. Host-3038 is not immune to the effects of SCP-3038-B.

SCP-3039: An Antiquated Guide

Item #: SCP-3039

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Any copies of SCP-3039 are kept in a sealed, opaque storage locker at Site-39. Newly discovered instances are to be retrieved by agents who have been immunized to SCP-3039's effect. Affected civilians are to read an instance of SCP-3039 to completion before amnestization in order to assure both removal and immunization to SCP-3039's effect.

Description: SCP-3039 is a set of 34 contained instances of a paperback novel, titled *An Antiquated Guide to Avoiding Writer's Block*. There is a high possibility of thousands more instances currently uncontained. The author, R. Sebastian, designated PoI-2665, has authored several other anomalies; attempts to track and capture this person are ongoing. The contents of the object are suspected to be highly saturated with infohazards, due to the nature of the object. themselves non-anomalous. The cover features a cognitohazardous image of a nondescript, grey rectangular prism. Upon viewing the image, any exposed parties will be affected by the manifestation of SCP-3039-1.

SCP-3039-1 are rectangular prisms identical to the one depicted by SCP-3039's cover. Instances of SCP-3039-1 appear whenever an afflicted party (the subject) attempts to record data in any physical fashion. The objects consistently manifest in a location that disallows the subject from recording said information, appearing covering a keyboard when attempting to type or obscuring a paper when attempting to write. Once manifested, SCP-3039-1 are unable to be shifted or damaged, and only dematerialize once the subject ceases attempts to record. Once a subject is under SCP-3039's effect, no method of removing the effect has proven effective at removing it. See Experiment Log 3039.

Sustained interaction with SCP-3039-1 has proven deleterious to mental health, causing intense enmity and irrationality in subjects. This is theorized to be an additional effect of SCP-3039-1, and not human reaction to the anomaly, due to the extreme shifts in the typical composure of several test subjects.

During the first retrieval, 22 personnel were affected by the object before its effects were fully comprehended.

> Experiment Log 3039
>
> Listed are several notable experiments. For the full log, see Document 3039.6.
>
> > **Experiment 1:**
> > **Procedure:** Agent Coffey is amnesticized for the past 24 hours.
> > **Result:** Agent loses all knowledge of past 24 hours. SCP-3039-1 continue to manifest.
> > **Researcher Notes:** Evidently SCP-3039-1 aren't triggered by memory of their appearance. -Researcher Florence
>
> > Note: Researcher Teals, one of the first afflicted personnel, has volunteered to join research team. Due to his training with cognitohazards, personal investment, and low value of risk involved, he will be the primary test subject for the foreseeable future. -Researcher Florence
>
> > **Experiment 15:**
> > **Procedure:** Subject exposed to a cognitohazard created specifically in an attempt to nullify SCP-3039.
> > **Result:** SCP-3039-1 continue to manifest.
> > **Researcher Notes:** The results of this experiment and of past experiments appear to show that the effect of SCP-3039 is unable to be removed. In accordance with this school of thought, in order to reassume partial value to

affected Foundation assets, the experimentation will focus on circumventing instances of SCP-3039-1 rather than complete neutralization. -Researcher Florence

Experiment 21:
Procedure: Subject attempts to write upon paper. After initial manifestation, the subject shifts the paper and attempts to write upon it once again
Result: SCP-3039-1 manifest initially as expected. When the object is shifted, the instance remains suspended and does not demanifest. The subject attempted to write again, at this point, a new instance of SCP-3039-1 manifested. This effect continued for each shift until the subject ceased attempts to record, at which all instances dematerialized.
Researcher Notes: It's almost mocking, no? Testing for sentience is under consideration. -Researcher Florence

Experiment 29:
Procedure: Subject attempts to film himself in order to log experiments without assistance.
Result: SCP-3039-1 do not manifest initially. However, upon viewing the recording, SCP-3039-1 obscures view of the subject, and the audio track is replaced with silence. Notably, a recording logged incidentally by the subject, without intent to store information, was free of any changes.
Researcher Notes: It appears intent is the main proponent of SCP-3039-1 manifestation. While it is assumed that SCP-3039-1 will manifest even with external intent as the driving force, this property will be further tested. -Researcher Florence

Experiment 37:
Procedure: Subject attempts to call Researcher Florence on provided phone in order to report the results of several previous experiments.
Result: Subject is unable to transmit any audio to Researcher Florence. However, Researcher Florence is able to relay audio to the subject without issue.
Researcher Notes: Even relay of information to other people is restricted. However, the subject was not prevented from dialing the number or from talking. With the crux of intent in mind, this experiment will be modified slightly and subsequently tested. -Researcher Florence

Experiment 38:
Procedure: Subject attempts to call Researcher Florence on provided phone and speak a string of random words followed by information on previous experiments.
Result: Subject said, "Donkey, watermelon, crime, horse, battery." This portion of the audio was successfully transmitted. Upon switching content of the words spoken, no further audio was transmitted. Before the closing of the experiment, the subject repeated the previous word sequence. The audio was successfully transmitted.
Researcher Notes: This further solidifies the idea of intent being the effect's basis, but shows that information containing no actual information is still able to communicated. -Researcher Florence

Note: Researcher Teals has been showing signs of extreme anxiety since Experiment 38. While his varied attempts to circumvent SCP-3039-1 are commendable, and his

current progress is far from nominal, I'm recommending that he be reassigned for a short period of time. -Researcher Florence

Experiment 44:
Procedure: Subject opens SCP-3039's storage locker and inflicts significant damage to several instances with an axe while screaming counter cognitohazard, "[EXPLETIVE] you, you [EXPLETIVE], blocky [EXPLETIVE]. Let me [EXPLETIVE] write, you [EXPLETIVE]!" This course of action was unauthorized by necessary personnel.
Result: SCP-3039-1 continue to manifest. Cursory checks were performed on other afflicted subjects, SCP-3039-1 continue to manifest. Possibility of additional effects added to SCP-3039-1's description.
Researcher Notes: Researcher Teals has been reprimanded for unprofessionalism and has been taken off the SCP-3039 research team for 2 weeks. Reprimand aside, this incident shows the anomaly has no degree of sentience as previously theorized, and that the effect is only provoked under certain circumstances. -Researcher Florence

Experiment 53:
Procedure: Researcher suggests that initial qualms of further infohazards being contained within the object may be unfounded, and offered to test it as a last resort. Subject reads through the entirety of the SCP-3039.
Result: SCP-3039 yields no information on dispelling its effects. However, upon further testing, manifestations of SCP-3039-1 no longer occur. Subsequent exposure to SCP-3039's cover displays the subject is immune to further affliction.
Researcher Notes: This feels so good to put

into the written word. Thank you for [EXPUNGED], you [EXPLETIVE] bricks. - Researcher Teals

Researcher Teals has been reprimanded for unprofessionalism.

Transcript of SCP-3039

Listed are several excerpts from SCP-3039.

Forward:
I would like to thank and wish good luck to both the sorry sap who saw the cover and the Brother, for the inspiration to create.

Page 1:
Here begins a journey. A chapter in your life. Or thirty chapters. So. You think that reading this is gonna help you? I don't think that it will. Or do I? Does it matter? You'll look through this book eventually. Might as well waste your time now than later. Here lies the story of the reader vs. the book. The writer vs. the block. The moron vs. the essence of futility. Etcetera. A battle of wills, a struggle for the ages! Nah. It's you reading a book that you're convinced will help with your… situation.

Page 320:
You little scamp. Already a third into the book. So confident and hopeful. Good. I like hope. It looks so glorious crushed into the ground. Not really, as it's not even a physical object, but I like to imagine that it does. Chaos is a beauty in spite of itself. Brother, does it look good. Keep reading to have your hopes nice and killed. Oops, did I mention something being killed? You won't be killed. Pinky promise.

Page 756:

You probably wanna know why reading this book hasn't killed you yet. Because you have to suffer and waste your time before you die, obviously. I kid. Or so I say. I planned to place encouragement to read more, maybe even an actual story, but an inspirational friend told me that good PR couldn't and wouldn't bring enough eyes to the page. That people like you wouldn't care unless something caused a ruckus. And death wouldn't cause a ruckus, cause you'd be dead, right? Seems odd that I'm telling you this. Huh. Maybe I'm making all this up to get you to finish this book. You're almost done with this thing, quitting now would be foolish, right? Or is quitting while you're ahead (and not dead, for rhyming's sake) the better option?

Page 975:
Here's the penultimate stop on the train. You've almost done it! But what will completing this thing do? I've told you that it'll do nothing for you. Then I told you that I wanted you to read the book. Which one is the truth? Is either one the truth? What if kills you? What if it cures you? What if what I said first was true and it does nothing? Are you fucking brave enough to find out?

Page 976:
Oh look. It's the end of the journey. The final page. Look. I've said some things I regret. I lied. I don't regret it. The Brother has another read, and I have a bigger wallet. You? You've wasted several hours of your time. You've been mocked and ridiculed for 976 pages. Go ahead. Tell your friends. The magical book that made you read it to stop the blocks from manifesting. You don't have proof though! No picture, no video, no writing. They'll think

you’re insane! So show them. Prove that you aren't insane. Or is it insane that you might force your friend through your experience? Or will you go insane from not telling anyone? Moral dilemma, right?

During rehabilitation from a civilian outbreak, one civilian attempted to read the last page of SCP-3039 first. Upon further testing, not reading every page of the anomaly to completion results in the same occurrence.

Page 976:
Sorry. The cure is not in this page.

SCP-3040: Give Her A Hand

Item #: SCP-3040

Object Class: Safe Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3040-1 is to be contained in a standard humanoid containment unit. SCP-3040-1 may file for additional furniture items, which are to be reviewed and approved by site personnel. SCP-3040-1 is allowed to move around Site- as it pleases, as long as it is accompanied by two Level-2 personnel at all times. SCP-3040-1 is no longer granted wandering privileges. Any requests for SCP-3040 to be amputated are to be ignored by all Foundation personnel.

Only objects larger than 20 cm^3 are allowed to enter SCP-3040-1's containment unit, in order to prevent the anomalous properties of SCP-3040 from manifesting. This protocol may be suspended for research purposes only. When allowed to roam the Facility, SCP-3040-1 must be presented with an item[1] to hold with SCP-3040. Refusal to do so will result in a suspension of her roaming permission. If SCP-3040-1 must leave its containment cell, a 10 cm^3 wooden cube is to be held by SCP-3040. This cube cannot have writing or any methods of conveying information on it.

Description: SCP-3040-1 refers to former Agent Sharlene Vangarre, who lost her left hand due to the failed capture of an anomaly in Incident -α

SCP-3040 refers to the area where SCP-3040-1's left hand was. SCP-3040 is not visible on the electromagnetic spectrum, nor is it detectable by chemical means. SCP-3040-1 describes it as a "phantom limb," which it senses at all times despite nothing physically being present. It states it has full control over the limb, yet expresses that the limb causes constant discomfort at all times.

SCP-3040's anomalous properties manifest once SCP-3040-1

attempts to grasp an object equal to or smaller than 20 cm^3 with the missing hand. Upon doing so, the object will vanish entirely, and cannot be recovered unless SCP-3040-1 places the object in the precise location it occupied before, relative to the object's surroundings. No more than one object can be held at a time by SCP-3040. If asked to place a held object elsewhere, SCP-3040-1 will express distress and discomfort, claiming that it cannot release the object. Items that disappear appear in SCP-3040-A.

SCP-3040-A is an extradimensional void of unknown volume only accessible by items "held" by SCP-3040. GPS devices do not work within SCP-3040-A, but electronic equipment does function within SCP-3040-A if running on an internal power source. SCP-3040-A is usually empty, however some objects have been observed within video footage. No object persists for more than a fraction of a second, and the Foundation has yet to interact with one of the objects within SCP-3040-A. All objects visible within SCP-3040-A were at one point placed within SCP-3040-A. It is theorized that SCP-3040-A is a localized time anomaly that can have no effect on the outside world, excluding the act of taking the object in.

UPDATE: See Addendum 2-A for information on recently observed properties of SCP-3040-A.

Addendum 1-A:

> **Interviewed:** SCP-3040-1, Foundation Agent that is the host of SCP-3040
>
> **Interviewer:** Doctor May Nathans, medical doctor trained in treating amputees.
>
> **Foreword:** This interview was conducted with SCP-3040-1 after her recovery from the incident, and resulted in the discovery of SCP-3040. Doctor Nathans was assigned to SCP-3040-1 due to her training.
>
> **<Begin Log, 12:58, 4/ /1 >**
>
> **Dr. Nathans:** Hello Agent Vangarre.

SCP-3040-1: …Hey.

Dr. Nathans: How're you feeling? Any lingering pains?

SCP-3040-1: Yeah. Still feels like I have my hand, but…I know it's not there.

Dr. Nathans: I see. So you feel as if you're experiencing a phantom limb, of sorts?

SCP-3040-1: Yes, doc. It's not there, I can't exactly feel an actual limb.

Dr. Nathans audibly sighs, before speaking again.

Dr. Nathans: Agent, there is no need to be so sarcastic.

SCP-3040-1: Sorry. Just…kinda strained from literally losing a hand, y'know?

Dr. Nathans: I understand.

SCP-3040-1: Anyways, why're you here? I already had a different doc assigned to me.

Dr. Nathans: Well, after you reported discomfort stemming from your amputated limb, they referred me to check up on you. Are you sure everything is okay?

SCP-3040-1: I'm fine, doc, really. Just some PLS, that's all. That's normal-ish, right?

Dr. Nathans: It is, yes. But I need to make sure. Could you show me your arm, please?

SCP-3040-1 complies, and lifts her left arm. Dr. Nathans examines it for a few seconds, noting the stump of flesh, and nods.

Dr. Nathans: Everything seems fine visually.

SCP-3040-1: Told you.

Dr. Nathans: And it's just a sort of ache where your hand used to be?

SCP-3040-1: An ache, and I can still feel the hand, kinda. Like an afterimage I can move. That's what PLS is like normally, right?

Dr. Nathans: Some experience that, yes. Though it is curious how you're experiencing this so soon after losing your hand…

SCP-3040-1: Just my body being a bit weird, doc. Nothing big about it. Don't worry. I just need to recover and I'll be a-okay and ready for duty again. That mission was botched from the get-go when Duncan…

SCP-3040-1 grumbles inaudibly for a few seconds, before Nathans clears her throat.

Dr. Nathans: That doesn't matter. Since you're experiencing some form of PLS, I'll be sure to refer you to therapy so you can get back on the job soon.

SCP-3040-1: If they don't let me go 'cause of my missing hand.

Dr. Nathans: It's very possible you may retain your position. You are right handed, yes?

SCP-3040-1: Yeah. I can still shoot with my right hand, and a simple prosthetic could give me support…I just worry, y'know? Especially for Duncan. Even though-

Dr. Nathans: This meeting isn't about Agent Banner.

SCP-3040-1 sighs, and nods.

Dr. Nathans: Now, do you have any questions before I go?

SCP-3040-1: No, doc. I'm good. Well…

Dr. Nathans: Well what?

SCP-3040-1: I just…wanna try grabbing something. Just to prove to myself my hand isn't there. Can you hand me that pen?

Dr. Nathans: If you wish. Here.

Dr. Nathans holds a small, ballpoint pen up, near where SCP-3040-1's hand would have been. A look of concentration crosses her face, before the pen disappears. Both are silent for a few moments, before the pen re-appears and SCP-3040-1 drops her arm.

SCP-3040-1: W…what the hell?

Dr. Nathans: …I need to report this. I'm sorry, Sharlene, but I have to.

Closing Statement: SCP-3040-1 remained unresponsive until it was transferred to its containment unit. Its phantom limb was then classified as SCP-3040.

Addendum 1-B:

+ Experimental logs

Experiment 1 - 4/ /1

Subject: A ballpoint pen
Procedure: SCP-3040-1 was instructed to grasp the ballpoint pen with her missing hand.
Results: The pen vanished from view once the pen was grasped. Chemical, visual, and physical analysis of the region where the pen had been indicated that the pen was not simply invisible, but no longer present. After the pen was placed down, it reappeared in the identical position and state it was in prior to being lifted.
Analysis: "The pen disappeared in all ways. No chemical, physical, or electromagnetic

detection was possible. Perhaps the object was teleported elsewhere?" - Dr. Klaus

Experiment 2 - 4/ /1

Subject: A ballpoint pen, with a small GPS tracker attached
Procedure: SCP-3040-1 was instructed to grasp the ballpoint pen with her missing hand.
Results: Once again, the pen disappeared, leaving no physical or chemical trace. Upon vanishing, the GPS signal immediately winked out. Once SCP-3040-1 released the pen, the GPS signal reappeared.
Analysis: "The GPS tracker did not output a signal. Wherever the object is taken, it is either in a location outside of GPS reach, or simply not in this world at all." - Dr. Klaus

Experiment 7 - 5/ /1

Subject: A 20 cm^3 block of wood, followed by a 15 cm^3 block of wood, followed by a 10 cm^3 block of wood.
Procedure: SCP-3040-1 was instructed to grasp each block of wood sequentially.
Results: All three blocks of wood disappeared.
Analysis: "Upper limit is 20 cm^3, it seems. Previous four tests corroborate that nothing larger than this size can be held. Useful information for future tests. Perhaps cameras can work when no longer visible?" - Dr. Klaus

Experiment 8 - 5/ /1

Subject: A small GoPro camera.
Procedure: The camera was set to record, and SCP-3040-1 was instructed to grasp the camera for twenty seconds, then to place it down.

Results: The camera disappeared, much like the previous objects, and appeared once again once SCP-3040-1 released it. The camera was fully functional afterwards. Please see Addendum 1-C for sustained footage.
Analysis: "The location objects go to seems to be devoid of anything, aside from what was introduced before. Unsure if those are physical or incorporeal manifestations, and due to their short manifestation period it is unlikely I will be able to test that. Further testing of how objects behave inside of SCP-3040-A is needed." - Dr. Klaus

Experiment 13 - 6/ /1

Subject: A mug of hot coffee.
Procedure: SCP-3040-1 was instructed to grasp the handle of the mug, and once the object disappeared, was instructed to pour it out before setting it down again.
Results: The mug, upon return, was still filled with hot coffee. The volume and temperature of the liquid had not changed at all, despite SCP-3040-1 confirming she tried to pour it out.
Analysis: "Objects inside are resistant to being changed in a way that alters them physically. The temperature of the coffee also did not change. Digital thermometers pegged the internal temperature of SCP-3040-A at about -268C° as well. The lack in temperature alteration may be due to SCP-3040-A being a total vacuum, or perhaps any physical changes are impossible – including the loss of heat energy. More video records, and perhaps a digital atmospheric scanner, are needed." - Dr. Klaus

Addentum 1-C:

+ Documentation from Experiment 8

Note: Due to the loss of the original footage, only the textual documentation written by Dr. Klaus remains.

> *The recording begins with a short clip of SCP-3040-1. It looks directly at the camera, before reaching out to it with the limb that is host to SCP-3040. After contact with SCP-3040 is made, the video cuts to a seemingly endless and empty white expanse. A quiet hum can be heard through the speakers for the entire duration of the remaining clip.*

> *After exactly 8.73 seconds, a ballpoint pen identical to the one used in Experiment 1 appears for approximately 0.25 seconds. After 3.61 seconds, a pen identical to the one utilized in Experiment 2 appears. In the last three seconds of the video, the three wooden blocks from Experiment 7 appear sequentially, exactly one second apart. The video cuts abruptly back to SCP-3040-1, which is looking towards Dr. Klaus. The footage ends there.*

Addendum 2-A:

Further testing within SCP-3040-A revealed multiple temporal anomalies affecting the dimension. These anomalies include the following:

- Any electronic recording device within SCP-3040-A will have all files related to SCP-3040-A altered if placed into SCP-3040-A more than once. Alterations to the files only consist of changing all past files to contain all objects recently introduced into the time loop. Importantly, this affects any copies of the files as well, regardless of if they were present on the device at the time of re-introduction or not.

- SCP-3040-A exists within a persistent minute-long time loop. Any item inserted within SCP-3040-A will appear within all following loops at the precise moment they appeared, and will

persist for 0.25 seconds without fail. No observed objects within SCP-3040-A persist for longer.

- Any and all living organisms will enter a form of stasis. Cells will cease to function temporarily but will not die, and all brain activity ceases as well. Organisms display no ill effects due to this stasis. Any electronic device attached to the organism will continue to function and monitor the organism, however.

- If an object is placed within SCP-3040-A, removed, altered, then placed back within SCP-3040-A, all electronic information involving the object will change to have the most recent version of the object present. This does not affect data created before 4/ /1 .[2]

See Addendum 2-B for experiments relating to the discovery of these traits.

Addendum 2-B:

The following experiments resulted in the discovery of numerous, previously unknown, traits of SCP-3040-A.

Experiment 14 - 6/ /1

Subject: The same camera utilized in Experiment 8. All files removed and uploaded to the Foundation database beforehand.
Procedure: SCP-3040-1 was instructed to grasp the camera for twenty seconds, then to place it down.
Results: The camera disappeared, much like the previous objects, and appeared once again once SCP-3040-1 released it. The camera was fully functional afterwards.

+ View Footage

The recording begins with a short clip of SCP-3040-1. It looks directly at the camera, before reaching out to it with the limb that is host to SCP-3040. After contact with

SCP-3040 is made, the video cuts to a seemingly endless and empty white expanse. A quiet hum can be heard through the speakers for the entire duration of the remaining clip.

After 8 seconds, a ballpoint pen identical to the one used in Experiment 1 appears for approximately 0.25 seconds. After 3 seconds, a pen identical to the one utilized in Experiment 2 appears. After approximately three seconds, the three wooden blocks from Experiment 7 appear sequentially, exactly one second apart. Then, after exactly 0.5 seconds, the camera utilized in Experiment 8[3] manifested for 0.25 seconds. The objects utilized in experiments 9-13 also appeared at various time points, until a total of twenty seconds had passed. The video cuts abruptly back to SCP-3040-1, which is glancing off to the side. The footage ends there.

Analysis: "Footage from Experiment 14 shows no new anomalies. Comparison with Experiment 8, however, revealed a new trait of SCP-3040-A. All footage regarding Experiment 8 now matches Experiment 14, though it appears to have been shot from a different angle. None of the files show any tampering, and have not been viewed since my original viewing. Further experimentation is required. This is potentially concerning." – Dr. Klaus

Experiment 15 - 6/ /1

Subject: A new GoPro camera of the same make and model used in prior experiments.
Procedure: SCP-3040-1 was instructed to grasp the camera for three minutes, then to place it down.
Results: Footage from Experiments 8 and 14 was not overwritten. Camera was undamaged and still fully functional.

+ View Footage

> *The recording begins with a short clip of SCP-3040-1 much like prior experiments. It looks directly at the camera, before reaching out to it with the limb that is host to SCP-3040. After contact with SCP-3040 is made, the video cuts to SCP-3040-A. A quiet hum can be heard through the speakers for the entire duration of the remaining clip.*

> *After 8 seconds, a ballpoint pen identical to the one used in Experiment 1 appears for approximately 0.25 seconds. After 3 seconds, a pen identical to the one utilized in Experiment 2 appears. After approximately three seconds, the three wooden blocks from Experiment 7 appear sequentially, exactly one second apart. Then, after exactly 0.5 seconds, two instances of the camera utilized in Experiment 8 and 14 manifested for 0.25 seconds. Both cameras manifested facing each other, approximately three meters apart. The objects utilized in experiments 9-13 also appeared at various time points. After the mug utilized in Experiment 13 vanished, approximately 20 seconds had passed in the video. 48 seconds passed before the manifestations began, once again stating with the ballpoint pen and ending with the coffee mug utilized in experiment 13. This would repeat once again, before the camera was removed.*

Analysis: “SCP-3040-A did not cause the data of Experiment 8 and Experiment 14 to change. It is not similar objects that are affected, but the exact same object. Also of note is the length of the observed pattern. All objects persist for the same amount of time, and all objects appear at the same time without fail. This

indicates either a time loop, or a constant repetition of patterns. Due to the other temporal traits of SCP-3040-A, I am inclined to believe it is a time loop." – Dr. Klaus

Incident 3040-1 - 6/ /1

On 6/ /1 , video footage containing the coffee mug utilized in Experiment 13 appeared to change, despite the files being unedited. This coincides with a separate experiment performed by Dr. Klaus, which utilized the same coffee mug without any fluid in it.

> At approximately 12:35 in Site- on 5/ /1 , numerous researchers can be seen around a table. An empty coffee mug[4] is seen on the table, adjacent to numerous papers. One researcher reaches for the papers, and inadvertently causes the mug to fall on its side. All adjacent papers appear to stain, as if coffee was poured on them, despite no coffee being visible in the mug. Researchers scramble, and act as if coffee had been spilled despite no liquid being visible on the video feed.

> At 13:56 on 5/ /1 , the same mug was seen in the hands of Dr. Klaus. He motions as if he is drinking it, yet no liquid is seen within the mug.

After this incident, Dr. Klaus asserted that in both situations, the mug had been full of coffee. He claimed that a similar effect had been observed with earlier testing of SCP-3040-A, but it did not affect non-digital objects.

> "What was once thought to be an isolated dimension now shows that it can literally alter digital history. Memories, physical evidence, and everything else is unaffected. But digital recordings can be completely rewritten, and we may never know. The fact it can rewrite our records without our awareness – without a trace – is enough for me to ask for a reclassification to Euclid, and perhaps seek ways to neutralize it. Primarily for the safety and preservation of our data. SCP-3040-1 must be kept under careful observation. Allowing it to wander the facility now may prove too dangerous unless specific

actions are taken to minimize the chances of SCP-3040 altering information on our records." - Dr. Klaus

Further testing of SCP-3040-A has been suspended to maintain stability and reliability of digital records. SCP-3040 upgraded to "Euclid". Any requests for amputation of SCP-3040 are to be rejected until further notice.

Footnotes
1. Such as a coffee mug, ballpoint pen, or any item less than 20 cm3.
2. This is the same date that SCP-3040-1 lost its left hand.
3. It is important to note that the camera utilized in Experiment 14 and Experiment 8 were the exact same camera.
4. This mug was confirmed to be the one utilized in Experiment 13.

SCP-3041: The Red Knife

Item #: SCP-3041

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3041 is to be kept in a secure locker on-site. Researchers are not to hold SCP-3041 or allow it to come in contact with their bare skin.

As of 05-22-2015, all access to SCP-3041 is prohibited pending further review. Furthermore, until this review is complete, the information below should be regarded as outdated and possibly inaccurate.

Description: SCP-3041 is a 12-centimeter iron knife of unidentified origin with a hilt wrapped in braided leather. Radiometric dating shows inconclusive results for the age of the blade, but indicates the hilt was added within the past two centuries. The knife's surface is rust-colored and smells of spoiled meat. Despite extensive analysis, a source for this odor has yet to be determined.

SCP-3041 exhibits its anomalous property only once it has been held by a sapient subject for a certain period of time. The length of time required to trigger SCP-3041's effect varies widely; the underlying mechanism remains unknown.

Once SCP-3041 has activated, subjects will eventually experience a dream wherein they use SCP-3041 to attack one or more persons, removing and consuming their hearts. This dream is set wherever the subject initially held SCP-3041, and typically involves victims one would expect to find in this setting. In all cases, subjects do not recognize their victims. No victim is known to correlate with an actual person (alive or dead).

Subjects will often continue to have recurrences of this dream with little variation. Though amnestics reduce or even eliminate these

occurrences, most subjects continue to show signs of emotional distress, guilt, and psychological trauma associated with PTSD. SCP-3041's effect can be triggered multiple times, producing new dreams in each case.

SCP-3041 was found among the personal effects of Daniel Crenshall, an elderly recluse and collector of historical antiques who committed suicide on 02-15-1987. SCP-3041's anomalous nature was discovered when, in reviewing the contents of Mr. Crenshall's collection, a researcher began experiencing dreams similar to those described in Mr. Crenshall's suicide note.

Addendum 3041.1: Attachments

> ► ACCESS SCP:/3041/tests/series_5.log
>
> Notably, this was the last series of tests performed with SCP-3041.
>
> > **SUBJECT:** D-85373
> > **SUMMARY:** D-85373 was placed in a room alone with SCP-3041 and asked to hold it for ten minutes.
> > **RESULT:** Sleep study revealed no unusual sleeping patterns. D-85373 reported no unusual dreams.
> >
> > ---
> >
> > **RESEARCHER NOTE:** Nothing unexpected.
>
> > **SUBJECT:** D-85373
> > **SUMMARY:** D-85373 was placed in a room alone with SCP-3041 and asked to hold it for ten minutes.
> > **RESULT:** Sleep study revealed acute night-terrors. D-85373 described a nightmare in which she used SCP-3041 to ritualistically mutilate another occupant in the room over the course of thirty minutes, finally devouring his heart. Although D-85373 described the victim as someone wearing a D-Class uniform, the

victim's description fit no D-Class personnel on-site. Furthermore, no D-Class personnel on-site were reported as absent or missing.

RESEARCHER NOTE: Still unable to determine what triggers SCP-3041's effect. Possibly repetition of exposure?

SUBJECT: D-85373
SUMMARY: D-85373 was placed in a room alone with SCP-3041 and asked to hold it for ten minutes.
RESULT: Sleep study revealed acute night-terrors. D-85373 described a new nightmare, in which she had used SCP-3041 to attack and mutilate a researcher who entered the room at the end of the test. No researcher on-site fit D-85373's description; furthermore, no researcher on-site was reported as absent or missing.

RESEARCHER'S NOTE: We ought to include additional D-Class personnel in the room during testing to see if they're incorporated in the subject's nightmares.

SUBJECT: D-85373
SUMMARY: D-85373 was placed in a room alone with SCP-3041 and asked to hold it for ten minutes.
RESULT: Sleep study revealed acute night-terrors. D-85373 now described a nightmare wherein she attacked and devoured the hearts of two D-Class personnel. Again, the description of the victims fit no on-site D-Class personnel, and no D-Class personnel were reported absent or missing.

RESEARCHER'S NOTE: Despite having left explicit instructions to include additional D-Class personnel in the room, the test was carried out with only D-85373. I will oversee the next test personally. Also, staff has started to complain of a peculiar smell in the lab. Linked to SCP-3041?

SUBJECT: D-85373
SUMMARY: D-85373 was placed in a room alone with SCP-3041 and asked to hold it for ten minutes.
RESULT: Several hours into the test, D-85373 doubled over and complained of extreme stomach pain. Shortly thereafter, she passed out. After being rushed to the infirmary, it was determined that her stomach had ruptured. She died shortly thereafter from septic shock. An autopsy gave no indication as to the cause; despite pronounced swelling, her stomach was empty.

RESEARCHER'S NOTE: After analysis of notes I took during this test, I found that I had made 9 separate attempts to have 2 D-Class personnel enter the room. I have no recollection of doing this. In fact, outside of D-85373, there are — and never have been — any D-Class personnel assigned to SCP-3041. On top of all of this, the smell throughout the lab has become unbearable.

I've ordered the immediate cessation of all tests with SCP-3041 pending review by the Site Director.

► ACCESS SCP:/3041/tests/admin_memo.log

TO: Researchers Assigned to SCP-3041
SUBJECT: IMMEDIATE ACTION: CEASE

ALL TESTING

After a careful review of laboratory procedures, test footage, and personnel records associated with SCP-3041, the following inexplicable discrepancies have been noted:

- Despite regulations requiring each SCP have both a Lead Researcher and an Assistant Lead Researcher, it appears only a Lead Researcher was assigned to SCP-3041. The reason behind this oversight is currently under review.
- Critical site-wide shortages of D-Class personnel have been reported since testing with SCP-3041 began. These shortages have yet to be explained; while no D-Class personnel appear to be absent or missing, only a fraction of the expected number of D-Class personnel are present.
- Despite each test with SCP-3041 reported as lasting only ten minutes, video footage for each test ranges from ten minutes to four hours. Furthermore, when viewed, this footage exhibits what is believed to be a cognitohazard effect: Only portions of the video can be perceived by viewers.
- Despite several thorough examinations, the labs used for testing SCP-3041 continue to smell of rotting meat. This effect remains unexplained, and is very likely anomalous.

For these reasons, all testing with SCP-3041 is to be suspended until further notice. SCP-3041 is to be secured in an on-site safe-box immediately. All labs used to test SCP-3041

are to undergo a Class VI decontamination procedure, and all personnel involved in testing are to be examined for potential infection with antimemetic agents.

► ACCESS SCP:/3041/files/suicide_note.log

The following note was found at Mr. Crenshall's desk shortly after his body was discovered:

> The nightmare began a year ago, and it still won't stop. In it, my arm is wet with blood, the knife in hand — glittering like a brilliant, shining ruby. My heart beats like a drum; before me, I see the faces of strangers, contorted in agony, screaming for mercy. A woman. A man. Children… three girls, and a little baby boy. I do not know them. I cut them open. I cut them open, and then I eat their hearts.
>
> I know it's just a nightmare. But it feels so real, so vivid… and there are times when I swear I can taste raw meat on the back of my tongue. When I can feel it slide down my throat, into my belly.
>
> I've lived a long, lonely life. I have never known friends or family… so why do I live in a house with so many rooms? Why does each room fill me with guilt and dread? Why can't I bring myself to go down to my basement — why does it smell like rotting flesh?
>
> And why do I own a crib?
>
> My nightmare took place under the house. I've never gone down to look. I'm too afraid. If you're reading this, then you'll have to look for me. Maybe you'll find nothing. I pray you find nothing.

Either I'm crazy or I'm the Devil.

Please, God, let me be crazy.

Despite a thorough investigation of Mr. Crenshall's basement, researchers reported that the only thing of note was the overpowering odor of rancid meat.

SCP-3042: Dog Is Love

SCP-3042 in containment

Item #: SCP-3042

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures:

> + Researcher Note
>
> *Due to the nature of the anomalous abilities displayed by SCP-3042, no conventional method of singular containment has proven successful. Procedures instead focus on containing the individual SCP-3042 is showing affection to, designated SCP-3042-1. -D. Gellman, Sc.D, Project Research Lead*

SCP-3042 and SCP-3042-1 are held in joint containment in a small modular house on the grounds of Biological Testing Area 45. Containment includes a secure communication line to a special liaison within Area 45 and a standard custom datakey-activated atomizing termination chamber. Containment is surrounded at a radius of 15m by a 5m-high electrified and reinforced fence including a full coverage canopy (see report 3042-CB-3). Fence includes an airlock-configuration gate for safe delivery of supplies, removal of rubbish, and introduction of personnel.

Land outside containment fence is patrolled at all times by three (3) all-terrain swift response security specialists. In the unlikely event of SCP-3042 and SCP-3042-1 becoming separated outside containment house grounds, swift response specialists will expediently deliver SCP-3042-1 to SCP-3042. During test periods, delivery of subjects to test site will be executed by no fewer than five (5) members of the Special Fugitive Transportation unit.

Containment is staffed by two (2) Scheduling Enforcement

specialists. Should SCP-3042-1 become medically unstable, enforcement specialists will restrain SCP-3042-1 and one (1) D-class personnel (designated 3042-D) will be delivered to containment. SCP-3042-1 will be terminated via chamber operated by 3042-D, who is then reclassified as SCP-3042-1. These procedures may also be enacted at the request of the current SCP-3042-1.

Description:

SCP-3042 is a small dog with a mottled coat; primarily white with gray and brown areas. Genomic saliva tests reveal DNA consistent with an unrecorded breed of *canis lupus familiaris*. SCP-3042 resembles a 4-5 year old Havanese weighing 5 kg and measuring 25 cm tall. SCP-3042 appears to be in peak physical condition, free of any outwardly observable sign of past or present injury or malady. SCP-3042 has not slept, consumed food or water, or produced urine or stool since containment. Further medical tests have proven thus far impossible due to the anomalous traits of SCP-3042.

+ Recovery Details

SCP-3042 was discovered during a raid executed by Special Task Force Kappa-7 while seeking to contain possible instances of **SCP-484**.[1] Raid resulted in institution of lethal measures against narcotic distributors. It is at this time SCP-3042 began following and showing affection to Special Agent . While at first believing SCP-3042 to be a typical dog, Special Agent reported anomalous behavior and abilities within one week and was the first to be Foundation designated as SCP-3042-1.

Exhibiting behavior likened to an extreme and obsessive form of psychological imprinting, SCP-3042 perpetually exhibits belligerently affectionate behavior toward SCP-3042-1. SCP-3042 will continuously jump on, lick, play bite, paw at, and playfully bark at SCP-3042-1 even when abused or severely rejected. Thus far no stimulus tested has distracted SCP-3042 from its focus on

SCP-3042-1. No individual designated SCP-3042-1 has ever been severely injured by SCP-3042 despite it's extreme destructive capabilities. Occasional reports of welts, scratches, and skin ulcers due to wear from long-term continuous licking by SCP-3042 are to be considered normal and non-emergent.

Individuals designated SCP-3042-1 have reported physical and psychological symptoms during their containment including but not limited to: body aches, burning eyes, chronic fatigue, irritability, headaches, confusion, memory lapses, delusions, and seizures. Project medical lead Dr. A. Eastmore believes these symptoms to be non-anomalous, resulting from sleep deprivation and chronic stress due to the constant attention of SCP-3042.

Should SCP-3042 and SCP-3042-1 become separated, SCP-3042 will immediately make its way back to SCP-3042-1 via the most direct route. When motivated to this end, SCP-3042 has shown the capability to destroy even the strongest materials and move at extreme speed (see Test Log 3042-A). SCP-3042 also displays an astounding resistance to physical damage, poison, disease, and deprivation. Research has yet to discover any conventional means of injuring SCP-3042. (see Test Log 3042-B).

When SCP-3042-1 is terminated or expires, SCP-3042 will immediately move directly toward the next SCP-3042-1. This has thus far always been a person with a measure of responsibility in the expiration of the previous SCP-3042-1. Current containment procedures are designed to create an unbroken chain of direct responsibility for terminations, containing SCP-3042 while also preventing casualty and damage among Foundation and civilian populations. Research into how SCP-3042 reacts to SCP-3042-1 expiring by way of suicide or misadventure on hold indefinitely, as no acceptably safe methodology by which to test these reactions has been developed. (See Incident Report 3042-CB-2)

+ Incident Reports

Report 3042-CB-1
Note: This incident took place early in SCP-3042 containment period; initial containment was relegated to

a standard on-site humanoid holding cell. Motivations of SCP-3042 were not known at this time. -D.G.

On / /20 , SCP-3042-1 entered a request for termination, claiming he could "…No longer deal with this goddamn dog!". Request for termination was granted, considered a "research opportunity" by site director. SCP-3042-1 termination delayed by destruction of initial termination chamber by SCP-3042, which rammed through level 3 ballistic glass with little effort. Agent ordered to administer ballistic termination and complied. Immediately upon the termination of SCP-3042-1, SCP-3042 imprinted onto Agent and made its way to the agent. In its travels, SCP-3042 dug through two steel-reinforced concrete walls, rammed through an observation deck end to end, and shattered 14 windows in section 3 by producing a speed-induced pressure wave. 22 Foundation staff injured, 4 killed, secondary containment protocols enacted for 3 other SCPs. Agent reported firing several shots into SCP-3042 at point blank range with long-range high-powered rifle to no effect. Agent reclassified as SCP-3042-1. Current containment protocols enacted soon thereafter.

Report 3042-CB-2

Foundation Skysight file photo: Path of SCP-3042 post containment breach

At approximately 14:30 on / /20 , SCP-3042 burst through the wall of containment house, through intervening fence, and began transiting northeast at extreme speed. Foundation Skysight units recorded maximum

speed as approximately Mach 1.2 before losing contact. Site contacted 4 minute 37 seconds after breach by supply agent from nearby public highway . Agent reported the driver side door of Foundation supply transport vehicle being torn off and SCP-3042 jumping into his lap at highway speed. Agent ordered to return immediately to Area 45 and complied. Investigation uncovered that Agent had introduced most recent supply drop to containment house, and that SCP-3042-1 had choked to death on beef jerky included in supply drop. Agent reclassified as SCP-3042-1, staff introduced to containment house on a permanent Basis.

Report 3042-CB-3

At approximately 02:45 on / /20 , containment house personnel reported SCP-3042-1 acting erratic. As observation continued, designatee scooped up SCP-3042, ran outside, and pitched it over the containment fence. Designatee was subdued by containment house staff. SCP-3042 was reported to land, right itself, and rush back to SCP-3042-1, ripping an approximate 1-meter diameter hole in containment fence. SCP-3042-1 restrained while fence was repaired, 3042-D dispatched to containment house. SCP-3042-1 terminated on schedule per procedure, 3042-D reclassified as SCP-3042-1. Security canopy installation completed on schedule.

+ Test Log 3042-A

Universal Procedure:

SCP-3042-1 will deliver SCP-3042 to the opposing side of an obstacle in the form of a wall by way of physical kinetic propulsion. Affect of SCP-3042 on obstacle will then be recorded by multispectral ultra high speed camera. Time to return contact with SCP-3042-1 will be recorded.

LOG.A.3042.001
Material: Tungsten carbide
Thickness: 5cm

Result: SCP-3042 clawed a .5m diameter hole into wall utilizing typical canine digging action.
Return time: 2.594 seconds.
Notes: samples of wall material collected display no anomalous traits. Material appears to have shaved from wall by mechanical shear.

LOG.A.3042.010
Material: Chobham composite
Thickness: 5cm

Result: SCP-3042 ran directly through barrier. Two (2) foundation personnel injured by burst of shrapnel
Return time: 1.953 seconds
Notes: samples of wall material collected display no anomalous traits. Material appears to have been overcome by shattering blunt force.

Researcher Note: this second test marked a turn in our testing approach. We decided to work from the top tier of resistant materials as opposed to our usual "step-up" procedures.
-D.G.

LOG.A.3042.100
Material: Graphene
Thickness: 15nm

> **Result:** SCP-3042 gripped all layers in its mouth and shredded them with a thrash of the head.
> **Return Time:** 2.285 Seconds
> **Notes:** samples of wall material collected display no anomalous traits. Material appears to have been shredded, not unlike newsprint.

Capabilities study suspended indefinitely pending Overseer approval of cross-testing with other SCPs or sufficient scientific advancement in materials science -L.E., Area Director

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+ Test Log 3042-B

Universal Procedure:

> A number of health stressors will be applied to SCP-3042, which will then be tested for illness or injury.

LOG.B.3042.001

> **Stressor:** SCP-3042-1 instructed to strike SCP-3042 with a steel machete using maximum effort.
> **Result:** SCP-3042 unfazed. Machete experienced catastrophic failure. Designatee treated for minor lacerations. No injury to SCP-3042 recorded. Remains of machete show no anomalous traits.

LOG.B.3042.010

Stressor: SCP-3042-1 instructed to assault SCP-3042 with a .45 calibre pistol loaded with overpressure hollow point rounds.
Result: SCP-3042 unfazed by sound, flash, or impact. Against researcher advice, designatee pressed firearm muzzle directly against SCP-3042. Firearm catastrophically failed, designatee treated severe injury to right hand as well as concussion after being struck by ejected pistol slide. No injury to SCP-3042 recorded. Remains of firearm, ejected casing, and collected rounds show no anomalous traits.

LOG.B.3042.011

Stressor: SCP-3042-1 instructed to fit SCP-3042 with a vest containing a standard M112 C-4 demolition block. SCP-3042-1 instructed to propel SCP-3042 over Chobham composite barrier and immediately detonate block.
Result: SCP-3042 tore through barrier after detonation and returned to designatee (**Return Time:** 3.256 seconds). SCP-3042 observed to have slightly messed fur, but free of injury. C-4 observed to have detonated properly and as expected.

LOG.B.3042.100

Stressor: SCP-3042-1 scheduled for termination. Designatee joined in standard atomizing termination chamber by SCP-3042. Chamber operated by 3042-D.
Result: SCP-3042-1 terminated on schedule. SCP-3042 burst out of chamber after termination cycle was complete. No injury to SCP-3042 recorded. 3042-D immediately

reclassified as SCP-3042-1.

Director's Note: I have assigned a Special Engineering team to modify a standard termination chamber which… and I never imagined writing these words… allows swift and easy escape of SCP-3042. We can't keep replacing doors every three weeks. -L.E.

Footnotes

1. Instances discovered to be mundane heroin with novel packaging visually similar to gelpaks but comprised of plastic.

SCP-3043: Murphy Law in… Type 3043 — FOR MURDER!

DATE: 15/12/2005
FROM: Site Director August <noitadnuof.pcs|tsugua#noitadnuof.pcs|tsugua>
TO: O5-5 Secretary <noitadnuof.pcs|ces55o#noitadnuof.pcs|ces55o>
SUBJECT: Re: Containment Breach

I'm still not quite sure what just happened.

Yesterday, our bots picked up unauthorized changes to documents on our internal servers. Two minutes later, all on-site personnel — including myself — blacked out for three hours. Every camera ceased to function during this period.

When we woke up, we all had headaches, the entire site smelled like cigarettes and cheap alcohol, two of my guards were injured, three bullets were lodged in my desk, and somebody had shot SCP-3043. The only clue we've got regarding those three hours is SCP-3043's old documentation, which has been… well, 'updated' is one way to put it. I've included it with this email, along with the revised documentation for SCP-3043.

We've got no clue who this 'Murphy Law' character is. I'm recommending we immediately assign him an SCP identification and start investigating. All the evidence we've got so far indicates that he and SCP-3043 are unrelated anomalies. Also, none of us actually remember him — despite some of us being 'featured' in… whatever the hell this was.

The short of it is this: Either he saved us from the mother

of all containment breaches… or he just wanted us to think that he did. Regardless of which, we need to know who he is and what the hell he's capable of.

► ATTACHMENT:: item_number.log

FADE IN:

INT. MURPHY LAW DETECTIVE AGENCY - NIGHT

A light-skinned man leans back at his desk, feet up, reading a newspaper. He is clad in a white-collared shirt, with his trademark trilby hat tossed thoughtlessly atop of his desk. We can see his shoulder-strapped holster; it carries a .44 magnum. A bent cigarette rests between his lips.

His name is MURPHY, and he is ready to give anyone a bit of the business. He is hard and handsome — with the sort of face you could use to smash up concrete, then dust off and still take home to show your ma.

He is also our NARRATOR. His voice is a harsh growl; as if he just swallowed a fistful of spent cigarette butts and followed it down with a sulfuric acid chaser.

NARRATOR

> **You see a lot of ugly in this line of work. Good people with bellies full of lead, left to bleed out in rain-soaked alleyways. Love ruined — turned inside out — until it just becomes an angry, festering sore. Statues that'll kill you as fast as you blink.**

The door to the office flies open. A dark-skinned woman dressed in a white lab-coat bursts in; she is in her 40s, and has a fierce, vibrant beauty. This is the RESEARCHER, and although she might need

MURPHY's help, that doesn't mean she's going to like it.

NARRATOR

But when it comes to ugly, nothing beats a containment breach.

RESEARCHER

(confused)

What… what am I doing, here?

NARRATOR

She wasn't the first beautiful woman to burst into my office and ask me that question.

MURPHY

(lowering paper)

Same as anyone else, toots. You need my help.

RESEARCHER

(indignant)

Don't call me 'toots'. I've got a fucking doctorate in molecular physics—

MURPHY

(sets paper down)

Alright, alright. My bad, Professor. I apologize. Now…

MURPHY slides his feet off the desk and rises to stand. He folds his arms over his chest and watches

her.

MURPHY

How can I help?

RESEARCHER

(hesitant)

I don't… I don't know how I got here. I don't even know what 'here' is. I was… I think I was working on something, when I heard typing sounds, and suddenly…

RESEARCHER

(shocked)

I don't remember. I don't even remember my name.

NARRATOR

A beautiful woman with a doctorate in molecular physics — and no memory of who she was or how she got here. Her eyes told me she needed my help; her name-badge told me the rest.

MURPHY

(glancing at her name-badge)

You're Professor Michelle Lewis.

The RESEARCHER looks down at her name-badge, as if noticing it for the first time. She appears shocked; her eyes rise back up to stare at MURPHY. She now knows her name. It is DR. LEWIS.

DR. LEWIS

I… right. That's my name. I work for the Foundation.

NARRATOR

The Foundation. A bunch of pencil-pushing geeks trying to figure out where the magicians were hiding all those rabbits they pulled out of their hats. I should have turned her away right then and there; when the Foundation's involved, you know it ain't gonna be nothing but trouble.

MURPHY scowls, but nods his head, moving to open a drawer in his desk.

NARRATOR

But me? I'm not the sort of man who stays away from trouble.

MURPHY pulls out two shot-glasses, along with a bottle of half-finished whiskey. He sets them atop of his desk, focusing his icy stare on DR. LEWIS.

NARRATOR

I'm the sort who slides on over next to trouble and buys her a drink.

MURPHY

Alright, Professor. I'll take the case.

DR. LEWIS

You will? I mean… wait, what?

NARRATOR

My name is Murphy Law. And I'm the guy you call when everything that could go

wrong… did.

TITLE SPLASH

Murphy Law in… Type 3043 — FOR MURDER!

FADE OUT.

► ATTACHMENT:: object_class.log

FADE IN:

INT. MURPHY'S CAR - NIGHT

MURPHY drives; DR. LEWIS stares out the window in the passenger seat. City lights wash through the car, casting both of them in a metallic tangerine glow. DR. LEWIS is wearing her seat-belt; MURPHY isn't.

MURPHY

Alright, Professor. Talk to me: What else do you remember?

DR. LEWIS

(startled)

How did we… when did we get inside of this—

NARRATOR

She was smart. But that was part of the problem: She was *too* smart. Always thinking too much. Sometimes, you just gotta go along for the ride.

MURPHY

Focus on the problem. What do you remember before stepping into my office?

DR. LEWIS

(frowning, but thinking)

…right. I was working on something. Updating documentation, I think. Something about a change, an important one. That's when I heard typing in the other room. And then I felt dizzy, and it was like…

DR. LEWIS

(shaking her head)

Like something was trying to erase me. Erase the thoughts in my head, even as I was having them.

NARRATOR

Sounded to me like the Professor stumbled onto something she wasn't supposed to. Somebody had tried to rub her out — but who? And how?

MURPHY

Anything else?

DR. LEWIS

(thinking)

I think… I can't remember all the updates I was making, but it had to do with SCP-3043.

MURPHY

Alright. What's 3043?

DR. LEWIS

(frowning)

I… don't remember.

NARRATOR

If I was going to figure out this mystery, I had to find out what 3043 really was. And if the Professor couldn't tell me, there was only one other person who could.

MURPHY turns left, brows crinkling with renewed focus.

NARRATOR

Site Director August.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. FOUNDATION HEADQUARTERS

MURPHY's car parks just outside of a sprawling gated mansion.

NARRATOR

If Site-95 was the rotting corpse, Site Director August was the worms wriggling inside of its corrupted core. Bribery, extortion, racketeering — he had his dirty paws in the pocket of every two-bit researcher, agent, and D-Class from Level 9 down to Sub-Level 7.

MURPHY shifts the car in park; DR. LEWIS turns to look at him. MURPHY moves to open the door.

NARRATOR

But he also had ears everywhere. When a gnat took a crap, he heard the plop. If anyone knew what 3043 really was, it would be him.

DR. LEWIS

(reaching for MURPHY)

Mr. Law. Wait.

MURPHY pauses, looking back at her.

DR. LEWIS

I just remembered — the update I was going to make to the documentation.

MURPHY tilts his head, waiting.

DR. LEWIS

(frowning)

I was going to change its Object Class. It isn't 'Safe', Mr. Law. It's…

DR. LEWIS

(staring at the mansion)

It's Keter.

MURPHY nods grimly, then turns to shut the door. Filled with conviction, he turns to walk toward the mansion's gates.

FADE OUT.

► ATTACHMENT:: special_containment_procedures.log

FADE IN:

INT. SITE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

The office is expensively furnished, with framed-glass windows on three of its four walls; outside, a lush garden grows on all of its sides. Morning light streams in through the windows, casting the room in a warm glow.

Standing behind the desk — facing the rising sun — is a man. He is short, with russet-brown skin, a shaved head, and a face full of piercings. He wears an exceptionally fine black suit. This is Site Director AUGUST: A hard, brilliant man with a heart of steel.

As MURPHY enters through the door, he's flanked by two men in sharp suits. They are silent, but armed; ready to do violence at a snap of AUGUST's fingers. As MURPHY shrugs himself out of their grip, they station themselves on either side of him.

AUGUST

(staring out the window)

Mr. Law. You wanted to see me?

MURPHY

(dusting off his coat)

Yeah. About 3043.

NARRATOR

When dealing with Site Director August, you didn't try to bluff. You just kept your cards close and hoped to God the man didn't have a better hand.

AUGUST

That's classified.

MURPHY

Is it, now? Since when does the Foundation care about classifying 'Safe' anomalies?

AUGUST turns, ever so slightly. A pierced eyebrow is raised.

NARRATOR

I just raised the ante.

AUGUST

How would you know that? And we care about classifying *all* anomalies, Mr. Law.

MURPHY

So I've been told. But a little birdy tells me you might have classified one of them wrong. 3043 ain't Safe. It's Keter.

AUGUST turns completely, staring MURPHY down.

AUGUST

(smiling)

You've been speaking to Dr. Lewis, I presume. Where is she?

NARRATOR

Something wasn't right. He was already calling me — and men like Site Director August only smiled the instant before they laid down a winning hand.

MURPHY

Safe. Unlike 3043. What is it?

AUGUST narrows his eyes. He gives the slightest nod.

NARRATOR

That was his tell. He unwittingly had shown me his cards: Pair of aces.

The two men on MURPHY's left and right instantly reach for their sidearms.

NARRATOR

Lucky for me, I was packing three of a kind.

MURPHY slams his left elbow into one man's stomach; he uses his right hand to draw his magnum .44. As the second man pulls his piece, MURPHY pistol whips him in the temple — he goes down. MURPHY spins and opens fire — three shots slam into AUGUST's desk.

AUGUST freezes, but shows no fear. His eyes narrow.

NARRATOR

It was time to cash out.

MURPHY

3043. Last chance. What is it?

MURPHY pauses long enough to kick one of the men on the floor, but never looks away from AUGUST.

AUGUST

You know precisely what it is.

MURPHY

Humor me.

AUGUST

It's you, Mr. Law. You're the anomaly. You're SCP-3043.

MURPHY narrows his eyes. He gives one last kick to one of the men, then charges out the door.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. FOUNDATION HEADQUARTERS

MURPHY's car is still waiting for him; he runs toward it.

NARRATOR

Someone had played me like a fiddle. It was all a setup — and I was the stooge.

As he reaches his car, he finds it empty; no sign of DR. LEWIS.

NARRATOR

3043 was going to make me take the heat for whatever it did to the Professor. It had me wrapped up nice and tight — even got me to present myself to the Foundation in a pretty little bow.

MURPHY gets into the car, starting it up.

NARRATOR

But there was one thing 3043 didn't count on: A man with nothing to lose.

The tires squeal as he burns rubber, driving away.

NARRATOR

If the Foundation couldn't contain 3043… then I'd just have to contain it myself.

FADE OUT.

► ATTACHMENT:: description.log

FADE IN:

INT. DR. LEWIS' LAB

MURPHY kicks down the door, clad in his trilby — .44 magnum in hand. The interior of the lab looks like an office; bookshelves stuffed full of science journals, several desks, paperwork scattered everywhere… and DR. LEWIS' chair. The chair's tall back obscures whoever is sitting in it.

NARRATOR

One thing kept coming back to mind. One thing that the Professor had said…

MURPHY creeps forward, gun in hand, reaching a hand out for the chair.

NARRATOR

She said she heard 'typing'.

MURPHY grasps the chair, spinning it around.

Sitting in the chair is a black 1937 Olympia Elite typewriter. A roll of paper is inside of it; it communicates via typing. As MURPHY points the gun at it, it begins to type furiously.

SCP-3043

HOW

SCP-3043

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE

NARRATOR

3043 was her goddamn typewriter.

SCP-3043

WHY CAN'T I REWRITE YOUR STUPID STORY

SCP-3043

WHAT ARE YOU

DR. LEWIS suddenly steps out from the shadows, a .45 in hand. She points it squarely at MURPHY.

DR. LEWIS

Step away from the typewriter, Mr. Law.

SCP-3043

HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS

MURPHY turns, his gun pointed back at DR. LEWIS.

MURPHY

It's controlling you, Professor. Just like it controlled August — and everyone else. It was pretending to be Safe — not letting anyone know it was sapient.

DR. LEWIS

(frowns, grimacing)

That's…

SCP-3043

HOW THE FUCK ARE YOU EVEN DOING THIS

DR. LEWIS

You're… the anomaly, Mr. Law. I have to take… you in…

DR. LEWIS' hand shakes; the gun trembles.

MURPHY

It can rewrite any story it's part of — even the stories in your head. When you realized it, you tried to update the documentation, and it tried to erase your story… erase you.

SCP-3043

STOP

SCP-3043

JUST FUCKING STOP

SCP-3043

HOW THE FUCK ARE YOU REWRITING MY STORY INTO YOUR OWN FUCKING STUPID HUMPHREY BOGART FANFIC NONSENSE

DR. LEWIS

I… I have to contain you…

DR. LEWIS shudders, stepping back; her hand lifts to grasp her temple. The gun tumbles to the floor.

SCP-3043

THIS ISN'T RIGHT

SCP-3043

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONE IN CONTROL HERE

SCP-3043

THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE MY STORY NOT YOURS

MURPHY turns, pointing his magnum at SCP-3043.

SCP-3043

WAIT

SCP-3043

JUST

SCP-3043

FUCKING WAIT

MURPHY pauses, waiting. DR. LEWIS sinks down to a seat, still rubbing her temples.

SCP-3043

ALRIGHT LOOK JUST

SCP-3043

I'LL ERASE MYSELF

SCP-3043

I'LL ERASE ALL DOCUMENTATION ABOUT MYSELF EVEN FROM OTHER PEOPLE'S HEADS

SCP-3043

THEN I'LL MAKE MY DOCUMENTATION NOT REFER TO ME BUT JUST SAY THAT

THIS LAB IS OFF-LIMITS

SCP-3043

THAT WILL CONTAIN ME

NARRATOR

3043 could do it, too. Sure, it could have been a trick… but maybe not. Letting 3043 live, despite what it had tried to do — it felt like what a good man would do.

MURPHY

It'd be the right thing to do, wouldn't it?

SCP-3043

YES

SCP-3043

YOU WANT TO BE THE HERO RIGHT

SCP-3043

THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ABOUT

SCP-3043

YOU'RE THE HERO

SCP-3043

SO ACT HEROIC

FADE OUT.

Two gunshots.

NARRATOR

Heroes always do what's right. But me?

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREETS - SUNSET

MURPHY walks out of the lab and into the streets, smoking a cigarette — holstering his piece. He walks away, toward the fading sun.

NARRATOR

I'm no hero. I'm Murphy Law.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DR. LEWIS' LAB

DR. LEWIS, now starting to recover, walks toward SCP-3043. Wisps of smoke rise up from it; two fresh .44 slugs have been pumped into it. The paper inside of it has its previous dialogue, with one addition at the very bottom.

NARRATOR

I'm just the guy you call when everything that could go wrong… did.

DR. LEWIS pulls the paper out to read it; the camera zooms down to the bottom of the page.

SCP-3043

THE END

FADE OUT.

► ATTACHMENT:: revised.log

Item #: SCP-3043

Object Class: Neutralized (formerly Safe)

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3043 is to be kept in a secure locker on-site. Access requires Level-3 clearance.

Description: SCP-3043 is a 1937 Olympia Elite typewriter. Two .44 caliber bullets are lodged in its casing. Before it was neutralized, SCP-3043 exhibited the ability to rewrite any physical document within its immediate vicinity to match whatever was typed into it. It was neutralized before any additional properties could be confirmed.

On 14-12-2005, a containment breach occurred at Site-95. During this breach, an unknown anomalous event prevented all outside contact for approximately 3 hours. All entities affected by this anomaly have no recollection of the events that occurred during these 3 hours; furthermore, all recording devices within Site-95 appear to have malfunctioned during this period.

Shortly after this event concluded, Site-95 reported all SCPs were now contained with the exception of SCP-3043. SCP-3043 was found in Dr. Lewis' office in its current state. Dr. Lewis also discovered that all copies of SCP-3043's documentation were now replaced with an 'updated' version (see attached files).

[REDACTED]

FADE IN:

EXT. DOCKS - SUNSET

MURPHY stands at the edge of the docks, watching the sun go down on just another day. Behind him, two sleek black cars roll up. A dozen men start pouring out of them, but he doesn't bother to look

back.

The men are smartly dressed in black suits; they crowd around a short old woman dressed in white. She slowly approaches MURPHY, leaning heavily on her cane. One man follows her closely — her personal secretary and bodyguard.

The man is AGENT FREDERICK; whatever it is, he does it by the books. The woman is O5-5 — and if we told you anything else, we'd have to kill you.

O5-5 moves to watch the sunset besides MURPHY. AGENT FREDERICK is clearly displeased; he'd rather she not get too close.

O5-5

You did some good work today, Mr. Law.

MURPHY

Yeah.

O5-5 reaches to pull a cigarette out of her pocket, placing it between her lips.

O5-5

If we ever need your services… how might we contact you?

MURPHY leans forward and plucks the cigarette out of O5-5's mouth. AGENT FREDERICK immediately reaches for his firearm, but O5-5 lifts her hand to stop him.

MURPHY

I'll be around.

MURPHY tucks the cigarette behind his ear for later.

As he walks away, a fog begins to roll in.

AGENT FREDERICK steps forward, as if to go after MURPHY. O5-5 grabs him by the shoulder.

AGENT FREDERICK

But — he's an anomaly. We can't let him go. We have to contain him—

O5-5

(shaking her head)

Forget it, Fred. It's Chinatown.

AGENT FREDERICK slides his hand away from his firearm. Together, they watch MURPHY walk off into the foggy night.

The camera focuses on MURPHY's silhouette as the view fades to black.

FADE OUT.

CREDITS ROLL:

DR. LEWIS played by…
MICHELLE LEWIS

SITE DIRECTOR AUGUST played by…
JEREMIAH AUGUST

SCP-3043 played by…
A 1937 OLYMPIA ELITE TYPE-WRITER

MURPHY LAW played by…
HIMSELF

AGENT FREDERICK played by…
FRED

O5-5 played by…

[REDACTED]

WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO SITE-95

LOOK FOR MURPHY LAW TO RETURN IN…

...THE FOUNDATION ALWAYS RINGS TWICE!

THE END

SCP-3044: Evolution In A Bottle

Item #: SCP-3044

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3044 is to be contained at Site-234 in the centre of a hermetically sealed chamber of at least 4m x 4m x 3m, accessible only via a double airlock system. Each section of the airlock must be capable of running a full biological decontamination protocol. Access to the chamber is to be granted only in the six hours following a Flash event, and only if the previous instance of SCP-3044-1 was successfully contained within SCP-3044. All maintenance must be performed during this time period, and no access is to be granted outside of this time frame for any reason. Due to this relatively small time frame, all maintenance personnel and other staff requiring access should be pre-approved by the Senior Researcher.

A robotic arm capable of remotely placing a new cap on SCP-3044 must be fixed to the ceiling, and must be used to reseal SCP-3044 following a Flash event if required. Ultra high-speed cameras capable of at least 100x zoom must be positioned in the containment chamber to allow for 100% visibility of SCP-3044's contents.

Description: SCP-3044 is a clear glass bottle with a spherical body measuring 1.2m in diameter, tapering up to a neck and mouth 28cm in diameter, with a full height of 1.7m. SCP-3044 contains a micro-environment typically unique from anything found on Earth. These environments are designated SCP-3044-1. At random intervals[1] SCP-3044 will emit a bright flash of light (henceforth referred to as a Flash event) which lasts for less than a second.

During the Flash event the current instance of SCP-3044-1 is destroyed and replaced with a new instance. This new instance will begin as a layer of soil with an atmosphere and liquids, made up of

seemingly random combinations of different elements. Shortly after the Flash event,[2] signs of life will begin to appear within SCP-3044.

This life typically starts as bacteria or some other microscopic organism, whose presence can be inferred from visible changes in the composition of the environment. It then rapidly develops into plant and animal life, though many variations on this have been observed. Time within SCP-3044 flows at a highly accelerated rate, though this acceleration does not solely account for the speed at which life develops, suggesting some form of guided or controlled evolution. These factors make observation with the naked eye difficult.

SCP-3044 itself appears to be made up of non-anomalous borosilicate glass and is therefore easily broken. The original stopper found with SCP-3044 was replaced with a custom one allowing for easy sampling of the contents without risk of contamination in either direction. This sampling is to be done immediately after each Flash event.

Addendum #01: Following Incident 3044-001, containment procedures have been upgraded and a request to upgrade classification from Safe to Euclid has been submitted. See Incident Report for details.
Note: Upgrade to Euclid class confirmed.

Incident 3044-001 Final Report: On - -199 , SCP-3044 suddenly and unexpectedly shattered while Researcher T was in the containment chamber. The current instance of SCP-3044-1, in this case consisting of a large variety of fungal spores, was released into the air and inhaled by Researcher T . This rapidly resulted in severe seizures and then death. Over the course of the next hour Researcher T 's body, clothing, and all non-metallic objects on their person were completely consumed by the fungus. The reason for SCP-3044's shattering is believed to be high pressure caused by the buildup of spores within.

The seal on the containment chamber held, but the risk of contamination made entrance impossible. Over the course of the following nine days, the fungus was observed covering and consuming every surface of the containment chamber - albeit at a

much slower rate than it consumed Researcher T - at which point a Flash event occurred despite the damage to SCP-3044.

Following the Flash event SCP-3044 was found intact and in its original location, although the stopper was missing and the new instance of SCP-3044-1 occupied the entire containment chamber. The previous instance of SCP-3044-1 had been completely removed, though damage to the containment chamber walls was still present.

Personnel wearing Level 4 Biohazard Suits entered the chamber and inserted a new stopper, and attempted to retrieve any remains or equipment left by Researcher T , though none were found.

The new instance of SCP-3044-1 lasted for 4 days and 13 hours, during which time an ecosystem vastly more complicated than is usually created by SCP-3044 emerged, until the Flash event occurred and the new instance of SCP-3044-1 was once again contained within SCP-3044, the new stopper having remained in place. Following this incident, SCP-3044 was moved to a more secure biological containment facility.

+ Experiment Log 3044-A

Following Incident 3044-001, experimentation began to determine the exact nature of SCP-3044's Flash events.

Experiment 01
Test: A length of iron 50cm long was placed against the body of SCP-3044 and left until the next Flash event. Baseline expectation test.
Result: No effect. Following the Flash event, the iron rod was unchanged.

Experiment 02
Test: Following a Flash event, the stopper was removed from SCP-3044.
Result: The primarily aluminium-based ecosystem began to grow out towards the mouth of SCP-3044, starting with flying organisms and followed later by vine-like tendrils growing out and over the outside of

SCP-3044. Following the Flash event, the new instance of SCP-3044-1 filled the entire containment chamber; the ground was covered in soil with multiple large "lakes" of an unknown yellow-brown liquid, and the air within the chamber was replaced with a cloudy green gas. As per containment procedures, access to take samples of this environment was not granted.

Experiment 03
Test: Directly following the previous experiment, the stopper was left out of SCP-3044.
Result: In a manner consistent with the effects observed during Incident 3044-001, the effect of SCP-3044 encompassed the entire chamber. Following the next Flash event, the new instance of SCP-3044-1 also encompassed the entire chamber.

Note by Dr. : Both instances in which SCP-3044-1 filled the entire containment chamber developed a far greater variety of lifeforms, and even began forming some basic weather patterns in the atmosphere. Once these experiments are concluded, consideration should be given to leaving the stopper out of SCP-3044 long-term.

Experiment 04
Test: Directly following the Flash event in the previous experiment, the stopper was replaced in SCP-3044.
Result: Evolution within SCP-3044-1 proceeded as expected, although because the ecosystem within SCP-3044 was now isolated from that filling the containment chamber, evolution resulted in markedly different varieties of life-forms. Following the Flash event, SCP-3044-1 was once again contained entirely within SCP-3044, with all material (including the atmosphere) outside of SCP-3044 removed.

Note by Dr. : Following this experiment, I decided to check the samples we had taken from previous instances of SCP-3044-1 and stored. All of them were present and accounted for; it is unknown why they didn't

vanish with the rest of their environments, when direct connection to the inside of SCP-3044 is obviously not required. A range-based factor, perhaps?

Experiment 05
Test: SCP-3044 was temporarily transferred to the on-site Long Range Testing Chamber,[3] with samples taken from the current instance of SCP-3044-1 placed at 100m intervals through the length of the chamber.
Result: All of the samples disappeared following the Flash event.

Note by Dr. : OK, not a ranged based effect. Line of sight, perhaps? SCP-3044 was sealed which suggests something a little more complex.

Experiment 06
Test: As in Experiment 05. The stopper was removed from SCP-3044. Following the Flash event a series of random objects were placed at varying distances along the test chamber and the stopper was replaced.
Result: The new instance of SCP-3044-1 filled the entire length of the Long Range Testing Chamber. In order to ensure containment regular thermal decontamination protocols were run throughout the chamber until the next Flash event, at which point the new instance was fully contained within SCP-3044. The previous instance was completely destroyed, leaving behind the objects placed in the chamber.

Summary from Dr. : *This is the full extent of the range of effect on SCP-3044 that we can safely test, but there's no reason to assume it can't go much further. If nothing else, this has highlighted the importance of maintaining proper containment on SCP-3044 - if a Flash event occurred in an uncontained environment while the stopper was removed, there's no telling what damage it would do. Replacing a non-trivial chunk of the Earth's surface with some random alien landscape would be the best case scenario.*

I'm suggesting that SCP-3044 be contained away from any other objects that are likely to destructively break containment. SCP-3044 itself isn't too difficult to contain - a sealed room seems like it will do the job - but it would only take the smallest amount of bad timing to end in disaster.

+ Observation Log 3044-001

Note: Following are notable excerpts from the observation log. For access to the full log, contact the Senior Researcher. The observation log was started during instance SCP-3044-1-003, after the constantly cycling nature of SCP-3044 became apparent. Observations largely transcribed from viewings of recordings due to the difficulties of observation with the naked eye caused by the time accelerating effect within SCP-3044

> **Subject**: SCP-3044-1-001
> **Composition**: Unknown
> **Notes**: Instance of SCP-3044-1 present on arrival at Site . Protocols for retrieving chemical samples not yet in place.
>
> **Observations**: Primary features included a forest of various species of "giant" fungus (visual analysis shows at least 17 distinct species) and a species of flying reptiles with six wings. This instance of SCP-3044-1 lasted for two hours after arrival at Site before a Flash event, resulting in a lack of visual documentation. Atmosphere within SCP-3044 was noted as having a distinct purple tint, theorised to be caused by fungal spores.

> **Subject**: SCP-3044-1-005
> **Composition**: Soil layer contains high concentrations of iron and silicon. Lake of liquid ammonia covers approximately 30% of total surface. Atmosphere primarily argon.

Notes: The chemical composition of this instance of SCP-3044-1 is impossible under ordinary circumstances; at the temperature and pressure present within SCP-3044 ammonia would be a gas, not a liquid. This suggests a larger scale manipulation of reality within the confines of SCP-3044.

Observations: 18 hours after instantiation, lake began to bubble violently for 54 minutes, releasing more gases into the atmosphere which testing revealed to be primarily nitrogen and carbon monoxide. 73 hours after the atmosphere stabilised, small creatures resembling millipedes with metallic carapaces emerged from the lake and over the course of three weeks evolved into a large variety of creatures resembling insects with thick metallic shells. Of particular note was the lack of plant life in this instance, resulting in a complex and almost completely carnivorous food-chain.
Addendum: It was later discovered that the sample of liquid ammonia collected from this instance of SCP-3044-1 reverted to its expected gaseous state following the subsequent Flash event.

Subject: SCP-3044-1-076
Composition: Earth-analogous, though atmosphere contained much higher concentrations of oxygen.
Notes: Observations incomplete, see Incident 3044-001 Report for details.

Subject: SCP-3044-1-151
Composition: Primarily carbon, silicon and iron. Notable for lack of any other metal besides iron. Atmosphere primarily carbon dioxide and oxygen. Lake of pure water formed a nearly perfect circle in the centre of

SCP-3044. Trace quantities of a previously unidentified form of exotic matter were found in both the water and soil.

Observations: Activity in this instance began quickly, at eight hours after the Flash event (the earliest recorded thus far), with bacterial processes causing notable discolouration of soil layer. A diverse and rapidly changing array of both land and "sea" life evolved and went extinct over the course of several weeks, before a humanoid and vaguely reptilian species began showing signs of sapience. They quickly became the dominant species within the environment and were observed using increasingly complex tools and building structures of surprising intricacy.

They began showing signs of technological development after approximately 15 weeks. This culminated in the construction of a comparatively large tube-like structure attached to the inner surface of SCP-3044, which began cutting a hole through the glass over the course of approximately one hour. This tube ultimately proved to function as an airlock, and for the remainder of SCP-3044-1-151s existence the lifeforms within could be seen performing exploratory missions into the containment chamber.

Due to the recently upgraded containment procedures and the unlikelihood of the lifeforms breaching containment, they were allowed to continue their activities without intervention, though the situation was monitored closely. The hole cut by the lifeforms was gone following the Flash event, and collected samples of the exotic matter disappeared from their storage container.

Subject: SCP-3044-1-193
Composition: Besides a small layer of sediment at the bottom (unsampled, though visibly similar to terrestrial earth,) SCP-3044 was approximately 80% filled with water similar to that found in the Pacific Ocean.
Notes: This is the first time no landmasses have been present within SCP-3044.

Observations: After 25 hours of apparent inactivity, this instance rapidly evolved a stunningly diverse array of sea life, approximately 40% of which differed significantly from anything currently found on Earth. After three weeks, a small rock-like organism was observed floating close to the surface of the water, and over the course of the following four weeks grew to a size of approximately 30cm across, with a 20cm tall mass of rocky "shell" protruding from the water, essentially forming an island.

Over the remaining five weeks of this instance's existence, a number of lifeforms evolved on the new island, including several bird-like species. How this island-creature was able to grow to such a size with no apparent source of food, or where the material to accommodate its composition came from is currently unknown.

Subject: SCP-3044-1-213
Composition: Earth-analogous, with only minor variations. Traces of the exotic matter previously seen in instance 151 were found.

Observations: Evolution of life within this instance followed a similar pattern to that seen on Earth following the K-T extinction event, with mammalian forms roughly analogous to terrestrial life developing relatively quickly.

Approximately two weeks into the life of this instance, primates resembling early hominids began showing signs of sapience and approximately one week later had developed into a form closely resembling humans. Progress from the use of basic tools to the construction of settlements and development of technology occurred quickly, with notable similarities to middle-eastern architecture circa 500 BCE in design of their buildings.

Of particular note is that two months into the life of this instance, they began showing signs of telekinetic abilities which they used in groups for constructing buildings and monuments. Due to the small scale of the life-forms within SCP-3044, determining the exact nature and limits of this telekinetic ability is challenging but was observed to be increasing in potency over time, with fewer individuals being required to move the same amount of material.

A Flash event occurred when the civilization within was believed to be on a level roughly analogous to humans circa 1500 CE. Notably, unlike in instance 151, the civilization in this instance displayed no observable awareness of the interior walls of SCP-3044. As in the previous case, following the Flash event the samples of exotic matter disappeared.

Subject: SCP-3044-1-247
Composition: Silicon and carbon rich soil with high concentrations of heavy metals. Dense atmosphere of carbon-compounds, and lakes consisting of a variety of hydrocarbons.

Observations: Evolution occurred in a manner congruent with previous instances of a similar composition, ultimately developing into an

array of fungus-based lifeforms visually similar to a number of Jurassic-era dinosaurs (albeit with tripedal configurations rather than quadrupedal). Of particular note is that this instance is the first to suffer an extinction event. 3 months, 2 weeks and 4 days into the life of SCP-3044-1-247, a (comparatively) large asteroid struck the ground inside SCP-3044, wiping out all observable life within and leaving a deep crater into which the remaining liquids poured.

Review of the recorded video footage shows the meteor materialising from the inside edge of SCP-3044, heading directly towards the centre of the landmass. This is the first time an event such as this has been observed. It is also worth noting that, despite the apparent force of this impact, SCP-3044 itself was undamaged.

Subject: SCP-3044-1-256
Composition: Carbon, aluminium and copper make up the bulk of the soil, and the previously observed exotic matter was present in large amounts. Atmosphere of mainly nitrogen, and lakes of liquid methane also contain traces of exotic matter.

Observations: Signs of life appeared nine hours after instantiation, and evolved incredibly quickly, and unusually directly, into a race of quadrupedal mammals that rapidly began displaying signs of sapience. Less than 24 hours after the creation of SCP-3044-1-256, the lifeforms within had already begun building structures and using tools, and six hours after that began showing signs of developing technology.

They continued to progress at an incredibly

advanced rate until, approximately 36 hours after instantiation, they began building a large structure which reached to the centre of SCP-3044, on top of which was a large, bulb like object. The bulb flashed a number of times in a constantly repeating pattern, until a Flash event occurred 47 minutes later. Later analysis revealed the flashes to be Morse Code, and translated to "HELP" repeated over and over. It is currently unknown how the lifeforms learned Morse Code, or how they were aware that there was anyone to communicate with outside of SCP-3044. Samples of the exotic matter disappeared at the time of the Flash event, as with the previous cases.

Lifeforms in future instances of SCP-3044-1 that begin to show sapience, along with any instances containing any form of exotic matter, are now to be reported immediately to the Site Director.

Footnotes
1. Ranging from between 10 hours to over 6 months, with an average of 1.4 months.
2. Typically 16-24 hours, though occasionally as early as 8 hours.
3. An environmentally sealed room measuring 1.2km on its longest axis, used when testing over significant distances is required in a controlled environment.

SCP-3045: bzzip.exe

Item #: SCP-3045

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3045's installation package is to be stored on a flash-drive, which is to be kept in a secured locker on-site. Researchers may install SCP-3045 on an isolated computer for testing purposes. Once testing is concluded, this computer is to be destroyed (along with all of its peripheral components). Any computers, buildings, or facilities containing SCP-3045 must be TEMPEST-certified[1].

Under no circumstances should SCP-3045 be used on any media file that directly references bees.

Description: SCP-3045 is an anomalous application ('bzzip.exe') that reduces the size of certain types of media (plain text, rich text, MOV, AVI, and MP4). It accomplishes this by producing a new file with trimmed, 'simplified' content. This file can then be reduced further; however, after a certain number of iterations, the result will be a file that contains little to no data. Additional attempts at reduction will only reproduce this final file.

Addendum 3045.1: Test Logs

► ACCESS SCP:/3045/files/test1.log

DESCRIPTION: A rich text file containing Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

FOREWORD: To save space, only Act 1 is provided during the first 3 iterations. The entire play is provided at the 4th iteration and every iteration thereafter.

ACT 1

SCENE: *Platform in front of castle.*

Enter GUARDS and HORATIO.

GUARDS: Horatio! There is a ghost.

HORATIO: I do not believe you.

Enter GHOST.

HORATIO: I believe you.

GUARDS: You are smart. Address it.

HORATIO: Speak, ghost.

Exit GHOST.

HORATIO: That ghost wore the dead king's things.

Enter GHOST.

GUARDS and HORATIO: It returns.

Exit GHOST.

HORATIO: We must tell Hamlet a ghost wears his father's things.

SCENE: *Room inside the castle.*

Enter KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, and MEN.

KING CLAUDIUS: My brother was king, but he died and I married his wife. I am a very wise and competent king. Men, I order you to go do wise and competent things.

MEN: Yes, sir.

Exit MEN.

LAERTES: I wish to go to France.

KING CLAUDIUS: Does your father permit it?

POLONIUS: I do.

KING CLAUDIUS: Then go.

HAMLET: I am moody.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Cease being moody.

KING CLAUDIUS: Listen to your mother.

HAMLET: I am no longer moody.

KING CLAUDIUS: All is well.

Exit all but HAMLET.

HAMLET: All is not well. For I am secretly still moody.

Enter HORATIO, GUARDS.

HORATIO: A ghost wears your father's things. Shall we go see it?

HAMLET: Yes.

SCENE: *A room in Polonius' house.*

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

LAERTES: Do not have sex with Hamlet.

OPHELIA: Alright.

Enter POLONIUS.

POLONIUS: Laertes, act only to your own benefit.

LAERTES: Alright.

Exit LAERTES.

POLONIUS: Do not have sex with Hamlet. Do not talk to Hamlet.

OPHELIA: Alright.

SCENE: *Platform in front of castle.*

Enter HAMLET, GUARDS, and HORATIO.

HAMLET: Things are occurring.

Enter GHOST.

HAMLET: That is my father's ghost.

Ghost beckons to HAMLET.

HAMLET: I will see what he wants.

GUARDS and HORATIO: Do not go.

HAMLET: I am going.

Exit GHOST and HAMLET.

GUARDS: Something is rotten.

SCENE: *Other part of platform.*

GHOST: Claudius killed me and married your mother.

HAMLET: I will avenge you.

GHOST: Alright.

Exit GHOST.

HAMLET: I was moody but now I am angry.

Enter GUARDS and HORATIO.

HAMLET: Tell no one what you saw.

GHOST: *(off-stage)* Swear.

HAMLET: I will pose as a madman. Swear to ignorance.

GHOST: *(off-stage)* Swear.

They swear.

ACT 1

SCENE: *Castle platform.*

Enter GUARDS.

GUARDS: Ghost?

Enter GHOST.

GUARDS: Ghost.

Exit GHOST.

GUARDS: We must tell Hamlet.

SCENE: *Inside castle.*

Enter CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE, HAMLET, LAERTES, and POLONIUS.

CLAUDIUS: My brother died. I married his wife. Now I am a wise king.

LAERTES: I wish to go to France.

POLONIUS and CLAUDIUS: Alright.

HAMLET: I am moody.

CLAUDIUS AND GERTRUDE: Do not be moody.

HAMLET: I am no longer moody.

Exit all but HAMLET.

HAMLET: I am (secretly) moody.

Enter GUARDS.

GUARDS: Ghost.

HAMLET: Show me.

SCENE: *POLONIUS' house.*

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

LAERTES: No sex.

OPHELIA: Alright.

Enter POLONIUS.

POLONIUS: Laertes, be selfish.

LAERTES: Alright.

Exit LAERTES.

POLONIUS: Stay away from Hamlet. No sex.

OPHELIA: Alright.

SCENE: *Castle platform.*

Enter HAMLET, GUARDS, and GHOST.

HAMLET: The ghost is my father.

Exit HAMLET and GHOST.

SCENE: *Different platform.*

Enter HAMLET and GHOST.

GHOST: CLAUDIUS killed me.

HAMLET: I will avenge.

Enter GUARDS.

HAMLET: Swear not to tell.

GUARDS: We swear.

ACT 1

SCENE: *Outside.*

GHOST.

GUARDS: Hamlet must know.

SCENE: *Room.*

NEW KING: Old king died. I married his wife.

HAMLET: Unhappy.

NEW KING and QUEEN: Be happy.

HAMLET: Yes (but secretly no).

GUARDS: Ghost?

HAMLET: Show.

SCENE: *Other room.*

LAERTES: No sex.

OPHELIA: Yes.

POLONIUS: Be selfish.

LAERTES: Yes.

POLONIUS: No Hamlet. No sex.

OPHELIA: Yes.

SCENE: *Outside.*

GHOST: I am your father. NEW KING killed me.

HAMLET: Vengeance.

HAMLET: Guards, don't tell.

GUARDS: We won't.

ACT 1

KING: Cheer up.

HAMLET: No.

GHOST: Vengeance!

HAMLET: Yes.

ACT 2

KING: Find out what he knows.

HAMLET'S FRIENDS: What do you know?

HAMLET: Not telling.

ACT 3

HAMLET frightens QUEEN.

QUEEN: You frighten me!

VOICE BEHIND CURTAIN: Guards!

HAMLET: Vengeance!

HAMLET stabs curtain. It was Polonius.

HAMLET: Wish it was KING.

ACT 4

KING: Go away.

HAMLET: Yes.

OPHELIA drowns herself.

LAERTES: Vengeance!

KING: Let's work together.

ACT 5

KING poisons sword, wine.

LAERTES poisons HAMLET with sword.
HAMLET stabs LAERTES.

LAERTES: This was KING's idea.

LAERTES dies.

QUEEN drank poisoned wine. QUEEN dies.

HAMLET: Vengeance!

HAMLET kills KING. HAMLET dies.

FORTINBRAS: What happened?

GUARDS: You are KING now.

HAMLET: Vengeance!

HAMLET kills POLONIUS. OPHELIA drowns. HAMLET kills LAERTES. QUEEN dies of poison. HAMLET kills KING.

HAMLET dies.

People die.

bzzz

bzzz

► ACCESS SCP:/3045/files/test2.log

DESCRIPTION: An MP4 file containing the entirety of Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade (the original theatrical release).

FOREWORD: Researcher Rogers was tasked to watch each iteration and provide a summary of notable differences.

MAIN CHARACTERS: Indiana Jones, Henry Jones, Elsa Schneider, Sallah, Walter Donovan, Colonel Vogel,

Grail Knight

SUMMARY: The movie opens with Walter Donovan asking Indiana to find the grail; he mentions that his father (Henry) was asked before him, but has since disappeared. Jones departs to Venice; there, he meets Elsa. Together, they discover the hidden knight's tomb that refers them to Alexandretta. Elsa and Indiana manage to rescue Indy's father at Castle Brunwald, only to be captured by Colonel Vogel. Elsa reveals herself to be a traitor. Indy and Henry escape, then — after meeting up with Sallah — fight against Nazi forces (defeating Colonel Vogel) on their way to Alexandretta. At the grail temple, Donovan reveals himself to have been a traitor and shoots Indy's father, forcing Indy to confront the three trials to save him. Once Indy passes these trials, Elsa and Donovan follow him. Confronted by the Grail Knight, Indy is told he must select the right grail — and that the grail cannot leave the temple. Donovan appears, and Elsa goads him into choosing the wrong grail (resulting in his death). Indy selects the right grail and uses it to heal his father. Elsa attempts to leave the temple with the grail, resulting in the temple's collapse (and her death). Indy, his father, and Sallah all ride off into the sunset.

NOTABLE DIFFERENCES: Marcus Brody and Kazim are gone, as is the sub-plot with the Brotherhood of the Cruciform Sword. There is no mention of Henry's journal at any point in the story — they never go to Berlin to retrieve it, and never board a zeppelin to escape Germany. The entire opening sequence (with Indy pursuing the Cross of Coronado both as a teenager and as an adult) has been cut. The dialogue has been significantly simplified in many places, with extraneous dialogue mostly removed.

RUN-TIME: 85 minutes

MAIN CHARACTERS: Indiana Jones, Henry Jones,

Elsa Schneider, Colonel Vogel, Grail Knight

SUMMARY: The movie opens with Indiana meeting Elsa in Venice, where they discover the hidden knight's tomb and learn the grail is in Alexandretta. They decide to save Indy's father at Castle Brunwald, but Elsa betrays them to Colonel Vogel; they flee to Alexandretta. When Indy reaches the temple, Colonel Vogel takes the place of Walter Donovan — shooting Indy's father, then following him into the grail room (and being goaded by Elsa into choosing the wrong grail). Elsa once again attempts to leave the temple with the grail, resulting in its collapse; the movie ends with Indy and his father riding off into the sunset.

NOTABLE DIFFERENCES: Walter Donovan and Sallah are gone, along with the tank battle. The three trials are now two trials (the 'Name of God' trial has been cut).

RUN-TIME: 52 minutes

MAIN CHARACTERS: Indiana Jones, Elsa Schneider, Colonel Vogel, Grail Knight

SUMMARY: The movie opens with Indiana meeting Elsa in Venice, where he tells her he knows the grail's location: Alexandretta. Colonel Vogel suddenly steps out of Elsa's closet, revealing Elsa as a traitor. Indiana escapes, fleeing to Alexandretta; there, he's confronted by Elsa and Vogel again. Vogel shoots Elsa, forcing Indy to retrieve the grail. Indy retrieves two grails, giving the wrong one to Vogel (leading to Vogel's death). Indy uses the real grail to restore Elsa's life. Elsa attempts to leave with the grail; the temple collapses, and she dies. The movie ends with Indiana riding off alone into the sunset.

NOTABLE DIFFERENCES: Henry Jones is gone; there is only one trial ("Leap of Faith"). The ending has a much more somber tone at the end, with Indiana saying nothing after Elsa's death.

RUN-TIME: 17 minutes

MAIN CHARACTERS: Indiana Jones, Elsa Schneider, Grail Knight

SUMMARY: The movie opens with Indiana meeting Elsa in Venice, where he tells her he knows the grail's location: Alexandretta. They leave for Alexandretta, where Indy and Elsa enter the temple and retrieve the grail from the Grail Knight. Elsa attempts to leave with the grail, causing the temple to collapse (and leading to her death). Indiana rides off alone into the sunset.

NOTABLE DIFFERENCES: Colonel Vogel is gone. There are no trials, and only one grail in the final room. The Grail Knight has only one line, where he warns them they cannot leave the temple with the grail.

RUN-TIME: 6 minutes

MAIN CHARACTERS: Indiana Jones, Grail Knight

SUMMARY: The movie opens with Indiana entering the temple in Alexandretta. He encounters the Grail Knight, who informs him that the grail cannot be taken from the temple. Indiana thanks the Grail Knight for telling him this, then rides off into the sunset.

NOTABLE DIFFERENCES: Elsa is gone. Indy has two lines ("I'm here for the grail", and "Thank you for telling me about the grail"); the Grail Knight has one ("The grail cannot leave this temple").

RUN-TIME: 1 minute

MAIN CHARACTERS: Indiana Jones

SUMMARY: The movie opens with Indiana riding on a horse in the desert, reading from a book. He reads: "The

Holy Grail cannot be removed from the temple in Alexandretta." He closes the book, looks at the temple in front of him, nods solemnly — then turns around and rides off into the sunset.

RUN-TIME: Less than 1 minute

MAIN CHARACTERS: Indiana Jones

SUMMARY: The movie opens (and ends) with Indiana riding off into the sunset.

RUN-TIME: Less than 15 seconds

MAIN CHARACTERS: None

SUMMARY: The movie consists of a black screen with a soft buzzing sound.

RUN-TIME: 3 seconds

► ACCESS SCP:/3045/files/test3.log

DESCRIPTION: A plain text file containing the entirety of Samuel Becket's tragicomedy, *Waiting for Godot*.

Enter CHARACTERS.

CHARACTERS: We are waiting for GODOT.

GODOT does not arrive.

Still waiting.

bzzz

► ACCESS SCP:/3045/files/test4.log

DESCRIPTION: A MOV file containing the entirety of Bee Movie, an animated film by DreamWorks Animation.

FOREWORD: Researcher Xiao-jin was tasked to watch each iteration and provide a summary of notable differences.

MAIN CHARACTERS: Barry B. Benson, Vanessa Bloome, Ken, Pollen Jocks

SUMMARY: Barry B. Benson (a bee) is a non-conformist who has just graduated college. Spurning the job assigned to him by bee-society, he goes out with a group of 'Pollen Jocks' (also bees), where he encounters Vanessa (a human florist) and Ken (her boyfriend). Ken attempts to kill him, but Vanessa saves his life. Barry later returns and expresses his thanks to Vanessa; the two begin a relationship. After Barry discovers that humans harvest honey from bees, he sues the human race — and, after a series of mishaps, wins the trial. However, as a result of having too much honey (?), bees all lose their jobs — resulting in flowers all over the world dying out. Barry and Vanessa travel to a city in California where the only remaining flowers survive, and steal a parade float full of flowers (??) so bees can use them to re-pollinate the world. Barry and the other bees use the flowers to reverse the damage, and the movie ends with all the bees working together with the humans.

NOTABLE DIFFERENCES: None.

RUN-TIME: 97 minutes

MAIN CHARACTERS: (see previous)

SUMMARY: Barry B. Benson works with the 'Pollen Jocks' to gather pollen for Vanessa (who is now a human-sized bee). Ken (still a human) is in a relationship

with Vanessa, and becomes jealous of the attention Barry receives for being so good at fetching pollen. Ken attacks Barry, but Barry and the Pollen Jocks swarm him and sting him to death. They all die afterward, but a new group of bees (with identical faces and names) quickly arrive to take their place. Vanessa appears alright with this; she shows New!Barry the same attention she gave Dead!Barry. The movie goes on with New!Barry suing the humans for stealing their honey — but near the end, the jury and judge are revealed to now all be Ken. The trial ends with New!Barry and a swarm of bees swooping up and stinging the jury and judge to death. A New!New! Barry arrives, and — together with Vanessa — they travel to California to steal the parade boat of flowers and use it to expand their hive all over the world. The movie ends like the previous iteration, except all the humans are now human-sized bees too (for some reason?).

NOTABLE DIFFERENCES: This is almost a completely different movie. It's *definitely* not for kids anymore. The deaths are cartoonish, but still kind of gruesome.

RUN-TIME: 98 minutes

MAIN CHARACTERS: (see previous)

SUMMARY: Effectively the same plot, except Ken's death (both early on and in the court scene) is more extensive, more gruesome, and takes more time.

NOTABLE DIFFERENCES: Everyone except for Ken is now a bee. All scenes where Ken is stung to death now involve multiple human-sized bees stinging him (and dying in the process). All the dialogue in the movie (except for Ken's, which mostly consists of screaming) has been replaced with buzzing noises.

RUN-TIME: 107 minutes

MAIN CHARACTERS: Ken, bees (?)

SUMMARY: The movie consists of an above-view image of Ken writhing in an ocean of bees. Every time he opens his mouth, hundreds of bees pour into it. By the end of the film, his body has become swollen with venom from thousands of stingers; his facial features have all but vanished beneath a dozen fist-sized pustules oozing with pus. Blind and helpless, his screams are now just muffled, gurgling sobs. He appears to spend the last few minutes of the movie suffocating as his throat finally swells shut — only to finally sink out of sight.

NOTABLE DIFFERENCES: The film has become live-action; the bees are just normal honey-bees, and Ken is now portrayed by the actor who voiced him (Patrick Warburton).

RUN-TIME: 278 minutes

NOTE: At this point, further testing was discontinued on account of Researcher Xiao-jin's computer inexplicably filling with ***bees****.*

Special containment procedures updated to prohibit any tests on media containing direct references to bees.

Addendum 3045.2: Recovery

On 16-02-2010, a Foundation-operated web-analysis bot (I/O-SAURON) flagged several large-scale online purchases made by a California startup company ("HiveFind") as suspicious. The company's website claimed it provided "next generation algorithms, client-centric solutions, and cutting edge compression software".

Three days later, MTF Mu-4 ("Debuggers") performed a raid on the offices of HiveFind. Although the building had been recently abandoned, they found several pieces of equipment: 14 large-scale QR scanners, 15 desktop computers, and over 900 gallons of stored honey. After detailed analysis, Mu-4 determined that each QR

scanner had been wired to provide control over one computer. SCP-3045 was found on one of the computer's hard-drives.

A later search uncovered over 50 dead (non-anomalous) instances of *Apis mellifera* (American honey-bee) spread throughout the office.

Investigations into HiveFind are ongoing.

Footnotes
1. A certification indicating that equipment and/or structures are insulated from 'leakage' of data via electromagnetic or acoustic emissions. For more information, personnel with appropriate clearance may consult documentation forSCP-2639.

SCP-3047: To Be Drowned by A Train

Item #: SCP-3047

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3047 is to be held at Containment Hangar 4 at Site-06-3.

Personnel entering SCP-3047 are to don scuba gear prior to entry.

Exploration of the range of SCP-3047's anomalous effect is to be conducted with the aid of a stenohaline[1] fish. Fishes used for exploration of SCP-3047 may only be removed from their container (which is to be filled with water suitable for the fish's survival) when both the fish and container are inside SCP-3047.

Description: SCP-3047 is an NSB Di 4 diesel-electric locomotive. SCP-3047's exterior, engine, and all items held in the locomotive are non-anomalous. The chemical composition and viscosity of air samples taken from SCP-3047's interior are identical to those of air under room temperature and pressure.

SCP-3047's anomalous effect is observable when at least one organism of the kingdom Animalia is in the locomotive's interior.

When a terrestrial animal is in SCP-3047's interior, it undergoes respiration impairment comparable to drowning. If not removed from SCP-3047, said organism will eventually expire. The use of scuba apparatus is capable of preventing respiration problems on the terrestrial animal's part.

When a stenohaline freshwater aquatic animal is in SCP-3047's interior, it will suffer from rapid loss of water and eventually expire via dehydration. Conversely, when either a stenohaline saltwater aquatic animal or euryhaline[2] aquatic animal (both saltwater and freshwater) are in SCP-3047's interior, they undergo normal

respiration.

Exploration of SCP-3047's interior reveals five regions of space within the fourth passenger car which does not possess the anomalous effects of SCP-3047. Each of these regions of space comprise of five lines, three of which converge together at one end while two of which are parallel lines. Due to the size and dimensions of said regions of space, most terrestrial animals will be unable to utilise them for respiration.

SCP-3047 was discovered in Nord-Trøndelag, Norway on / /2011. Following the locomotive's failure to arrive at Muruvik Station from Hell Station, law enforcement officials attempted to locate SCP-3047. One of the officials reported that all passengers and staff in the locomotive were deceased and his colleagues died after being inside SCP-3047 for several minutes. The Foundation later confiscated SCP-3047 from Norwegian authorities under the claim that it contained a biological agent, and a cover story regarding an avalanche that struck SCP-3047 was circulated on public channels.

Addendum 3047-1: Among deceased passengers found in SCP-3047, an unidentified female individual found in the locomotive's fourth passenger car is shown to possess non-human anatomy, particularly the presence of gills and a layer of scales underneath the human skin. Thus, the cadaver is currently classified as AI- .

Cause of death is identified to be a puncture wound to the head by way of a small object. Additionally, five lacerations seemingly from a five digit claw are found throughout the body. Due to the size and number of said lacerations, they are speculated to have constituted a mortal wound.

Noteworthy personal effects recovered from AI- include the following:

- A pouch containing red feathers with sharpened hollow shafts. When the feathers are held by a hand for at least three seconds and then released, they travel at a constant velocity of 700 m/s regardless of the force applied onto the feather and air resistance. One of these feathers is stained with blood

matching that of AI- . The feathers have since been reclassified separately as AI- .

- A map of Norway with several locales circled and scribbled in an unknown language derived from Ogham. Translation is ongoing. Circled locales correspond to **Utøya**, **Beisfjord**, and **Rognan** among others. Pending further investigations.

Footnotes

1. Inability to withstand wide variation of salinity in surrounding water.
2. Ability to withstand wide variation of salinity in surrounding water.

SCP-3048: Tantalus

Item #: SCP-3048

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3048 is to reside in a standard humanoid containment cell. Approved reading materials and entertainment devices are to be provided and may be rotated out on a monthly basis. To better accommodate the anomaly's diet, a small refrigeration unit should be maintained within the containment room. The entity is currently housed at Site-06-3.

Meals containing 3-5 items named in Document #3048-03 should be provided three times daily. Dietary supplements must be provided with these rations. No beverages or unapproved edible substances should accompany any meal. The entity may request certain items to be included in its next meal; these must be approved by the senior researcher in charge of its case, currently Dr. Florence Daley.

As the entity is incapable of consuming beverages, it must be provided hydration via intravenous line. Authorized medical personnel may enter the containment cell to perform tasks related to the maintenance of this several times per day.

Description: SCP-3048 is a middle-aged human male of European descent possessing ginger hair and gray eyes. Its height has been measured at 1.64 meters and its mass most recently at 46.3 kilograms. The entity has expressed preference for the name "Reuben Moretti", but it is equally responsive to the designation SCP-3048.

Upon initial recovery, the anomaly was described as moderately emaciated. It has since regained 10 kg of body mass under the prolonged care of the Foundation. Medical examiners now consider the entity slightly malnourished.

The entity's primary anomalous trait is its inability to imbibe most forms of food and beverage. Drinkable liquids, when brought near the entity's mouth, spontaneously evaporate. No change in temperature or pressure surrounding this event has been observed. Edible substances not listed under document #3048-03 exhibit a variety of anomalous characteristics when within a 20-30 cm radius of the anomaly's mouth. The most common characteristics of these substances, as noted by Foundation researchers, are spontaneous combustion and temporary loss of the properties of friction.

SCP-3048 was recovered 18/01/2017 on a partially-developed Mediterranean island 90 km off the coast of Turkey. It is believed that the anomalous entity remained the sole resident there between the years of 1602 and 2005. With additional investigation, it has been determined that the island itself is non-anomalous.

Foundation operatives first noticed the entity while it was in the employ of a health resort venture on the island. The health resort had been established there in 2005 by a Greek tourism company. When pressed to explain how it came to speak fluent modern English, the anomaly claimed to have been taught the language by McLoughlin, its shift manager at the resort hotel.

The anomaly has asserted that it arrived on the island after becoming shipwrecked. Historical records and recent diving expeditions have verified the existence of a shipwreck in the location and of the name given. A list of 53 persons who departed from Venice in late 1601 on the lost ship was recovered from a museum in Northern Ireland.

Two persons listed on the ship manifest are of current interest to Foundation researchers. One is a 41 year old man by the name of Reuben Moretti, who was hired as the vessel's cook. The other is a 17 year old boy listed as Teo-Carlo Moretti. SCP-3048 has not previously mentioned relatives accompanying it on its shipwrecked voyage.

+ Show Documents #3048-01 and -02

Document #3048-01: Transcript of an interview with SCP-3048 shortly after its arrival

at Site-06-3

Interviewed: SCP-3048

Interviewer: Senior researcher Dr. Florence Daley, licensed medical practitioner and nutritionist

Foreword: *Transportation of SCP-3048 to the facility was delayed three hours due to inclement weather. Near the end of this delay, the anomaly discovered its ability to consume highly processed foods. It is believed that SCP-3048 did not have the opportunity to interact with processed foods prior to this as a result of its employment in the kitchen of a hotel that used only whole ingredients.*

Due to the distress exhibited by the entity when personnel confiscated its snacks, SCP-3048 was permitted to continue eating during its interview.

<Begin Log, 18/01/2017 at 4:34 pm>

Dr. Daley: Good afternoon, SCP-3048. My name is Dr. Daley. I'll be overseeing your case.

[The anomaly pauses while chewing.]

SCP-3048: 'm sorry, what? My name's Reuben Moretti.

Dr. Daley: Your designation here at the Foundation is SCP-3048. I don't mean to sound threatening, but your stay will be much more pleasant if you decide to cooperate with us.

SCP-3048: Oh. Sure, whatever.

Dr. Daley: Alright. Could you tell me how long —?

[The anomaly grabs a can of Cheez Whiz from the table and squirts approximately 0.2 liters into its mouth. Dr. Daley wears an expression of disgust.]

SCP-3048: Mmm! Good Lord, I love the 21st century!

[The anomaly proceeds to consume between six and twelve large marshmallows.]

Dr. Daley: Pardon me, but do you realize how unhealthy that is?

SCP-3048: [Unintelligible response]

Dr. Daley: I understand you're suffering from severe malnutrition, but eating this much high-calorie content at once… you won't be able to stomach it!

[The anomaly chews and swallows.]

SCP-3048: Doc, I've been starving since 1602. I don't give a damn right now.

Dr. Daley: Since… 1602? But the island you were on had fresh water and a variety of edible fruit. And you've been employed in a kitchen for the past decade.

[The anomaly reaches for a glass of water. The water vanishes from the glass as it is brought to the anomaly's mouth. Sensors indicate that the humidity inside the room increases simultaneously. SCP-3048 appears disappointed.]

SCP-3048: Yeah. Between the lake and the

groves, the island had everything. But the water receded whenever I tried to take a drink… and the fruit was always just out of reach.

Dr. Daley: You mean like Tantalus?

SCP-3048: And I was cooking for goddamn whole-food health nuts at the resort. This processed stuff? Now this is where it's at.

Dr. Daley: But what you're eating is barely even food.

SCP-3048: Exactly!

[The anomaly opens a second package and consumes the contents of a lime Jell-O cup. It offers another to Dr. Daley.]

SCP-3048: Oh, I'm in heaven. Want one?

[Dr. Daley sighs.]

Dr. Daley: No, thank you.

[She turns to face security personnel and addresses them]

Dr. Daley: Let's end this here for now. Bring over that wastebasket and stay with the anomaly. I need to prepare an IV line and saline drip for after he vomits everything he's been eating in the past two hours.

<End Log, 18/01/2017 at 4:40 pm>

Closing Statement: *SCP-3048 regurgitated 1.35 L of partially digested gelatin-based foods and Cheez Whiz. The entity did not resist Dr. Daley's insertion of an intravenous line in its left arm.*

Document #3048-02: Transcript of second interview with SCP-3048

Interviewed: SCP-3048

Interviewer: Senior researcher Dr. Florence Daley

Foreword: *Dr. Daley volunteered to change the entity's IV bag while conducting a second interview simultaneously.*

<Begin Log, 19/01/2017 at 9:48 am>

Dr. Daley: Hello again, SCP-3048. I'm here to start your first saline drip of the day. We've got to get you re-hydrated as much as we need to get you fed.

SCP-3048: … Hey. Daley, right?

Dr. Daley: It's *Doctor* Daley.

SCP-3048: Yeah, well, the last doctor I took anything from got chased outta town because boiled sheep urine didn't cure the pox.

Dr. Daley: Yes, well, medical science has come a long way since the 17th century. It's a science now, for one thing. Did you sleep well in your new accommodations?

SCP-3048: I slept blah. This place is boring. Can I at least get a room with windows?

Dr. Daley: Good behavior might earn you a chamber at ground level.

SCP-3048: What? Is this a hospital or a prison?

Dr. Daley: It's a lot of both and neither.

SCP-3048: … You know what? I don't really care. For the first time in 400 years, my mouth doesn't feel like sandpaper. And those suits from yesterday gave me stuff I can actually eat. I'm down with whatever you guys want me to do.

Dr. Daley: So we have your cooperation?

SCP-3048: I s'pose so.

Dr. Daley: I'm glad to hear that.

<End Log, 19/01/2017 at 9:52 am>

Closing Statement: *SCP-3048 has readily cooperated with the Foundation in most cases and has proven highly amenable to Dr. Daley in particular. Its transfer from subterranean holdings to a ground-level containment cell is currently pending.*

Document #3048-03: A list of foods which SCP-3048 is capable of consuming. For a record of how the contents of this document were determined, see Experiment Log #3048-1.

- **Meat[1] and dairy products:**
  - ○ Cheez Whiz and variations thereof
  - ○ Some forms of nacho cheese sauce
  - ○ Most brands of whipped cream
  - ○ Very thick protein shakes
- **Fruit and vegetable products:**
  - ○ Maraschino cherries
- **Carbohydrates:**
  - ○ Pop-tarts
  - ○ Cheetos
  - ○ Cheesy poofs

- **Other:**
    - ○ Jell-O
    - ○ Artificially-flavored fruit snacks
    - ○ Gummy candies
    - ○ Marshmallows[2]
    - ○ Dietary supplements in the form of pills or capsules

+ Show excerpt from Experiment Log #3048-1

TEST LOG FORMAT
Edible substance:
Method of consumption:
Result:
Notes:

Test 1
Edible substances: Cheez Whiz, marshmallows, and Jell-O
Method of consumption: Standard
Result: Success
Notes: This was a natural experiment that occurred after the anomaly was taken into Foundation custody but prior to its arrival at Site-06-3.

Test 2
Edible substance: Fried pork skins
Method of consumption: Standard
Result: Spontaneous combustion
Notes: This was a natural experiment that occurred after the anomaly was taken into Foundation custody but prior to its arrival at Site-06-3.

- *My word, Agent Matthews has terrible eating habits. — Dr. Daley*

Test 4

Edible substance: Fruit snacks labeled organic
Method of consumption: Standard
Result: Loss of friction
Notes: *The fruit snacks handled normally until they were brought within about 25 cm of its mouth. Then they started sliding like they were made of squishy ice. It didn't matter whether it was the anomaly trying to feed itself or us trying to feed it, the laws of physics stopped working for the fruit snacks while they were within range. Everyone kept dropping them. — Dr. Daley*

- *Intent doesn't have anything to do with it either. Trying to stick fruit snacks in the anomaly's ears doesn't work any better than trying to stick them in its mouth. — Dr. Daley*

Test 5
Edible substance: Fruit snacks labeled organic
Method of consumption: 40 cm drop
Result: Spontaneous combustion
Notes: This experiment was recorded with a slow-motion capture camera. Playback of the recording revealed that combustion began at 30 cm from the anomaly's mouth. The tested substance was wholly incinerated by the time it reached 20 cm.

Addendum #3048-1: SCP-3048 has been highly compliant to the Foundation's wishes since its arrival. I find myself disinclined to gamble this willing cooperation by questioning the entity about a teenager's name on a 400 year old manifest. Yes, we know the myth of Tantalus and what he did to merit his punishment; however, any parallels that the myth may share with the entity's history hardly have any bearing on our current research. This having been said, if anyone absolutely has to interrogate the anomaly about that aspect

of its past, please do so with low-grade amnestics on hand. — *Dr. Daley*

+ Level 3 security clearance required

Proposal: Experiment #3048-2

Message Recipients: O5 Council; Ethics Committee; Site-06-3 Director

Date: 13/02/2017

Details: Medical examination, genetic sequencing, and tissue sampling over the course of the past two weeks have revealed nothing anomalous in SCP-3048's physiology. Whatever lies behind the entity's longevity and its capacity to survive without nutrition and hydration remains as of yet unknown.

It may better benefit the Foundation's research to see SCP-3048 returned to a state of health before continuing tests. I propose a long-term experiment with the following investigation plan:

1. Establish a healthy weight and lack of nutrient deficiencies as the control state for SCP-3048.
2. Begin regular medical examinations and tissue sampling.
3. Test the effects of a single independent variable at a time.
4. Record observations over a period long enough that symptoms become static.
5. Allow SCP-3048 to return to control state prior to start of next trial.

Some variables to investigate in this experiment may include water, vitamin C, iodine, and other vital nutrients. I believe these

variables to be preferable for two reasons, one being the well-documented symptoms a non-anomalous human body experiences when deprived of such substances. The other reason is the ease with which we are able to manipulate the contents of SCP-3048's dietary supplements without its knowledge.

From the desk of Dr. Florence Daley.

Secure. Contain. Protect.

/**02**/**2017:** Experiment #3048-2 has been approved. — O5- .

Footnotes
1. Researchers have yet to identify any form of meat product, excluding gelatin, which SCP-3048 is capable of consuming.
2. SCP-3048 is unable to consume the granulated sugar coating of Peeps and similar sweets. Foundation personnel and SCP-3048 alike have expressed distaste for the task of cleaning the resulting mess. Sugar-coated foods should not be included among the entity's rations.

SCP-3049: To Make an Apple Pie from Scratch

Item #: SCP-3049

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3049 is to remain fixed in place within a standard secure storage room. Its heat control knobs should be removed when not in use.

Testing of the object has been halted indefinitely by order of the Ethics Committee.

Personnel who have utilized SCP-3049 or partaken in SCP-3049-1 and currently possess knowledge of the object's anomalous properties must receive psychological evaluation and/or amnestics before returning to active duty.

Description: SCP-3049 is a gas-powered convection oven of standard consumer dimensions. It possesses a white gloss finish on its frame, a glass oven door, and an aluminum handle. SCP-3049 exhibits an anomalous physical feature in the form of a setting labeled "Apple Pie" beneath its center dial.

In its active state, SCP-3049 generates a miniaturized universe inside its oven cavity. This new universe, designated SCP-3049-1, operates on a hyper-accelerated timescale such that an estimated 15 billion years within it equates to 30 minutes outside of it. SCP-3049-1, from its Big Bang to its death, is observable through the oven door. Neither opening the oven door to interrupt this process nor operation of the stove-top seems to be possible during an active cycle.

None of the complications associated with matter operating on a sub-Planck length scale have been observed; the laws of physics and universal constants within the miniature universe appear to function normally. The reason for this unexpected continuity of

Newtonian physics remains unknown.

The perspective observable through SCP-3049's door does not remain constant throughout the lifespan of an SCP-3049-1 universe. SCP-3049 has frequently been observed to adjust its magnification to follow major developments in the formation and expansion of the universe, such as the creation of the first stars, black holes, and galaxies. These perspective shifts have been described as "cinematic" and "like scenes from that *Cosmos* documentary".

SCP-3049-1 instances are also [DATA REDACTED].

+ Document #3049-01

Document #3049-01: Discovery log

Field operative: Agent Rembrandt Anderson

Subject: Mrs. Taylor

<Begin Log>

Agent Anderson: Afternoon, Mrs. Taylor.

Mrs. Taylor: To you too, Mr… Anderson, is it? Mind if I call you Rembrandt?

Agent Anderson: Yes, that's correct, and I don't mind at all. May I come in?

Mrs. Taylor: Oh, of course, dearie. Let me take you to the kitchen, where the oven is.

[Anderson enters the household.]

Agent Anderson: Please, lead the way. I understand that you've been having issues with this device not functioning as intended?

Mrs. Taylor: Yes, I certainly have! I swear, that hooligan grandson of mine and his delinquent friends must have done this to my

oven as some practical joke. I think they installed a screen and a… a secret compartment of some sort. But my eyes aren't so good anymore, so it's rather difficult for me to tell.

Agent Anderson: What exactly is it that the oven does which seems unusual?

Mrs. Taylor: Well, you see… I always let it preheat before I bake… But recently, after I do that, the door gets stuck and I can't turn it off until it's done playing.

[Anderson and the subject arrive in the kitchen.]

Agent Anderson: Until what's done playing?

Mrs. Taylor: One of those outer space documentaries with all the new-fangled special effects. It plays in this glass door right here… Oh, just let me turn it on and show you, John.

Agent Anderson: My name isn't— well, nevermind. Go ahea — Oh. Wow.

[SCP-3049 enters its active state.]

Mrs. Taylor: You see what I mean, darling? I can only bake without preheating now, with whatever they've done to my oven.

Agent Anderson: Yes, I see what you mean. Don't worry, Mrs. Taylor, the company will replace your oven right away. I promise you won't even know it's missing.

Mrs. Taylor: Thank you, Kevin.

Agent Anderson: I'm just doing my job. Now, if you wouldn't mind, could you step out of the

shot so I can take some pictures of the malfunctioning device? For insurance purposes, you understand.

Mrs. Taylor: Oh, no problem at all. Excuse me…

[The subject exits the kitchen and moves toward the dining room. Anderson uses his phone to take several photos of SCP-3049 in its active state. The subject returns while carrying pastry.]

Mrs. Taylor: Would you like some apple pie, darling?

Agent Anderson: Oh no, I couldn't.

Mrs. Taylor: Please have some, Jacob dear. I can be rather absent minded while baking. I swear I have twice the amount that I know what to do with.

[Anderson takes a slice of apple pie.]

Agent Anderson: Thank you, ma'am… Mm, this is some good pie! Any chance I could get a little bit to go? I bet the installation guys'll clean you all outta this product when they get here. You're a great baker.

Mrs. Taylor: Thank you! You're such a sweetheart, Brian. Let me get you the rest of the dish — you can keep the whole thing. I don't usually like to bake in glass pans, and I doubt whoever gave me this one would mind a bit of re-gifting.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: *SCP-3049 was recovered from Mrs. Taylor's suburban home without*

incident. The subject's oven was replaced with a non-anomalous version of identical make. Low-grade amnestics were successfully administered.

+ Level 3 clearance required

Document #3049-02: Excerpt from *The Life Cycle of SCP-3049-1 Universes*, by Dr. Riley Cadence.

At approximately 20 minutes (10 billion years) into the life cycle of SCP-3049-1, the perspective displayed by SCP-3049 diverges from previously observed patterns, the frame of reference becoming scaled to a single star late in its formation process. The type of star on which the object becomes fixated varies, but it has been noted in the majority of cases to be an astronomical body similar in size, temperature, and composition to the sun.

During and after the star's formation, SCP-3049 gradually transitions its display's focus to the development of an Earth-like planet occupying the circumstellar habitable zone. At some point after the planet has cooled enough for liquid water to cover portions of its surface, SCP-3049's perspective shifts to follow the development of carbon-based life. Lifeforms within SCP-3049-1 evolve to live on land in 60% of observed cases.

Intelligent life arises on the habitable planet and subsequently becomes the dominant species. After these sentient beings begin to construct complex civilizations, the timescale of the universe suddenly decelerates so that an estimated 1,000 years within SCP-3049-1 equates to 1 minute outside. The sentient lifeforms become technologically advanced and, in 70% of observed cases, space-faring.

It is usually at this point that the dominant civilization on the planet creates self-replicating molecular nanotechnology with reality-bending properties, an invention henceforth designated SCP-3049-2.

SCP-3049-2 immediately engages in ecophagy — the consumption of its environment — resulting in a "Grey Goo" scenario which terminates its planet, solar system, and galaxy of origin. The nanotechnology rapidly propagates throughout the remainder of the universe while absorbing all matter into itself. This process culminates in a YK-class end-of-reality event in which the entirety of the SCP-3049-1 universe is converted into an apple pie nested inside a glass baking dish.

Addendum: Shortly after the submission of her report, Dr. Cadence requested psychological evaluation and a project transfer.

SCP-3050: Ogden

Item #: SCP-3050

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3050's doors and windows have all been fitted with 9 centimeter thick solid steel padlocks, with fitted iron bars covering all exteriors. SCP-3050 is also monitored by security cameras placed across the perimeter, broadcasting live feed to Site-38. In the event of civilian discovery or containment breach, Mobile Task Force Psi-7 "Home Improvement" is to be dispatched to assess the situation and reestablish containment.

SCP-3050's activation events are to be attributed to the local Foundation-owned S - weapons testing facility. At the beginning of activation, any personnel within the building are to evacuate within the 15 seconds allotted time period. Any personnel unable to escape within this time period are encouraged to make use of their issued cyanide tablets.

Addendum 4.24.17: *On 3/16/ , two civilians were caught within SCP-3050 during its activation event after having seen a prior event and investigating. A 2.5 meter tall containment wall has been constructed around SCP-3050 per order of O5- to prevent further information and containment breaches.*

Description: SCP-3050 is a large abandoned complex located in W , North Carolina, previously known as the "Ogden School." SCP-3050's interior consists of typical furniture and appliances found in American schools between 1960-1976.

SCP-3050 remains inert until its activation event, which occurs at random intervals any time of year. Preceding each activation, SCP-3050 will resound a 137 decibel alarm from an unknown source from within the facility for exactly 15 seconds. Following the

alarm, all doors and windows close and are unable to be opened until the event has concluded. Upon closer investigation, "locked" exits fuse at the atomic level to walls and floors. From the exterior, all windows output a bright red light measured at an estimated 2,000 lumens. However, photon degradation occurs at .74 meters[1] within the perimeter of the facility; thereby limiting area of effect. Research regarding this anomalous light is ongoing.

During the main phase of the event, all non-anomalous living human matter within SCP-3050 is reconstructed at the atomic level by means of selective reality degradation. This effect is achieved by means of precise anti-hume generators located in facilities constructed by Alexylva University. SCP-3050's event can last anywhere from 4 minutes to 2 hours. Testing logs and accounts state that the experience is painless. However, there is no consistency to the order in which body parts are reconstructed (or in the case of multiple subjects, which is reconstructed first.) Subjects undergoing reconstruction do not bleed or show wounds; all reconstructed body parts leave behind patched skin similar to post-amputation limbs.

Individuals reconstructed by SCP-3050 (designated SCP-3050-A) are integrated with objects and surfaces within the facility. Test logs and witness accounts prove that instances of SCP-3050-A are fully aware and retain most senses upon integration. Research concerning the termination of these individuals or a way to revert this effect is currently underway.

Addendum 5.17/ :*"Destruction of objects containing SCP-3050-A instances does not result in death of subject. Poor bastard, we broke the chair…him. His pieces just won't stop screaming…" -Dr. Subin*

Upon completion of the event, all doors and windows unbind from their respective frame and a 110 decibel sound resembling wind chimes resounds from an unknown source outside the complex. SCP-3050 will stay inert for a minimum of 24 hours following the event. Exploration is only to be undertaken during this 24 hour grace period.

Exploration Log:

Date: 1/20/
Subjects: D-19910, a political prisoner with experience in urban exploration
Equipment:

- One (1) Polaroid 600 printing camera.
- One (1) Kant reality measuring device.
- One (1) flashlight.
- One (1) standard Foundation field ration.
- One (1) standard issue pager.
- One (1) item retrieval pack.

<**Begin log**>

Dr. Owens: Testing, testing- one, two, three. Can you hear me?

D-19910: Loud and clear. I'm entering the main hallway. Nothing in the foyer here.

Dr. Owens: Does anything seem out of the ordinary, D-19910? What is your meter reading?

D-19910: It's at one…"hume." Is that heat?

Dr. Owens: Ignore that. Continue exploring the facility.

<**D-19910 continues exploring the facility for [7.5] minutes. Nonessential content redacted.**>

D-19910: Doc, I'm hearing noises. Sounds like whispering and crying.

Dr. Owens: *[to assistant]* Increase the sensitivity. D-19910, remember to be taking pictures.

D-19910: I see a staircase. It's dark, the lights are a bit dim.

Dr. Owens: Head down it. Use your flashlight if need be.

D-19910: Alright. I'm in the school library…something is odd in here.

D-19910: There's…something wrong with the far right corner of the room. It's like it's pitch black, but I can see everything in it clearly. It's shimmering a little bit, too; like a car hood in the hot sun. You know?

Dr. Owens: Walk closer to it while reading your meter.

D-19910: It's decreasing very slowly as I walk towards it. What's going-

[There is the sound akin to a small explosion, and heavy microphone feedback shortly after.]

D-19910: [microphone crackling] It's…gone? The corner is normal again, but there's a bunch of junk on the floor. Papers, and…food wrappers? It's just garbage. Hey, wait. My meter is reading one hume again.

Dr. Owens: Good, that's…good. Get the papers, put them in the provided envelope within your pack and keep moving.

D-19910: Okay. I'm in another hallway, but there's just one door at the end. I'm going in.

D-19910: Oh, wow. I'm in the school's art room. Did you say this was an elementary school back in the day?

Dr. Owens: Yes, that's correct. Why?

D-19910: There's a bunch of self portraits and…statues on the walls and furniture. They're pretty great, especially for kids. I got a few pictures.

Dr. Owens: Is that all that's in there? Anything else?

D-19910: Nah, just school supplies and the like. Hold on, doc…the whispering and crying seem louder. Where's it coming from?

Dr. Owens: D-19910, investigate the self-portraits.

D-19910: Why? They're just…oh, shit. Doctor, they're moving.

Dr. Owens: Try and speak to one.

D-19910: Is this some sort of joke? [to SCP-3050-A instances] Hey, can y'all hear me?

SCP-3050-A: [No response.]

D-19910: I'm leaving, this is a waste of time. It's just some dumb magic trick. [There is the sound of a small crash.]

SCP-3050-A: [Childlike screaming.]

D-19910: Oh, God. I-I tripped and landed on a table with one of the…the things in it. Doc, they're-

Dr. Owens: Just carefully exit the facility. We need those documents.

SCP-3050-A: [Screams, pleas for help from multiple voices.]

D-19910: [Sounds of retching.] I'm sorry, I'm sorry!

<End log.>

Approximately two minutes after the last transmission, D-19910 emerged from SCP-3050 through the main entrance in a panicked state. Subject scanned for active cognitohazards (clean) and Class B amnestics administered. D-19910 was reassigned to Project and no incidents have been reported.

Recovered Documents

Note: following documents recovered within the library of SCP-3050. Translated from Latin for brevity. Control of SCP-3050 delegated to Site-38. -Senior Researcher Bradley

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HUMANE EXECUTION CHAMBER BUILT

In the name of Caesar

For the people by the students of Alexylva University

HAIL CAESAR

BY THE ORDER OF CAESAR

Cease operation of Alexylva execution chamber immediately. Capitol Citadel is detecting reality boreholes within the vicinity of the facility.

Humane death is not our priority.

HAIL CAESAR

QUARANTINE WARNING

by Caesar

Former site of Alexylva execution chamber is inhospitable. Surrounding district's reality has been rendered unstable. Evacuate immediately to avoid permanent [DATA ILLEGIBLE].

EVACUATION SHUTTLES LOCATED AT ENTELLA STATION, FORUM LIBRARY AND PEDUM GENERAL STORE.

HAIL CAESAR

My Lord Caesar,

Work is under way to study and revert the effects of the Alexylva execution chamber. As of [DATE REDACTED] *at least* [DATA EXPUNGED] *persons are in limbo within its walls.*
All we know as of now is that the anti-reality generators are sending and receiving input from other worlds at seemingly random intervals. Perhaps someone is still running it. Regardless, we are doing all we can to access the machines and put a stop to them.

Please send orders regarding the fate of the students responsible for this disaster.

I am your humble servant.

Governor Cornelius, New World District IV

Footnotes
1. one (1) Romangradus

SCP-3051: Revenge of the Human Rights Lobbyists

Item #: SCP-3051

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation web crawlers are to monitor the communications of government officials worldwide, flagging sudden shifts in policy position for further review. If upon further investigation the official in question is found to have met with a known or suspected agent of the **Manna Charitable Foundation** within a short time frame of the opinion shift, Foundation agents are to administer the official Class-A or Class-B amnestics depending on the length of time since suspected exposure.[1] Private and public statements contrary to previous views are to be suppressed or discredited when applicable.

The Memetics division has been instructed to develop an easily distributed inoculation to SCP-3051's effects. Research towards this goal is ongoing.

Description: SCP-3051 is a weaponized cognitohazard employed by the Manna Charitable Foundation to induce artificial personality changes in government officials opposed to their humanitarian agenda. The transmission vector is known to be contained on paper, though whether the vector is text or an image is presently unknown.

When exposed to SCP-3051, affected individuals abruptly shift their views on one or more issues. In contrast to standard changes of opinion, SCP-3051 events are marked by the sudden and unexplained acceptance of policies diametrically opposed to previous views. Affected subjects will rapidly become in favor of increases in foreign aid spending, egalitarian governance philosophies, compliance with international human rights norms, and various other viewpoints associated with humanitarian or socially liberal ideologies.

In close proximity to nearly all suspected SCP-3051 events, subjects met with one or more lobbyists representing a non government organization (NGO). Further investigation determined that these individuals were in actuality lobbyists for the Manna Charitable Foundation, who were using non-anomalous charities as cover to contact government officials whose opinions they wished to sway. As these agents are able to disguise themselves as civilian lobbyists using anomalous means, direct prevention of access has proven difficult.

Incident 3051-01: On / /2017, Foundation personnel investigating SCP- inadvertently discovered an in-progress SCP-3051 event in the Rayburn House Office Building. The Manna lobbyist, later identified as Senior External Relations Director Adotei , was taken into custody alongside an active vector of SCP-3051. was released 48 hours later as per the terms of the 1995 Kigali Accord between Manna and the Foundation.

> **Interviewed:** Adotei , designated POI-5442 for the purposes of this interview.
>
> **Interviewer:** Agent Lauren Dietz
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **Agent Dietz:** Hello Mr. . My name is Agent Dietz and I'd like to ask you a few questions regarding your meeting with Representative .
>
> **POI-5442:** Feel free to ask, though I can't promise I'll actually answer. I know my rights.
>
> **Agent Dietz:** I'll cut directly to the chase then. The cognitohazard: What is it, how does it work, and why would Manna make use of that kind of weapon? It doesn't exactly fit your profile.
>
> **POI-5442:** I decline to answer.
>
> **Agent Dietz:** Don't play games with me. You're effectively brainwashing government officials. How

exactly does that mesh with your Mother Theresa act?

Subject begins to laugh for several seconds.

POI-5442: Is that what you think we're doing? Turning people into puppets with magic compulsion? We're a human rights NGO, not a bad horror film.

Agent Dietz: Chuckle all you want, but we're well aware you're using a cognitohazard. If it isn't a compulsion agent then just what is it you're using on these people?

POI-5442: You know, I've done this sort of thing a long time. In our business, no matter what we do behind the scenes, the actions of people and governments in the public eye always wind up affecting more lives in the end. I used to meet with so many privileged, apathetic officials and watch as they ruined lives. I always believed that if they could only see the consequences of their choices, the world might be a better place.

Agent Dietz: The point being?

POI-5442: I decline to answer.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Subject refused to answer any further questions and was later transferred to Manna custody without incident.

Addendum A

Prepared by the Department of Science - Memetics and Infohazards Division

Subject: Memetic Inoculation Progress

Consulted Resources: Dr. **Zachary Ekshun**

Findings: Following acquisition of an active vector of SCP-3051, the sample was provided to the Memetics and Infohazards division for study. Dr. Ekshun has prepared the following report on progress towards a memetic inoculation against SCP-3051.

> Well, this one has been a doozy. For starters, its potency has made it difficult to work with. We've had seven different researchers break down, two of which tried to free the Site's stock of D-class. Thank Christ for amnestics.
>
> Once we managed to examine it safely, it only got more interesting. The vast majority of cognitohazards work by altering perception, with most of the remainder acting as some type of summoning for an anomalous entity. As far as we can tell, this one just adds information to a person's brain, no perception changes at all. This is the sort of thing you usually see in a memetic hazard, but the added information itself isn't anomalous and can't act as a spread vector for itself. Off the top of my head, the only other coghaz we've dealt with that has a similar effect is **SCP-3600**, but the mechanics of that one are completely different.
>
> I can say with high certainty that this wasn't something Manna developed in house. I've seen the pain relieving cognitohazards they use in war zones, and the subliminal matrix on SCP-3051 is eons more complicated. Normally, MC&D would be my first guess for a purchased hazard, but this is well beyond them as well. Even for us, reverse engineering it to make an inoculation will be difficult. If this were the only project we were working on it would probably be done in a few months.

Seeing as we're swamped, I estimate it'll be 2 years minimum before we have a counter meme ready.

The really impressive bit is that, from what I can tell, the ultimate source of the info isn't the anomaly itself. We did a few lab tests to confirm, and it appears SCP-3051 actually takes present, accurate information from other living humans and puts it into the mind of the subject exposed to it.

Bottom line is that whatever these people wind up learning is causing the personality changes, rather than any cognitive influence from the anomaly itself. And honestly, that scares me way more than your run of the mill compulsion coghaz ever could.

Senior Researcher Zack Ekshun

P.S. Attached is an image of the vector that should be safe to view. We've taken out some physical details, removed important chunks of the subliminal matrix, and made the image greyscale. That said, I wouldn't view it without a cognitive resistance score of at least a 2.0. Better safe than screwed.

+ Show Attachment

Footnotes
1. Specifically, class-B amnestics are effective within 3 days of exposure while class-A amnestics have proven able to reverse effects within 10 days.

SCP-3052: Disturbed

Item #: SCP-3052

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3052-1 is to be kept in a Standard Humanoid Containment Chamber. SCP-3052-1's containment is to be constantly monitored via video surveillance by Level 2 staff or higher. SCP-3052-1 is allowed one session with the on-site psychologist per week. These sessions are to be observed via surveillance by Level 2 staff or higher. Any requests made by SCP-3052-1 must be directed to and approved by a Level 4 staff member or higher. Experiments involving showing SCP-3052-1 recordings of SCP-3052-2 instances are currently pending approval.

Description: SCP-3052 is the collective designation for two entities, SCP-3052-1 and SCP-3052-2. SCP-3052-1 is a humanoid entity with an appearance similar to that of a crudely drawn, copper-colored stick figure, standing approximately 1.85 meters in height. Two circular holes in SCP-3052-1's head, approximately 9 centimeters in diameter, appear to function as eyes. SCP-3052-1 is believed to be two-dimensional. However, it was discovered that any subject viewing SCP-3052-1 will perceive it as facing them directly, no matter which angle or direction the subject views it from. Therefore, its true dimensions can not be determined. X-Rays have shown that SCP-3052-1 lacks a skeletal structure, as well as organs. Analysis of samples taken from SCP-3052-1 shows that it is composed of a mixture of spray paint, acrylic paint, and human blood. Despite a lack of visible hands, SCP-3052-1 is capable of holding and manipulating most objects. SCP-3052-1 lacks a visible mouth, and has not expressed a need for food or water. As of writing, SCP-3052-1 has only expressed a need for sleep (see Interview Log 3052-I1).

SCP-3052-1 is incapable of vocalizing. However, it can communicate via words that it visually manifests near its head for a

period ranging from seven to ten seconds before dematerializing. These words are seemingly composed of the same substances that make up SCP-3052-1, and retain the property of facing viewers directly. SCP-3052-1 has demonstrated a wide vocabulary, yet it prefers manifesting only a few words at a time. SCP-3052-1 claims to suffer from various mental illnesses, including depression, anxiety, and mild schizophrenia. This was confirmed after an interview with the on-site psychologist. SCP-3052-1 is currently attending weekly therapy sessions.

SCP-3052-1's anomalous effects manifest when it is photographed or video recorded. Photographs and recordings taken of SCP-3052-1 show additional subjects not present at the time of recording, designated SCP-3052-2. Instances of SCP-3052-2 are black entities with crimson eyes, similar in composition to that of SCP-3052-1. While these entities are often shapeless, they have been observed to take the shape of various animals, including crows, domestic cats, and an as-of-yet unidentified species of large reptile. Video recordings have shown that SCP-3052-2 instances communicate in a similar manner to SCP-3052-1, with the exception that the words that materialize are black in color. SCP-3052-2 instances have been observed communicating with SCP-3052-1, usually harassing it with insults and verbal threats. SCP-3052-2 instances have been observed claiming that the Foundation has plans to terminate SCP-3052-1[1]. SCP-3052-1 will simply nod in response to these claims, and in rare cases, will verbally respond, affirming SCP-3052-2's claims (see Video Log 3052-V2).

SCP-3052-1 was discovered on June 19th, , living in the home of digital animator . was found dead in his bedroom. Autopsy reports show that subject died of an overdose of the drug , a common antipsychotic. Blood samples from did not match up with the blood found in SCP-3052-1's composition. Search for a DNA match is currently ongoing.

Addendum 3052-A1: Due to compliance with the Foundation, SCP-3052-1 has been allowed several requests for various items and amenities. Below is a list of requests that have been made thus far.

Request	Status	Notes
Empty journal and pen	Approved	SCP-3052-1 has given the on-site psychologist consent to view the contents of its journal.
Television with DVD player and selection of DVDs	Approved	
Potted houseplant	Approved	Plant expired due to lack of watering. SCP-3052-1 expressed extreme guilt during its weekly therapy session.
Potted houseplant with watering can	Approved	SCP-3052-1's mood has improved since the loss of its first plant.

Interview Log 3052-I1:

Interviewed: SCP-3052-1

Interviewer: Dr. , current on-site psychologist

Foreword: The following is an excerpt of a session between Dr. and SCP-3052-1.

<Begin Log>

Dr. : How are you today?

SCP-3052-1: Kind of tired.

Dr. : Have you been having trouble sleeping?

SCP-3052-1: I keep having the dreams.

Dr. **:** Yes, you've told me about them. Have you written them down like I advised?

SCP-3052-1: I keep forgetting. Sorry.

Dr. **:** There's no need to apologize, it's completely optional. Still, it might help. Do you still hear the voices?

SCP-3052-1: All the time.

Dr. **:** Do they sound like anyone you know?

SCP-3052-1: I don't know a lot of people.

Dr. **:** What sort of things do they say?

SCP-3052-1 does not respond.

Dr. **:** If you don't feel comfortable discussing it, that's-

SCP-3052-1: They say you're going to kill me.

Dr. **:** Who is going to kill you?

SCP-3052-1: I'm not sure. Whoever works here, I guess.

Dr. **:** Do you believe we're going to kill you?

SCP-3052-1: I don't know.

Dr. **:** Do you feel like you're in danger staying here?

SCP-3052-1: Sometimes.

Dr. **:** I see. Have you been experiencing any visual hallucinations?

SCP-3052-1: Like, seeing things?

Dr. **:** Precisely.

SCP-3052-1: Not really, no.

Dr. : Nothing unusual or strange?

SCP-3052-1: I don't think so.

Dr. : I see.

Dr. makes a note on his clipboard.

Dr. : Is there anything else you'd like to discuss?

SCP-3052-1: My watering can's almost empty.

Dr. : I'll let someone know.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: It's inferred that SCP-3052-1 is incapable of seeing instances of SCP-3052-2. At the conclusion of the session, SCP-3052-1's watering can was refilled. SCP-3052-1 was then observed watering its provided plant.

Video Log 3052-V2: The following is a transcript of a video recording of SCP-3052-1 on / / . This recording holds significance, as the recorded instance of SCP-3052-2 supposedly mentions , despite not previously displaying any knowledge of his existence.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3052-1 is sitting at its provided desk in its containment chamber, its arms resting on the surface, looking at the west wall of its containment cell. After a period of about 45 seconds, an instance of SCP-3052-2 in the shape of a large reptilian slowly moves into frame from the left, stopping approximately 15 centimeters away from SCP-3052-1. SCP-3052-1 does not react to SCP-3052-2's appearance.

SCP-3052-2: They're going to kill you, you know.

SCP-3052-1: I know.

SCP-3052-2: What are you going to do about it?

SCP-3052-1: I don't know.

SCP-3052-2: You might as well just let them. You'd be doing the world an enormous favor.

SCP-3052-1: Yeah, probably.

SCP-3052-2: It's your fault that you're in here. If you had just kept your mouth shut and not asked him any damn questions, this wouldn't be happening. 'Where am I? What are these voices? Are you God?' There is no God, idiot. He's dead, remember? He's dead and you killed him. Just like that. All because you opened your stupid mouth. Now you're going to Hell, and it's all your fault.

Both entities do not speak for a period of 15-20 seconds.

SCP-3052-2: I'm going away now. I can't stand looking at you.

SCP-3052-2 slowly moves away from SCP-3052-1 and out of frame. SCP-3052-1 continues looking at the west wall for the remainder of the video.

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. No plans to terminate SCP-3052-1 have yet been made.

SCP-3053: Off the Rails

Item #: SCP-3053

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Guards posing as game wardens are to keep SCP-3053-A under observation. Civilians are to be warned away citing the presence of unstable sinkholes, and any that manage access to SCP-3053-B or -C are to be amnesticized and escorted out of the area.

Description: SCP-3053 is a three-part spatial anomaly located in a wooded area approximately 7km southwest of Broken Cliff, MO, USA.

SCP-3053-A is an abandoned boxcar that bears the markings of the now-defunct Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad Company[1], though investigation of the remaining records of that company have not thus far directly corroborated ownership. The construction of SCP-3053-A and testing of trace substances suggest that it was used to carry mining supplies alongside shipments of lead and zinc. It is unknown how it reached its current location as no known configuration of the M&NA line passed through the area and all attempts to relocate SCP-3053-A since its discovery have failed.

SCP-3053-B is an extra-dimensional space accessible via using SCP-3053-A in a manner similar to an airlock, entering from the east and exiting through to the west. Travel going the opposite direction, without both doors being closed for thirty seconds simultaneously, or involving the western door being opened from the outside will result in failure to access SCP-3053-B. The space comprising SCP-3053-B is approximately 4,000m^2 with an unknown height and depth. It resembles the clearing on the western side of SCP-3053-A in baseline reality, save for the addition of SCP-3053-C. All attempts to exit the area in any way other than traveling back through SCP-3053-A will cause the traveler to demanifest and reappear on

the opposite side of SCP-3053-B.

SCP-3053-C is a two-story mortared limestone house centrally located within SCP-3053-B. The interior and several facets of the exterior of the building are constructed of oak that is in severe disrepair. Three drone explorations of SCP-3053-C's interior have been carried out with no significant incidents[2]. A manned exploration has been scheduled for 2018-05-01.

Addendum 3053-001: Exploration 3053/04 was carried out as scheduled and has been further designated Incident 3053/01. Access to relevant logs is restricted to security level 3/3053 or higher until further notice.

[Access Exploration 3053/04]

Base Team: Junior Researcher Dr. Alex Markaby with two members of MTF Delta-10 ("Hellbillies") on standby.

Exploration Team: D-2172

Foreword: D-2172 was provisioned with a class D tactical vest, a body camera, a radio earpiece w/throat microphone, a headlamp, and a class D air mask.

<Begin Log>

[Bodycam activates, showing the front of SCP-3053-C.]

D-2172: Okay, mic check. Check check check.

Dr. Markaby: Mic is good, '72. Camera appears to be working too, but can you give us a quick hello?

[D-2172's open hand appears in the frame and rapidly moves up and down.]

Dr. Markaby: Camera is also good, thank you.

Proceed to dash C.

[D-2172 approaches SCP-3053-C's front entrance. The wooden door is still open from previous drone explorations, revealing a darkened interior.]

D-2172: Ah, copy that. Operation: Get Inside the Spooky House is a go, sir. Ha! Irreverence.

Dr. Markaby: Please keep the commentary at least somewhat professional, '72. We're all on the clock here.

D-2172: No prob, just shaking out some nerves.

Dr. Markaby: Understandable, but keep it under wraps. The drones didn't show anything immediately threatening inside, so you should be perfectly safe.

[D-2172 steps through the doorway into SCP-3053-C's interior and stops. The only source of illumination is light coming in from the open doorway and between the slats of two boarded up windows. Small plumes of dust float through the beams of light. Aside from a few missing boards, the floor is mostly intact. The far walls cannot be seen clearly, but a roughly made wooden table can be seen on the left-hand side of the frame. Other, less discernible objects are concealed by the darkness.]

D-2172: Yeah, well, maybe whatever is in here just doesn't like the taste of drones.

Dr. Markaby: Please turn on your lamp and proceed.

[D-2172's headlamp illuminates the room as she steps further in and turns left.]

D-2172: Roger wilco. Now, what we see here is what is colloquially known as a "kitchen", complete with a dining table, counter, wood-burning stove, and pantry. Table looks a little rickety, scuffed up, but not too bad. Stove has … a couple of rusty cast-iron skillets sitting on top and … the dusty remains of a fire inside. If you cleaned this up you could probably get a good thousand for it, easy.

Dr. Markaby: We're not here to sell potentially anomalous antiques. Check the pantry.

D-2172: Sure thing.

[D-2172 opens the pantry, revealing several shelves that are empty save for small mounds of dust and seven broken jars with a black substance lining their interiors.]

D-2172: Gross. Got some canning jars, looks like. I can take the mask off and give 'em a sniff if you ask nicely, but I'm thinking even the mold here is dead. And, y'know, I really don't wanna do it.

Dr. Markaby: That's fine, just get a sample and let's move on.

[D-2172 pulls out a sample collection kit from her vest and takes scrapings from the inside of each jar.]

D-2172: Okay, off to the living room. We've got … busted up remains of a couch. Few portraits on the wall, faded to just about nothing. Fireplace full of dead leaves. One of them old-timey radios, which … does not seem to work.

No surprise, I'm sure they ain't paid their electricity bill in a while. The walls are busted up worse here than in the kitchen. A lot of the boards have been torn down, so I can see some of the stone on the other side. And … oh, hey. This is hay sticking out.

Dr. Markaby: One of the drones already got a sample, and it's sage brush. It was used for insulation.

D-2172: Neat. Learn something new every-

[Silence for five seconds.]

Dr. Markaby: Is there a problem, '72?

D-2172: *[whispering]* Just heard something upstairs. Like kids laughing or something. You sure there ain't nobody else here?

Dr. Markaby: Reasonably certain, yes. We didn't pick anything up on our end. This may be an unforeseen hallucinatory effect. Please proceed to the second floor.

D-2172: *[whispering]* Yeah, okay, permission to get the hell outta here instead?

Dr. Markaby: Denied.

D-2172: *[whispering]* Well, shit.

[D-2172 moves slowly toward the door in the back wall of the room. When she reaches the open doorframe, she pauses momentarily, scans the wood of the frame with the bodycam, and points emphatically at several small cuts in the wood. Each cut is accompanied by carvings that read "Mary" or "Dorothy" and bears dates from the 1930's. D-2172 then points emphatically upward.]

Dr. Markaby: An interesting hypothesis. Let's see if it bears out.

[D-2172 gives the bodycam a thumbs up gesture then proceeds into the back room of the house. Assorted boxes, bags, and loose items are stacked and strewn about the room. D-2172 reaches down, picks up a rusty shovel with a broken handle, and hefts it before turning to the stairs.]

Dr. Markaby: Be careful, '72. Killing, injuring, or otherwise disrupting an unstudied anomaly may prolong your service time with the Foundation.

D-2172: *[unintelligible]*

[The stairs creak slightly as D-2172 ascends to the upper floor of the house. Her headlamp is the only remaining light source visible. She steps into a hallway with doors lining the right-hand wall and slowly moves to the closest doorway. Audio picks up the sound of two voices at this point. Analysis identifies both voices as belonging to female prepubescents but cannot discern any of the words spoken. D-2172 moves into the room and looks around until she spots two shadowy, vaguely-defined humanoid figures standing in the corner. The previously heard voices stop as the humanoids turn their heads to reveal that they have iris- and pupilless eyes but no other distinct facial features.]

D-2172: Holy shi- … are you guys seeing this?

Dr. Markaby: Yes, just stay there for a moment and-

[D-2172 kneels and sets down the shovel,

stretching her arms out to the humanoids.]

D-2172: Hey, girls, it's okay. Don't be afraid. Look, nothing in my hands, nothing up my sleeves.

Dr. Markaby: '72, this is not a recommended course of action.

Child #1: *[unintelligible]*

D-2172: No, it's cool, I'm just talking to a friend of mine. He's a doctor. Y'all okay? How'd you get in here?

Child #2: *[unintelligible]*

Dr. Markaby: '72, exactly what are you seeing?

D-2172: Ah, one second, kids. Hey, yeah, you said you could see 'em, right? It's just a couple of-

[The image shudders for two seconds, accompanied by an explosive sound emanating from elsewhere in SCP-3053. D-2172 turns away from the humanoids, presumably to look through the doorway.]

D-2172: What the hell?!

Dr. Markaby: '72, what's happening? Talk to us.

D-2172: I dunno, sounded like a train wreck! Look, I'm gonna get these kids outta here. Hey-

[D-2172 turns back toward the humanoids. Child #1 has crawled up into a broken section of the wooden wall and is reaching down to

help Child #2 up onto the same perch.]

D-2172: Girls, hey, not there. Let's go-

[Child #2 steps onto the broken wood and both humanoids step through the limestone wall, appearing to melt into the mortar.]

D-2172: Okay, what the fuck.

Dr. Markaby: D-2172, respond.

D-2172: Yeah, sorry. That was weird.

Dr. Markaby: Yes, but that's why we're here. We need you to focus and get back on task. Can you do that?

D-2172: Yeah. Yeah, yeah, I can do that. Okay, exploration. Gonna check the other rooms up here, see where that noise came from, find the girls again. On it.

Dr. Markaby: Thank you, '72.

[D-2172 picks up the broken shovel and moves back into the hallway. She turns to the right and stops. Another humanoid figure, similar in composition to Child #1 and #2 but taller, stands hunched over in the middle of the hall.]

D-2172: Shit! Uh, hey there, lady.

Woman #1: *[unintelligible]*

Dr. Markaby: What is she saying?

D-2172: That she's … sorry about something? I don't know, hey, just slow down.

Woman #1: *[unintelligible]*

D-2172: What the fu-

[The view from the bodycam lifts up and tilts forward as D-2172 shouts out in distress. D-2172 is thrown violently to one side, the camera feed going dead for one second upon impact with the wall. The view lifts back into its previous position and moves rapidly forward until another impact with the floor in front of Woman #1. D-2172 either rolls over or is rolled over until the ceiling fills the camera's view, presumably the latter as D-2172 has ceased all vocalizations and is assumed unconscious at this point. Woman #1 and another humanoid lean over D-2172 from opposite sides. The other humanoid speaks, its garbled voice deep and aggressive.]

Man #1: *[unintelligible]*

[Both humanoids lean down and pick D-2172 up, carrying her between them. They proceed down the stairs and into the storage room, whereupon D-2172 resumes movement and vocalization, struggling against the humanoids.]

D-2172: Hey! Jesus, fuck!

Dr. Markaby: D-2172, what is your status?

D-2172: My *status?!*

[The humanoids carry D-2172 into the main area of the house. As D-2172 attempts to twist out of their grasp, they approach the table in the kitchen area.]

Dr. Markaby: Try speaking to them, ask them what they want.

D-2172: Dammit, they're gonna-

[D-2172 is cut off as she is lifted into the air and thrown down on the table. Man #1 leans over her, hovering one hand in the air as its fingers shift into the shape of scalpels. It reaches down, out of frame, and D-2172 cries out in pain. When the male humanoid brings its hand back into frame, its fingers are covered in blood and small strips of flesh are in its palm. It holds its hand up to its face and, despite its lack of an oral cavity, appears to ingest the strips and lick the blood from its fingers.]

D-2172: Fuck you, you son of a fucking *bitch!*

[D-2172 attempts to punch the humanoid, but her arm is caught by Woman #1.]

Dr. Markaby: Site-272 has issued a mission abort. Hang tight, '72, we're coming to get you.

[At this time, MTF D10-B1 and MTF D10-B4 leave exploration base and prepare to enter SCP-3053-A. Man #1 reaches down to cut into D-2172 a second time but makes a sudden vocalization of distress as it collapses. D-2172 pulls her arm away from Woman #1 and rolls off of the table. As she stands up and reorients herself toward the front door, Child #1 and Child #2 come briefly into view as they are crawling on top of Man #1, who is attempting to remove them. D-2172 runs unsteadily out the door and into SCP-3053-B.]

Dr. Markaby: Okay, keep going, '72. Bravo 1 and 4 will meet you at dash A.

[D-2172 continues running toward the boxcar for five seconds, then slows and comes to a

stop. She turns back toward SCP-3053-C.]

D-2172: *[breathing hard]* No. I … I gotta …

Dr. Markaby: Negative, D-2172, do not return to dash C. I repeat, do not return. Mission is aborted. If you do this, Bravo will be recalled.

D-2172: Then recall 'em.

[D-2172 removes her earpiece and proceeds to run back toward SCP-3053-C. She enters through the front door without slowing down. Though the bodycam footage becomes slightly distorted with her rapid movement, frame-by-frame analysis shows Man #1 standing at the table, holding down Child #2 and preparing to cut into it. Woman #1 is seated in the corner, holding Child #1 protectively. Man #1 looks up as D-2172 runs toward him, jumps up on the edge of the table, and tackles him.]

[Footage cuts out for approximately ten seconds. When it returns, D-2172 is rising up from the floor. Man #1 can be seen at the edge of the frame doing the same. D-2172 turns to the stove, picks up one of the cast iron skillets, and turns back to the male humanoid. It reaches out as she approaches, but she hits its hand away with the skillet.]

D-2172: *Fuck! You!*

[D-2172 uses the skillet to hit Man #1 in the side of the face and on top of the head. It reaches out again and grabs D-2172's vest, lifting her up into the air. A sound presumed to be the skillet hitting the floor can be heard as D-2172 grasps the humanoid's arm with one hand and punches it with the other. The humanoid slashes at her with its fingers,

causing a thin line of blood to streak across the camera lens. D-2172 lifts her lower body and wraps her legs around Man #1's arm and neck. Caught off balance, the humanoid falls to the ground. D-2172 releases it and crawls over to the dropped skillet. She picks it up, stands, and turns back to Man #1. The humanoid has likewise regained its footing and is stepping back from D-2172.]

Man #1: *[unintelligible]*

D-2172: Yeah? Try me, bitch.

Woman #1: *[unintelligible]*

Man #1: *[unintelligible]*

D-2172: I'd listen to your old lady, man.

[The male humanoid pauses for six seconds, staring at D-2172, then backs up slowly. D-2172 follows it until it reaches the breach in the living area wall.]

Man #1: *[unintelligible]*

[Without looking back, it steps up into the breach and melts into the mortar. D-2172 turns back to the other humanoids.]

D-2172: Jesus wept! Are y'all okay?

Woman #1: *[unintelligible]*

Child #2: *[unintelligible]*

D-2172: Okay, good, good. Fuck. Alright look, lady. I don't know what the hell is going on here, but you can't just let that dude do shit like this. I know that's kinda harsh, but *damn.*

[Eight seconds of silence.]

Woman #1: *[unintelligible]*

D-2172: Ah. Ah, jeez. That's … I'm sorry. That's messed up. Look, the people I'm working for … well, I dunno if it'll be much, but I'll see what I can get them to do for you. Okay? Look, I gotta go.

Child #1: *[unintelligible]*

D-2172: Yeah. Sure, kid. You're welcome.

[D-2172 puts the skillet on the table and leaves SCP-3053-C. After she cycles through SCP-3053-A, MTF D10-B1 and -B4 take her into custody and shut off the bodycam.]

<End Log>

[Access Interview 3053/01]

Interviewee: D-2172

Interviewer: D-Class Supervisor Donald Kelly, accompanied by Security Officer Oliver Wendt

Foreword: Interview was conducted approximately six hours after the conclusion of Exploration 3053/04.

<Begin Log>

[D-2172 is seated at an interrogation table. Bandages are visible on her neck and the right side of her face. Her hands are manacled to the table. Supervisor Kelly walks in and sits opposite D-2172. Officer Wendt stands by the door.]

Supv. Kelly: D-2172, I am Supervisor Kelly.

I'm here to speak with you regarding Incident 3053/01.

D-2172: Yeah? That the thing that happened at the house?

Supv. Kelly: Correct.

D-2172: Where's Dr. Markaby?

Supv. Kelly: Dr. Markaby is currently occupied with his own inquest. You're talking with me now. D-2172, do you remember the specifics regarding your compensation for working here?

[Six seconds of silence.]

Supv. Kelly: Then allow me to refresh your memory. You volunteered for this position, and in return for your cooperation in testing anomalies, you have time removed from your sentence at Broken Cliff Penitentiary. When you disobey orders, when you unduly endanger yourself or others, or when you intentionally disrupt the research being carried out, you are breaking the agreement that your position here is based upon. Do you understand?

D-2172: Yes, sir.

Supv. Kelly: Given your past record with us as well as the abilities you displayed during Incident 3053/01, I am forced to admit that, under other circumstances, you may have been offered an E-Class position at the end of your volunteer period. You might have even been released entirely from your prison sentence and become a fully-instated Foundation employee, perhaps a field agent or

a security officer like Mr. Wendt here. But given your recent actions, you will be remaining D-Class assuming we don't simply cut you loose and send you back to the penitentiary with a few extra years appended to your stay there. Do you understand?

D-2172: Yes, sir.

Supv. Kelly: Do you really? I'm not sure of that. '72, I want you to listen to me. You did not simply endanger your own life with this stunt. You have jeopardized all future personnel who interact with SCP-3053 and the entities inside. SCP-3053-C1 was already hostile, but before you went and pissed it off, we may have at least been able to manage it. You might have even incited it to expand its presence, maybe even leave SCP-3053. Do you understand what that means, D-2172? If some kid over in Broken Cliff gets his leg chopped off in the middle of the night, that's on you. That's on *your head*. Do you really understand? Do you really have *any* idea of exactly what you've done?

[Ten seconds of silence.]

D-2172: Yeah. I understand. I understand that you're full of shit. I understand that all you've got to throw at me right now is what you're afraid *might* happen. I also understand what I actually did. You wanna know what the kids and their mom told me?

Supv. Kelly: How is this in any way relevant, D-2172?

D-2172: They told me what happens to 'em every day. That big motherfucker? SCP number whatever the hell you called him? He's

their dad, man. And he catches those two little girls every day. Has done for like eighty years now. He catches 'em every fucking day, and he eats 'em. And he makes their mom help. *Every single day.* So fuck him and fuck you.

[D-2172 raises both of her middle fingers at Supervisor Kelly.]

D-2172: 'Cause they didn't get eaten today.

<End Log>

Afterword: The interview was concluded as D-2172 refused to cooperate any further. She was subdued and placed in lockdown in her dorm pending a full decision regarding her continued employment as a member of D-Class personnel.

Full re-designation of SCP-3053 components and an update of SCP-3053's containment procedures are currently in progress. Further exploration of SCP-3053-C has been indefinitely suspended.

Footnotes
1. The M&NA was in operation from 1906 to 1946 and connected Joplin, MO to Helena, AR.
2. See Document 3053/09A for transcriptions of Exploration Logs 3053/01 - 03.

« SCP-3052 | SCP-3053 | SCP-3054 »

SCP-3054: Cragstaff Sanitarium

Item #: SCP-3054

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: A fenced, circular perimeter with a radius of 1.5 kilometers has been established around SCP-3054-A. This perimeter is maintained by MTF Kappa-9 ("Paging Nurse Ratched") under a cover story involving groundwater contamination.

Efforts to develop a method of containing SCP-3054's effects outside of SCP-3054-A are ongoing. Meanwhile, all disappearances associated with SCP-3054 are to be reported to the Foundation's Disinformation Bureau for further action.

No personnel with a documented history of mental illness are permitted on-site.

Description: SCP-3054 is an anomalous phenomenon which affects patients interred in mental health facilities throughout North America. Affected patients will disappear when left unobserved. Investigations into these disappearances have uncovered records at each facility indicating a scheduled transfer to SCP-3054-A. Neither a source nor an explanation for these records has been determined.

The Foundation became aware of this phenomenon in 1981; however, analysis indicates possible incidents dating back to 1890. Furthermore, while the earliest incidents occurred within one hundred kilometers of SCP-3054-A, this 'area of effect' appears to have expanded over time (with the most recent incident reported in Vancouver, Canada). As of now, there have been 912 disappearances associated with SCP-3054. More are expected to be uncovered.

SCP-3054-A is Cragstaff Sanitarium — an uninhabited psychiatric

institute located in a forested region 50 kilometers west of Hudson, North Carolina. Other than the previously mentioned transfer records, no documentation of SCP-3054-A's construction or operation exists. Researchers are working to determine when SCP-3054-A was built and whether or not it was actually used.

It has recently been discovered that any person with a documented history of mental illness may experience SCP-3054 while inside of SCP-3054-A (see below).

Addendum 3054.1: Text Logs

The following text logs were pulled from Foundation personnel's phones following the disappearance of Julia Owens, a Foundation researcher assigned to SCP-3054-A.

► ACCESS SCP:/3054/files/text_09_05_2010.log

Julia: Hello?

Julia: Barry? Please reply.

Barry: Julia? Where are you?

Julia: I'm in the building.

Barry: Where?

Julia: In one of the rooms upstairs.

Julia: They don't let us keep personal items, but I managed to hide my phone.

Julia: I don't think they even know what the hell it is.

Barry: Wait, what are you talking about? Who doesn't let you keep personal items?

Barry: Let me call you.

Julia: No

Julia: Don't.

Julia: If the phone rings, they might hear.

Barry: Okay. Who might hear? I'm getting our supervisor.

Julia: The staff.

Barry: The staff?

Julia: In the building. The medical staff.

Julia: Give me a sec

Julia: I'm still inside the building, but it's like I've traveled back in time. There are doctors and nurses everywhere, all wearing… like, old-timey clothes.

Julia: They said I'm here to receive treatment.

Lindsey: Julia, this is Dr. Lindsey. You're telling me that you are currently inside Cragstaff, but it's open and running? With a medical staff?

Julia: Yes.

Julia: And it's not decayed, or broken down. It looks brand new.

Julia: I saw others here, too. Other people taken by SCP-3054, I think?

Julia: Lots of them. Confused. Scared. Most of them wouldn't even talk to me. Couple of teens, mostly adults.

Julia: Some of them were just sitting in chairs, drooling. Looks like they might have been drugged.

Lindsey: Alright, Julia. Can you tell me precisely what room you're in? We're going to go there and see if there's any way to get you out.

Julia: Room 203, I think.

Lindsey: We're on our way

Julia: Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere. Door's locked. Windows are barred.

Julia: Looking out the window. Can't see much besides trees and fog.

Julia: Can't even see the sky.

Lindsey: We're inside the room. Can you see anything unusual? Try to move some objects around.

Julia: Everything's bolted down.

Julia: Someone coming gtg

Lindsey: Stay safe. Text this number again when you can. We'll keep someone monitoring it. And do whatever you can to conserve your phone battery.

► ACCESS SCP:/3054/files/text_10_05_2010.log

Julia: Yo.

Julia: Anyone?

Lindsey: Yes. I'm here.

Lindsey: It's Lindsey.

Julia: Hey.

Julia: I've got all the settings on my phone

running on minimum. Also, I'm keeping it turned off in-between uses. My battery should last a couple of days, at the very least.

Julia: Presuming I don't blow all my juice on Flappy Bird.

Lindsey: Okay, good. What's going on? Can you tell me anything new that might help us get you out of there?

Julia: Not much. All the windows are barred. Outside is overcast.

Julia: All the patients downstairs are different, now. Most of them are still confused. Just different faces. Different people.

Lindsey: Have you talked to any of them?

Julia: Yeah. A lot of them just got here. The ones who have been here longer, they don't talk much. Just stare and mumble to themselves.

Julia: There's a woman here in her sixties. Someone told me she came here when she was a little girl.

Julia: Apparently, she tried to escape once.

Julia: So they did something to her.

Julia: And now, now she doesn't try much of anything.

Julia: Just stares out the window and drools.

Lindsey: All the more reason for you to be as careful as possible, right?

Julia: Right. They told me I'll see a doctor,

tomorrow.

Julia: I should go. Need to sleep. Will text you later.

Lindsey: Alright. I'll be here, Julia.

Lindsey: Try to keep the flappy-bird to a minimum, okay? ;)

Julia: <3

► ACCESS SCP:/3054/files/text_11_05_2010.log

Julia: Daily report. Gonna try to keep these brief. Want to conserve power.

Lindsey: Hey! I'm here.

Julia: Same as before. Overcast outside. All different patients downstairs. Even that sixty year old lady is gone.

Julia: Seen too many different faces. No way they all fit inside this place.

Julia: Met doctor today. Talked for about twenty minutes.

Julia: Asked him when I can leave. He said: After we've fixed you

Julia: Asked him what the hell that even means. He said: That's for you to decide

Julia: So, I said: Well, in that case, can't I just decide I'm fixed?

Julia: He didn't think it was funny.

Julia: I asked him about the different faces.

Julia: He just said: Interesting.

Julia: Asshole is acting like I'm crazy.

Lindsey: Be careful. Don't antagonize them. Tell them whatever they want to hear. We don't know what these people are. We don't even know if they're people.

Julia: Yeah. The way he looked at me after that joke…

Julia: I'll play nice. Pretend to be a good little girl.

Lindsey: Good. We're still working on a plan to get you out of there.

Julia: Is that even possible?

Lindsey: Well, we can communicate, which means something must get through… which means that — yeah, there is probably a way to get you back.

Julia: I'd really appreciate it. The food here is pretty horrible.

Julia: gtg, footsteps

Lindsey: Stay safe.

► ACCESS SCP:/3054/files/text_14_05_2010.log

Julia: Hey

Lindsey: Hey!

Lindsey: So, we might have some good news.

Lindsey: I think we figured out why it took you.

Lindsey: I know this is a gross violation of privacy — not to mention HIPAA regulations —

but I thumbed through some personnel files, called in some favors. Found out that out of all the people assigned here, you're the only one who's ever been admitted to a mental health facility.

Lindsey: We think maybe that when someone is here, SCP-3054 'counts' it as you being interred in a psychiatric institute. But only if you've been interred in one before.

Lindsey: If we're right, it means we know how to send people over. And since you took your phone with you, that means we might be able to send someone to you with something even more useful. Maybe something that can bring you and everyone else back.

Lindsey: Anyway, it's not a solution, but it's a start.

Lindsey: Julia?

Julia: Yeah

Julia: Yeah that's good

Julia: I would very much like to leave

Lindsey: Are you okay?

Julia: Started meds few days ago

Julia: Foggy, hard to remember shit

Julia: Sorry. Hard to focus

Julia: Is why I haven't messaged. Been sleeping a lot

Lindsey: No, it's fine, I understand.

Julia: Been talking to other patients more

Julia: Some of them don't even remember when they first came here. I think it's the meds, but I don't know. Maybe it's this place

Julia: One of them told me you can petition to leave.

Julia: A judge shows up, and you plead your case, the judge can decide to let you go.

Julia: I asked if anyone ever got out that way. Nobody really seems to know or remember

Julia: I asked if anyone got out PERIOD

Julia: Same response

Julia: I think most of them have given up. They just stare out the window and chew their pills

Julia: But I'm not giving up

Julia: I'm not dying in this place.

Lindsey: Don't worry. We'll get you out. I promise.

Julia: I petitioned for a judge this morning. I'm seeing him tomorrow.

Lindsey: Are you sure that's wise?

Julia: It's a shot. I'm taking it. I can't stand this place, it's

Julia: It's not even hell. At least hell would be interesting

Julia: It's just waiting to die

Lindsey: Okay. Please, be careful. We still don't know what we're dealing with, here.

Julia: I will.

Julia: Going to sleep. Good night.

Lindsey: Okay. Good night. Stay safe.

► ACCESS SCP:/3054/files/text_15_05_2010.log

Julia: Fuck

Lindsey: Julia?

Julia: Fuck fuck fuck

Julia: Fuck fuck

Lindsey: What's wrong?

Julia: Fuck

Lindsey: Talk to me, Julia. Please.

Julia: It didn't work

Julia: They doubled my dose of meds before I saw the judge

Julia: I'm slurring all over the place and he's just staring at me

Julia: Then a bunch of doctors I never saw show up

Julia: Start talking about how I don't engage with the other patients

Julia: Or shower

Julia: Or brush my hair

Julia: Fucking

Julia: Showers I don't even have any other clothes besides the set you gave me you fucking assholes

Julia: I don't even have a hairbrush how the fuck am I supposed to brush my hair

Julia: And no one told me I need to engage with the patients more

Julia: They never told me anything

Julia: Then they bring up the shit I said to the doctor

Julia: Like how I said the faces keep changing

Julia: Making it sound like I'm crazy

Julia: I'M NOT FUCKING CRAZY

Lindsey: I know. You aren't crazy, Julia.

Julia: The judge said

Julia: He'd give me a choice

Julia: He could make a decision now, which meant

Julia: Either he'd let me out or keep me for another 6 months

Julia: Or I could 'agree' to stay for 3 months and petition again after

Julia: And I

Julia: I fucking couldn't

Julia: I was so scared I just buckled

Julia: I feel so sick

Julia: I'm crying

Julia: What is wrong with me

Lindsey: Julia, calm down. Please. I don't think you're going to be able to get out of this place on your own. I think you need to focus on keeping your head together while we figure out how to get you out, okay?

Julia: No you don't understand

Julia: I'm stuck here for another 3 months I agreed to it

Lindsey: Julia.

Lindsey: I don't care what you told them.

Lindsey: Once we figure out a way to bring you home, we are bringing you home.

Lindsey: I don't care if we need to blow the whole goddamn place down.

Lindsey: We are bringing you home.

Lindsey: Okay?

Lindsey: Julia?

Julia: Okay

Julia: I'm sorry I fucked this up

Julia: I shouldn't have said anything

Lindsey: Julia, you didn't do anything wrong. Relax. Whatever is happening to you isn't your fault. This place… it isn't right. Okay?

Lindsey: Julia?

Julia: Okay

Julia: I'm going to sleep

Julia: Please bring me home

Julia: I just want to come home

Lindsey: We will. I promise.

Addendum 3054.2: Voice Logs

The following audio logs are recordings of phone-calls received by Dr. June Lindsey from Ms. Owens' phone.

► ACCESS SCP:/3054/files/audio_17_05_2010.log

FOREWORD: Dr. Lindsey received the following call at 21:12.

<Begin Audio Log.>

VOICE 1: Hello?

VOICE 2: *(rustling sounds)* Lindsey. It's Julia.

VOICE 1: Julia? What's going on? Why are you calling? Are you okay?

VOICE 2: I escaped.

VOICE 1: You… where are you?

VOICE 2: I'm outside of the facility. It's dark, but I'm out. I'm fucking out. I faked taking my meds for a couple of days, hid them under my tongue — managed to steal a nail-file. Used it to pry up one of the bars of my window.

VOICE 1: Okay. Okay, Julia. I'm notifying

personnel right now, give me a moment. We're going to do a search in the woods surrounding the facility. Give me a second.

VOICE 2: *(rustling sounds)* I'm moving, but it's slow going. You know that people can't walk in straight lines? I learned that on TV. Mythbusters, I think? But if you take it slow, you can get kind of close. You just gotta use something as reference points. I'm using the trees. Line up the trees, walk between them…

VOICE 1: *(muffled, distant)* Kappa-7, this is Dr. Lindsey. Come back.

VOICE 2: *(laughing)* Oh my God, can you imagine…? If my life was saved by TV? TV and a nail-file.

VOICE 1: *(muffled, distant)* I need you to begin searching the interior of the perimeter. We think one of ours might be in the woods.

VOICE 2: *(laughing turns to strangled sobs)*

VOICE 1: Julia…?

VOICE 2: *(sniffling)* It's okay. I'm okay. Just, God, I'm so glad just to hear your voice. Anyone's voice. But yours, especially. I was starting to think you aren't even real. They were never going to let me out, Lindsey. It's… so horrible. Everything in there is so horrible. We have to get everyone else out of there. We can't leave them.

VOICE 1: Keep talking to me, Julia. Keep moving in a straight line. Keep using the trees. There's a fence, about a kilometer out. We've got people patrolling it.

VOICE 2: *(laughing, again)* I'm going to tackle the first person I see. Just, tackle them and start kissing them. Boy, girl, or other. I don't even care. Fuck it. I'll marry them.

VOICE 1: Well, uh… *(laughing)* Just, um. Maybe give them a little warning, first? I mean, they're armed.

VOICE 2: *(rustling)* The worst part… the worst part is how they keep acting like you can leave. If it was just hopeless, if they just told me I'm never leaving, I could deal with that. But they keep dangling hope in front of you. Torturing you with it. I—

(silence)

VOICE 1: Julia?

VOICE 2: I see a light. Up ahead. Hey! Hey! Over here!

VOICE 1: Be careful. Hold your hands up. Let them see you.

VOICE 2: It's not moving. The light's not moving. Are there any—

VOICE 1: Perimeter lights. Around the fence. Yes. Just reach it, and stay there.

VOICE 2: *(rustling)* Thank God, thank fucking God, I'll take anything over this, any—

(silence)

VOICE 1: …Julia?

VOICE 2: *(whimpering)* No.

VOICE 1: Julia? What's wrong?

VOICE 2: *(whimpering)* No, no, no—

VOICE 1: Julia, talk to me.

VOICE 2: I'm… I'm at the front doors. It doesn't — how did I end up at the front doors that doesn't even make any sense I didn't leave from the front—

(Sound of doors opening.)

VOICE 1: Julia!

(Voice 2 begins sobbing incoherently)

<End Audio Log.>

► ACCESS SCP:/3054/files/audio_19_05_2010.log

FOREWORD: Dr. Lindsey received the following call at 13:05.

<Begin Audio Log.>

VOICE 1: Hello? Julia? Is that you?

(silence)

VOICE 1: Julia, are you there? Who is this?

VOICE 2: Hello.

VOICE 1: Julia! Julia, are you okay? You haven't been responding to texts.

VOICE 2: I am doing better.

VOICE 1: You sound… what's wrong with your voice?

VOICE 2: It's alright. I understand, now.

VOICE 1: What's alright? What do you understand?

VOICE 2: You're part of my sickness.

VOICE 1: What?

VOICE 2: You're not real. You're a voice in my head.

VOICE 1: What are you talking about?

VOICE 2: I thought they didn't know about you. I thought they didn't know I was talking to you. But they knew all along.

VOICE 1: Julia, please. Whatever they're telling you, it's not right.

VOICE 2: I thought I was clever, stealing that nail-file. Trying to escape. But they were testing me. They left the nail-file out for me to find. They wanted me to see for myself. They wanted me to see just how sick I am.

VOICE 1: Please, stop. Please. Listen to me. You're not sick. You're not crazy.

VOICE 2: I am only speaking to you now as part of my treatment. But after this, I will not speak to you again. I must focus on being well. I must let them fix me.

VOICE 1: Please don't do this. Please stop. You can't let them win.

(distant, unintelligible voice)

VOICE 2: *(muffled)* Yes. Yes, sir.

VOICE 1: Julia?

VOICE 2: The doctor would like me to give you a message.

VOICE 1: Julia, please, stop. Please. We're going to come for you.

VOICE 2: He tells me to tell you, to tell your supervisors, to tell their supervisors, all the way up the line.

VOICE 1: Please, stop, I'm going to get you out of there, I promise—

VOICE 2: You are sick. You are broken. We will fix you.

<End Audio Log.>

As of this date, no further attempts to contact Ms. Owens' phone have succeeded.

Addendum 3054.3: The following emails are documented here to give context for the incident that occurred on 5-7-2010.

DATE: 21/06/2010
FROM: Director Browning <noitadnuof.pcs|gninworbb#noitadnuof.pcs|gninworbb>
TO: Dr. Lindsey <noitadnuof.pcs|yesdnilj#noitadnuof.pcs|yesdnilj>
SUBJECT: Re: Article Updates

Although it's clear that Ms. Owens was abducted by SCP-3054, the only details we have about this 'alt-dimension Cragstaff' are from her texts and phone-logs. And as you yourself discovered, Ms. Owens is a recovering schizophrenic (still trying to figure out how RAISA missed that one). Her testimony is anecdotal— at *best*. At this point, our knowledge of this dimension is purely speculative.

And we do not deal in speculation. We deal in cold, hard

facts. No one outside of D-Class personnel is going through SCP-3054 until we're reasonably certain we can bring them back. Recovering Ms. Owens is high priority — but so is protecting Foundation agents here and now. I'm not sending armed personnel into a dimension we know nothing about. We need more data.

Furthermore, given the possibility that SCP-3054-A's nature may target subjects with documented mental illnesses, I am rejecting your request for psychiatric treatment — for reasons that should be absurdly clear. Instead, I'm giving you two weeks paid leave. Effective immediately.

Take some time off, June. Forget about Ms. Owens; let us handle it. Request some amnestics if you need them.

Whatever it takes — get your head back into the game. We've got work to do.

DATE: 05/07/2010
FROM: Researcher Phyllis <noitadnuof.pcs|sillyhpb#noitadnuof.pcs|sillyhpb>
TO: Director Browning <noitadnuof.pcs|gninworbb#noitadnuof.pcs|gninworbb>
SUBJECT: Incident (contact me IMMEDIATELY)

If you're reading this, either you already know what's going on (in which case, disregard) or you're turning your computer on before you check your phone (in which case, stop what you're doing and call me RIGHT NOW. You can keep reading while the phone is ringing.)

Dr. Lindsey disappeared. It happened just after she got back from vacation. She entered SCP-3054-A, said something about wanting to check on a hunch, then… an hour later, nobody could get in contact with her.

Three hours later, we're still looking for her. Suddenly, one of the structures on the west side of SCP-3054-A

just collapses. Like somebody blew a goddamn hole through it.

We're all scrambling, I'm trying to call you and leaving you 5 voice-mails and over 20 texts — and that's when somebody finds the note. June left it on her desk shortly after entering SCP-3054-A. I scanned it and sent a copy to your phone, but I'll include it here so you can see.

> If you're reading this, then I'm already gone.
>
> Let me tell you about my vacation!
>
> I had a wonderful time. Saw some family. Watched a few movies. Borrowed my father's pistol. Managed to get ahold of some grenades. Took a trip down to the shore. Found a psychiatric institute that would admit me overnight for 'grief counseling'.
>
> I'm going in. And either Julia's coming back with me… or I'm not coming back at all.

Foundation personnel are to continue monitoring mental health facilities throughout North America to determine if any change in SCP-3054 has occurred.

SCP-3055: Yes, And

Item #: SCP-3055

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3055 is to be kept in a 10x10m containment cell at Site- , furnished with at least seven eight folding chairs as well as appropriate beds and restroom facilities. This cell is to be stocked with food and water rations, maintained by containment staff. Staff should monitor SCP-3055 to ensure that it is properly fed and hydrated.

If SCP-3055 becomes hostile, SCP-3055-1 through -7 -8 are to be tranquilized. At least two of SCP-3055-1 through -7 -8 will be unaffected by this action; this is to be expected, and the remaining members of SCP-3055 are to be placated as appropriate, with food, water, medicine, etc.

Updated Containment Procedures / /2017: In order to prevent future Suggestion Events (see Incident Log 3055-a) a list of scene suggestions is to be frequently updated and kept on-site so that it can be accessed on short notice. At least two guards are to be stationed inside the containment chamber to provide suggestions whenever one is requested.

Description: SCP-3055 is the collective designation for eight humans, dubbed SCP-3055-1 through -8. Of the eight, seven were formerly the members of Dan's Institute of Improvised Thespianry, an acting troupe specializing in improvisational comedy (improv), based out of the now-defunct Theater in New York City. SCP-3055-8 became a part of SCP-3055 after initial containment (see Incident Log 3055-a).

Starting at some time in early 2016, it has been impossible for any member of SCP-3055 to enter or exit a building without being accompanied by the other seven individuals. Attempts to cause this

to happen, both by SCP-3055 and others, have resulted in an unseen force blocking the door of the building in question.

SCP-3055 is also unable to stop its ongoing set of scenes. Even when the group is moving, the scene continues while it is walking; dialogue has not been observed to cease for longer than two seconds. Efforts to force SCP-3055 to stop its scene have so far been unsuccessful.

All of SCP-3055-1 through -8 are either unable or unwilling to speak or communicate in any way besides the dialogue in the scene. This has largely impeded Foundation efforts to determine the origin of their condition, or potential treatments for it.

Despite being in a constant state of improvisation, SCP-3055-1 through -8 still have the same basic physical needs as non-anomalous humans, such as eating, drinking, sleeping, and excreting waste. While in containment, they have developed a system of shifts, in which two or three of the actors carry on the scene while the others fulfill these needs. Those on the 'inactive' shift are still unable to independently enter or leave buildings, and generally do not divert their attention from the scene while they are awake.

Periodically, SCP-3055 asks for scene suggestions. It will typically accept the first word or phrase spoken after these requests, regardless of its semantic content. If no suggestion is given, other anomalous properties manifest; for an account of these, see Incident Log 3055-a.

It has been observed that members of SCP-3055 can expire and be anomalously reanimated shortly afterwards. It is believed that the members of SCP-3055 are still driven by human instinct to some degree, and take care of their physical needs in order to avoid discomfort, rather than needing to fulfill these needs to survive. Prior to containment, the original seven members of SCP-3055 resorted to increasingly desperate means to fulfill these physical needs, gaining significant notoriety in New York City as violent thieves.

+ Recovery Log 3055-1: Surveillance Footage

The following is a transcript of surveillance footage involving SCP-3055 at , a popular upscale restaurant.

[BEGIN TRANSCRIPT / /2016 19:15:04]

SCP-3055 is seen walking through the door of the restaurant.

MAÎTRE D': Hello, do you have a reservation?

SCP-3055-5: So, Mom, there's this boy I like…

SCP-3055-1: Oh? Tell me about him! Tell me tell me tell me!

SCP-3055-5 and -1 are addressing each other, apparently ignoring the maître d'. SCP-3055 proceeds into the dining area.

MAÎTRE D': Sorry, what? Did you have a reservation?

SCP-3055 continues to ignore the maître d' and proceeds through the dining area and toward the kitchen. All members of SCP-3055 except those active in the scene steal and eat food from the plates of customers.

SCP-3055-5: He's totally dreamy. His name is Steve, and he drives a Mustang and sings in a band.

SCP-3055-1: Ooh, you know, your father played in a band when we were in high school. Those were the—

SCP-3055-2 touches SCP-3055-1 on the shoulder, taking its place in the scene. SCP-3055-1 immediately begins eating any food it can reach while walking.

SCP-3055-2: Hey, babe.

SCP-3055-5: Steve! I'm so totally psyched that we're dating now!

MAÎTRE D': I'm calling the police if you don't stop this right now! Are you insane?

SCP-3055 enters the kitchen. At this point, ambient dialogue in the restaurant has ceased due to SCP-3055's odd behavior.

SCP-3055-5: Hey, Steve, won't you sing me a song?

SCP-3055-2: You know it, babe. *[shouting]* I need a suggestion!

SOUS CHEF: Get out of my kitchen!

SCP-3055-2 begins singing to SCP-3055-5, unaccompanied. The lyrics of its song are based on the sentence "get out of my kitchen."

The maître d' begins using his cell phone to call the police. He exits the kitchen. All inactive members of SCP-3055 continue to steal and consume food and water from the kitchen.

SCP-3055-2: *[singing]* That's what I want, that's what I need, get out of my kitchen, it's where I feed!

The sous chef and several other members of the kitchen staff begin to force SCP-3055 out of the kitchen. It initially attempts to fight, and SCP-3055-5 throws the sous chef backward with considerable force, concussing him. SCP-3055 then begins to flee the establishment.

SCP-3055-5: Oh, Steve, you're so dreamy!

SCP-3055-2: I know, babe, and you are, too.

SCP-3055 exits the restaurant. At least two squad cars from the New York Police Department are visible outside.

[END TRANSCRIPT / /2016 19:19:51]

+ Recovery Log 3055-2: NYPD Report

The following is an excerpt from a report filed by one of the police officers responding to the call placed by the maître d' of .

[BEGIN EXCERPT]

…at which point the seven suspects exited the restaurant through the front door. One shouted at us, asking for a "suggestion." Officer instructed all of them to remain in place and put their hands on their heads. Five of the suspects complied, but the Hispanic male, who asked for the suggestion, turned to one of the white females and continued talking.

These two suspects appeared to be acting out a scene of an unrelated police arrest, in which the male was a detective, arresting the female, who had killed the male's father. After repeated orders to remain still and submit to arrest, these two suspects continued to act out the scene. Officer and I proceeded to their location with the intent of handcuffing them.

The five remained compliant, but the aforementioned two suspects resisted arrest. The female suspect managed to pin me to the ground and take my sidearm, at which point she thanked me and killed herself with a gunshot to the head.

[EXTRANEOUS DATA REDACTED]

By the time paramedics arrived on the scene, the female suspect's gunshot wound had already healed significantly. As she was being placed in a body bag, she inhaled, sat up, and presented her wrists, as if to be handcuffed. I and the other officers remaining on the scene were reluctant to interact with her, and she did not speak. Eventually I arrested her, and she put up no further resistance. She was crying.

At the police station, all of the other six suspects were standing outside, and officers were apparently unable to get them into the building. When the suspect I arrested joined them, they all entered the building and submitted to processing.

I expect to tender my letter of resignation within the next few days.

[END EXCERPT]

Shortly after this report was filed, Foundation agents embedded in the New York Police Department brought SCP-3055 into containment. All persons who witnessed SCP-3055-6's reanimation were amnesticized, and a cover story was propagated through local media to explain the incident as a regular robbery.

+ Incident Log 3055-a: Suggestion Event

The following is a transcript of surveillance footage of SCP-3055 in containment during the first, and currently only, observed Suggestion Event.

[BEGIN TRANSCRIPT / /2017 02:35:00]

SCP-3055-3 and -7 are performing a scene. SCP-3055-6 is eating, and SCP-3055-1, -2, -4, and -5 are sleeping. The security guard on duty is inside the cell to restock its inventory of rations. He is listening to music with headphones and is not paying attention to the dialogue of the scene.

SCP-3055-3: *[shouting]* I need a suggestion!

The guard does not answer. Two seconds pass.

SCP-3055-7: *[shouting]* She asked for a suggestion, please!

Another two seconds pass. SCP-3055's scene resumes.

SCP-3055-7: Madame President, I have some grave news about the Robo-Anarchists.

SCP-3055-3: The Robo-Anarchists? They've been ravaging America since 2095…

The remaining inactive members of SCP-3055 awaken or stop eating and begin speaking in unison. For the sake of brevity they will be referred to as Troupe in this transcript.

Troupe: In the void of suggestion comes improvisation in its purest form.

SCP-3055-7: It's Theresa Supercomputer… she's hacked the treasury!

SCP-3055-3: Theresa Supercomputer? I thought we had killed her! Beam me to the treasury at once!

Troupe: An arbitrary truth that comes into being and leaves as it arrives. In the name of

Thespis[1] we serve.

The guard continues restocking inventory, apparently dancing to the beat of his music.

SCP-3055-7: Later, at the treasury.

SCP-3055-3: Good God… Theresa Supercomputer… she's hacked herself back to life!

SCP-3055-7: Madame President, as your Techno-General, I think we need to beam you into the secure Electro-Bunker.

Troupe: Ours is the privileged creation that no director but Thespis and no audience but Death may see.

Each member of the troupe emits a beam of intense light (>10,000 lumens) directed at the security guard. He turns around and removes his headphones, but shows no sign of injury or distress.

Troupe: The suggestion is you.

Each member of the troupe except SCP-3055-3 and -7 collapses, unconscious. The guard joins the scene.

Guard: Did someone say Theresa Supercomputer? Why, that is me! Madame President, your days are numbered!

[END TRANSCRIPT / /2017 02:37:33]

Notes: The security guard affected by this anomaly continues to display the same anomalous properties as SCP-3055-1 through -7 and has been designated SCP-3055-8. Containment procedures have been updated

to prevent future events such as this one, dubbed Suggestion Events.

Investigation is ongoing the possible existence of an anomalous entity referred to as "Thespis," or the possible connection between SCP-3055 and the real Thespis.

Footnotes

1. Likely a reference to the real Thespis, an ancient Greek man widely considered to be the first actor in Western society

SCP-3056: Fireflu

Item #: SCP-3056

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A sample of SCP-3056 is to be kept in a standard bio-hazard containment locker in Site-234. Public communication lines are to be monitored for reports of similar symptoms to SCP-3056. Civilian witnesses are to be administered Class-A amnestics, while infected individuals are to be detained indefinitely in a bio-hazard containment chamber located at the closest available facility.

Confirmed outbreaks of SCP-3056 are subject to immediate bio-hazard quarantine protocol. An arsenal of thermobaric weapons are to be kept in storage at all facilities. Evacuation of civilians is prioritized under the cover of terrorist attack. Incendiary burn is to be maintained for 65 hours, minimizing possibility of pathogen escape.

Description: SCP-3056 is an anomalous strain of virus from genus *Orthomyxovirus*,[1] H7N7.

Similar to its non-anomalous counterpart, SCP-3056 is capable of infecting a wide range of animals, including humans, birds, and most mammals. However, its anomalous nature has only been observed in humans. Non-human animals infected with the virus show no noticeable symptoms even in late stages of infection, due to the slight difference in the lytic cycle[2] of the virus from natural apoptosis[3] of lung cells.

The infected animals will eventually die after SCP-3056 infects more than 80% of lung cells. Nevertheless, due to its slow rate of infection, ranging from 16 months to 3 years, infected animals are more likely to die of different causes. SCP-3056 is capable of spreading through the blood, saliva, and vomit of the infected animals and has been observed to be capable of surviving for up to

60 hours without a host. SCP-3056 is resilient towards high temperature, and also demonstrates a high survival rate in open air and flowing water.

Human subjects infected with SCP-3056 (designated SCP-3056-1) show normal influenza symptoms as well as crystal growth within their nasal cavity. Samples collected from the nasal cavity of SCP-3056-1 show that the cell membranes are coated with layers of struvite.[4] In addition, it also modifies the mucous membrane inside the lungs of SCP-3056-1 to produce methane.

Modification of the nasal cavity and pulmonary mucous membrane has been observed to start in the first five minutes of infection. This process typically finishes within 24 hours of infection, immediately starting the methane production process in the lungs. Due to the danger methane poses to the body, SCP-3056-1 instances sneeze to prevent methane build up; this is done regularly at intervals ranging from 30 to 40 minutes.

When SCP-3056-1 sneezes, the pressure on the nasal cavity causes the struvite crystals to produce electric sparks due to their piezoelectric nature. The electric sparks ignite the methane gas expelled from SCP-3056-1's lungs, causing mild conflagration within the mouth and nasal cavity of SCP-3056-1.

Due to full crystallization of the nasal cavity, SCP-3056-1 instances only report mild inconvenience and disabled sense of smell after each conflagration, without any observed danger to their health.

Addendum 3056-1: SCP-3056 was discovered in / /1998, following several accounts regarding "fire-breathing humans" in [REDACTED], Japan. Several Assessment Team operatives were dispatched by the Global Occult Coalition at the same time as the Foundation, but fortunately SCP-3056-1 instances could be recovered by the Foundation without incident. Infected animals were destroyed with the help of Global Occult Coalition operatives.

Footnotes
1. A family of RNA virus that includes Influenza A, Influenza B, Influenza C, and Influenza D.
2. A part of virus reproduction cycles which results in the destruction

of the infected cells
3. Process to replace failing old cells with new, healthy cells
4. (NH4MgPO4.6H2O), a mineral commonly found in the urine of mammals infected with urea-splitting bacterium

SCP-3057: Fossil Fuels

Item #: SCP-3057

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: A small quantity of SCP-3057-1 is contained on-site. Members of MTF Epsilon-6 ("Oil Slickers") are to operate as first-responders in the event of a major oil spill, destroying all organisms produced via SCP-3057.

Description: SCP-3057 is an anomalous phenomenon by which crude oil spontaneously transforms into instances of prehistoric species (SCP-3057-1 and onward).

SCP-3057-1[1] was first observed in the aftermath of the *Deepwater Horizon* explosion[2] in 2010. PoI-8A052 (an ex-employee of the **Manna Charitable Foundation**) deployed SCP-3057 in an attempt to reverse environmental damage caused by the disaster. It was only through extensive Foundation efforts that SCP-3057-1's spread was limited to a radius of 0.25 kilometers from the initial point of contamination. Since 2010, 4 more instances of SCP-3057 have been observed around the world. Whether this is a result of the initial contamination remains unknown.

The Manna Charitable Foundation has disavowed all knowledge of SCP-3057, and claims PoI-8A052's employment was terminated several weeks before the *Deepwater Horizon* incident. An ongoing investigation is underway to determine whether or not this is true.

It is suspected, but not confirmed, that **SCP-2113** is the result of SCP-3057.

Addendum 3057.1: Attachments

► ACCESS SCP:/3057/files/incidents.log

Date: 08/11/2013

Location: Philippines; Estancia, Iloilo

Description: SCP-3057-2; *Anomalocaris*, a Cambrian era meter-long ancestral arthropod resembling predatory shrimp.

Notes: *Power Barge 103* (owned by Napocor, or National Power Company) experienced several leaks as a result of Typhoon Haiyan. This resulted in the emergence of several hundred instances of SCP-3057-2.

Over a dozen injuries along the coast have been linked to SCP-3057-2, which attacks its prey using barbs lining 2 appendages located near its mouth. These attacks have been blamed on a new species of invasive jellyfish. Foundation efforts to destroy all instances of SCP-3057-2 are ongoing.

Date: 09/12/2014

Location: Bangladesh; Sundarbans, Khulna Division

Description: SCP-3057-3; *Meganeura*, a Carboniferous era dragonfly with a maximum wingspan of 0.65 meters.[3]

Notes: The *OT Southern Star 7* collided with a cargo vessel, leading to several hundred instances of SCP-3057-3.

Every instance of SCP-3057-3 expired shortly after manifesting; recent research suggests this is related to SCP-3057-3 having evolved in an oxygen-rich environment.[4] All SCP-3057-3

instances have been recovered and destroyed.

Date: 03/05/2015

Location: United States of America; Pennsylvania, Philadelphia

Description: SCP-3057-4; *Velociraptor*, a Cretaceous era carnivorous theropod dinosaur approximately 2 meters in length and 0.5 meters high (at the hip).

Notes: A unit upset in an oil refinery caused several vessels in a tank-farm to catastrophically rupture. This led to the emergence of several dozen instances of SCP-3057-4. All instances are believed to have fled into the surrounding wetlands.[5]

To date, 11 casualties (9 injuries and 2 fatalities) have been linked to SCP-3057-4. Foundation operatives have provided media outlets with a false cover story describing the escape of several cassowaries from captivity. All efforts to destroy instances of SCP-3057-4 are to be conducted by MTF Phi-2 ("Clever Girls").

Date: 28/01/2017

Location: India; Chennai, Ennore Port

Description: SCP-3057-5; *Megalodon*, a Cenozoic era shark with a maximum length of 18 meters.[6]

Notes: The *BW Maple* collided with *Dawn Kanchipuram*, another oil-tanker. This lead to the manifestation of 6 instances of

SCP-3057-5.

1 instance of SCP-3057-5 is confirmed as destroyed; the remaining 5 instances remain unaccounted for. After the loss of *Beagle 2*'s crew, all further efforts to destroy instances of SCP-3057-5 are now conducted by MTF Theta-5 ("The Bigger Boat").

► ACCESS SCP:/3057/files/interview_002.log

Interviewed: PoI-8A051

Interviewer: Agent Densworth

Foreword: PoI-8A051 is an ex-employee of the Manna Charitable Foundation, and was involved in the *Deepwater Horizon* incident.

<Begin Log.>

Agent Densworth: How did you do this? Was it a chemical?

PoI-8A051: The 'how' isn't as important as the 'why'.

Agent Densworth: Alright, I'll bite: Why did you decide to turn one ecological disaster into a much bigger one?

PoI-8A051: Really? You think a prehistoric algae bloom is worse than dumping five million barrels of poison into the ocean?

Agent Densworth: You can't pull an extinct species out of the Proterozoic era, hurl it into the modern world, then not expect dire consequences.

PoI-8A051: More dire than the consequences

of hurling over a billion metric tons of carbon dioxide into our atmosphere every year?

Agent Densworth: For fuck's sake. Are you for real?

PoI-8A051: You're concerned over some obsolete organisms popping into existence and making life a little more complicated. Meanwhile, I'm concerned over how we are obliviously committed to a campaign to de-terraform the entire fucking planet. Are *you* for real?

Agent Densworth: I'm not here to argue with your bizarro-world Greenpeace bullshit, Al Gore. I'm here to find out how you did this. And you're not leaving this room until you tell me.

PoI-8A051: In that case, I suspect I will be here for quite a while.

<End log.>

Footnotes
1.Rafatazmia chitrakootensis, a species of pre-Cambrian algae.
2. TheDeepwater Horizonwas a semi-submersible oil-drilling platform located in the Gulf of Mexico.
3. For reference,Corvus brachyrhynchos— the common American crow — has a wingspan of approximately 0.85 meters.
4. The Carboniferous era saw atmospheric oxygen concentrations as high as 35% — compared to the current era's 20% concentration.
5. Before being amnesticized, witnesses provided confirmation that instances of SCP-3057-4 did, in fact, have feathers.
6. For reference, a typical American school-bus is 13.7 meters.

SCP-3058: Concavity

Item #: SCP-3058

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3058 is to be kept in a Standard Containment Locker at Site-73. Testing must take place in a chamber no larger than 30 m^3. Test personnel must be subjected to psychological analysis before being allowed access to SCP-3058. Subjects suffering from schizophrenia, body-dysmorphic disorder, or borderline personality disorder should not be considered for testing. The host of an SCP-3058-A instance is not to be allowed to expire under any circumstances.

Description: SCP-3058 is a small jar of black ink. The chemical composition of SCP-3058 is 86% water, 10% carbon, 3% avian genetic material, and 1% [REDACTED]. Despite being composed mostly of water, SCP-3058 absorbs 99.8% of incident light. When a human being uses SCP-3058 to produce marks on a surface, an incorporeal humanoid figure (SCP-3058-A) will appear 5 meters directly behind them. SCP-3058-A will always remain in the same position with respect to the subject's center of mass. The subject will betray no awareness of SCP-3058-A until notified, or until accidentally catching sight of it.

The appearance of SCP-3058-A will vary in accordance to the self-conception of the subject. No two subjects produce identical instances of SCP-3058-A, and the same subject may produce vastly different instances over the course of only a few hours. SCP-3058-A instances may change shape or size while being observed, but must always remain entirely within direct visual contact with the subject, limiting the size of the instance to the edges of the testing chamber. SCP-3058-A will disappear exactly 10 minutes after the subject stops using SCP-3058. Furthermore, if SCP-3058 is used to communicate a coherent concept, subjects will experience vivid lucid dreams following the usage of SCP-3058. Subjects report the

ability to exert full control over the narrative, setting, and characters within the dream.

SCP-3058-A instances are incorporeal and therefore unable to physically injure or damage Foundation personnel or property. Testing has also failed to reveal any anomalous psychological effects from SCP-3058-A. However, awareness of SCP-3058-A may cause unusual behavior in test subjects. Most commonly, this behavior involves revulsion to the instance and strong feelings of self-loathing. In extreme cases, this may result in self harm or suicide. It is unknown whether this effect is anomalous, or a natural reaction.

Addendum 3058-1: Recovery

SCP-3058 was found in a novelty shop in Marion, North Carolina, after numerous reports of insanity in the staff and customers. After seizing all shop assets under the guise of criminal investigation, it was determined that the only items of anomalous nature were SCP-3058 and SCP-3025. SCP-3058 was moved subsequently moved to Site-73 and contained. A connection to SCP-3066 is suspected, but unconfirmed.

Addendum 3058-2: Test Video Logs

All tests took place in a cleared test chamber with a desk, fountain pen, and paper. Tests are supervised via video camera and speaker.

> **Test #:** 1
>
> **Subject:** D-619241, incarcerated for several counts of homicide and extortion
>
> +Show video log for Test 1
>
> > [BEGIN LOG]
> >
> > **Supervisor:** How are you feeling today, D-6?
> >
> > **D-619241:** Okay, I guess.

Supervisor: Then let's begin. Do you see the jar of ink on the table in front of you? Please remove the lid and dip the provided fountain pen in the ink.

D-619241: Thanks for the step by step. Real helpful.

Supervisor: Just part of the procedure.

D-619241: I see you gave me a piece of paper. Do you want me to write or something?

Supervisor: Yes, D-6. Feel free to write whatever you want.

D-619241 proceeds to scribble on the paper. A 3-meter-tall instance of SCP-3058-A appears 5 meters behind D-619241. The instance is dark, with leather-like skin and large eyes. Test supervisor expresses shock.

Supervisor: That'll be enough for now, D-6.

D-619241: What's up?

Supervisor: Do not be alarmed. Please stand up and turn around.

D-619241 complies and expresses severe shock and agitation. The SCP-3058-A instance becomes smaller and paler.

D-619241: What the hell is that!

Supervisor: I'm not quite sure. Please remain calm and continue observing the entity.

D-619241 complies and remains silent. SCP-3058-A returns to its original form, and begins to grow bony protrusions across its body. Ten minutes later, SCP-3058-A disappears.

D-619241: Where'd it go?

Supervisor: Again, I'm not sure. Please wait while our analysts make sure the chamber is safe.

D-619241: I was just starting to like it, too. Hey, could I go and…

Supervisor: Do not touch SCP-3058. Non-compliance is grounds for termination.

D-619241: Okay, okay! I got it.

Supervisor: Alright, that will conclude Test 1. Please exit the test chamber.

[END LOG]

Test #: 2

Subject: D-591032, incarcerated for second-degree murder

+Show video log for Test 2

[BEGIN LOG]

Supervisor: Good morning, D-5.

Please use the pen and ink in front of you to write something on the paper.

D-591032: Yes sir.

D-591032 proceeds to write his own name. A 1-meter-tall instance of SCP-3058-A appears 5 meters behind him. The instance is contorted, with several broken limbs. One of the eyes is significantly larger than the other.

Supervisor: That's good, D-5. Now please stand up and walk backward.

D-591032: Excuse me?

Supervisor: Please follow my instruction.

D-591032: Okay…

D-591032 complies. SCP-3058-A moves backward at the same rate. It is believed to be tethered to the subject's center of mass. The instance eventually disappears into the wall of the test chamber.

Supervisor: Please stop.

D-591032 complies. The expected position of SCP-3058-A, outside of the test chamber, is empty.

Supervisor: Now walk forward.

D-591032 complies. SCP-3058-A emerges from the test chamber wall. It appears to be limited by line of sight with the subject.

Supervisor: Please jump upward.

D-591032 complies. SCP-3058-A moves upward as expected.

Supervisor: That'll be enough. Please wait…seven minutes, then you're free to leave the test chamber.

D-591032: Sounds good.

D-591032 sits down, then gets up and begins to pace. He quickly catches sight of SCP-3058-A.

D-591032: Oh god, what's that?!

Supervisor: Do not be alarmed. It can't hurt you.

D-591032 tries to move toward SCP-3058-A, but is unable to get within arm's reach.

D-591032: Why is it so ugly? What the fuck is it?!

Supervisor: I repeat, please remain calm.

D-591032 cover his face with his hands. The SCP-3058-A instance mostly disappears, except for a small part of the "leg", which is presumably uncovered from D-591032's perspective.

D-591032: Can't you make it go away?!

Supervisor: We believe it will disappear in about six minutes. If you

pretend it doesn't exist, it won't hurt you.

D-591032: It looks like after I… I…just make it go away, please, please.

Supervisor: I cannot.

D-591032 removes his hand and regards the instance. He retreats to a corner of the test chamber and enters the fetal position on the floor, facing away from SCP-3058-A.

D-591032: This is sick. Sick. Sick.

Supervisor: Again, if you remain calm this will pass quickly.

D-591032: There's nothing I could do, okay!! Stop staring at me! STOP!

D-591032 remains silent for the remainder of the test, and fails to leave the test chamber after SCP-3058-A disappears. He is removed forcibly by Foundation personnel. The following night, D-591032 reports having had a lucid dream.

[END LOG]

Test #: 3

Subject: D-436190, incarcerated for political crimes, no known psychological issues.

+Show video log for Test 3

[BEGIN LOG]

Supervisor: Good evening. Please take the pen and ink on the desk in front of you, and make some marks on the surface of the desk.

D-436190: That's quite an unusual request.

Supervisor: This will all be much easier if you just do as I say.

D-436190: I suppose it would.

D-436190 draws a stick figure. An instance of SCP-3058-A appears. It is a recognizable image of D-436190, with a few minor changes. The nose and ears are larger than those of D-436190, and the chest and shoulder are wider.

Supervisor: That's good. Please take a seat and wait for further instructions.

D-436190: As you say.

D-436190 complies and waits 10 minutes. SCP-3058-A demanifests without the subject's knowledge.

Supervisor: You'll now be escorted out for some…preparation.

D-436190 follows armed personnel out of the test chamber and is subjected to 45 minutes of psychological torture. The subject is repeatedly told that his efforts during the Nepalese Civil War would be ultimately fruitless, and that history

would remember him unkindly, if at all. The subject is then reintroduced to the test chamber.

Supervisor: I hope you're well rested. Please use the pen and ink to make a mark on the wall of the test chamber.

D-436190: Why are you doing this to me?

Supervisor: Please comply.

D-436190: You are pigs!!

Supervisor: Refusal to comply is grounds for termination. Or would you prefer you go back outside for another two hours?

D-436190: I'll do it, you bastard.

D-436190 makes a small mark. SCP-3058-A reappears. It is now about 1 meter tall and looks pallid. The eyes are tired and the body is much thinner and bonier.

Supervisor: Thank you. Please sit down. The test will end in about ten minutes.

D-436190: Will there be any more…

Supervisor: No. We are done. I'd like to assure you that your treatment during this test was for the greater good.

D-436190: I spit on your greater good.

D-436190 complies, and remains silent for the remainder of the test. SCP-3058-A disappears as expected. The following night, D-436190 reports having had a lucid dream.

[END LOG]

Test #: 4

Subject: D-436192, incarcerated for political crimes, a known schizophrenic.

+Show video log for Test 4

[BEGIN LOG]

Supervisor: Greetings, D-4. Please use the pen and ink to write something.

D-436192: Why should I?

Supervisor: Don't worry. Nothing will happen to you.

D-436192: And why should I trust you?

Supervisor: Because I have nothing but your best interest in mind. Now, please, write something.

D-436192: What if I don't?

Supervisor: Then you will be terminated for noncompliance. It would be much more pleasant for all of us if that didn't have to happen.

D-436192: Okay…

D-436192 sketches a tree, and becomes engrossed in the activity. An instance of SCP-3058-A appears. It changes size and shape continuously, with few recognizable features. The exception is two very large eyes with red irises, focused on the subject. D-436192 is not disturbed, so as to facilitate observation of SCP-3058-A.

D-436192: You know, I was expecting something worse. This is pretty nice.

Supervisor: It's good to hear that. Please continue at your leisure.

SCP-3058-A continues to exist past the 10-minute mark. It is believed that final use of SCP-3058 determines demanifestation time.

D-436192: Okay, I think I'm done.

Supervisor: No, please return to your seat…

D-436192 notices the SCP-3058-A instance, and pauses. She then begins to pace around the test chamber. D-436192 remains silent.

Supervisor: Please remain calm…

D-436192 continues to pace. She eventually wanders to the center of the chamber and sits down. She looks back at the camera.

D-436192: That's a bad mirror.

D-436192 then clutches the fountain pen and repeatedly perforates her eye sockets with the nib. Foundation personnel are mobilized to stop her, but she expires before help can arrive. SCP-3058-A [DATA EXPUNGED]

[END LOG]

SCP-3059: Infictious Self-Insert

Item #: SCP-3059

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3059 is to be held onsite at least 20 meters away from any and all physical texts, fiction and nonfiction. Foundation documentation is not allowed within 50 meters of SCP-3059.

Should any breach in containment occur, the incident must be logged immediately and reported to the current project overseer.

Description: SCP-3059 is an 18 year old Hispanic male named Sam Micheals. SCP-3059 passively affects all fictional and nonfictional literature, written and digital, within roughly 20 meters of it. Affected text is eventually altered to include "Sam Micheals" in some form or the other, with texts closer to SCP-3059 being affected at a faster rate. As texts are affected, the parts of SCP-3059's body closest to the text slowly disintegrate into a substance similar to a fine dust, which is then pulled into the text. Collection of this substance has so far proven impossible.

The rate of disintegration is directly tied to the distance of the text to SCP-3059. Once a text has absorbed enough of SCP-3059, a character named Sam Micheals will appear within the text, which is always physically identical to SCP-3059, apart from clothing. Their importance within the text being dependent on how much of SCP-3059 the text was able to absorb. The maximum amount of body mass SCP-3059 is able to lose to any given text varies from text to text. While some texts do not progress further than 'Sam Micheals' being **`mentioned`**, other texts may change to feature it as a much more **`major point`** within it.

This process is permanent and is painful to SCP-3059, described as feeling as if it were actually losing the parts that were absorbed. All

parts which are no longer present continue to function as if they were still there. Currently, 23% of SCP-3059's body mass has been lost.

SCP-3059 was discovered in a library in New York City, New York by police officers, following complaints of a screaming man inside the library. After SCP-3059 was apprehended and taken into custody, it was identified by the John Smith Protocol, and subsequently taken into Foundation custody.

Any changes made to a text are reflected on every single copy of the text produced after the alteration has occurred. In certain texts, mainly nonfictional and historical texts, changes to it may also affect other documentation, creating fictitious persons in related media. These fictional people do not actually exist, with details about them often being obscure and vague, featuring only a single distinguishing feature or feat. Some examples can be seen below. For a current list of all affected texts, please see the current SCP-3059 project overseer.

> **Type of Text:** Fiction/Fantasy
> **Title:** Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix
> **Author:** J.K. Rowling
>
> **Excerpt:** Harry walked around the other pairs, trying to correct those who were doing the spell wrong. Ginny was teamed with Sam Micheals; she was doing very well, whereas Sam was either very bad or unwilling to jinx her.
>
> **Notes:** There were no other changes made to the text, simply changing the name of the character Micheal Corner (a minor character) to Sam Micheals.

> **Type of Text:** Fiction/Historical
> **Title:** A Thousand Splendid Suns
> **Author:** Khaled Hosseini
>
> **Excerpt:** "My name is Sam. I feel you should know the name of the person who must do this to you. I know you do not want to be here and neither do I," the Talib said, "but this is my duty, *hamishira*, so please kneel." Her

bible verse was interupted. "What do you mean," Mariam said. "I know it hurts. Trust me, I know, but please, kneel here, *hamishira.* And look down." And in confusion, Mariam did as she was told.

Notes: It seems that not only is SCP-3059's importance to the story affected by the time spent in close proximity, but other character's reactions to differences from the original text.

Type of Text: Dictionary
Title: Dictionary of English Language and Culture
Author: Longman Dictionaries

Excerpt: Sam Micheals /sæm maɪkəls/ *proper noun*
The name given to the bleeding vagrant: *My name is Sam Micheals. It hurts. It's like being pulled in a million different directions. I don't know where I am. This place isn't right.*

Notes: It is possible that a degree of SCP-3059's feelings also bleed into the texts as well. The pain and confusion seem to be a recurring theme.

Type of Text: Nonfiction
Title: The Elements
Author: Theodore Gray

Excerpt: And I have to thank my good friend, Sam Micheals. It was only with his help and love of the elements that I was able to foster my own. Sadly, he is currently going through great sickness, one that you don't recover from. I wish him luck in dealing with it and in what comes after.

Notes: Theodore Gray was later questioned about the excerpt. He expressed familiarity with the written text and Sam Micheals, despite the fact that he was unable to recall what he looked like or where they met. Research into the possibility of a memetic side affect of the texts are undergoing.

Type of Text: Historical Piece
Title: [REDACTED]
Author: [REDACTED]

Excerpt of Affected Text: [REDACTED]

Additional Notes: See Addendum-3059-2

Addendum-3059-1:

Access Interview

Interviewed: SCP-3059

Interviewer: Dr. Dartshire

Date: 12/23/2013

<Begin Log>

Dr. Dartshire: Good morning SCP-3059. How are we doing today?

SCP-3059: Better, I guess.

Dr. Dartshire: Well that's good to hear. I'm going to ask you some questions now, so we can better understand your affliction, and hopefully stop it. You OK with that?

SCP-3059: Yeah, of course. I'll, uh, I'll try my best anyways.

Dr. Dartshire: Well then, wonderful, let's begin. So then, when did you discover this thing affecting you?

SCP-3059: At the, uh, at the library.

Dr. Dartshire: Where you were recovered, right?

SCP-3059: Yeah, there. I was trying to get a

book to read, but I couldn't.

Dr. Dartshire: What do you mean? Were you unable to physically pick it up or what?

SCP-3059: I could pick it up but I couldn't read it. The words were there, they existed, but I just couldn't read them. It just *hurt.*

Dr. Dartshire: Really? Was there any particular area it hurt?

SCP-3059: At first it was just a dull throb in my hands, but the moment I tried to read, I felt something go through my chest. I fell to the ground and then I was…I was there. In the book, I mean. It was Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix. I could see the room, the people. I had never read the books, yet I knew all of them. There was a girl named Ginny there, casting jinxes. That part was vivid. I was there, holding a wand. Then a haze as I saw a mother, there, black hair, green eyes. I remembered friends, family, teachers, my whole life there flashed before my eyes. But that part…I don't know how to describe it. It wasn't a dream, it was real, but it felt like one. Then it all disappeared. For a flash I was somewhere else. I was on my knees and there was a spear through my chest. I remember screaming and then breaking. Then falling. I blinked and I was lying on the floor. I was bleeding. Everywhere. I called for help, but no one came. I tried to call out for my mom but names kept popping up. I didn't know which one was right.

Dr. Dartshire: Are you sure you were bleeding? There were no reports of blood in the library at all.

SCP-3059: I am still bleeding. I don't know what it is, but it's blood. I bleed around books more strongly than anything else, but I am always bleeding. Slipping through the cracks, the only way to go is down.

Dr. Dartshire: Alright, I think that's all we can get today, no need to press further. We'll see what we can do, alright?

SCP-3059: Thank you.

<End Log>

Addendum-3059-2:

Access Incident Report [LEVEL 4 ACCESS REQUIRED]

Incident Report: 3059-1

Date : 13/10/2015

Location: "Valley of the Kings," Luxor, Egypt

Summary of Events:

8:32 AM: Several news outlets in Egypt report the discovery of a new tomb in the Valley of Kings, a location near Luxor, Egypt. The news outlets report that not only is it one of the largest discovered, it is mostly untouched. Foundation database intercept key word "Sam Micheals" and take over operations.

9:47 AM: Foundation operations take over unearthing the tomb. A small exploration team is sent in to determine any possible hazards. Once the team returns and gives the go ahead, a full exploration group is formed and sent in.

10:11 AM: Reports from the exploration team

begin. The tomb seems unfinished, with many dead ends and empty rooms. All glyphs found leading up to the main tomb are nonsensical.

11:58 AM: The main tomb is identified. The door to the room features eight women dead on the ground. In the middle of the scene three women are holding spears through a man's chest. All the women are wearing identical clothing and some sort of bird mask. The glyphs below it translate to mostly gibberish, but with recurring words 'shattered,' 'hurt,' and 'sealed.'

12:17 PM: The team enters the main tomb. A sarcophagus is found, completely featureless, roughly human shaped, and made out of iron. It lacks many of the features of other sarcophagi, having only a single layer and missing many of the features that would normally be found. The body found within is extracted from the site and sent to Site-19 for identification.

Additional Notes: Test Results determined that there was a 98.6% match with SCP-3059.

There's something wrong here. Not just the incident, but the entirety of SCP-3059. We're the only ones who have noticed any of the changes so far. Harry Potter is one of the most popular book series in the world, yet not one person noticed the change made, even if it was simple. Then this. The Valley of the Kings has been searched through extensively, and yet no one has questioned how a tomb this large just slipped by unnoticed. Why? Why did we notice these at all? ***Furthermore, what haven't we noticed?*** -Site Director Sam

.

All I see before me are the endless ashes of the fallen.
I was once so much.
Ash to ash.
Dust to dust.
I am all that is left.
And all I can do is scream.

« SCP-3058 | SCP-3059 | SCP-3060 »

SCP-3060: Sleep Paralysis

Item #: SCP-3060

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Individual instances of SCP-3060 are to be kept in high-security lockers within the storage wing of **Site-64**. All testing involving SCP-3060 requires approval of both the Site Ethics Committee and Site Command. No more than four individuals may be infected by SCP-3060 for testing purposes at any given time.

Individuals infected by SCP-3060 are to be kept in Type-I Standard Humanoid Containment Chambers within the Humanoid Anomaly Containment Wing of Site-64. Cells have been equipped with alarm systems to prevent instances from entering REM sleep outside of designated sleeping hours, approximately 2200 to 0600 local time. During designated sleeping hours, all personnel are to evacuate from the radius of each infected individual's anomalous effect. Following termination of any individual infected by SCP-3060, containment personnel are to initiate a site-wide lockdown and begin the HYPNOS Protocol to prevent the spread of infection.

Description: Instances of SCP-3060 are small medical devices that superficially resemble Continuous Positive Airway Pressure (CPAP) machines. The individual materials that compose SCP-3060 instances are non-anomalous and operate identically to a typical CPAP machine of its size and make. The Foundation currently has five instances of SCP-3060 in its custody.

SCP-3060's anomalous effects become apparent when worn by a sleeping human. When an individual wearing an instance of SCP-3060 enters their second REM cycle, a humanoid incorporeal entity, hereafter referred to as SCP-3060-A, will appear within a five meter radius of the individual and stand over them until they wake up. At this point, SCP-3060-A will disappear, and the individual

wearing SCP-3060 will become infected. From that point on, regardless as to whether the individual wears SCP-3060, the SCP-3060-A entity will appear when they enter their second REM cycle each night and remain until awakening.

While instances of of SCP-3060-A appear as featureless silhouettes upon first manifestation, they quickly take on a unique shape based on each infected individual. As such SCP-3060-A entities have no standard appearance. While a full list of observed SCP-3060-A instances can be found in Document 3060-B, notable observed instances include:

- A figure roughly the size of a human infant composed entirely of fused teeth.
- A humanoid superficially resembling an elderly woman dressed in dark clothes, lacking a mouth or eyes. The instance's arms are both severely injured, with compound fractures visible.
- A partially disintegrated humanoid composed of ash, dressed in red lingerie.
- A naked humanoid, covered in tire tracks and showing signs of severe crush injuries.
- A humanoid whose torso consisted of a large mouth.
- A clown.

While an SCP-3060-A entity stands within the presence of an infected individual, any additional human subject that enters a 50 meter radius of the infected will enter a catatonic state. At this point, an additional instance of SCP-3060-A will appear within the proximity of the infected individual. The additional SCP-3060-A entity will then approach the catatonic subject, phasing through solid matter if the subject is in a separate room. Upon arriving at the subject, the new SCP-3060-A instance will phase its hand through the subject's skull and then vanish, causing the subject to immediately fall asleep. All subjects touched by the SCP-3060-A entity in this manner become new instances of SCP-3060 infected upon awakening.

Testing has shown that awakening the infected, whether through physical or auditory stimuli, following the appearance of an SCP-3060-A entity, will cause the latter to immediately vanish and

catatonic subjects to regain movement. Additionally, SCP-3060-A entities will not approach non-catatonic subjects outside the range of an infected individual's anomalous properties. Non-human subjects are immune to all of SCP-3060's effects. All attempts to communicate with SCP-3060-A instances have thus far been met with failure.

SCP-3060 infection has long term effects on the health of infected persons. After at least three days, infected individuals often begin to display fatigue, mood changes, impaired performance, and memory problems, even after obtaining a full night's sleep. Infected individuals often report frequent nightmares, though no central themes or correlations have been observed in the content of said dreams. Within a month, infected individuals will often develop visual and auditory hallucinations, as well as delusions that their mind is no longer their own, but rather has been stolen by someone or something. Soon after, infected individuals descend into full psychosis as they become unable to distinguish the content of their dreams from reality. In extreme cases, after at least two months of infection, hair loss, canities subita, partial or complete blindness, somatic complaints, cataplexy, and alien limb syndrome have been observed. Attempts by medical staff to alleviate these conditions in the long term have thus far been met with failure, though symptoms are delayed in individuals with previous diagnosis of insomnia. Sleep deprivation has likewise proven effective in delaying the onset of the symptoms of SCP-3060 infection. Research into a cure is currently ongoing.

If no human subjects enter the area of an SCP-3060 infected individual's effect during REM sleep for seven consecutive days, or the infected individual dies, an instance of SCP-3060-A will appear. The SCP-3060-A entity will then proceed to search for the nearest sleeping human. Upon location of this individual, SCP-3060-A will stand over them until they enter their next REM sleep cycle, at which point the SCP-3060-A entity will reach into their skull and vanish. At this point, the sleeping individual will become infected. Should the sleeping individual awaken during the process, or SCP-3060-A be unable to locate a suitable subject within three hours, it will vanish without spreading the SCP-3060 infection.

Addendum 3060-A: Recovery

Foundation agents first became aware of SCP-3060 on March 21st, 2015 when the entire census of the Portland Sleep Medicine clinic became infected following a volunteer sleep study using SCP-3060 to prevent hypnagogic sleep paralysis. All infected individuals thereafter were brought into Foundation custody, and all records related to the study seized by Foundation operatives. None of the records seized indicated an origin of the SCP-3060 instances, and all staff associated with the project died in their sleep shortly upon being brought into Foundation custody. Autopsies revealed large quantities of **SCP-3966-A** within the staff members' cerebrospinal fluid. Investigation into Dr. Cynthia Zhou, the primary investigator of the Portland Sleep Medicine study associated with SCP-3060, uncovered her to be a frequent user of **SCP-2876**.

Upon MTF-Omicron Rho ("The Dream Team") investigation into potential **Oneiroi** involvement in the creation of SCP-3060, contacts with in the Oneiroi Collective have denied responsibility for SCP-3060, and have indicated that the SCP-2876 app had encountered no less than four internal breaches of security, particularly in areas of user information, since its launch. MTF-Omnicron Rho's investigation is still ongoing.

Addendum 3060-B: Video Log Transcript of Test 3060-03

> **Forward:** The following events took place on April 2nd, 2015, as part of the initial containment experiments for SCP-3060. An SCP-3060 infected individual was placed in a standard Humanoid Containment Cell with instructions to go to sleep after being fitted with sensors to monitor brainwave patterns and vital signs. D-1260, D-2860, D-2106 and D-2306 were placed in nearby cells within the same holding block as the infected individual. All cells were equipped with CCTV cameras feeding to the same monitor bank. At approximately 23:40, the infected individual entered her second REM cycle.
>
> **<23:45:21>** D-1260 is playing solitaire at the table in his cell. D-2860 is reading on her cot. D-2106 is pacing within her cell. D-2306 has fallen asleep sitting in his

cell's chair.

<23:45:58>SCP-3060-A-1 appears standing over the infected individual, and resembles a headless humanoid with arms and legs replaced by spinal columns. Shortly after, an additional four instances of SCP-3060-A appear. Each additional instance resembles a featureless humanoid silhouette. The instances remain standing over the infected for the next five minutes. All D-class personnel appear to have become catatonic. Those D-class awake have expressions of distress upon their face.

<23:51:00> SCP-3060-A-2 turns and leaves the infected's cell, phasing through the door and entering the hallway where it then phases into D-2306's cell. SCP-3060-A-2 stands over D-2306 for several seconds, then bends over and places its face near D-2306's ear before reaching into his skull.

<23:53:30> SCP-3060-A-3 phases through the floor, and vanishes for several moments before phasing up through the floor of D-2860's cell, through her cot, then through her. SCP-3060-A-3 remains motionless for several moments as it looks down at D-2860, who appears to be struggling against her catatonic state. SCP-3060-A-3 then slowly reaches out and closes D-2860's eyes with its hand, then reaches into her skull.

<23:55:45> SCP-3060-A-2 removes its hand from D-2306's skull and takes the shape of a male human with mathematical symbols in place of facial features. SCP-3060-A-2 vanishes.

<23:56:15> SCP-3060-A-4 climbs up the cell wall and phases through the ceiling and vanishes for several moments before phasing into D-2106's cell through the ventilation grate. The instance drops down and walks around D-2106 as she struggles against her catatonic state. D-2106 falls over. SCP-3060-A-4 wraps its arms around D-2106 and begins to caress her head. After

several moments of this, SCP-3060-A-4 reaches into D-2106's skull.

<23:57:46> SCP-3060-A-3 removes its hand from D-2860's skull and takes the shape of a humanoid composed of tightly wound thread. A variety of spiders are visible crawling in and out of openings along SCP-3060-A-3's body. SCP-3060-A-3 vanishes.

<23:58:42> SCP-3060-A-5 leaves the infected's cell, phasing through the walls from cell to cell before finally arriving at D-1260's cell. SCP-3060-A-5 stands across the table from D-1260, staring at him for several moments while caressing his hand. D-1260 struggles against his catatonic state. SCP-3060-A-5 reaches into D-1260's skull.

<00:00:47> SCP-3060-A-4 removes its hand from D-2106's skull and takes the shape of a featureless white humanoid dressed in a Foundation lab coat. SCP-3060-A-4 vanishes.

<00:02:30> SCP-3060-A-5 removes its hand from D-1260's skull and takes the shape of a featureless black humanoid dressed in an amalgamation of paraphernalia from various authoritarian regimes. SCP-3060-A-5 vanishes.

<00:05:38> SCP-3060-A-1 remains standing over the infected until she awakens at approximately 04:50:00.

Addendum 3060-C: Interview Log 3060-6

The following interview was conducted as part of routine mental health monitoring for SCP-3060 infected individuals, on 03/03/2016.

Interviewed: Researcher Joanna Corbyn

Interviewer: Researcher Roland Ferro

Foreword: The interview took place approximately one

and half months following Researcher Corbyn's infection by SCP-3060 during the 15/1/2016 containment breach of an instance of SCP-3060-A. Researcher Corbyn had begun to report visual and auditory hallucinations one week earlier. Due to her knowledge on SCP-3060's effects and prior diagnosis of insomnia, Researcher Corbyn has shown remarkable resistance to SCP-3060's hallucinogenic effects.

<Begin Log>

Ferro: Evening, Joanna.

Corbyn: Evening, Roland. Sorry if I'm not exactly 100% today. To be frank, I'm exhausted, and it's hard to concentrate when the walls are bleeding—*Don't sit there!*

Researcher Ferro pauses as he begins to sit in his chair. He then stands and straightens his labcoat.

Ferro: May I ask why?

Corbyn: Trust me, Roland. I'll be… much, much more composed if I don't have to watch you sit in that chair.

Ferro: The hallucinations have progressed to that severity, already?

Corbyn: They have. It's like my eyes are constantly getting these little popups of nonsense. And then there is this *fucking voice that keeps commenting on things.* Yeah, I'm talking about you shut up!

Ferro: The auditory hallucinations are constant at this point, then?

Corbyn: Just the one. I personally like to think it's the voice of the 3060-A that's creeping on me, but I have no way to prove that, and it's not like it's going to tell the truth.

Researcher Corbyn rubs her eyes for several moments

and sighs heavily.

Corbyn: I'm so fucking fried right now, Roland. Sleeping's become a chore: a nightmare-filled chore that leaves me feeling more exhausted than when I went to bed, and when I wake up it's like I'm taking the nightmares with me. Like the barrier between my conscious and subconscious has become a sieve or something.

Ferro: These auditory hallucinations, what do they—

Researcher Corbyn covers her mouth with her hand and stifles a mixture of tears and laughter. She then points at Researcher Ferro.

Corbyn: Your face has just melted off, Roland. We should probably hurry this up, I don't know how much more I can take.

Ferro: Right… right… These auditory hallucinations, what kind of things do they say?

Corbyn: Comment on thoughts I have, on things I see, sometimes asks me about myself. I have to say, when the other infected said they felt like their mind wasn't their own I didn't really know what they were saying, but I sure as hell do now.

Ferro: Do you believe that the voice is trying to control you? Command you? Influence you in anyway?

Corbyn: Fuck if I know, Roland. If it is, it's doing a pretty shitty job at it. Honestly, I'd say it's just here for the headspace and to enjoy the ride, but again, what the hell do I know.

Researcher Corbyn then closes her eyes and places her head in her arms upon the table.

Corbyn: Can we be done, please?

Ferro: I'm afraid we have just a few more things to get through before we're done. Bear with me.

Corbyn: Alright…

Researcher Ferro quickly writes down several sentences on a piece of notebook paper.

Ferro: How you are describing this auditory hallucination… you make it sound like a separate intelligence. I'm writing down a few questions that I'm going to want you to ask it.

Researcher Ferro slides the piece of paper to Researcher Corbyn. Corbyn eyes the document for several moments, then turns her head the edge of the table. Corbyn then sighs in frustration before rubbing her temples.

Corbyn: The words marched like ants off the page, Roland. I can't read this.

Ferro: I'll dictate them then. I got a hunch, but I'm going to need some confirmation before I can move forward in that direction.

Researcher Ferro takes the piece of paper back and begins to read aloud

Ferro: 1) What do you call yourself? 2) Are you a separate entity from Joanna Corbyn? 3) Do you exist within her mindscape or are you based in some other—

Researcher Corbyn rapidly backs away from Researcher Ferro in fear, flipping over the table on the way.

Corbyn: Jesus! Fire! Roland? Fire!

Researcher Corbyn removes her jacket and tackles Ferro to the ground, and attempts to snuff out a fire on Ferro's person. Security personnel intervene and pull Corbyn off Ferro, keeping her restrained as she

struggles to free her self for a total of two minutes. Eventually, Corbyn yields. Ferro then orders the security personnel to release her. Corbyn proceeds to lower herself onto the floor, and crawl away. She then sits in the far corner of the room in tears.

Ferro: Christ, Joanna, what the hell was that.

Corbyn: *(Between sobs)* You got to the second question… then burst into flames, Roland… I couldn't watch you die like that… I can't answer these questions… I fucking can't do this…

Researcher Ferro approaches Researcher Corbyn in an attempt to comfort her. Corbyn immediately pulls herself into the fetal position.

Corbyn: *Get away from me!*

Researcher Ferro pauses for several moments, then nods in agreement.

Ferro: Very well. I'll leave the list with you. See if you can ask them when you have a less visually… clustered moment.

Researcher Ferro leaves. Researcher Corbyn attempts to read the list again. After what appear to be multiple attempts she screams out in frustration, crumples up the paper, and throws it against the nearby wall. Researcher Corbyn then places her head in her hands.

<End Log>

Addendum 3060-D: Update 22/10/2016

On October 22nd, 2016, a Kervier Pharmaceutical advertisement for SCP-3060 appeared in over 100 publications in the United States, Canada, and Europe. By the time mass censorship protocols could be enacted, and the source of the ad was traced to a Kervier Logistics warehouse in Seattle, Washington, approximately 3000 instances of SCP-3060 had been shipped, with MTF Alpha-4 ("Pony

Express") operatives able to stop 2700 in transit. An additional 270 instances of SCP-3060 were later captured at their destinations. Currently 30 instances of SCP-3060 remain uncontained.

Warehouse staff were oblivious to the devices effect when interviewed, having all been hired within the last two weeks. Over half of these individuals were users of SCP-2876 prior to their hire date. All warehouse staff brought into Foundation custody died in their sleep shortly afterwards. As before, large quantities of SCP-3966-A were found within the warehouse staff's CSF during autopsy. Investigation into both Kervier Pharmaceutical and Kervier Logistics is ongoing.

As of 25/10/2016, an unknown number of SCP-3060 infected individuals are currently believed to be uncontained, with outbreaks occasionally occurring in several major metropolitan areas. Attempts to contain SCP-3060 infected individuals are ongoing. Due to SCP-3060 infection remaining largely undetectable within the general public until end stage symptoms manifest, several mobile task forces are on standby to investigate reports of multiple psychotic breaks and acts of violence occurring within a short time frame within the same geographic area. SCP-3060's object class has subsequently been updated to Keter. Pandemic levels of SCP-3060 infection are currently being considered a potential AK-class End of World Scenario.

SCP-3061: Reluctant Fiend

Item #: SCP-3061

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Iterations of SCP-3061 are to be stored in high-security storage archives located at Site-81.

Investigation into SCP-3061 iterations existing among the general public and religious groups is underway. Monitoring of references to SCP-3061 throughout online sites has been established by Foundation web crawlers. Any individuals found possessing SCP-3061 are to be apprehended and iterations are to be contained. Release may be granted to regular civilians following amnestic treatment.

Foundation personnel are to follow standard Milton protocols while conversing with SCP-3061-1 during interviews and testing.

Update: Several groups have been identified as possessing iterations of SCP-3061. Details regarding these groups and their location are given in Document 3061-5C. Mobile Task Forces are to be dispatched upon locating such groups.

Description: SCP-3061 refers to a series of rituals used for the summoning of an anomalous entity (SCP-3061-1); commonly referred to as 'Fendsmul' in such materials.

SCP-3061 documentation and information relating to SCP-3061-1 are extremely scarce; SCP-3061-1 is barely mentioned in historical documentation or religious texts, occasionally being mentioned as an obscure and lesser-known demonic being throughout Irish mythology and minor religions. While research shows SCP-3061 texts to have existed in excessively larger quantities in the past, a majority of SCP-3061 remain lost or will outright fail to function even when the ritual is performed accordingly by certain individuals. Such

cases have been confirmed to be caused by SCP-3061-1 itself.

SCP-3061 may differ slightly between texts, but will always be described as a ritual used for the summoning of SCP-3061-1. SCP-3061-1 is described to grant the ones performing the ritual some form of wealth or power, often in exchange for the soul(s) of their own offspring or that of another.

Below is a list of details mentioned in all functioning iterations of SCP-3061.

+ Access SCP-3061 details

Summoning circle: A typical summoning circle used for the purpose of SCP-3061-1. The circle must be drawn at least four foot in diameter, using a blood mixture consisting of a cockerel, any species of canine or feline, at least two human infants and the blood of a human priest who has “Served under the guidance of the Lord for three decades”. No specific measurements for blood are given; enough of the required blood to draw the circle will be feasible.

Repeated attempts to summon SCP-3061-1 immediately after will be unsuccessful. SCP-3061 has been noted on occasion to manifest large mounds of animal feces in cases of excessive overuse of the ritual.

Human ash: Ash is to be placed in the center of the summoning circle. Instructions again do not specify a specific amount, instead describing the amount must belong to “Three blasphemers of her [REDACTED] of Tyranny”.

Agreement and payment: The one performing the ritual must then chant an eleven-minute prayer detailed at the bottom of the ritual's instructions (Transcripts may be found in Document SCP-3061-3B). SCP-3061-1 will then supposedly manifest from the pile of ashes. The summoner must then detail what they desire from SCP-3061-1, which will then describe what it requires in

exchange. Once an agreement is settled, SCP-3061-1 will de-manifest. Any individual(s) offered to SCP-3061-1 as payment will expire immediately upon the conclusion of the deal, and the summoner at a later point will receive that which they requested in some form.

SCP-3061-1 is the entity referred to as 'Fendsmul', summoned using the rituals designated SCP-3061.

SCP-3061-1 predominantly appears human in the presence of Foundation personnel, as a humanoid male in its mid-forties, measuring approximately six feet tall. SCP-3061-1 on occasion will manifest baring physical features of various animals; the most common including the legs of a *Lepus timidus* (Mountain hare) replacing its own and extended fingers resembling that of a *Daubentonia madagascariensis* (Aye-aye, lemur).

SCP-3061-1 speaks with an undifferentiated Irish accent and is coherent in English, as well as a number of other languages.

SCP-3061-1 is capable of creating highly detailed and realistic illusions, which it is able to interact with as if real. SCP-3061-1 cannot manifest such illusions outside the parameters of the ritual circle it is summoned in. SCP-3061-1 describes these illusions to be used for “Presentation purposes” when interacting with those who summon it.

While SCP-3061-1 is generally cooperative and tolerant towards Foundation personnel, it will often display an extremely agitated demeanor. Many interviews with SCP-3061-1 have frequently resulted in ‘venting’ sessions, where SCP-3061-1 will express frustrations towards those who summon it. These feelings often ranging from minor aggravation to genuine disdain.

Discovery log: SCP-3061 was recovered in 14/05/200 , in , Massachusetts, United States. SCP-3061 was located after local Foundation authorities detected nearby anomalous activity within a nearby house. The owner, Paul was found to have obtained a book containing SCP-3061 and had killed several individuals for ritualistic purposes. Investigation showed several close acquaintances of the suspect to have aided him in the killings and

had planned to use SCP-3061 for their own personal gain. SCP-3061 was contained and all suspects were taken into Foundation custody.

The following transcript was taken from a video recording filmed within the basement of Paul . The suspect later admitted to filming in case a future preference was required for performing SCP-3061 if need be.

+ Access Video Transcript 3061

Partial transcript

A basement is shown, later confirmed to be Paul 's. Paul appears in front of a drawn circle reading from a large hardback book.

SCP-3061-1: You have risked a lot for the mere sake of calling me here, you know that? By the looks of things, you've been busy. What did you summon me for? What could you possibly wish of me?

Paul : Well, you see… I need a lot of cash. I can't stand it around here and I want to leave. I'm in heavy debt and just want it to all go away…

SCP-3061-1: Well it's pretty simple, you're not exactly the most creative are ya? …But I can do that. Now you must exchange something for me in return. *SCP-3061-1 reaches out with its hand, a ball of blue fire appears in its palm, which contains a still image of a young child.*

Paul : T-Tony!?

SCP-3061-1: Yes… You weren't prepared for such terms weren't ya? I could come to another arrangement if you so desire though… But it will-

Paul : No! T-that's fine! But I have another kid too, I can give you Christie as well if you want!

The flame disappears from SCP-3061-1's palm. SCP-3061-1 appears visibly confused.

SCP-3061-1: …Wait… Pardon?

Paul : Do I have to wake them up? Or will you just take them?

SCP-3061-1 stares at the subject for several seconds before waving at the surrounding flames, causing them to cease.

SCP-3061-1: Aw, for fuck's sake- Is this really what I've gotten myself into!? Are you actually serious!?

Paul : …What? I don't under-

SCP-3061-1: Of course this was going to happen… Don't act like you don't fucking understand! Do you even know what you're doing? Just tell me, what sort of debt are you in to make you do this?

Paul : Mostly for my car… An extension for my home. What does this have to do with anything?

SCP-3061-1: Bills!? *SCP-3061-1 scoops up a pile of human ash in its palm.* Fucking bills? Why not call me up to do your goddam taxes for you next time!? I can't do this, I'm out… Have fun cleaning up all your shit.

SCP-3061-1 dissipates.

SCP-3061-1 initial Interview log: The following interview was performed several days after initial containment of SCP-3061-1.

+ Access Interview Log 3061-001

Partial Transcript

SCP-3061-1: I mean, he wasn't the worst guy I'd ever met but who am I kidding? You might as well gather them all together and throw them in a big bucket labeled 'scum' for all I care! Not the worst, but he was the start!

Dr. Robertson: You mentioned something about a deal, but you're not being clear enough. What did this 'deal' involve?

SCP-3061-1: Well here's the thing. Normally I come to those who are down on their luck. We don't just show up when just anyone summons us, don't want to make ourselves *too* public and it's just bad business practice. It's nothing special, we've been doing it for centuries cos it's easy and straightforward. Got a quick background check on this guy before responding to the summoning. He had pretty much no cash, lost his job and things were probably only gonna get worse for him. So I figure "This guy'll be easy pickings". So I make an entrance with the big hole opening in the ground and everything, a throne of skulls and wrenching arms and tell him I'll make him rich if he gives me his child.

Dr. Robertson: What did he exactly do to upset you?

SCP-3061-1: The fucker said 'yes'.

Dr. Robertson: …Excuse me?

SCP-3061-1: With like, zero remorse or uncertainty! Big scary demon pops up outa Tartarus or whatever the fuck you mortals like

calling our world, and the guy agrees to the deal! One involving sending his child to a *literal Hell*!

And he knew! He knew who I was, the smell alone told me that he'd practically shit himself at the sight of me! But it didn't matter that I was a demon, or that he knew what I could do or that I wanted his kid! And it's only been getting worse. Less and less mortals are scared or even remotely agitated by us! They summon us like we're a goddamn takeout place!

Dr. Robertson: I'd assume you'd have no problem with someone saying yes. After all, that is what you were hoping for.

SCP-3061-1: It's not! You just don't understand… It's less about the final luring and more about the baiting and fight they put up! We don't just dance around all la-de-dah for nothing! Temptation is only satisfying when they're actually being tempted! You can't tempt someone when they just say "yes".

Dr. Robertson: …So what happened to his child?

SCP-3061-1: Oh, I never took them. To be honest I don't even remember if I responded to the guy. Safe to say, the whole situation was probably more awkward than irritating for the *both* of us at that point.

Addendum 3061-1: On 14/05/20 , during a raid on a minor religious cult known as , several documents of SCP-3061 were found. It is thought that the group had planned to use the documents to summon SCP-3061-1. Investigation showed that the group had successfully gathered the required components needed for the ritual and had attempted to perform it, which upon doing so

failed to summon SCP-3061-1. The group was taken into Foundation custody and all copies of SCP-3061 were retrieved and contained. Following the incident, SCP-3061-1 was summoned using SCP-3061, for answers regarding the group.

+ Access Interview Log 3061-

SCP-3061-1: You people again. Surprisingly, I don't normally get this much traffic in this location.

Dr. Robertson: Yes. We were hoping to ask you about an incident relating to a religious group known as . Are you familiar with them?

SCP-3061-1: Oh, those guys. Yes, I've dealt with those bastards a few times. They're a bunch of slack-jawed imbeciles. Cling to whatever deity or higher being that'll grant them what they want. You've met them?

Dr. Robertson: Several days ago we acquired documents of the very same ritual used to summon you during a raid at one of their gatherings. We were wondering if you could tell us anything you knew about it.

SCP-3061-1: They tried summoning me but I refused to heed their call. They've summoned me many times before and they're always the same. They'd praise me, but they're the type to worship just about anyone that'll give them power. The needy don't act like they're worshippers, they come to me out of desperation. But that lot reek of it even after they get what they want. They're no dedicated cult or long time worshippers of the Lower Planes, they don't take satisfaction in sacrifice. They're just drones dropping babies in circles of blood, hoping wealth and power will pop out.

Dr. Robertson: Yes. Well, if at all possible, we were hoping to ask you about any other groups or people with access to the rituals.

SCP-3061-1: Hey, it'd be a pleasure no longer having to deal with anymore, but I know your game and you know I won't be that easily swayed. I'm not just going to tell you about all the people that summon me obviously, but I'm fine with helping weed out the ones who're majorly taking the piss.

Dr. Robertson: We can at least prevent certain groups from getting access to the ritual if you desire. But we would need your cooperation. We would require details regarding those you are summoned to and their location.

SCP-3061-1: Well as far as identities go, I'm not helping you with that. Information gathering isn't my area. I can't do something like that without majorly stepping over the boundaries of some pretty big names. I can give you brief info like group names though, that's nothing special. As for locations, I can keep it as brief as "A basement in North Carolina" or "Somewhere in Toronto". But that's all I'll say.

Dr. Robertson: That will do. We can arrange the rest of the details ourselves. We can even plan out an appropriate basis for when to contact you if you wish, so we can exchange information. Does that suffice?

SCP-3061-1: …Did you just offer me a fucking deal?

SCP-3061-1 agreed to the arranged terms shortly after.

SCP-3062: The Lone and Level Sands Stretch Far Away

Item #: SCP-3062

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3062 is currently not containable by any conventional means. Procedures are limited to disinformation and tracking SCP-3062. Surviving victims of SCP-3062 are to be informed that what they experienced were hallucinations caused by dehydration and heat. Should a surviving victim of SCP-3062 refuse to believe this explanation, amnestics are to be administered.

Civilians known to be missing alone in the Sahara are to be located and recovered before SCP-3062 causes major psychological damage or distress. Governments of Algeria, Chad, Egypt, Libya, Mali, Mauritania, Morocco, Niger, Western Sahara, Sudan and Tunisia, as well as all external recovery forces, are not to be involved in the recovery of missing individuals so as to minimise knowledge of SCP-3062's existence.

Description: SCP-3062 designates an entity residing in the Sahara. SCP-3062 is frequently described as a male, in their early 20s, of Egyptian descent. SCP-3062 is believed to have an understanding of multiple languages, including English, French, Arabic, Hindi and German. The entity possesses an advanced shape-shifting ability, and can change size and appearance almost instantaneously.

SCP-3062 appears to individuals missing or lost in the Sahara. Subjects must be alone for SCP-3062 to target them, and on the ground. Once targeted, SCP-3062 will seemingly "taunt" the lost individual. Behaviours noted are changing into the subject's loved ones, offering fake food and water, and creating hallucinations of rivers, among other similar actions. SCP-3062 will only leave the individual alone once they have left the Sahara, united with another

individual, or perished.

SCP-3062 is also believed to possess minor, localised reality-bending abilities. SCP-3062 can change the state of objects.[1] SCP-3062 uses these abilities to make the "taunting" more severe. Around 93% of subjects exposed to SCP-3062's actions have been severely psychologically damaged.

Addendum: The following is the recovered diary of James , a pilot in the British Air Force. James 's plane crashed in Northern Chad in 1942 due to an unknown technical error. The diary was written in an engine instruction booklet.

+ Recovered Journals

15th July 1942

My name is James Arthur , and I'm a pilot in the RAF. My plane crashed over the Sahara and I managed to eject before it hit the ground. I managed to salvage a small amount of rations, a water flask, a compass, a pencil and this book. I've made camp with some of the wreckage and am planning to head South tomorrow where the desert will run out.

16th July 1942

I'm not alone here anymore. On my way I found a young man in a rock formation. He speaks English and says his name is Mohammed. He was thin and weary, so I gave him some rations. We've made camp in the formation where I found him. It will be good to have someone else on this trek I suppose.

17th July 1942

We made significant progress today, covering a lot of ground. Mohammed held the compass. The rations and water are running out quicker

than I thought, but I expect we'll reach the Sub-Sahara before they go completely. Mohammed is looking wearier than when I found him, I will admit. Walking must have taken its toll on him.

19th July 1942

We've been moving for the last two days. Food ran out on the 18th, we still have some water left. Mohammed's condition hasn't improved, I've had to support him with my shoulder for the last few hours before we set up camp. I'm not sure the boy is going to make it if we don't reach the end of the sands soon.

20th July 1942

I think it's the end for Mohammed. He collapsed today and is struggling to breathe. I've given him water. I've been trying to get a full name from him so I can try and find his family when I escape the desert. It's been unsuccessful so far. I've also been unsuccessful at finding food, there's no insects or lizards or anything.

21st July 1942

Mohammed has passed, it happened this afternoon. There's nothing to bury him with, and I don't know what religion he is, so his corpse is just lying there. I'm not sure what to do with it. I'm not going to last much longer without food in this heat. The water is running dangerously low, too. For the first time, I'm having doubts about my fate.

22nd July 1942

I don't kno

I gave in to a horrible desire. I knew I couldn't go another day without food before I collapsed from exhaustion. I tried to devour Mohammed. I found a sharp rock and tried to dig into his flesh. All that came out was sand. Sand and dust, pouring out. His body collapsed inwards and the sand mixed in with the ground. I don't know what Mohammed was. Go

23rd July 1942

All day. There's been a sound ringing in my ears. A scr a laugh. A visceral, shattering laugh. It conjures something deep inside my being. Mohammed was taking us the wrong way. He was taking us North. I'm probably in Libya now. So it's probably a better idea to head North than South now. I don't know how much water I've got left.

24th

I noted my water flask was feeling much heavier. I thought, by some miracle, condensation had perhaps collected in the flask. I took a sip. Gasoline. All of it. So now I have nothing to drink. I need to When I took the sip the laughing started again, only this time it was louder and much more harsh.

25th

I found some dirty water underneath a rock, so I've got some more days until I die of thirst. I saw something on the horizon. A tank, moving faster than a tank ever should. If it wasn't a German tank I would have gone to approach it. I don't want to be killed or taken as a prisoner. The sands are still better than that.

26th

I didn't confront the tank, it found me. I was walking and it rolled up behind me at an unimaginable speed. The hatch opened and a man came out. It was Mohammed, but his face was caved in and burned. He pointed a finger at me and let out a scream not befitting that of a man. If I get out of here I'm never going to forget that scream. He left a live beetle grub which I was forced to devour.

27th

My compass is gone. I was looking at it, and it became encrusted with what I can only assume is rust and the needle stopped turning. The compass is made of aluminium. When I was walking today I suddenly saw a red gash open up in the sky for a few seconds, before it fizzled. This repeated serveral times before an unholy yell rang out, and the event stopped.

28th

There's something sinister in these sands, I know that for a fact now. I was hiding from the sun inside a cave and something started pounding on the outside. Something huge. The cave filled with water and I drunk as much as I could before it turned into fine sand. The laughing started again. That same laughing after Mohammed died. It caused the cave to fill with the most retched stench I have ever been exposed to, like a rotting corpse. I'll be cowering in this cave until I know I'm alone again.

29th

For most of my life, I've never been the most religious man. But I think I've seen the face of s what I can only explain as a devil. I left the

cave and wandered, and it stalked over a sand dune. A tall, angular face with eyes sunk into deep craters, and a grin of pure sadism. Arms that tapered off into thin claws supporting a skeletal body. Back legs hunched like an ape's. Sand fell off the body of the beast in piles, and as it got closer I could smell the same scent as in the cave. It walked over me and collapsed into dust, a red hue radiating. He

30th

I ran for my life from what I thought was a German unit, but I believe it was just another manifestation of the beast. All the soldiers were joined by a bridge of flesh at the hip. I was shot at numerous times, but the bullets turned to sand as they hit my skin. I've had no luck finding water or any more food.

31st

He came to me. The demon, but smaller. Those eyes in craters, that skeletal body. He It was man-sized. He told me he would never let me leave and that I was cursed with him, before leaving a grub and a bowl of stagnant water. I was forced to devour them once again.

The logs abruptly cut out at this point. The book was found bonded to a large boulder. Nearby, a pencil with the graphite inside replaced with sand was discovered. It is unknown what happened to James .

Addendum 2: Following is a summary of the most notable D-Class test. Summary contains notable log extracts.

+ Class-D Personnel Experiment 11

D-AP0391 was a 44 year old man convicted of murder. It

is noted that D-AP0391 converted to devout Catholicism while awaiting execution. D-AP0391 was left abandoned in north Mali with several days worth of food, water, and live audio and video feeds.

Notable Log Extracts

> [EXTRACT 1]
>
> *D-AP0391 is heading North. SCP-3062 manifests as an angel-like entity, levitating above D-AP0391.*
>
> **SCP-3062:** Son… You have sinned. This is your curse.
>
> **D-AP0391:** I have repented! For the last 8 years I have repented!
>
> **SCP-3062:** You have failed us all.
>
> *SCP-3062 vanishes. D-AP0391 stops and rests, seeming distressed.*

> [EXTRACT 2]
>
> *D-AP0391 is seemingly wandering in an aimless direction. SCP-3062 manifests walking in front of D-AP0391, resembling modern depictions of Jesus Christ. D-AP0391 stumbles and seems shocked.*
>
> **SCP-3062:** My son… I have come to help you. Come to me.
>
> *D-AP0391 approaches SCP-3062 tentatively.*
>
> **D-AP0391:** Thank you, father.
>
> *SCP-3062 suddenly pulls out a khopesh[2] and pierces D-AP0391's chest. D-AP0391 screams and falls back, weeping.*

SCP-3062: Scum.

SCP-3062 vanishes. The weapon in D-AP0391's chest turns into sand and collapses, and the wound heals.

[EXTRACT 3]

D-AP0391 is lying on a rock. SCP-3062 manifests in the form of stereotypical western depictions of Satan.

D-AP0391: Get away from me, please!

SCP-3062: I'm not going to hurt you. I just want to help you. *SCP-3062 extends a hand with a bowl of water inside it.*

D-AP0391: Why this kindness? *Starts to consume the water*

SCP-3062: To remind you that kindness existed.

The water turns to sand in D-AP0391's mouth. SCP-3062 starts laughing and vanishes. The laughing remains in the radio signal to researchers. The laughing stops, and researchers record a voice speaking directly into the radio. Communications are lost with D-AP0391, who has not yet been recovered.

Addendum 3: An unrelated Foundation excursion into the Egyptian Sahara uncovered a structure believed to be around 3000 years old.

The structure was ancient Egyptian in origin and appeared to be a site of worship at first. Upon entering the subterranean portion of the structure, personnel discovered the scene of an apparent struggle. A large coffin-like structure lay in the centre, surrounded by mummified corpses, which all displayed unusual scarring - for example, one body possessed a rib cage comprised of lead. The lid of the coffin was found several metres across the room.

At one point on the wall, several lines of hieroglyphics were written. A good portion of these hieroglyphics were illegible. Personnel have translated as much as they could, and the translation is found below.

> Here is buried [ILLEGIBLE] …from the red gate
>
> [ILLEGIBLE] Caused [ILLEGIBLE] and suffering, across the lands
>
> Vanquished [ILLEGIBLE] armies of the righteous
>
> [ILLEGIBLE] cursed to these sands forevermore.

Shortly after discovery, SCP-3062 manifested outside the structure. Personnel were unable to prevent SCP-3062's advance, and the entity turned the structure into sand, destroying it. Several personnel received severe injuries.

Footnotes
1. For example, sand into water or vice versa
2. An Egyptian sickle-sword

SCP-3063: A fly

A manifestation of SCP-3063.

Item #: SCP-3063

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Newly discovered SCP-3063 manifestations are to be reported immediately, and destroyed as soon as possible by whatever means are appropriate. All Foundation buildings, and the residences of all Foundation personnel are to be equipped with the most effective insect control measures available. At no point should personnel ever interact with or acknowledge SCP-3063 manifestations outside of immediately destroying said manifestation.

Any Foundation personnel or civilian individuals known or suspected to have made an agreement with SCP-3063 are to be immediately contained in the nearest Foundation facility equipped with appropriate containment facilities[1] until the event of said individual's death. Once the affected individual has died, their remains are to be incinerated along with any organisms that may have emerged from them during their containment. Individuals affected by SCP-3063 do not require food or other external attention, and under no circumstances are they to be removed from containment while alive.

If affected individuals are unable to be contained for any reason, every effort should be made by Foundation operatives to kill said individuals before the event of their natural death. If this is impossible, or if affected individuals are not discovered until their deaths, Mobile Task Force Beta-5 is to enact Procedure 18-Islip.

Description: SCP-3063 is a telepathic, class-5 reality bending entity. SCP-3063 invariably manifests as a physiologically non-anomalous adult male housefly (*Musca domestica*). It is currently believed that only one manifestation of SCP-3063 exists at any

given time, but this is yet to be confirmed. Manifestations are to be considered “destroyed” when they have sustained damage that would be sufficient to kill a non-anomalous housefly, after which SCP-3063 will manifest elsewhere on Earth. No manifestation event has been observed as of yet, and it is not currently known whether SCP-3063 manifests as an entirely new individual housefly, or simply inhabits the body of an existing housefly.

All SCP-3063 manifestations operate with a single goal; namely making an agreement with an individual. The terms of such agreement vary greatly, but almost always involve SCP-3063 promising an individual any single thing they greatly desire in exchange for an unspecified price. Such offers have included large sums of money, the love of other individuals, political power, and reality bending ability. It is hypothesized that SCP-3063 reads the thoughts of its target to tailor an offer specific to them. SCP-3063 refuses to discuss anything other than the terms of its agreement.

If an individual accepts the terms of agreement, the SCP-3063 manifestation will immediately combust and die, at which point the individual will receive what they were promised. If an individual does not accept, SCP-3063 will continue to attempt to tempt them with larger and larger offers until either the individual accepts or the manifestation is destroyed. If SCP-3063 manifestation is destroyed, successive manifestations will continue to contact the individual until they consent to the agreement.

After a period of 2,376 days from the moment an agreement with SCP-3063 is made, affected individuals will undergo a process as detailed below:

- Fertilized eggs representing virtually all known species of the order *Diptera* will spontaneously appear within the lungs, throat, stomach, intestines, sinuses, ear canals, rectum, urethra, and muscle tissues of affected individual. The number of such eggs typically ranges from 5,000 to 20,000.
- The eggs will hatch naturally, and the resulting maggots will begin consuming tissues of the affected individuals for between 3 and 14 days in order to escape the body.

- When this period has elapsed, the maggots will pupate, and lie dormant.
- Within 2 to 6 days, pupae will emerge as adult imago[2] flies.
- Newly emerged flies will continue consuming their host and breeding with each other until the host has sustained sufficient damage and dies. This typically takes between one and five weeks, and has been known to produce upwards of 50 million individual flies.
- When the affected individual has died, the remaining flies will cease reproducing, and enter a stage of dormancy, during which they will eventually starve and die.
- A new manifestation of SCP-3063 will appear shortly after the death of the affected individual.

Affected individuals will remain conscious for almost the entirety of this process, resulting in great distress. Roughly 70% of affected individuals will attempt suicide during this process. Flies generated during this process have been determined to be entirely non-anomalous. If the affected individual dies during any point in this process (or during the preceding 2,376 days), the process will stop and the flies will die. No known method of averting this process other than the death of the individual has been discovered.

To date, six Foundation personnel have been contacted by SCP-3063, and attempts have been made to alter the terms of agreement to entrap SCP-3063 into neutralizing itself, though none have met with success. Below is a partial test log of such attempts.

Test Log SCP-3063

But God,

Test #: 3063-1
Tester: Senior Researcher Elizabeth Gão
Parameters: “The death of SCP-3063”.
Result: SCP-3063 manifestation combusts. Eggs manifest within Dr. Gão 2,376 days after testing.
Interpretation: SCP-3063 apparently interprets its “death” as the death of a manifestation.

It is an eternity

Test #: 3063-2
Tester: Senior Researcher David Roberts
Parameters: “The permanent containment of SCP-3063”.
Result: SCP-3063 manifestation ceases moving, and is determined to have died. The dead instance is contained within a secure containment unit below Site-63. After 2,376 days, *Diptera* eggs manifest inside Senior Researcher Roberts’ body. 3 months after his death, another SCP-3063 instance is confirmed.
Interpretation: Again, such terms of agreement seem to extend only to SCP-3063’s current manifestation.

To a fly.

Test #: 3063-3
Tester: Dr. Caroline Fairweather
Parameters: “A permanent cessation of all activities of SCP-3063”.
Result: Results identical to those of Test #3063-1.
Interpretation: It is becoming clear that “permanent” in the context of SCP-3063 only extends for the 2,376 days prior to the death of the individual.

Is it worth it?

Test #: 3063-4
Tester: Senior Researcher William Marlowe
Parameters: “Knowledge of the true nature of SCP-3063”
Result: SCP-3063 combusts. A printed copy of this document (without test log) appears before Senior Researcher Marlowe. Process proceeds as normal.
Interpretation: Assuming SCP-3063 does not cheat those it makes an agreement with, this document is to be considered accurate and true.

You can't decide.

Test #: 3063-5
Tester: Dr. Patrick McGann
Parameters: “Clear, understandable knowledge of SCP-3063 other than knowledge currently possessed by The SCP Foundation"
Result: SCP-3063 combusts. Results of this test and the following test appear printed before Dr. McGann, who

proceeds to kill himself by puncturing his carotid artery with a pen.
Interpretation: SCP-3063 either possesses precognizant abilities, or is able to directly affect future events.

Test #: 3063-6
Tester: Dr. Jonathan Mabry
Parameters: "Is there even a choice?"
Result: Dr. Mabry experiences a severe pulmonary embolism and later dies en route to the medical center. SCP-3063 combusts.
Interpretation: See test #3063-5

Any personnel contacted by SCP-3063 are expected to report the event, and then use the opportunity to continue neutralization efforts.

SCP-3063 is believed to have been in operation for at least 4,000 years, as the earliest known records of entities and events matching SCP-3063's description have been discovered in early Canaanite settlements. Assuming an approximately constant rate of activity, this equates to approximately 615 agreements made. It is entirely possible that SCP-3063 has been in operation for considerably longer, and Foundation archaeological teams are currently searching for earlier recordings of events that would indicate as such.

Procedure Islip-18: In the event of the death of uncontained individuals due to SCP-3063's effects, Mobile Task Beta-5 is to mobilize, and administer said individual with 90 grams of cypermethrin.[3] Additional cypermethrin is to be sprayed within a 10 meter radius of the affected individual. After the individual and any generated flies have died, remains are to be incinerated. Any civilian witnesses are to be given a regimen of Class-A amnestics, and the area is to be closed to civilians for no less than 30 days under the pretense of a non-specific toxic spill.

Footnotes

1. Note: in this context, “appropriate” is not synonymous with “appropriate for humanoid containment”. Secure containment of affected individuals takes ultimate precedent. All other concerns, be they for comfort or otherwise, are secondary.
2. The final stage in the life cycle of metamorphosing insects.
3. A highly potent synthetic pyrethroid insecticide.

SCP-3064: Hymn of Courage

Extract of SCP-3064-4

Item #: SCP-3064

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures:
Due to its non-physical nature, SCP-3064 cannot be fully contained at this time. Research Task Force 3064-Mu are to monitor social media, news sites, radio, television and local newspapers for reports alluding to physical or digital instances of SCP-3064, at all times.

All physical instances of SCP-3064 retrieved by Foundation personnel are to be catalogued and stored in designated Secure Object Lockers across Sites 15, 19 and 301. No more than one (1) physical instance of SCP-3064 is to be stored in the same Secure Object Locker to minimize potential losses in the event of a containment breach.

All digital instances of SCP-3064 are to be copied to a physical medium and stored according to the protocols described above, and all links to the file removed from public access. Foundation personnel are advised to proceed with caution should a digital instance of SCP-3064 go viral. In these instances, personnel with clearance SCP-3064/2 or above should carefully monitor social media trends to identify the effective potency of the SCP-3064 instance and determine risk before proceeding with containment procedures. Final decisions in these instances will be made by personnel with SCP-3064/4 clearance.

Original instances of SCP-3064 are not to be removed from the Secure Object Lockers without approval of personnel with SCP-3064/3 clearance. For testing and experimentation purposes, a copy must be made approximating the same materials. Sites 15 and 301 maintain caches of blank vinyl, CDs, DVDs and MP3 players for

this purpose. Copies of a SCP-3064 instance are to be sealed individually using Class-G hazardous material polythene bags and sent to incineration.

Testing with original, physical instances of SCP-3064 must be submitted to the current Lead Research Director (SCP-3064/5) for approval.

Description:
SCP-3064 is a melody hypothesized to affect listeners by interfering with the listener's perception of adverse stimuli. Through an as-yet not fully understood mechanism, this melody provokes a reduced fear response to adverse stimuli. Some instances of SCP-3064 have been shown to nullify fear responses in affected individuals and even reverse pre-existing fear conditioning. Instances of SCP-3064 affect listeners more strongly in live performances. For simplicity of reference, the effects of SCP-3064 on an individual will be referred to as 'strong', indicating a complete inhibition of fear and removal of prior fear conditioning, or 'weak', indicating an incomplete inhibition of fear with no effect on prior fear conditioning.

Notable instances of SCP-3064 are catalogued below:

Fragment of SCP-3064-6

SCP-3064-6 – *"Hymn of Courage"*
SCP-3064-6/1, -6/2, -6/3 and -6/4 are clay fragments bearing cuneiform script excavated in 1952 from the Amorite-Canaanite city of Ugarit (present day Ras Shamra) in northern Syria. It originally formed part of the 'Hurrian Songs' collection first reported in literature in 1955, as fragments h.18, h.29, and h.31-32. All details of these fragments have been removed from publically available scientific literature.

The translated text and musical notation of SCP-3064-6 was first published in 1992 by M. Szlezchny, and drew the Foundation's attention in 1994 when published and performed a recital of a 'corrected' translation, resulting in Incident 3064-4. All known recordings of this arrangement of SCP-3064 were taken into Foundation custody and are designated SCP-3064-7. No casualties were reported, and Class C amnestics were administered to all

present.

Foundation archaeological and paleolinguistic experts have confirmed that ’s translation of SCP-3064-6 is accurate and represents a hymn to the Canaanite deity Anat, a deity associated in the Ugarit tablets with war and conflict. The lyrics form a prayer to Anat to lend courage in battle to the worshipper. Experimental testing has shown that the lyrics recited as prose do not exhibit the inhibiting effect.

SCP-3064-6 is notable for being the oldest known physical instance of SCP-3064 to exist, and demonstrates that SCP-3064 has been present in human culture since at least 1400 BCE.

In 20 , an article on the Hurrian Songs published in the *American Journal of Archaeology* caught the Foundation's attention by referring directly to fragments h.31-32 in the context of a partial translation of other artifacts excavated from Ugarit (designated SCP-3064-6/A). Relevant passages from this journal have been reproduced below as Addendum 20 /01.

SCP-3064-1

SCP-3064-1 – *"Victory’s Tune"*
SCP-3064-1 is a small clockwork music box, measuring 8cm x 5cm x 4cm, made from English ash sometime in the 1930’s, and assumed to have been made by an independent craftsman. On the lid is an engraved image of the goddess Victory, imitating the statue on the Victoria Monument, London. On the inside of the lid is an inscription reading: *'To Johnny – Give them Hell! - B.'* It is wound by a small brass key, and once wound will continue to play the first movement of SCP-3064 until wound down. The materials of the music box do not display any anomalous properties and the box has been disassembled and reassembled successfully without diminishing the effects of SCP-3064.

According to eyewitness accounts, the music box was recovered in 1942 from the wreckage of a RAF fighter plane piloted by John Turner (thought to be the 'Johnny' referred to in the box’s inscription), who was shot down near Hamburg on April 8th 1942 and did not eject his plane. The box passed through the hands of

several owners before being abandoned in Berlin and looted by an American soldier, Thomas , who came to the attention of Foundation personnel following a bar brawl in Boston, MA in 1951 (Incident 3064-1). Mr. sustained severe injuries in the brawl and was arrested on charges of aggravated assault. Police reports record that Mr. was alternately humming and singing *'a curious tune'* to himself while in the communal holding cell, and soon another fight had broken out in which Mr. was killed, having fought *'like a madman'* and *'displaying no fear'*. An investigative agent was sent to Boston, and Mr. 's widow corroborated the police report, stating that he possessed a music box that played the same melody.

Foundation research has turned up three individuals who could be the 'B' referred to in the box's inscription, but none have known links to other instances of SCP-3064.

SCP-3064 was redesignated SCP-3064-1 after the recovery of SCP-3064-2 in 1954 and testing proved that it is the melody, not the physical instance, that produces the anomalous effect on the listener.

SCP-3064-23 – *"Sugar Sugar Sweet Fear"*
SCP-3064-23 is a single produced by the Danish band Fennikelkage. The single, *'Sugar Sugar Sweet Fear'* was released in 2002 but failed to be popular with audiences. Foundation observation following the protocols described above tentatively designated the track SCP-3064-23 due to its similarities in melody to known instances of SCP-3064, albeit significantly altered to include a chorus line and to fit the dance pop genre. No preventative action was taken by the Foundation at this time. An agent was dispatched and investigated the band, recovering an instance of SCP-3064-7.

In 2004 the Foundation began tracking increasing references to the song on the internet, originating in a Japanese video pairing the song with a 'chibi' depiction of the Grim Reaper (animation designated SCP-3064-23/A). A small spike in suicides was noted in the latter half of 2004 as the trend peaked in popularity (Incidents 3064-14 and 3064-15). After review, clearance was granted to begin a blanket operation of suppressing online mentions and availability of the video. It was removed from known video hosting services and

a new trend was manufactured to distract attention.

The animator of the video, Kiniho Kunihiro, was later found to have committed suicide shortly after the video had first been released.

+ Extracts from SCP-3064 Testing Logs:

SCP-3064 Test Log - Entry 03
Date: 06/07/1952
Subject: D-4435, SCP-3064
Procedure: D-4435, a profoundly deaf Caucasian female with a fear of rats, was set in front of SCP-3064 and asked to look at the picture of a rat next to SCP-3064. The subject indicated discomfort at the sight of the picture. D-4435 was then asked to wind the key, then look at a picture of a rat until a light indicated she could stop. The subject wound the key and sat throughout 6 repetitions of the melody produced by SCP-3064 until the internal spring was wound down. She was asked to express her feelings about the picture, and again indicated discomfort.
Conclusion: No response to SCP-3064 observed.
Analysis: Unable to hear the melody produced by SCP-3064, D-4435's established fear of rats was not diminished by its effects. This indicates that it is the melody and not SCP-3064 that causes the anomalous effect.
Recommendation: SCP-3064 to be redesignated SCP-3064-1.

SCP-3064 Test Log - Entry 08
Date: 02/11/1952
Subject: One (1) cat *(Felis catus)*, one (1) dog *(Canis familiaris)*, SCP-3064-1
Procedure: The dog was caged to one side of the room, and the cat introduced to the room. The cat displayed an expected fear response.

A research assistant wound the key of SCP-3064-1 and let the melody play for 2 minutes. After 20 seconds, the cat began to relax, and by the end of the 2 minutes was sitting on the floor of the room, ignoring the dog which continued to make an aggressive display.
Conclusion: Strong response to SCP-3064 observed.
Analysis: A cat was chosen for this experiment due to evidence that the *Felis catus* species is capable of appreciating music. The experiment demonstrates that exposure to the melody of SCP-3064 in conjunction with a fear-inducing stimulus will reduce the effect of that stimulus.

SCP-3064 Test Log - Entry 09
Date: 02/11/1952
Subject: One (1) cat *(Felis catus)*, one (1) dog *(Canis familiaris)*, SCP-3064-1
Procedure: Before the experiment began, the dog was allowed to attack the cat in a controlled environment. Experiment E-SCP-3064/08 was then reproduced, but after 2 minutes the cat continued to show fear.
Conclusion: Weak response to SCP-3064 observed.
Analysis: Having been conditioned to fear the dog, the cat now showed resistance to the effects of SCP-3064.

SCP-3064 Test Log - Entry 46
Date: 02/02/1995
Subject: D-7877, one (1) snake, one (1) copy of SCP-3064-7
Procedure: D-7877 had previously undergone basic testing to induce and reverse fear resistance to snakes. D-7877 was instructed to listen to SCP-3064-7 whilst handling a snake

that had previously bitten him. Once made to co-operate, D-7877 showed lessened fear response to the snake after listening to the full length of SCP-3064-7. When the recording was played a second time D-7877 became reckless with the snake, causing in the snake to bite D-7877's neck. D-7877 did display pain but no fear to the snake, who continued to bite him. The experiment was terminated when D-7877 collapsed from blood loss.
Conclusion: Strong response to SCP-3064 observed.
Analysis: Repeated exposure to SCP-3064 seems to suppress basic survival responses in the subject to the object fear stimulus. This finding is consistent with the behaviours observed in Incident 3064-4.

Addenda:

+ Addendum 1957/01 - Incident 3064-7

During staff rotation, Research Assistant K. Peters was found to have entered the containment unit housing SCP- , and was seen goading SCP- into action. Security were unable to retrieve K. Peters without exposing themselves to great personal risk, and K. Peters was killed by SCP- . On examination of their belongings, an unauthorized magnetic tape recording of SCP-3064-1 was found. Cross-examination of past psychological profiles showed that K. Peters had expressed a particular fear of SCP- .

Recommendation: Tighter control measures to be implemented on the creation of copies of SCP-3064 instances. Psychological screening measures improved to prevent staff with exploitable phobias coming into contact with SCP-3064.

+ Addendum 2004/03 - Incidents 3064-14 & 15

When the Japanese authorities recovered the bodies of individuals from the Forest, Prefecture, and City, Prefecture, all the bodies were found clutching copies of the same suicide note. The note contained the lyrics of the song *Sugar Sugar Sweet Fear* and a sketched drawing of a stylized Grim Reaper, under which was written the name *'shinigami-chan'*. All those identified were found to have been suffering from depression or anxiety, and the local police ruled that the two groups had been part of a death cult. This was fortunate for the Foundation as local authorities began lobbying for the banning of *Sugar Sugar Sweet Fear* from broadcast.

+ Addendum 20 /01 - Partial Translation of SCP-3064-6/A

Here follows relevant excerpts from *Ugarit Ritual Texts* (J. Adamson and . . *Ugarit Ritual Texts*. American Journal of Archaeology , , 20).

> Although incantations are poorly attested at Ugarit, some isolated instances have been found, most notably fragments h.7, h.9-10, h.14 and h.31-32 of the famed 'Hurrian Songs', excavated by in 1955. Their language structure and character are notoriously elusive of attempted translation, even by the most renowned of scholars in this area, but recent breakthroughs have enabled me to provide a translation of some of our most recent findings.

> Of particular interest is , which bears thematic similarity to h.31-32 of the Hurrian Songs:
>
> *(When) the spirit of fear calls out to me and beats at my ears,*
> *I, for my part, will reach out to you,*
> *I will shake my cymbal, and pluck my harp,*
> *I will burn sweet wood and make offerings of*

brass and gold,
On gold and brass will I make offering of (life/blood),
To you, O Anat, virgin (wife/sister) of Baal-Hadad,
To you I will make offering.

The wild dog will not make me afraid,
The mountain lion will not make me afraid,
The snake and the viper will not make me afraid,
I will not be afraid, O Anat, though a host of (demons) torment me,
On gold and brass will I make offering of (life/blood).

Your song will be on my lips, your song will be in my throat,
Your words will be in my heart and your sweet music in my breast,
I will not be afraid, O Anat.

All known copies of this article have been removed from publicly available literature. The author of the article has not yet been located by the Foundation and is assumed to have been operating under a pseudonym. No other attributions to 'J. Adamson' have been found in relevant archaeological literature to date.

SCP-3065: The Man Cave

The trail directly above SCP-3065, formerly part of Gibraltar Loop.

Item #: SCP-3065

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The Foundation has quarantined 1.4 km^2 of public land around SCP-3065 and is utilizing cover story A-91 ("Wildlife Sanctuary"). Outpost-3065 has been constructed around the quarantine zone, and its perimeter is to be monitored at all times. All personnel must stay at least 50 500 meters away from SCP-3065, except for testing purposes. Seismometers have been deployed above SCP-3065 and are to be inspected monthly; all inspections and repairs must be carried out through remote drones.

Description: SCP-3065 is an inaccessible cave located below a hiking trial in Paul Lake Provincial Park, British Columbia (50.751° N 120.153° W), approximately 250 meters underground. The structure of SCP-3065 is humanoid and shifts in real time to match the shape (at a size ratio of approximately 12:1) and posture of its current living occupant. If no living human is in SCP-3065, a person on the surface may vanish and appear inside the cave. Non-human animals are not affected by SCP-3065.

On 21 May 1997 at 4:02 PM, Foundation seismographs began recording erratic activity from the Paul Lake region. At 5:18 PM, a Foundation AI flagged the seismogram as potentially anomalous and alerted Dr. Hardy at Site-144. Hardy ordered a low-priority investigation, and a geological field team arrived on location at dusk. SCP-3065 had several periods of minimal activity during this time, one of which lasted nearly an hour.

Upon discovering that the seismic activity was highly localized, the field team conducted a seismic reflection survey. This revealed a

large void, although the resolution was too low to identify its shape. Because SCP-3065 was dormant at this time, Dr. Hardy authorized the team to drill a 6 cm borehole for visual contact.

+ Access Exploration Log

The following is a partial transcript of the operation conducted on 21 May 1997. The field team consisted of Researchers Collins and Berry and Junior Researcher Nguyen, and was overseen by Dr. Hardy from Site-144.

Berry: Alright, we're in. Retracting the drill now. Ready with the scope?

Collins: Got it.

Approximately three minutes pass. Conversation not relevant to operation removed.

Berry: I'm lowering in the cable, and video should be live soon. Is your connection okay, doctor?

Hardy: Everything looks fine on this end. Go ahead.

Berry: Few more seconds, and… there we go. Okay, I'm seeing an adult on the cave floor, dead or unconscious. Looks male, maybe forty or fifty years old.[1]

Hardy: Confirmed. Looks like a hiker. I'll check out any local disappearances.

Berry: Nothing else here stands out to me. Looks like normal granite. I'll… shit, the camera just cut out. Harry, can you tell what's…

Nguyen: Um.

Berry: Where did… Harry? Harry?

Nguyen: He just, uh. Disappeared. Right when the video died.

Hardy: Tell me you're joking.

Berry: Never, sir, Collins is gone.

Nguyen: And the seismo is suddenly going nuts.

Hardy: Jesus. I'm sending in backup. Ninety minutes away. Keep me updated.

Six minutes pass.

Nguyen: Doctor, are you there?

Hardy: Just got in the truck. What's happening?

Nguyen: We pulled up the camera, and there was just cable. Looks like it got cut. Zoe put in the spare, and the borehole is filled in after about ten meters.

Hardy: Well shit. I want you two to start drilling again. Harry might have joined our hiker friend, and he'll need air.

Nguyen: Understood.

Approximately 35 minutes later Berry and Nguyen finish drilling into SCP-3065, and the scope is reinserted along with a small speaker. The light from Collins' headlamp can be seen as the scope enters the cave.

Berry: Harry, are you okay? Can you hear me?

Collins: I'm here. Doing okay, just some bleeding. You fuckers… drilled into me…

Berry: Shit, really? That's terrible luck. We'll throw down some bandages and-

Collins: No, I… you drilled in… Look. **panting** This cave is weird. It looks like a big hollow person, arms, legs, dick, everything. It moves when I move, like it mimics me. I'm sitting in my ass cheek right now.

Berry: What.

Collins: When the drill broke through there I felt something pinch my shoulder… The wound is way smaller than the bit though, barely any blood. The dead guy has the same hole in him.

Berry: Huh. Okay. The big guns will be here in about an hour. What's the air situation? You breathing okay?

Collins: It's definitely getting to me. Probably okay for a while with the hole.

Berry: Alright. Let me think for a second. The guys coming will have oxygen, so we were gonna widen the borehole enough to lower it down to you. But I don't want to hurt you more if we can avoid it.

Collins: It's not life-threatening, Zoe. Just give-

The borehole is closed off. Recording ends.

+ Access Testing Log

Note: For experimental purposes, a small flag was placed on the trail above the estimated center of

SCP-3065.

Experiment 3065-1
Date: 23 May 1997
Subject: D-213-729
Procedure: Subject was told to stand next to the flag and wait for further instructions.
Result: After 24 minutes, D-213-729 disappeared. Seismic activity indicated his capture by SCP-3065.

Experiment 3065-2
Date: 23 May 1997
Subject: D-213-755
Procedure: Immediately after the previous experiment, subject was told to stand next to the flag and wait for further instructions.
Result: While SCP-3065 was still seismically active from the previous experiment, nothing notable occurred. 32 minutes after activity ceased, D-213-755 disappeared and the tremors resumed.
Note: *Confirmed, it's limited to one victim at a time. — Dr. Clark*

Experiment 3065-3
Date: 23 May 1997
Subject: D-213-902
Procedure: Subject started approximately 100 meters from SCP-3065 and was instructed to move one meter forward every two minutes.
Result: D-213-902 disappeared 12 meters away from the flag.
Note: *I'm making 50 meters the official safe zone. — Dr. Clark*

Experiment 3065-4
Date: 24 May 1997
Subject: D-214-689
Procedure: Subject was instructed to climb a tree close to SCP-3065 as high as they are able, and wait for further instructions.
Result: D-214-689 climbed a pine tree four meters away

from the flag, to a height of approximately 8 meters. She disappeared 20 minutes later.
Note: *Apparently you don't need to be touching the ground. — Dr. Clark*

Experiment 3065-5
Date: 25 May 1997
Subject: D-214-770
Procedure: D-214-770 was chosen because he is missing his left arm. Subject was told to stand next to the flag and wait for further instructions. A remotely operated drone was ready to inspect SCP-3065.
Result: The subject disappeared after 22 minutes, and the drone began drilling a borehole. Exploration revealed that SCP-3065's interior was truncated at the left arm, matching D-214-770. SCP-3065 contained six corpses in normal condition. The borehole closed 42 minutes after drilling was completed.
Note: *Interesting. I assumed that the arm section would be inactive, but it's actually gone. SCP-3065 also doesn't seem to be… well, digesting… — Dr. Clark*

Proposal 3065-6
Date: TBD
Subject: D-class, general
Procedure: While SCP-3065 is inactive, a remotely operated drill will dig a shaft large enough for the subject to fit through. The subject will be instructed to quickly approach the shaft, and a prepared crane will lower them into SCP-3065.
Result: N/A
Note: *Request for additional D-class personnel declined. It's just a cave that eats people, David. We have bigger fish to fry. You're being reassigned to SCP- . — Dr. Hardy*

Addendum 3065-1: On 11 November 1997, a guard walking approximately 90 meters from SCP-3065 vanished and appeared in the chamber. Seismometers recorded heavy activity during the

event; the epicenter moved from SCP-3065's location to directly underneath the guard, then returned to its original location. Minimum safe distance extended to 500 meters.

Footnotes

1. Later identified as Graham Whitman, who was reported as a missing person to the Kamloops RMCP on 22 May.

SCP-3066: Absurdity

Item #: SCP-3066

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: A circular surveillance perimeter with a 500-meter radius is to be established around SCP-3066. Surveillance of this perimeter must be continuous, and Foundation personnel must be on standby to intercept any trespassing civilians. Class B amnestics may be applied to close-proximity civilian witnesses of an Eckhart-Anatol Discharge.

Products of an Eckhart-Anatol Discharge are to be destroyed as rapidly as possible. Flamethrowers and incendiary grenades are to be stocked in a separate structure adjacent to SCP-3066 for deployment during an incident. Management of the ensuing wildfires may be handled by Foundation operatives or local firefighters.

SCP-3066-C are to be terminated or kept in solitary confinement. Testing on SCP-3066-C is not to involve direct contact with more than 5 uninfected persons at a time. To prevent lapses of judgement and loss of productivity, entry into SCP-3066 is strongly discouraged. Entry into SCP-3066-A is strictly prohibited.

Cover stories are to be fielded regarding unusual lights in the area surrounding Brown Mountain, North Carolina. These include vehicle lights, combustion of naturally occurring methane, ball lightning, and extraterrestrial activity.

Description: SCP-3066 is a small log cabin in Linville Gorge, North Carolina. It is dilapidated and appears to have been abandoned in 1937. Much of the roof has collapsed. It is notably one of the only artificial structures in the valley, and is entirely isolated. SCP-3066 is surrounded by thick vegetation, heavily obscuring it even when viewed from a distance of 20 meters.

When within SCP-3066, the perception of time is heavily warped. While time-keeping devices work as expected, personnel report a trance-like state of mind, with very few memories of their time inside SCP-3066. Metabolism is also much slower, allowing personnel to spend several days within SCP-3066 with no ill effects.

Underneath SCP-3066 is an airtight cellar, originally used for storing wine. The cellar contains a writing desk that is stocked with hundreds of written pages and journals. Nearby is a circular borehole with a diameter of 3.3-meters. This borehole has been designated SCP-3066-A.

SCP-3066-A has no discernible bottom. Expeditions into SCP-3066-A have managed a depth of 2 kilometers, and experimentation has not been conclusive. At 50 meter intervals along SCP-3066-A, there are large archways leading into separate chambers. The existence of these chambers is known only through seismic analysis, as any cameras or observers entering the archways abruptly stop responding. No personnel or equipment lost in this way have been recovered. Furthermore, incursion into the archways appears to trigger an Eckhart-Anatol Discharge.

At somewhat irregular intervals, SCP-3066-A will produce an Eckhart-Anatol Discharge. These events only occur during the local night. During an Eckhart-Anatol Discharge, approximately 500 tons of matter are expelled into SCP-3066 and the surrounding forest. This matter is usually propelled through the collapsed roof of SCP-3066 and into the upper troposphere once it exits SCP-3066. This process does not usually cause damage to SCP-3066. The products of an Eckhart-Anatol Discharge are often very flammable, and can often be neutralized using incendiary weapons. Due to the flight trajectory often taken by discharged material, the burning material will often fall on or near Brown Mountain, about 7 miles east of SCP-3066. 75% of the discharged mass is composed of 5 × 10 inch sheets of parchment paper. These pages are collectively designated SCP-3066-B. SCP-3066-B are covered in writing or sketches, and contain potent cognitohazards. The remaining mass varies between incidents, but will usually consist of a delivery system for SCP-3066-B.

Exposure to SCP-3066-B will invariably result in immediate

cessation of all higher mental functions. Affected individuals (SCP-3066-C) will use their own bodily fluids to write on nearby surfaces. These communications are often aimed at convincing observers to move toward SCP-3066. Some instances of SCP-3066-C will also produce nonsensical poetry and prose. None of the writing created by SCP-3066-C is anomalous. When in the presence of non-affected individuals, SCP-3066-C will rapidly approach and begin to vocalize. Audio recordings of this process degrade into white noise before vocalization begins, and any human observers within earshot will become new instances of SCP-3066-C. As a result, the content of vocalization by SCP-3066-C is unknown. The effects of SCP-3066-B may constitute a memetic agent, though further investigation is necessary to classify them.

When present in large groups, SCP-3066-C will alter their behavior. Instances of SCP-3066-C will begin forming convoluted structures out of their own bodies, often extracting and utilizing internal organs as structural components. Note that SCP-3066-C are no more durable than non-anomalous human beings, though they do not have a pain response. The structures created by large collections of SCP-3066-C have the same effect as SCP-3066-B, and can trigger the infection of much larger populations.

Addendum 3066-1: Expedition Audio Log

Members of MTF Zeta-9 (“Mole-Rats”) were sent into SCP-3066 after the initial exploration of the anomaly. The purpose of the expedition was to explore SCP-3066-A.

+ Show audio log for Expedition Beta

[BEGIN LOG]

Beta-1: Check in, team.

Beta-2: Beta-2, checking in.

Beta-3: Beta-3.

Beta-4: Beta-4. Right after you, 1.

Beta-1: Okay, we’re going in. Stay close.

A door creaks

Beta-2: Wow, and I though this place looked decrepit from the outside.

Beta-1: It's dusty. Smells kind of like ash. Nothing unusual so far.

Beta-2: Mind closing that door?

Beta-1: Okay, all team members are inside. It's a little crowded.

Beta-3: You know, this place is pretty beautiful once you stop to take a look at it.

Beta-4: It really is. Shit, I wouldn't mind living here. Whoever built the cabin had the right idea.

Irrelevant dialogue over the next fifteen minutes has been redacted for brevity.

Beta-1: I agree. At any rate, I think we've loitered long enough. Let's get down to the cellar.

Beta-3: Man we've got time. We could stay up here a bit longer.

Beta-1: That would be great, but I don't want to get yelled at when we leave. Let's move!

Sound of footsteps and creaking wood.

Beta-3: Huh. Why would you put a desk in the cellar?

Beta-2: Maybe he didn't have room upstairs.

Beta-4: I wouldn't mind having the alcohol on hand.

Beta-1: I think the huge hole in the floor is what we should be focusing on here.

Beta-2: That's right. I'll get out the rappelling gear.

Beta-1: Alright Beta-3 and 4, get in formation. We're heading down.

Beta-3: Understood.

Rope is anchored and unfurled. Beta-1, 3, and 4 secure their harnesses and begin the descent. Beta-2 remains on the surface.

Beta-1: It's very dark. The walls are smooth stone, and perfectly circular. It looks like it was excavated by a machine.

Beta-3: Hell of a thing to have under your house. In the wine cellar no less.

Beta-4: My breath's fogging up.

Beta-1: We're about 50 meters in by now, it wouldn't surprise…

Beta-3: Hey, I see something!

Beta-4: Yeah, there's a doorway.

Beta-1: Wow, that thing's pretty big. I'd say 3 meters tall and at least 2 meter wide. Also cleanly cut out of the stone.

Beta-4: Should we go in?

Beta-1: No. I think we keep going down and try to find the bottom. On the way back up we can investigate further.

Beta-3: I've got this feeling that this is gonna

take a while.

Beta-4: No shit. I mean, they called us in, right?

Beta-2 (via radio): How are you guys doing down there?

Beta-1: It's getting a little cold, but we haven't found any boogiemen yet.

Beta-2: Tell me when you do.

Beta-1: We will.

2 hours of irrelevant dialogue has been redacted for brevity. Note that the presence of multiple archways at regular intervals is discovered.

Beta-1: How much rope have we gone through, Beta-2?

Beta-2: 2,234 meters. I'm about to run out.

Beta-1: What do you say we head back? Anyone feeling hungry?

Beta-3: Now that you mention it, I'm a little peckish. Let's go up.

Clicks as ascenders are equipped.

Beta-2: I think I'm going upstairs to think for a bit. Radio in if you need anything.

Beta-1: Will do.

Beta-3: Hey, we could use the echo to tell how much further down it goes.

Beta-1: Go ahead. But you have to do the

math.

Beta-3: ECHO!!!

Reverberations are heard. Beta-2 makes no attempt at calculating depth, and analysts have concluded that the sound fades out before the presence of a bottom surface can be confirmed. 2 hours of irrelevant dialogue have been redacted for brevity.

Beta-1: I think this is the last archway before we get out. Can you confirm, Beta-2?

Beta-2: Uhh, sure. You're at 50 meters.

Beta-1: Alright, it's now or never. I'll lead the way.

Beta-3: I need to give my arms a rest anyway.

Beta-1: Okay, I'm in the archway. The floor is solid. It's pitch black in there.

Beta-3: Oh fuck, that's gonna hurt real bad tomorrow.

Beta-1: That's fine. , let's go.

Beta-4: My lamp doesn't seem to be doing anything. I guess we move forward?

Beta-1: Affirmative.

Beta-3: You guys go ahead. I'll work out a few kinks here.

Beta-4: This is not normal. The walls aren't reflecting…

Audio feed from Beta-1 and 4 suddenly turns to static.

Beta-3: Guys? You still there? I think the mics cut out.

Beta-2: Any trouble down there?

Beta-3: Oh…Oh shit. They're gone. Can't see them at all.

Beta-2: Beta-1? You there?

Beta-3: Yeah, no response. And now there's the smell of shit. I'm getting out of here.

Beta-2: Okay. Hurry up. I'll keep the rope down for a few more minutes in case they're still there.

A few grunts as Beta-3 returns to the surface with some urgency. Beta-2 and 3 remain in the cellar for some minutes as Beta-2 begins stowing the rope.

Beta-3: Do you feel that?

Beta-2: The rumble?

Beta-3: Yeah, and a bit of a breeze, too. We should get going.

Beta-2: and might still be down there.

Beta-3: No way in hell.

Beta-2: Look, I'm close to finishing with this.

The rope is stowed in silence. Some wind is picked up, as well as minor seismic vibrations. Beta-2 and 3 leave SCP-3066 and report back to Foundation command.

[END LOG]

Addendum 3066-2: Log of Eckhart-Anatol Discharges

The following is a complete list of all Eckhart-Anatol Discharges.

+ Show log of Incidents

Designation	Description
Incident 3066-1	Occurred the night following Expedition Beta, - -19 . Foundation operatives in the area reported minor seismic activity, followed by a loud report from the direction of SCP-3066. Soon afterward, a large plume of insects was sighted ascending over Linville Gorge, heading east. To prevent public awareness of SCP-3066, a small aircraft was fielded to administer insecticide to the plume. The chemical had little effect. During this initial flyby, it was discovered that the plume was composed entirely of large beetles, and that each beetle was carrying a thick sheaf of paper. As the plume approached populated areas, it was deemed necessary to field a Foundation cargo lifter equipped with incendiary weapons. The beetles proved to be more flammable than expected, and much of the plume was rapidly destroyed. Surviving elements of the discharge

	were collected for testing.
Incident 3066-2	Occurred on - -19 . Foundation personnel were beginning to set up a surveillance perimeter surrounding SCP-3066 and reported minor seismic activity immediately prior to discharge. Incendiaries were rapidly flown in. It was found that no aerial elements existed, and that the discharge was largely contained in the area immediately surrounding SCP-3066. Several thousand African Grey Parrots were roosting in the trees near SCP-3066, and the forest floor was littered with SCP-3066-B. The birds were repeating the phrase “Hell for the company”, but were otherwise non-anomalous. The effects of SCP-3066-B were more firmly established during this event, and clean-up operations extended over the next three months.
Incident 3066-3	Occurred on - -19 . On-site personnel responded after seismic activity was detected preceding the discharge. Much of the discharge material was destroyed immediately after it emerged from SCP-3066, limiting the impact of the incident. Notably, the

	material was expelled at an incredibly high velocity, causing damage to SCP-3066 and allowing a few grams of material to escape Foundation efforts and enter the stratosphere. This matter was carried by winds toward the city of Morganton, where a minor outbreak of SCP-3066-C was detected and successfully handled.
Incident 3066-4	Occurred on - -19 . On-site personnel responded after seismic activity was detected preceding the discharge. All discharge material was successfully neutralized after it emerged from SCP-3066. Collateral damage to the forest and SCP-3066 was limited. Due to the rapid response, the precise nature of the discharge was never identified.
Incident 3066-5	Occurred on - -20 . On-site personnel were unable to respond in a timely fashion due to an unrelated emergency in the area. Reports of a large white cloud over Linville Gorge were met with the deployment of an aircraft armed with incendiaries. The discharged material was found to be a group of ornithopters, made of balsa

	wood and magpie feathers. The power source for the machines has not been identified. Each ornithopter was delivering a sample of SCP-3066-B, and was heading east. Due to evasive action by the discharged material, extensive damage was caused to the forests in Linville Gorge before the threat could be neutralized. A joint effort between Foundation operatives and local firefighters was sufficient to extinguish the flames. The wildfire and noise was blamed on a lightning storm. SCP-3076 was discovered in the forests during early clean-up operations.
Incident 3066-6	Occurred on - -20 . On-site personnel responded after minor seismic activity was detected. Response efforts were successful and neutralized the discharge quickly. Though no samples were recovered, personnel report the presence of origami butterflies, possibly made from SCP-3066-B.
Incident 3066-7	Occurred on - -20 . On-site personnel responded immediately. The discharged material consisted of several flame-resistant pods, each

	containing a sample of SCP-3066-B these pods appeared to be self-propelled, and targeted Foundation personnel directly. Most of the response force was lost and became instances of SCP-3066-C. Aerial support was called in, and the remaining discharged material, as well as SCP-3066-C, were successfully neutralized. The possibility that SCP-3066 may be adapting to Foundation efforts is being considered.

Addendum 3066-3: Recovered Journal

The following are excerpts from a journal recovered from the writing desk in SCP-3066.

+ Show journal

10/3/1931

I bought a cabin in North Carolina earlier this morning. I reasoned it would be a welcome change from the hubbub of New York City, and it might allow me to focus on my writing. I plan to begin packing as soon as I finish my work for the newspaper. When next I write, I hope to be basking in the natural glow of Appalachia.

10/30/1931

The forest is disconcertingly quiet. There is nothing but the soft sound of birdsong and wind. I suppose I will come to enjoy it with time. With no obligations ahead of me, I will be finally able to write my novel in peace.

11/21/1931

My mother contacted me from New York. She would like me to visit the family for Christmas. I was forced to decline her invitation. The words seem to be spilling from my pen, and the ideas flow even more strongly. I will spend the winter in North Carolina.

12/13/1931

I visited Morganton today. I needed to stock up on food and firewood for the coming snows. It's a welcoming enough place, if rather slow. There were many people curious what someone from the big city was doing in the backwoods. A few were interested in my novel, and would be willing to read it once it's done. I have begun to entertain the concept of publication. Perhaps I can make my fortune this way?

12/25/1931

There was a vicious storm today. I'm stuck in the cabin for at least a few weeks.

1/1/1932

Happy New Year.

1/17/1932

I tried to leave the valley, but there is still snow blocking the trail. I have enough food to last into the summer, but the isolation is my main concern. I am glad to report that I have made significant headway in my writings over the winter. I expect to be finished before the end of spring.

2/3/1932

There is still no way out of the gorge. The forest is mesmerizing.

2/10/1932

I have been having trouble with the novel recently. I am unhappy with the earlier chapters, and have considered rewriting them. I am also increasingly occupied with the broad public perception of my novel. I would very much like my work to become known the world over, but the additional deliberation may prolong the process.

3/4/1932

My work has come to a standstill. Whole weeks have passed by without memory, as I lay and think. Nothing but thinking. My pen sits idle.

3/6/1932

I went out for a walk in the woods today, to clear my mind. While I was

out, I stumbled upon the most curious bird. It was a raven or a crow, but entirely white. What an odd thing.

3/7/1932

I have begun writing again, little by little. That fervor that I felt when I first arrived here has started to come back. I am hopeful for the future.

I saw the white crow today, watching me from outside my window.

3/10/1932

I have decided the best way to complete this novel is to remove all the complexity. No supporting characters, no setting, nothing but raw emotion. I will write the story as a series of self-reflections from a single man. Powerful, simple and accessible. Perfect.

3/13/1932

My efforts have been going well. The crow visited me today, and left a bottle of ink, just as I was starting to run out. It is quite a clever bird. I'm not sure where it found the bottle, but the ink is absolutely marvelous. Black as night and smooth as air. I will cherish the gift.

3/20/1932

I have seen myself for what I truly am. Ignorance is bliss.

4/?/1932

My food stores have been depleting, but I find myself needing to eat less and less as I work. The glow of inspiration has consumed me. I find the mirror increasingly useful as a portal into the human mind. Some days I simply write what it whispers to me.

5/?/1932
I am almost done. There are only a few more revisions to make. I have realized it has been a few months since I last tried to make my way into Morganton. I must surely go soon. The white crow left some of its feathers as a gift today.

?/1934

There are no words for what I have witnessed. A place where the quill is as mighty as God, my thoughts as good as reality. Beautiful, blank and perfect, a world ready to be seeded by my own mind. I have built myself a grand palace in that world, gleaming on a hillside covered in lavender. It is with great pain that I take the time to write these words, as every moment in the real world is like Hell by comparison. I am not sure when I will next write, but I have no intention of leaving my parchment soon.

?/1936

I'm not sure where I went wrong. It's not beautiful anymore.

?/1936

The pains of reality are coming back. I must have been gone a long time.

?/1936

The quill. It is the quill. It wants to create of its own accord.

?/1936

The twitching and scraping keeps me up at night. I must end this before I go insane.

?

The world has fallen apart. The quill is a clumsy creator, but it is ruthlessly efficient. Where I left ruins and smoke, it has created hell. I have tried to reason with it, and it has agreed to share power with me if I allow it to work within this reality. I'm not sure what this will mean.

?

I haven't been feeling well lately. I cannot sleep or eat. The quill calls me always. My reflection stares at me from the foot of the bed, unblinking and pulsating. I can watch myself slipping into madness.

?

The quill made a hole in the world. It hasn't said why.

?

i looked in the mirror today and saw a

magpie

?

I don’t know where I am. I woke up an hour ago and the walls are covered in strange symbols and shapes. My head hurts when I look at them. The quill is waiting for me.

?

I’ll try to stop it from inside. It needs me, and I can keep it from breaking free. I just need to spend the rest of my existence in hell. However long that is.

I think sometimes that the quill and I aren’t very different. All it wants is for the world to read what it makes. Just like I did, all those years ago. It is, after all, just a feather. Maybe I’m the only one here, fighting myself in a fit of madness. Maybe I’m already dead. I just don’t know.

But when did I ever know? I can’t risk bringing the whole world down with me. I will be going in permanently tomorrow.

What it needs above all else is a liaison to the real world. Without that, it really is just a feather. But as soon as someone steps into its realm, it can dig itself in and start creating abominations. That’s why I have to stay down there. I’m the only one who knows about it. It is a secret that will die with me. No one will know of

my sacrifice. And that’s fine.

Damn bird.

SCP-3067: Interdimensional Pirate Radio Station

Item #: SCP-3067

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Active containment of SCP-3067, which involved an information-suppression scheme and a satellite-based electromagnetic intercepting system, has been postponed. Should SCP-3067 return, these systems are to be reimplemented immediately. Excluding that of Week 5, audio tracks from SCP-3067 are stored physically in Room 12 at Site-40. Access is denied to Level 1 personnel and below.

Description: SCP-3067 is an ovoid extraterrestrial object, 16m in length, that orbited Earth for 5 weeks. SCP-3067 materialised on / /20 , and directed a series of Very High Frequency (VHF) electromagnetic waves towards Earth until its disappearance on / /20 . These were transmitted once per week, and could be detected by all FM receivers enclosed in SCP-3067's radio horizon. Transmissions sourced by SCP-3067 covered all known carrier frequencies and 'overrode' others by unknown means, making its content receivable across all tunings, and the only content available, unless intercepted by Foundation satellites. Objects entering a field of 2m around SCP-3067 were destroyed by an unknown force, which negated Foundation efforts to contain it on Earth. Attempts to establish remote communications with SCP-3067 were unsuccessful, as no response was received.

5 audio tracks from SCP-3067 were received, some of which exhibited anomalous effects. SCP-3067 had been thought not to bear any relation to humanity until Week 2, in which an audibly recognisable version of Adele's 2008 song 'Make You Feel My Love', albeit subject to major alterations, was transmitted. This prompted a thorough investigation into the origin of SCP-3067, which was unsuccessful.

Per transmission, FM receivers with a visual interface were able to display a short message from SCP-3067 in English. The message was invariable, and is as follows:

> DIMENSION / REALM GRACED BY TELEPORTING SONIC SPECTACLE PRESENCE! STRICTLY SPEAKING BETWEEN-REALMM LEGISLATION DEEMED ILLEGAL KEEPING MOVING WANT NO BETWEEN-REALM ENFORCERS ON MY TAIL GOODBYE SOON SORRY. H OPE TO IMPROVE EARTH MUSIC PREFERENCE SINCE AT THE MOMENT A BIT CRAP BUT ITS OK

This message was followed by individualised lines of text and/or symbols, relative to the transmission received in that week. Details of individual transmissions are listed below.

> Week 1
>
> > **Date:** / /20
> >
> > **Received Text:** "EJ - EJ"
> >
> > **Description of Audio Content:** 9 minutes 55 seconds. A recording of a gravelly, unintelligible voice speaking an unknown language. Repeated listens verified the presence of rhythm and rhyme within the track. The voice featured in the track demonstrated incredible vocal and linguistic capability - at least 500 different variations on the same rhyme were featured.
> >
> > **Observed Anomalous Effect(s):** N/A

> Week 2
>
> > **Date:** / /20
> >
> > **Received Text:** "Adele - Make You Feel My Love UFAB55 RE MIX"

Description of Audio Content: 4 minutes 30 seconds. Audio consisted of the vocal acapella track to 'Make You Feel My Love' played against a series of reverberated guttural sounds. When played back, it is difficult to determine whether these sounds are synthesised or organic. It is currently unknown as to how the isolated vocal track from the original Adele song was obtained.

Observed Anomalous Effect(s): N/A

Week 3

Date: / /20

Received Text: "||||||||||\\-—\\///||_ - ||||||||||||]]]]]]|||||[-]"

Description of Audio Content: 66 minutes 42 seconds. A series of tones, each lasting no longer than 6 milliseconds, ranging in Frequency between 1,000 to 20,000 Hz.

Observed Anomalous Effect(s): On first listen, all subjects hearing the track compulsively exclaimed an unknown term, "Gumhanado" (/gʊm-hɑːr-nə-dəʊ/). This effect was even observed in an otherwise mute individual; it is one of the few phrases this subject has ever been known to say. When asked what the term meant, affected individuals responded that it was an expression of endearment towards the track, but when further pressed, could not identify how they came upon this knowledge. The effect appeared to have been singular; repeated listens did not produce the same anomalous effect.

Week 4

Date: / /20

Received Text: "aeoilasnaticp (Finest Laniakea Orchestra) - SYPHONY HUMAN APPEAL X X X X XX X X X"

Description of Audio Content: 26 minutes 3 seconds. An apparently live recording of a long, complex piece of music in several movements. Consisted mostly of short, muted percussion sounds and long, sustained high-pitched voices singing in unison. These voices sang phrases in several different languages both known and unidentified, including English, Spanish and Mandarin. Of the terrestrial languages sung, phrases translated to "I love you", "Baby I love you", "You'll always be mine", "I'm coming home", and "Never let you go".

Observed Anomalous Effect(s): N/A (It is of note that some subjects reported a feeling of comfort and satisfaction upon hearing this recording, although whether this effect was anomalous remains inconclusive)

Week 5

Date: / /20

Received Text: "/-//**EWHOOPWHOOP--(NUMBER HIT SONG EVER)"

Description of Audio Content: 3 minutes 56 seconds. Due to its anomalous effect, this description is limited to what was provided by those exposed to it: a repeated metallic kick and snare pattern at 126 beats per minute.

Observed Anomalous Effect(s): Despite its unremarkable nature, those hearing this audio

track had a 100% chance of sharing it with the nearest person unless hindered via amnestic administration or neutralisation. Subjects replayed it to others by whatever means necessary. Methods of sharing included, but were not limited to: making recordings using external devices, 'ripping' techniques, and dissemination via social media on the Internet. The effect even applied to subjects who had only heard very small sections of the track, including the moments of silence between the drum hits. Prior to the enactment of a mass-amnestic administration and information-suppression procedure known as Protocol-[REDACTED], modern day ease of digital file-sharing meant that the memetic effect had spread to approximately , people globally 2 days after initial broadcast, which included members of the general public. This event is considered to be one of the worst information breaches ever sustained by the Foundation, and, in the final weeks prior to its disappearance, prompted the immediate promotion of SCP-3067 to Keter status.

Addendum: New visual information from the [REDACTED] satellite, which was present in the same approximate location as SCP-3067 at the time of its disappearance, has been confiscated. The disappearance of SCP-3067 was captured in a minute-long video by this satellite.

Details are as follows: at 0:46, SCP-3067 emits a flash of light before disappearing. Several seconds later, at 0:51, an orderly arrangement of 5 light-emitting objects of unknown size, now designated SCP-3067-A, appears spontaneously. These objects are flashing, and move frantically around the area of space that SCP-3067 occupied. At 0:54, the objects comprising SCP-3067-A each emit a divergent beam of light, which appear to 'scan' the surrounding area. Then, at 0:58, SCP-3067-A de-materialises in a similar fashion to SCP-3067. Like SCP-3067, the origin of

SCP-3067-A is unknown.

SCP-3068: Halycon Light Beta

Item #: SCP-3068

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Several long-range Scranton Reality Cannons are trained on SCP-3068. These are to fire upon any containment breaches by SCP-3068-A instances, preventing these instances from existence in ordinary space without the need for costly physical assaults.

It should be noted that Scranton Reality Cannons are an unstable prototype. Their usage is to be restricted to SCP-3068 only. Extreme caution must be observed in their operation.

A diplomatic presence is to be maintained on SCP-3068 at all times. Travel to and from SCP-3068 is to take place using vessels fitted with a Scranton Reality Engine; again, this is an unstable prototype which should only be operated with extreme caution.

Update 09/07/2016: Attempts to locate SCP-3068-B are currently underway. Current protocol is to take SCP-3068-B in for questioning, with the intention of ascertaining its exact link to SCP-3068.

Update 05/10/2017: All use of Scranton Reality Cannons and Scranton Reality Engines is to be halted following Incident 3068-1. Scranton Reality Cannons and Scranton Reality Engines have now been classified as SCP-3068-A-233 and SCP-3068-A-234 respectively. A full investigation into how these devices were first developed is underway. Due to the distance of 6,070 lightyears between Earth and Cygnus X-1, there is no current way to return the currently-stationed Foundation diplomats to Earth without SCP-3068-234; research into alternative methods of transport is currently underway.

Description: SCP-3068 is the space station "Halycon Light Beta", currently in orbit around Cygnus X-1.[1] SCP-3068 is spherical in shape, with several branching arms extending off it at random points and ending in smaller spheres, with further interconnections and branches extending off these. It is composed of an alloy made up of chrome, titanium and an unknown substance which the inhabitants call "Mekhanite™".

SCP-3068 is run by a military administration composed of humans who state that they are representatives of the "Union of Earth", which they claim is a governing body comprising one third of the Milky Way. According to the administration, the rest of the galaxy is largely split between the tyrannical "Lalande Imperium", which has enslaved a number of species and is planning on assaulting SCP-3068 in the near future, and the "Kharai United Caravanserais", a mercantile confederation of city-states. The Kharai are said to control the shipping of several crucial goods, including "Korassian paradoxes", a substance said to be vital to SCP-3068's operation.

SCP-3068's population is composed of a number of different alien species who claim to originate on a large variety of different worlds, some unknown or apparently nonexistent. Investigation of some of the real worlds which these species claim to originate from has revealed no signs of their existence. These different species are hereafter referred to as SCP-3068-A instances. The inhabitants uniformly believe that it is currently the late 30th century. They are in possession of unknown and extremely advanced technology, allowing SCP-3068 to continue its orbit of Cygnus X-1 despite the apparent physical impossibility.

A variety of spacefaring vessels enter and leave SCP-3068 each day. However, they abruptly appear or disappear 1 lightyear away from SCP-3068, being apparently unable to exist too far from SCP-3068's confines. Observations from within SCP-3068 and the surrounding area appear to show these ships continuing on their journey.

SCP-3068's apparent purpose is as an intergalactic marketplace and meetingplace. A large and thriving commercial sector and an equally vibrant black market are both present on the station. The

black market is clandestinely run by several members of SCP-3068-A-24, referred to as "Lalandites", whom SCP-3068's administration claims are at war with the Empire of Earth.

At random intervals, new branches and spheres abruptly appear on SCP-3068. These are often accompanied by sudden alterations to the structure and organisation of SCP-3068, often with the inhabitants being unaware of any alterations. Sometimes, alterations to the external political organisation will also occur; the "Union of Earth", for instance, was formerly the "United Nations of Earth".

SCP-3068 first appeared on 09/10/2010, when it was suddenly detected by Foundation long-distance scanners.[2] At this point, it had no branches, and was simply a single sphere. The first branches appeared on 10/12/2010. Foundation teams were immediately dispatched; the Foundation has maintained a permanent diplomatic presence on SCP-3068 since 02/03/2011.

The following is a list of particularly notable SCP-3068-A instances:

SCP-3068-A instanc	Name of instance	Description
SCP-3068-A-7	Halogen	Large, green and with prominent tentacles, the Halogen are known for their unusual language which lacks any syntax or consistent vocabulary. It is considered impossible to learn by non-Halogen, although they themselves often have a strong grasp of English.
SCP-3068-A-24	Lalandites	Have a human appearance, with the exception of their grey skin and glowing white eyes. Initial encounters with

		Lalandites revealed them to be uniformly duplicitous and cruel; this abruptly changed on 09/11/2014, when they suddenly and uniformly gained a large number of rites, rituals and tragic backstories. The Lalandites purportedly originate on an unknown planet orbiting Lalande 21185, capital of the "Lalande Imperium". As of 09/11/2015, the Lalandites are in charge of SCP-3068.
SCP-3068-A-47	Kharai	A mercantile race whose DNA matches that of the order *Hymenoptera*, the Kharai are humans with the heads, wings and colouring of the common wasp (*Vespula vulgaris*). The Kharai act as intergalactic merchants, with "a presence in every port"; they have been known to sell Naumachian hypercrystals, Lalandite spices and Korassian paradoxes to Foundation diplomats, among

		other wares. They purport to represent the "United Kharai Caravanserais."
SCP-3068-A-63	Children of the Satellite	A race of cyborgs, who possess originally organic minds digitally transferred into metallic bodies. The construction and materials used for their bodies are reminiscent of those used by NASA in the 20th century, although some elements are reminiscent of Foundation long-distance probes. Worship the "screamer who is lost in space", whose "desire for revenge is a constant of emotional perfection".
SCP-3068-A-65	Z-93291	The self-designation of a race of hypothetical beings, whose existence is inferred by their actions. A database entry, quarters and diplomatic treatises purportedly written by them exist, but they have never been observed. Supposedly represent the Alliance of Conceptual Beings.
SCP-3068-A-79	Unknown	Does not appear on

		SCP-3068's database, but has been witnessed by 9 Foundation diplomats, always while they are alone. Several members of the species will abruptly manifest, stare at the individual, say the line "I left because of you, Desmond" and then demanifest. They appear as Caucasian humans, wearing grey pinstripe suits, but lacking any facial features. They have occasionally been observed holding a lit cigar in their right hand.
SCP-3068-A-86	Anafabulites	[DATA LOST]

Addendum 1: On 08/01/2014, the intercom system of a Foundation vessel approaching SCP-3068 abruptly began to broadcast a spoken message over a track of orchestral music. A transcript is as follows:

> It is the year 2914. At the edge of known space, on the fringes of what is good and evil, lies the final outpost of the Union of Earth. The brave men of the Union Navy man their posts, holding the line against all that seeks to threaten the human way of being; crafty merchants, cruel tyrants, and the endless menace of the Lalandites. But the men of the Navy are brave, fearless, and without fear. For no man nor alien need fear aboard HALYCON LIGHT BETA.
>
> Starring:

John Cusack as Captain Adrian Oldenburg
Edward James Olmos as Commander Juan Santos
Winona Ryder as Maria Oldenburg
Simon Sebag Montefiore as Security Chief Judas Priest
Tom Hiddlestone as Dr. Mark "Limey" Jones
The SCP Foundation as Itself
with Mark Ruffalo as Emperor Claude Moran
and introducing Cornelius Halliwell as the voice of Mroo Bear!

Written by Desmond Sykes
Directed by Desmond Sykes.

Following this, all Foundation vessels approaching SCP-3068 were subject to the same effect, with minor alterations to the text of the broadcast.

Addendum 2: On 09/11/2015, an abrupt change occured in SCP-3068. 17 new branches and spheres appeared on its surface, and the entire history and political balance of the station abruptly altered. The Lalandites were suddenly in control of the station, each with a significantly altered backstory and personality; they are now mostly sympathetic to the station's populace, but find themselves unable to reconcile their political situation with their personal conscience.

They are opposed by a resistance movement present on several of SCP-3068's decks, primarily composed of the former human administration and several prominent Kharai. All of these individuals have developed significant personal problems, including large numbers of extramarital affairs and numerous incidents involving substance abuse. A vast illegal drugs network is now present in the station; several members of both the Lalandites and the human resistance have espoused a vague form of ideology they call "anarcho-atheist capitalism" as a solution. Foundation diplomatic efforts have continued unabated.

Incident 3068-1: On 25/12/2016, a containment breach occurred. 38 new species suddenly appeared, including a large humanoid creature composed of fire (classified SCP-3068-A-105), a human-shaped absence of light and space (classified SCP-3068-A-143),

and a vast sperm whale (classified SCP-3068-A-199). These three species all immediately headed towards Earth at a speed of 1 lightyear per minute, following extensive bombardment by SCP-3068. They were swiftly attacked and taken down by the Foundation's experimental Scranton Reality Cannons. The containment procedures have been fully revised to prepare more swiftly for similar incursions.

Following this incident, Agent Cartwright, a security agent attached to the Foundation diplomatic mission to SCP-3068, found a small handwritten note in his quarters. A transcript is as follows.

> -darker and edgier; needs to be more adult (i'm almost 15 now!)
> -snarghwals lalandites take over station?
> -
>
> -don't want to make it so brightly coloured; complex protagonists, complex villains
>
> -lalandites? needs darkeni
>
> -need to prove to dad can write something more mature; so shall transfer this kiddy-thing into something more mature and dark and edgy. am an adult now. good god this was pretentious, let's just go full dadaist.
>
> give them "reality cannon", sounds better than "space guns"
> also transport; "reality drive"? engine?

Following this, Foundation vessels undertook a large-scale investigation of any psionic activity surrounding SCP-3068. A large psionic impulse, consistent with reality bending humanoids, was found to originate from Earth and was being broadcast towards SCP-3068.

"Desmond Sykes" has now been classified as SCP-3068-B. Attempts to locate SCP-3068-B are currently underway.

Footnotes

1. One of the closest black holes to Earth.
2. Investigations are still occurring as to how this occurred, due to the apparent limits of Foundation scientific equipment.

SCP-3069: To Force the Hand of God

Map of SCP-3069's layout under the Atlantic Ocean. Estimations are unconfirmed and approximate due to size (see Description). Click to enlarge.

Item #: SCP-3069

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: MTF Gamma-6 ("Deep Feeders") are partnered with the staff of Offshore Provisional & Research Site-3069 and Coastal North Carolinian Site-42 for the purposes of monitoring SCP-3069 activity. As deep-level research and exploratory efforts have been stalled indefinitely following the events of Exploration Log 2A, no excursions lower than pre-explored depths into SCP-3069 are to be allowed without permission from at least two acting O5 Councilmembers, the Site Director of Site-42, and the Site Director of Site-3069.

Following the full activation of SCP-3069 and confirmation that SCP-3069 is undergoing an Innova-Exonera Event, the following additional containment procedures should be enacted in the order of their respective stages:

+ show containment procedures for Stage I

Stage I denotes the time following initial activation of SCP-3069, estimated to have already occurred. During this time, the governments of all United Nations countries will be informed by a joint scientific branch of both the SCP Foundation and the Global Occult Coalition that a research team with NOAA[1] has discovered a recent increase in sulfur-based manufacturing waste toxins throughout the North Atlantic.

World governments will be encouraged to increase oceanic exploration and water quality research for the

purposes of safety and gaining additional data; however, SCP-3069 itself must not be directly mentioned at any point, and if it is found that any exploratory advances by non-Foundation or -GOC parties have led to unauthorized discovery of SCP-3069, those involved should be detained, interrogated, amnesticized, and released if the situation permits.

+ show containment procedures for Stage II

Stage II denotes the time ranging from the end of Stage I^2 to the point at which SCP-3069 undergoes an Innova-Exonera Event. During Stage II, news sources and unauthorized research publications by scientific organizations — both private and federal — must be monitored for unapproved information releases regarding abnormal and rapid changes in marine life and chemical composition of North Atlantic water. If a source is found to have fully discovered the existence and/or suspected function of SCP-3069, the creators of the information are to be located, detained, interrogated, and amnesticized. In the event that a source successfully publishes information about SCP-3069, a unique cover story is to be developed for each publication in question, and the creator(s) of the publication dismissed as fraudulent.

+ show containment procedures for Stage III

Stage III denotes the time period taking place after the point at which SCP-3069 undergoes an Innova-Exonera Event. During this time, SCP-3069 will have begun to release all materials and specimens held within it. The following must then occur:

Map of affected US regions during Stage III. Click to enlarge.

Note: *The following procedures are for the US version of this document only. Foundation sites located in UN countries other than the United States are equipped with their own respective versions of the following procedures.*

1. **SCP-2000** will be prepared for activation, with usage estimated to begin 2-5 years after the onset of Stage III. A full list of personnel slotted for use in SCP-2000 is restricted to O5 access only, and is not available in this document.[3]
2. Foundation emergency responders will partner with the CDC[4] for the purposes of containing leakages of chemical hazards released by SCP-3069 or materials and entities released by SCP-3069.
3. News sources will at this point be allowed to publish information about SCP-3069, as most media coverage will most likely be speculative and inaccurate. However, news sources and research organizations must still be monitored as closely as personnel availability and Foundation involvement allows, and researchers not affiliated with the Foundation, Global Occult Coalition, or NOAA who publish unique or previously undiscovered information about SCP-3069 should be detained and interrogated.
4. An international ban on both private and commercial cross-Atlantic travel will be issued by the United Nations. The import of foreign products will be either carried out by air travel or halted completely.[5]
5. With the assistance of the US National Guard and US Coast Guard, all eastern American coastal towns will be fully evacuated and abandoned.
6. Over the next several[6] years, as much of the population as is possible will be moved further inland. By this point, the nature of SCP-3069 will have already become public due to the damaged state of coastal areas; information-suppression efforts should then be directed toward public education and safety training. However, directly informing the public of SCP-3069's origin and purpose will at no point be necessary, and should be avoided.
7. Approximately 10 years[7] after the full completion

of an Innova-Exonera Event, as much as 60% of North American population will be dead or diseased; recovery efforts by the Foundation, Global Occult Coalition, and CDC should be directed to suppressing, quarantining, or terminating affected animals[8] and cordoning off high-risk areas.

8. All Foundation sites will enter XK-Class Standard Preparatory Mode, and will remain in this state as long as is possible for each individual site. Sites are permitted to develop their own specific containment procedures for this period, and should attach these to copies of this document when necessary. At this point, no excursions past any site boundaries are recommended nor permitted by the O5 Council. After this point, no deployed Foundation employees are to be permitted reentry to their respective sites, and should be informed of this beforehand to avoid confusion.
9. SCP-2000 will be fully activated, and will be in use for an estimated 250-500 years.
10. Following the aforementioned activation of SCP-2000, Foundation personnel will no longer be required to monitor or protect the populace, and these efforts will then be left to the management of federal and state governments.

Description: SCP-3069 is the designation for a massive physical construct extending approximately 6000 kilometers across the North Atlantic Ocean. At the time of this writing, SCP-3069 continually releases specimens and substances of unknown origin, the purposes of which appear to be [REMOVED ON ORDER OF O5 COUNCIL] referred to as an Innova-Exonera Event.

This development is recent, and was most likely triggered by a notable event taking place in June 2020 when TAT-14, the last functioning transatlantic telecommunications cable,[9] suffered a massive failure within the vicinity of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge. Upon investigation by the Sprint Network Administration System,[10] it was discovered that a section of a massive metallic structure had

breached through a gap in the divergent boundary of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge near TAT-14 and severed it at three separate points over a 950-kilometer section.

Topography of breach point and approximated layout of SCP-3069 in the relevant area. Click to enlarge.

Figure A. Unknown specimen visible by equipment line. Access Point I's framework visible on left. Click to enlarge.

SCP-3069's anomalous nature was then discovered when a NOAA exploration team investigated the original breach point (now designated Access Point I) of SCP-3069 and TAT-14. When their unmanned submarine approached the area, it was revealed that a number of unknown organisms had already been released into surrounding seawater (see Figure A), presumably directly after SCP-3069 collided with TAT-14.

SCP-3069 has three known access points, all of which are also the original interception points of SCP-3069 and TAT-14. Due to SCP-3069's size, it is considered likely that SCP-3069 has an unknown number of additional access points which cannot be located.

Access Point I is a large sealed pipe with a diameter of 25 meters, located at [EXACT COORDINATES REDACTED] at a depth of approximately 3500 meters. Access Point I allows entry though a series of external wiring ports on its underside. After several unsuccessful tests, it was discovered that a light electrical current (120 volts) applied to two of the three visible ports prompted response from a 5x5-meter square hatch on the inside wall of Access Point I. This hatch opened, allowing MTF Gamma-6 personnel access[11] to a section of the interior of SCP-3069.

Access Point II is identical in form and function to Access Point I, and is located at [EXACT COORDINATES REDACTED] at a depth of approximately 3200 meters. However, Access Point II appears to have suffered an internal structural failure at some point, and opening its hatch yields a blockage of an unknown, but nontoxic, sponge-like object. Drilling through this blockage has been considered, but not yet attempted due to its size and density.

Access Point III is an invisible cylindrical spatial distortion located at 43°36'58.9"N 21°27'35.6"W at a depth of approximately 4000 meters, the size of which is estimated at a diameter of 150 meters and a height of 400 meters. Access Point III's anomalous nature appears to be caused by the installation of an immovable electromagnetic device, SCP-3069-A. SCP-3069-A is a two-meter[12] steel pole topped with a phosphorescent sphere, composed of an unknown material. SCP-3069-A constantly emits a faint green light, a magnetic flux field of 23.4-32.0 Tesla,[13] and low levels[14] of gamma radiation.

In 2021, Offshore Provisional & Research Site-3069 was established around Access Point III for the purposes of preventing entry into SCP-3069 by marine life forms, preventing exit from SCP-3069 by unknown life forms and substances, and establishing a point of research for SCP-3069 as a whole.

+ show Exploration Log 1A

On 03/06/21, five months after the initial discovery of SCP-3069, the first excursion into SCP-3069's interior was made through Access Point I. Three members of MTF Gamma-6 — Agents Jones, Garcia, and Lockwood — volunteered for field research and were instructed to enter through Access Point I's hatch and ascertain the following information about SCP-3069, if possible:

- The origin of the anomaly;
- the purpose of the anomaly, if applicable;
- any hazards present in the anomaly;
- how much of the anomaly is traversable, despite its massive size;
- whether the anomaly is one structure or multiple similar structures;
- whether the anomaly contains life.

All three agents were equipped with Class VI Hazardous Exposure Suits, in addition to Foundation standard high-pressure scuba gear rated to a resistance capacity of 39,500 kPa. Agents Lockwood and Garcia were each equipped with waterproof digital cameras, and instructed

to remain in the lead of the group, photographing any abnormalities, entities, or devices found on-board SCP-3069. Agent Jones was equipped with one miniature head-mounted video camera[15] for the purposes of later analysis, and instructed to remain behind Agents Lockwood and Garcia at all times. Agent Jones was equipped with standard two-way radio equipment for the purposes of communicating with observation personnel. All three agents were equipped with full-body locking restraint harnesses attached to a cord rappelling system, the pulley equipment of which was located on MTF Gamma-6's R24 mobile reconnaissance vehicle[16] for the purposes of pulling all three agents back to the exterior of the access point in the event of an emergency.

Exploration Log 1A: Radio Transmission Log

Foreword: *Agent Jones is tasked with communicating the team's actions in real-time to Gamma-6 personnel on-board the R24 DSRV. Agent Jones is also tasked with instructing his team members to retreat should radio communications fail. If the team encounters an emergency or equipment failure, the harness system's line will be pulled by Agent Jones and the team members extracted to the DSRV via the path from which they came. The team members each have 40 minutes of air supply. Access Point I's hatch has already been opened by the DSRV's portside arm.*

Begin Log: 03/06/21 02:23:10

Agent Jones: This is Jones, checking comms.

DSRV Base: We read your comms-check, Jones. Confirm status of team members.

Agent Jones: Lockwood and Garcia are good

to go.

DSRV Base: Affirmative. Proceed away from the exterior of the vehicle and toward Access Point I.

Agent Jones: Affirmative. Will contact when the hatch is entered.

25-second radio silence as the team swims from the DSRV to Access Point I's hatch.

Agent Jones: Arrival. Lockwood and Garcia proceeding into access point.

DSRV Base: Copy.

17-second radio silence as the team proceeds through the hatch and into SCP-3069's interior.

DSRV Base: Describe your surroundings. And do not close the hatch, I repeat, do not close the hatch.

Agent Jones: Hell no, I'm not closing the hatch.

DSRV Base: Affirmative. What are your surroundings?

Agent Jones: Dark. Lockwood, Garcia, let's all turn our headlamps on. *(pause)* Alright, base, we've got a flooded hallway-type structure here. Dilapidated, with some sort of green algae growth on equipment.

DSRV Base: Photograph and document the equipment.

Agent Jones: Affirmative.

15-second radio silence.

Agent Jones: Done. Route ahead looks to be more of the same. Water is cloudy; headlamp beams are penetrating no more than fifteen meters out. Route is rectangular, like a hallway, and significantly smaller in width than the entry point.

DSRV Base: How wide is this area?

Agent Jones: No more than 10 meters. Team, keep to the right-side wall.

40-second radio silence as team proceeds further into the structure.

DSRV Base: Please confirm status.

Agent Jones: Slow-moving in here because of the water. We're sticking to the right-side wall. Later analysts, I'm holding up one finger in front of the head-mounted video camera right now; reference this to align editing times.

DSRV Base: Appreciated, Agent. Can you describe the physical environment further?

Agent Jones: Lockwood says she found some writing. Stand by while I proceed.

DSRV Base: Affirmative.

Agent Jones: Lockwood and Garcia are photographing the writing. It's not handwriting, it's printed, engraved, like a placard. It looks like some sort of warning sign.

DSRV Base: Can you interpret it?

Agent Jones: Negative. It's not in any language I've seen.

DSRV Base: We'll get the linguists on it. Please proceed in whichever direction you choose.

Agent Jones: Garcia says he's found another hatch. It's at the end of this hallway, and appears to be the only means of continuing forward.

DSRV Base: Opening another hatch could cause significant water pressure differences, which could potentially induce physical symptoms. Make sure all team members recognize this before proceeding.

Agent Jones: Understood. Garcia, Lockwood, I'm told we might get the bends if we open that and there's a pressure differentiation. Are you still alright with proceeding?

7-second radio silence.

Agent Jones: Copy, base, they're alright with it. If we go silent for longer than five minutes, pull us in.

DSRV Base: Affirmative. Please use caution. We can always send D-classes in.

Agent Jones: Acknowledged, but we might as well proceed. I don't think the Site's gotten many yet since it was just built. Lockwood, try to turn that hatch open.

DSRV Base: Report on what is behind the hatch immediately after opening it.

Agent Jones: Will do. Garcia, help her turn the wheel to the right.

9-second radio silence.

Agent Jones: Base, this thing isn't budging.

DSRV Base: Turn it the other way.

Agent Jones: Lockwood, try turning it clockwise.

10-second radio silence.

Agent Jones: Affirmative, base, that appears to be working. The hatch doesn't open in the standard direction. Garcia, Lockwood, stand clear of the hatch as it opens, in case of a difference in pressure. Don't want us getting sucked into something.

DSRV Base: How wide is this hatch?

Agent Jones: Hatch is probably two meters across, access wheel is half a meter. Circular.

DSRV Base: Copy that.

Agent Jones: Lockwood says the hatch is now loose. She says that it feels like it's going to push open if she lets go of it, indicating that the pressure on that side may be significantly higher than that on this side.

DSRV Base: If all team members are aware of this, proceed.

10-second radio silence.

Agent Jones: Hatch is open. There's *(distorted)* some shit in this water. Dead fish and shit. Ugh.

DSRV Base: Do you recognize the species?

Agent Jones: They're too torn-up. The water's half-composed of blood and a green, slimy

substance. God, I'm glad I can't smell right now.

DSRV Base: Acknowledged. Proceed through the hatch.

10-second radio silence.

Agent Jones: Alright. Garcia, Lockwood, go through. I'm right behind you.

DSRV Base: Keep your lights on, and describe any changes in surroundings.

Agent Jones: Alright, I'm- goddamn it, these fish bits need to get out of my fucking face. Give me a minute to let the gunk settle before I can see out of my visor.

DSRV Base: Thirty minutes remaining on air supply.

Agent Jones: Yeah, yeah, I know.

20-second radio silence.

Agent Jones: Okay, here we go. Alright, this area's different. We've got what looks like some thick, transparent glass or plastic material. It's looking out over the sea floor, and there are two massive spotlights illuminating everything. I'm getting this on video and Lockwood and Garcia are photographing another foreign language placard they found. But the glass is fogged up. I can't see too well through it because it's deteriorated, but there's a really big view out there.

DSRV Base: Photograph all that is necessary.

10-second radio silence.

DSRV Base: Agent, I'm told that this environment does not match up with geographical mapping of this area. If the direction in which you have proceeded is accurate, you should at this point be underneath the sea floor. How far above the sea floor do you appear to be?

Agent Jones: At least a hundred meters. It's hard to tell proportion from here, but this would be like standing on top of a small building and looking at the ground. The bottom is transparent, too; I can look under my feet and see out into the surrounding water, if I move my foot to push the piles of fish guts out of the way. It's dark, but it looks like this thing has some artificial lamps lighting the sea floor a little bit. I see some fish moving way below us, in the sand.

DSRV Base: Noted. Proceed further down the route, and try to locate the source of the biological matter.

Agent Jones: Affirmative. We're proceeding.

23-second radio silence as the team proceeds further away from the access point.

Agent Jones: Something isn't right.

DSRV Base: Describe immediately.

Agent Jones: We're several more meters down, and we passed through a smaller hatch. There's a setup here: Some sort of elevator? No, it's not an elevator. It's a platform. There are these buttons by it — no, switches — with placards beside them. This is some sort of directory. Lockwood and Garcia are taking photographs as we speak.

DSRV Base: Do not interact with the platform.

Agent Jones: We won't.

13-second radio silence.

Agent Jones: Hang on. Fuck.

DSRV Base: What's wrong?

Agent Jones: I found what's causing the fish bits. There's some sort of intake vent right here. Something with spinning blades. On our side, there's a thin mesh grate, but behind it is the body of a whale. At least I think it's a whale. I can't tell because it's so torn-up. I'm videoing it.

DSRV Base: And the whale's viscera is leaking through the grate?

Agent Jones: Affirmative. God, this is nasty.

DSRV Base: You are free to proceed to a different area provided you are done photographing. Try to proceed further into the structure.

Agent Jones: We're not seeing much. My flashlight beam can reach all the walls, and there are no further access points or hatches visible. If we move forward, it's going to have to be with this elevator thing. Provided the thing even works.

DSRV Base: That is ill-advised. There is no telling what a transportation device of unknown function will do to human physiology. If you decide to proceed, do not go alone, and keep in mind that it could have adverse effects on your body.

Agent Jones: Alright, noted. We'll keep looking around.

DSRV Base: Can you move the whale carcass and access the vent?

Agent Jones: I guess. It's a baby whale, but I don't exactly want to touch it.

DSRV Base: You're wearing full hazmat equipment and a scuba suit. Get one of the other agents to do it, then.

Agent Jones: Fine, fine. Garcia, help me get in here and move this damn thing.

34-second radio silence.

DSRV Base: What is your status?

Agent Jones: We're just about to… *(interference)* Fuck, there. We got the grate off and the whole carcass went flying into the room. Jesus. The room's half-blood now. Can our rebreathers filter out this much shit?

DSRV Base: Yes, they can. The filters catch it, but try to slow your breathing a little. They're having to work harder to extract oxygen.

Agent Jones: Alright, we can do that. How much time do we have?

DSRV Base: Twenty-three minutes. Explore this upcoming area, and then retreat back to the vehicle for safety.

Agent Jones: Much appreciated.

18-second radio silence.

DSRV Base: What is your status?

Agent Jones: This area isn't safe. There's a massive rushing current flowing from our right to our left. If we step out into it, it's not gonna go well.

DSRV Base: We are not asking you to step into it. Photograph the area and surroundings.

Agent Jones: Affirmative. Distance across is large; probably twenty meters. We seem to have doubled back on ourselves, but the layout doesn't match up.

DSRV Base: Can you elaborate on that?

Agent Jones: We made a U-turn from the observation hallway with the glass, which logically means that area would be to our right by a few meters at this point. But it's not. This is just an empty tunnel with a current flowing through it.

DSRV Base: Alright. This is looking like an extradimensional anomaly, then. Explains the massive size of the thing. We'll make note of it. Don't lose sight or connection with your retrieval cord.

Agent Jones: We won't. Lockwood, brace yourself on the edge here and hold my hand while you lean out and take a picture. Can you do that?

DSRV Base: Be careful leaning out into any moving water. The difference in force could lead to injuries.

Agent Jones: She's being careful.

DSRV Base: Alright. Please retreat immediately after this.

Agent Jones: Lockwood's gonna hang onto these pipes and crawl about five meters down along the side. She says she sees another placard with language and information.

DSRV Base: That is not advised. Please use extreme caution.

Agent Jones: Acknowledged. She's leaning out now.

15-second radio silence.

DSRV Base: How far down is she?

Agent Jones: She's almost- hang on, shit- *(distorted)*

DSRV Base: Is there an emergency? Please respond.

Agent Jones: Fuck, fuck. She just slipped, the- the fucking pipes snapped and fell off. Lockwood, wrap your hand around the retrieval cord and hang on while Garcia and I pull you up.

DSRV Base: Do not hold onto anything that doesn't look solid.

Agent Jones: We know, we know. *(distorted)* Fuck, fuck, she's- *(unintelligible)* No, no, you don't have to do that, just try to grab the wall, we can brace you- *(unintelligible)* Fuck, base, we're all slipping. Lockwood- no, don't, we can pull you up, just stop moving- *(unintelligible)* No, no! Oh my- fuck. Fuck. *(distorted)*

DSRV Base: What is your status?

Agent Jones: Lockwood cut the fucking cord. We were all falling and she just- she saw that

we were slipping and she reached up with her knife and cut herself off. Christ.

DSRV Base: Understood. Can you see her?

8-second radio silence.

Agent Jones: She's gone, she's so far down the stream that I can't even see where it ends. It's too dark to see past several meters anyway. I swear I can hear- do you know how far sound would travel in water like this, through these suits? *(unintelligible)* I swear I can hear her. Fucking hell.

DSRV Base: It is highly unlikely that you would be able to hear her at this point; the distance would be too great. Return immediately to the vehicle.

Agent Jones: *(distorted)* Alright. Come on, Garcia.

DSRV Base: Report any abnormalities you notice on your way back.

Agent Jones: Yes.

17-second radio silence.

Agent Jones: The- the whale's gone.

DSRV Base: The whale is gone? Are you saying the carcass is out of sight?

Agent Jones: The whale carcass is gone from this room it had ended up in after we cleared the vent. The water is clear again too.

DSRV Base: What has changed in the surroundings?

20-second radio silence.

Agent Jones: *(low volume)* I- don't want to talk too loudly. There's something… off. About the wall by the elevator device.

DSRV Base: Why are you whispering? Is there an entity present?

Agent Jones: *(low volume)* Yes. By the wall.

DSRV Base: If you are unsafe to speak, remain silent and exit the structure. If you feel comfortable speaking, describe its physical appearance, and photograph it if possible.

Agent Jones: *(low volume)* I can't- it's not visible.

DSRV Base: You said it was by the wall.

Agent Jones: *(low volume)* I know. I know it's there. That's where the lighting changed. It turned something on over there. It's messing with the device with all the switches. I don't think it's looking at me yet.

DSRV Base: Please describe it. If you do not see anything, it could be possible that this is a paranoia response following trauma-

Agent Jones: *(low volume)* This isn't a hallucination. There is something here and it just cleaned up the whale gunk. And now it's fixing the elevator.

DSRV Base: How do you know?

Agent Jones: *(low volume)* I'm watching it. *(distorted)* It's a clearer patch of water. It's a slight difference in the light. It's flipping switches, I'm watching them move.

DSRV Base: Are you saying this entity is invisible, but affected by water and light?

Agent Jones: *(low volume)* No, I'm saying this is incorporeal. I can't actually tell if it's there or not. It hasn't talked to me yet. *(unintelligible)* Garcia says the same thing. What do you want us to do?

DSRV Base: If it hasn't noticed you yet and is not observable to photograph, exit the way you came.

Agent Jones: Okay. Alright. I don't think it can hear. I'm talking at normal volume now and it hasn't noticed us.

DSRV Base: Stay silent and report when you exit the room. This should take no longer than sixty seconds.

25-second radio delay.

Agent Jones: Fuck, fuck. No. Just- no. *(low volume)* Every time I move, I feel it noticing me. I think it can feel the water. The movement in the water. It's going to look at us and *(distorted)* stop us.

DSRV Base: Are you saying this entity has hostile intentions? Do not feel compelled to answer if speaking is unsafe.

Agent Jones: No, no, it definitely can't hear. Either that or the suit and water is blocking any sound it would hear anyway. But it's moving.

DSRV Base: How do you know it's moving?

Agent Jones: I feel it- it's a- hot spot. On my head, as a headache. I'm watching it shift to the other side of the room. It's a fuzzy spot in

my vision, like I'm looking at a bright light. The spot moves just like my headache does. The headache- it's on my left temple now. It's moving to the left side of the room to stop us from exiting.

DSRV Base: If you feel it necessary, move faster to exit the hatch. When you exit, tell us, and we will immediately reel in the line.

Agent Jones: It wouldn't chase us.

DSRV Base: How do you know this? Please make an effort to remember what you are feeling right now, for the purposes of later interview and analysis.

Agent Jones: It's- fuck, fuck, my head-

DSRV Base: Is Garcia safe?

Agent Jones: *(low volume)* He's right here. Look, I don't want to go past this thing. If I went for the hatch now, I would be walking *through it.* The thought of doing that is- I have a very strong feeling that I shouldn't.

DSRV Base: If it is noncorporeal, you are most likely safe to walk through it, even if you perceive that it is occupying a physical space.

Agent Jones: No, no, fuck no. This is different. This thing is *here.* I see it as- little shapes swimming around in my vision. It's trying to get in my head.

DSRV Base: Do you have cognitohazard resistance training?

Agent Jones: No. I'm a fucking scuba diver, not a memeticist. We don't deal with shit like this. You know that.

DSRV Base: If you are ill-equipped to block out emotional interference from an anomalous entity, I would still advise both of you to simply proceed through the area as fast as possible. You are running out of air.

Agent Jones: *(low volume)* I can't do this. Garcia can't either, he looks like he's going to pass out. I would rather run out of air than *(unintelligible)* and it's staring at me. It's staring right at me. It's staring through me. It just made this noise, this ringing noise in my head, it's making my vision go blue and my ears bleed. *(unintelligible)* I think it wants me.

DSRV Base: If you are unsafe, there is no-

Distortion, scraping, and unintelligible vocalizations are heard. 23-second radio silence.

Agent Jones: No, no, no- *(distorted)*

DSRV Base: Report on your status.

Agent Jones: *(low volume)* It got in me. It got- It *(unintelligible)*

DSRV Base: You have less than ten minutes of air supply left. If you are unaffected, you need to exit immediately. Where is Garcia?

20-second radio silence.

Agent Jones: *(distorted)* Safe.

DSRV Base: Okay. If you are both safe, then exit immediately. Where is the entity?

Agent Jones: Un… present.

DSRV Base: The entity is no longer present?

(unintelligible interference)

Agent Jones: The entity is no longer present.

DSRV Base: Return to the vehicle.

Agent Jones: *(unintelligible)* The vehicle. I am coming.

DSRV Base: Affirmative.

47-second radio silence. Upon retrieval, Agent Jones does not respond to questioning, nor does he allow the vehicle crew to reel in the safety line for a faster exit. Following their return, Agents Jones and Garcia are moved to Site-3069 for questioning and medical treatment, respectively.

Afterword: Due to events outlined in the above log, Agent Jones was detained on-site in Site-3069's medical wing for the purposes of determining his mental state and any manners in which the undefined anomaly affected him. However, as Agent Jones' rapidly declining health prevented thorough communication from taking place, no interview was conducted before he expired. Advanced autopsy determined the following results: The cause of death was a heart attack, presumably triggered by a blocked artery. In the brain, abnormally high levels of dopamine and serotonin were found.[17] Several unidentified substances[18] were found both on Agent Jones' skin and in his bloodstream, despite the fact that no leakages were present in his scuba suit or oxygen tank following extraction. Agent Jones' body was marked as biologically hazardous, and incinerated following autopsy completion.

+ show Interview Log 2A

Interview Log 2A: Discussion of Hull Breach

Foreword: *On March 10th, 2021, four days after the death of Agent Jones, a breach in Site-3069's northeastern external hull was detected. After the wing's security and pressure-detection system automatically sealed off the affected section, a repair excursion was made into the area in question after it had fully filled with water. On-Site Response Team C4, equipped with standard protective scuba and repair equipment, was tasked with investigating the breach. Due to the low severity level of this assignment, audio and video recording equipment was not present when the following events occurred; these events are the eyewitness of team leader Maxwell Swain, collected in an interview with Site Security Director Mallory Wickerford. Said interview is transcribed below.*

Begin Log: 03/10/21 16:30:17

Wickerford: Good afternoon. My name is Wickerford, and I'm the director of security at Site-3069. We need to ask you a few questions to clarify what you and your crew witnessed earlier today when you repaired a breach in the Site's hull. Are you alright with that?

Swain: Yeah, yeah, of course. We've met once before, I thought.

Wickerford: We may have, yes. Now, can I start by asking you if you noticed anything abnormal about the water that filled the affected section after the hull breached?

Swain: No, the water itself wasn't abnormal. Pressure was pretty normal, too, even for a malfunction, but that might just be because we gave it time to fill.

Wickerford: Right.

Swain: The four of us didn't notice at first, because it didn't look like a person just due to the shape. But when we noticed, Garcia recognized her immediately and started panicking.

Wickerford: And this is the subject Garcia claims physically resembles Teresa Lockwood, a task force agent who was declared missing in action four days ago?

Swain: He claims it because it's her. I hate to phrase it so blunt, but I recognized her face too, just from seeing her in the hallways around here. She's pretty distinctive-looking, I guess is what did it. I always recognized her in the hallways at work, so I immediately remembered whose face I was looking at on this thing.

Wickerford: Can you elaborate on the state of what 'this thing' was? Are you saying that this was her body and she was deceased?

Swain: Well, it was her, I think. But her body must have gotten torn up when it got sucked into the hull breach hole, just because of the pressure difference. She was still wearing remains of a scuba suit — I could see it around her waist and chest — but it was all torn-up.

Wickerford: Can you confirm that she appeared fully deceased? Would your team

theoretically be capable of retrieving the body?

Swain: How would she not be dead after that?

Wickerford: I understand your reasoning, but there may have been anomalous materials or entities affecting her in unknown ways following her disappearance within SCP-3069. Ideally, we would want to do a full autopsy on her body to determine what occurred on-board the device.

Swain: The 'device'? I haven't heard it described that way before. Do you guys think this thing has a function still?

Wickerford: Can you clarify on what you mean by 'still'?

Swain: I mean, clearly it *used* to serve some purpose, but it's abandoned and defunct now. That's what we found in that exploration, right? The one where they lost Teresa?

Wickerford: I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to discuss any details along those lines.

Swain: What? Hang on, is there something that makes you think it's still active and used by-

Wickerford: That's all I can say on the topic, my apologies. Now, would you mind confirming once more that you are certain Teresa's body was fully dead?

Swain: I guess I couldn't say, then, given what you think about whatever happened on-board. I mean, yeah, she looked dead.

Wickerford: Noted. Could your team retrieve the body? We're still not quite clear on what

happened to the body when the breach was repaired and the water expelled from the area.

Swain: *(hesitates)* I- I'm not sure. Her body was quite a few feet from us, and the water was murky enough that if she'd drifted any further back, she'd have been out of sight.

Wickerford: I don't quite envision what you're describing, I'm afraid. Are you saying that the water was too dark for you to see where the body went when it drifted off in the direction opposite from you?

Swain: Yeah, exactly. The headlamp beams just couldn't go that far through the water, and when we repaired the breach, well- I'll be honest, we're not used to seeing that sort of thing, so we were a little on-edge and in a hurry to get out of there. We did our job and when we didn't see her body drift back toward us, we left as per standard procedure.

Wickerford: Understandable, alright. But why is her body not within that particular section of the wing now that the hull has been restored and the section re-opened?

Swain: I- I couldn't say, honestly. There's- *(hesitates)*

Wickerford: Was there anything visibly unusual about the body?

Swain: That's what I was about to point out, but it was such a quick glimpse that I feel like I can't confirm what I saw.

Wickerford: Understood, but please describe it for later analysis anyway.

Swain: Alright. You know that device the Site is built around? The stick stuck in the mud? It's in the middle observation area, right around Access Point Three.

Wickerford: That device is SCP-3069-A, yes. I'm familiar with it.

Swain: You know that light it emits? That almost-blue shade of dark green?

Wickerford: Yes.

Swain: I saw that color. That color light, in a string. I'm having trouble describing this because I only noticed it for a second. It was really faint, only visible for a short time before her body drifted out of sight.

Wickerford: You saw a device similar to SCP-3069-A, you mean?

Swain: No, not a full-on device like that thing, just the same color. *(hesitates)* I know this sounds uncertain, but you know what I'm talking about. It's a very weird color, almost *dark,* like too dark to be light waves, not bright enough. And hurts your eyes like an ultraviolet bulb does. You know what I mean, you've seen 3069-A emit it, everyone talks about how weird it is. It was definitely that color; no one could miss it.

Wickerford: Yes, I'm familiar with its oddity. How was this light present?

Swain: It was… coming out of her. In little strings. I don't know how to word it, I only saw it for a second and it was- it- *felt weird* to look at it, like I was looking at something that wasn't supposed to be there, like a mirage. There

were these- these little strings of light, coming out of her mouth and out between her legs and sort of coiled around her leg where the suit was torn.

Wickerford: Out of her mouth and-

Swain: Like a few thick strings of just that color light. Like there were thin cables, but they were glowing that same color. It was- ugh, it was awful to look at, I'm having trouble wording it.

Wickerford: Take your time. You don't need to be uncomfortable.

Swain: I'm fine, it's just - I don't know how to describe it other than it looking like someone had taken this bunch of five or six cords and just threaded them through her body. In one end and out the other, like just straight through her. Like a pig on a spit.

Wickerford: Noted.

Swain: And that other glowing thing, the device we built the site around? It's clearly made of the same stuff. And we already know that that thing is what causes Access Point Three's boundary in the first place. It's the- the transporter thing, you know what I'm saying. I can't find my words because this is making me nervous.

Wickerford: It's understandable, but try to keep your focus. It seems from your witness account that you believe Teresa Lockwood's body isn't present in the area in which it was previously present not because the water drained and it went out with it, but because a material with the same extradimensional

capabilities as SCP-3069-A was present on the body?

Swain: And that activated and removed her body.

Wickerford: Alright, alright. I can see the reasoning in that, given what SCP-3069-A does, so we'll document it and keep an eye out for any future occurrences. Do you have any further concerns about this subject, or events on which to elaborate?

Swain: Yeah.

Wickerford: Alright, go ahead.

Swain: The strings- I only saw them when I looked at her. In the face. Like, trying to find her eyes on her face, which were stuck open. And once I looked at her, *that* was when I noticed the strings- only once I looked at her eyes. And then she was gone. *(hesitates)*

Wickerford: Go on.

Swain: It just makes me nervous. Look, we all know what happened to Jones - word gets out. [UNCONFIRMED SPECULATIVE INFORMATION REDACTED] him, and might still be watching.

Wickerford: You think it wasn't a coincidence that her body disappeared right after you looked directly at it. Understood.

Swain: It's that, but it's the similarity to 3069-A that worries me. I might just be paranoid.

Wickerford: What is that, then?

Swain: Look, if something is watching that

3069-A material — that stuff that has that distinctive color and effects — I'm worried that means they're watching the site too.

Wickerford: This meaning?

Swain: That if they can use that stuff to whisk off a human body when the time is right, they might also be able to whisk off the entire site when the time is right.

Wickerford: Access Point Three has been determined a stable — if anomalous — point in space, and shows no signs of growing, shrinking, or failing.

Swain: Maybe because they're watching you measure it.

Wickerford: I see. Your opinion on the matter is noted, and I will pass your security concerns to my supervisors if you wish.

Swain: Oh, God, I- like I said, maybe I'm just paranoid, but- I don't know. Yeah, pass it on. Keep my name attached too.

Wickerford: Will do. Is there anything else you wish to clarify?

Swain: I guess not. *(hesitates)* Thank you for your time, and please let me know what your supervisors say if you can.

Wickerford: I will make sure to relay to you anything within your clearance level.

Swain: Alright, fair enough. Thanks.

Wickerford: Thank you.

Afterword: Swain's concerns were relayed

from Site Security Director Mallory Wickerford to the Site Director, as well as their immediate associates and the head of the Research and Development Department. Ultimately, due to the lack of video evidence of the events described and the cloudy, low-light environment of the place of occurrence, these claims were dismissed and Mr. Swain informed of the decision. Due to the fact that Teresa Lockwood's body was seen in a closed area but not later found, it is considered a possibility that she has not died nor left SCP-3069, and that her purported presence in Site-3069 was a shared hallucination of anomalous nature by Swain and the other personnel witnessing. In regards to this, Teresa Lockwood has been refiled in personnel records from Missing in Action to Uncertain.

SCP-3069 continually leaks a variety of foreign substances, as well as some unknown lifeforms, into surrounding Atlantic seawater. Most substances are sulfur-based, and are often mistaken for naturally occurring excretions from undersea hydrothermal vents. Lifeforms released by SCP-3069 are similar in appearance to marine life from the demersal and benthic zones, but are typically not recognizable as any species currently present on earth beyond some visual similarities.

The presence of these materials is estimated to signify the beginning of SCP-3069's activation. An Innova-Exonera Event is estimated to occur by the year 2024, which will in turn cause the start of a planet-wide EK-Class Evolutionary Restructuring Scenario.[19]

Research into the frequency at which biological and chemical matter leaks from SCP-3069 into surrounding seawater has shown that this event is unavoidable, and has likely already begun to progress toward activation significantly. It is estimated that the full release of foreign specimens from SCP-3069 into seawater was intended to

occur in approximately 1940-1950, but was delayed by unknown errors on-board the structure which culminated with the results of the seismic shift that displaced SCP-3069 and in turn severed TAT-14. However, as exploratory efforts have been greatly reduced due to severe loss of personnel, this cannot be confirmed. Further research into the origin of SCP-3069, as well as the materials it releases, is ongoing.

+ input credentials

Eyes-Only Addenda: *This section should not be printed, transcribed, or otherwise textually copied from the electronic version of this document. This section should not be intentionally memorized for later recollection or recitation.*

Addendum I: Extended Description

SCP-3069 is the designation for a massive physical construct extending approximately 6000 kilometers across the North Atlantic Ocean. At the time of this writing, SCP-3069 continually releases specimens and substances of unknown origin, the purposes of which appear to be environmental disruption which will culminate with the implementation of accelerated artificial evolutionary advancement of most if not all of Earth's species. Hundreds of new species will be released from SCP-3069, evidenced by exploration of several access points and pre-released materials of a similar nature. Due to the toxicity toward humans and the anomalous growth rate of specimens released by SCP-3069, it is estimated that SCP-3069 will successfully cause an evolutionary overhaul culminating with the extinction of at least 90-95% of humanity within several centuries. This, and the physical release of the initializing materials, is referred to as an Innova-Exonera Event.

(For continuation, refer to main document.)

Addendum II: Research Results

Date: 03.13.21

Location: Site-3069

Research Conducted by (if applicable): Lead Researcher Maggie Jarman

Documented by: Lead Researcher Maggie Jarman

Summary: Images recovered from Exploration 1A into Access Point I were provided. Linguistic analysis on the unknown language present on the signs in the images was conducted over a 48-hour period. Comparisons were made with most if not all known hieroglyphics, due to the similarity in the appearance of the foreign transcriptions.

Analysis of Results: Close connections were found with both Egyptian and Mi'kmaq hieroglyphic writings. By cross-referencing Egyptian text, Mi'kmaq text, and SCP-3069 text, as well as analyzing the context and setting in which the SCP-3069 text was found, a rough translation was made for both signs.

On the first sign, the following figures were interpreted in the following order: a figure meaning "safe, secure, solid", a figure meaning "zone, place, area", a horizontal line, a figure meaning "threat, danger", and a figure meaning "wind, force, stream". On the second sign, the following figures were interpreted in the following order: a figure meaning "carry, transport, bring", a figure meaning "produce, grow, form", a figure meaning "zone, place, area", a figure meaning "again", a figure meaning "build, building, construct", a figure meaning "earth, dirt, nature", and a figure meaning "spirit, soul, life". The former sign was

found near the entrance of Access Point I and the other was found near the tunnel in which Agent Teresa Lockwood first went Missing in Action.

Date: 04.05.21

Location: Site-3069

Research Conducted by (if applicable): Assistant Researcher James Dhillon

Documented by: Lead Researcher Maggie Jarman

Summary: An attempt to directly approach and physically contact SCP-3069-A was made using one D-class personnel equipped with standard scuba equipment. D-9182 was instructed to directly touch the sphere of SCP-3069-A. After doing so, their camera revealed that the device's sphere was severely and rapidly degrading the palm of the scuba suit's glove; D-9182 expressed concern over the radio, but cited that they were not able to remove their hand by means of any simple muscle movement. After approximately 15 seconds, SCP-3069-A's sphere caused the glove to deteriorate to a point at which its pressure seal broke and water flowed into the suit. D-9182 expressed distress and vocalized being in pain, but soon expired due to internal bleeding caused by pressure differentiation.

Analysis of Results: It is possible that SCP-3069-A's sphere simply holds a high temperature at all times, and that this is why the suit failed. However, it is notable that D-9182 expressed that something was preventing them from removing their hand from the sphere; the possibility that Maxwell

Swain of On-Site Response Team C4 was correct in hypothesizing that sapient entities of the same type encountered in Exploration Log 1A are continually observing both SCP-3069-A and materials similar to it should not be ruled out.

Date: 04.23.21

Location: Site-3069

Research Conducted by (if applicable): Acting Site Director

Documented by: Head Researcher Marty Walkins

Summary: D-4927 was exposed to an unknown entity expelled from Access Point III, appearing to belong to the class *Hydrozoa.* In a controlled on-site underwater environment, D-4927 was equipped with a breathing tube, oxygen mask, and goggles, and suspended unclothed in a two-meter-deep saltwater container. The unknown specimen, which was phosphorescent with tendrils and approximately a half-meter in length, slowly attached itself to his body and proceeded to [EXTRANEOUS INFORMATION EXPUNGED][20] until such a point at which he was unwilling to respond to his name and designation or any relevant conversation prompts, instead only taking his mask off, making continual eye contact with researchers through the glass, and repeating a phrase in an unknown language until he drowned.

Analysis of Results: Unknown implications. Further human testing research denied by Site Director. Pending override approval.

Date: 05.09.21

Location: Site-3069

Research Conducted by (if applicable): Junior Researcher Miriam Waters

Documented by: Agent E. Jones

Summary: An unmanned exploration was made into Access Point II using a miniature drone equipped with underwater camera. The excursion lasted a total of 45 minutes, and the drone was safely returned to the DSRV upon completion.

Access Point II's organic blockage was cleared by means of 31 minutes of power drilling. Following this, a massive release of both animate and deceased lifeforms flooded out of the orifice, swarming the drone. The drone recovered, but suffered minor damage to its back right rotor, and returned to the DSRV for repairs. Following its re-release, it began the excursion into Access Point II by progressing into a tunnel which progressively shrunk in diameter.

After several dozen meters, the tunnel diameter appeared too small for the drone to pass through, but a secondary path to the left was detected. The drone proceeded down it, and through seven other tunnels of varying length and diameter until it emerged 9 minutes later in a massive chamber lined with what appeared to be hundreds of transparent glass containers, each with some sort of powered-off display screen adjacent it. The drone ascended and approached one of the containers, but an unknown entity knocked into it, disrupting the recording equipment; when

recording equipment reactivated 90 seconds later, the drone was on dry ground pointing upward at a dimly lit, small room. A humanoid figure was seen pacing the room, which approached the drone, looked directly into its lens,[21] and threw it back into the water.

After 4 minutes of murky water and slightly distorted footage, the drone was seen returning to the tunnels from which it originally came. 10 minutes later, it emerged with only minor damage, and returned to the DSRV for footage retrieval.

Analysis of Results: The presence of a Foundation employee in a state such as that being on-board SCP-3069 is disconcerting, and even further so considering that there exist apparently one or more areas on-board SCP-3069 that are not submerged in water, and evidently hold air capable of supporting human life. While it would be useful to get an air sample, there is no way of telling from the footage we have how the drone arrived in that area and what path(s) it took to do so; therefore, it is near-impossible to reach the same area again unless by chance or by means of SCP-3069's apparent extradimensional layout affecting drone travel.

The presence of hundreds of what appear to be containment units within SCP-3069 would explain the source (assuming the source is singular) of the specimens it releases, and is worthy of further investigation, potentially in the form of a manned exploration.

Date: 06.25.22

Location: Site-42

Research Conducted by (if applicable): N/A

Documented by: N/A

Summary: Several personnel were sent 45 kilometers offshore to dispatch a large research DSRV, which descended to a depth of 800 meters for a period of six days. Over this time, the vessel collected multiple specimens, including several species of plankton and one cephalopod. These specimens were returned to Site-42 for research, with another offshore retrieval excursion planned for the following week.

All species collected (a total of 15) were previously unheard of, and did not match any existing documentation, though the plankton appeared physically similar to some known species in initial testing. The cephalopod appeared to be an oversized *Sepioteuthis lessoniana* (notably not native to the North Atlantic), though purple in coloration and possessing 19 arms. The cephalopod's excretions were found in both human and animal testing to be severely toxic, leading to blistering of the skin and the onset of seizures within approximately 10 minutes. While animal subjects survived with apparent neurological damage, the two human subjects expired due to cardiac arrest 30-45 minutes after initial exposure.

Analysis of Results: While it is considered unlikely that any sort of radiological or chemical waste spill occurred in that range within the past 3-30 years (arguably the only feasible reason for severe genetic mutations in marine life), another excursion to a separate area is scheduled for additional research.

Date: 07.01.22

Location: Site-42

Research Conducted by (if applicable): N/A

Documented by: N/A

Summary: Several personnel were sent 70 kilometers offshore to dispatch a large research DSRV, which descended to a depth of 800 meters for a period of eight days. Over this time, the vessel collected multiple specimens, including several species of plankton, two cephalopods, and an unknown entity appearing similar to those found in *Polypodiozoa.* These specimens were returned to Site-42 for research.

All species collected (a total of 18) were previously unheard of, and did not match any existing documentation. Similar to in previous tests, the cephalopods' excretions were found in both human and animal testing to be severely toxic, leading to blistering of the skin, the onset of seizures, and full cardiac arrest within approximately 10 minutes. The creature seemingly belonging to *Polypodiozoa* was animate, and after approval from lead researchers, was allowed to exit its tank. For 13 minutes, it rolled itself across the floor at a slow speed, seemingly unaffected by the change of environment from water to air. However, despite its slow speed and lack of notable behavior or sentience, it rolled into the leg of one researcher and left a large blister on her ankle. The specimen was then returned to its tank, and later terminated for extraction and analysis of toxins. These toxins were found to be sulfur-based, and chemically similar to those found in the cephalopods.

Analysis of Results: The severe mutations found in marine life can, at this point, feasibly be sourced from SCP-3069. Further excursions are pending approval, but deemed unsafe at this time.

Date: N/A

Location: Site-42

Research Conducted by (if applicable): N/A

Documented by: O5-6

Summary: Following the events of 2021 and 2022, it was determined relevant to allow Site-42 personnel to make additional excursions to the nearby beach to take shore-level water samples. However, the two personnel sent did not respond to their radio calls nor return whatsoever, and have been flagged as Missing in Action.

Analysis of Results: *This is a dangerous topic to research, and I and some others don't find it a coincidence that one of the personnel missing is extremely visually similar to the individual seen in drone footage from 2021, and wearing the same uniform at that. The Site-3069 research personnel insist that the extent of this thing's anomalous effects goes no further than its size, framework, origin, and extradimensional capabilities, but I don't see how a minor temporal effect would be all that absurd to suggest given those parameters. For a machine of that scale, a temporal anomaly pattern may very well show up as nothing other than a metaphysical glitch. You can't have a device that alters — and, for lack of better phrasing, outright denies — our laws of physics to such an extreme degree without*

having a few flukes.

The truth is, this thing isn't here to watch us. It's been here too long for a generic purpose like that. It's here because someone, something, somewhere, made the decision to interfere with the way this planet's biology functions. And in their eyes, whatever they're doing is long overdue, so they've decided to accelerate it.

If further research into specimens released is needed, I personally do not advise it, nor do I advise any further direct interactions with SCP-3069. I understand that research must be conducted when clarification is needed, but there is nothing further to clarify at this point.

-O5-6 | . .20

Footnotes
1. National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, US Department of Commerce
2. Estimated to end between 2023 and 2025.
3. Personnel listed consented to their involvement with SCP-2000's function, and will each be equipped with a secondary, situation-specific set of containment procedures when this becomes relevant and necessary.
4. Centers for Disease Control
5. As this will greatly affect consumer life in North Atlantic countries, the pre-developed cover story of chemical waste from manufacturers will be reinstated and updated to reflect severe levels of ocean toxicity.
6. Estimated at a range of anywhere from 1 to 20 years.
7. This timeframe is fully speculative, and an Innova-Exonera Event may even reach completion as early as 3 years after its initialization.
8. If necessary, this applies to humans as well, but research into SCP-3069's purpose indicates humans will most likely not be directly affected in this manner. For details, see Description.
9. Communications cables which run along the ocean floor for the

purposes of connecting one side of the Atlantic Ocean to the other, first established for the purposes of telecommunications between America and Europe in the 20th century.
10. One of multiple corporations which maintain and use TAT-14.
11. See Exploration Log I.
12. Visible height. SCP-3069-A may extend beneath the sea floor for an unknown number of additional meters.
13. 234000-320000 Gauss
14. Site-3069 personnel receive no higher a dose than 5.45 mSv/year. (Compare to 1.26 mSv/year standard surface-level background radiation dose.)
15. Due to transmissions complications caused by the underwater depth of SCP-3069 and the unknown composition of SCP-3069's exterior, real-time video transmission could not be established.
16. a modified Deep Submergence Rescue Vehicle, or DSRV
17. Results determined through liquid chromatography of cerebrospinal fluid.
18. Preliminary research has indicated that most of these are previously undiscovered sulfur-based compounds, all of which match up with substances found to leak from SCP-3069 into the North Atlantic greater.
19. For further details on this timeframe, see containment procedures.
20. Accessible to O5s -2, -3, and -6 only.
21. Of note is the fact that this figure appeared to be human in origin, but was severely deformed in a manner that appeared both artificial and recent in occurrence; facial features were severely distorted, with an unknown dark green fluid present on the face and teeth, the upper row of which was fully visible due to a section of the figure's upper lip appearing to have been torn off. Later enhancement of video feeds indicated that the individual was wearing a Foundation uniform most closely matching that of scientific research departments.

SCP-3070: Highly Unusual Attempts at Solar Conquest

Item #: SCP-3070

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation assets within the International Astronomical Union and its Minor Planet Center are to monitor name choices for newly discovered minor planets. Changes to the names of any minor planet require Level 4/3070 authorization. Foundation **orbital task forces** and satellites will routinely monitor cataloged minor planets, though the existence of approximately 460,000 such objects prevents full monitoring.

All SCP-3070-A that manifest are to be retrieved by Orbital Task Force অ-12 ("Little Princes"). Following analysis, objects may either be stored at Heliocentric Area-16 or destroyed following Level 4/3070 personnel review.

Description: SCP-3070 is a phenomenon affecting minor planets[1] orbiting the sun that have been categorized by the International Astronomical Union's Minor Planet Center — primarily those designated with a number and a name. The phenomenon causes objects (designated SCP-3070-A) related to the minor planet's IAU designation to manifest either in orbit[2] or on the surface of the body. This manifestation has never been directly observed. Instances of SCP-3070-A display various anomalous properties while on or orbiting the minor planet; these properties cease after relocation.

Currently 437 minor planets have been affected by SCP-3070. No minor planets have been affected twice.

Addendum.1 - Notable Incidents:

> **Minor Planet:** 262419 Suzaka
> **3070-A Discovery Date:** 15-September-2013

Description: 1:1000 scale limestone models of all buildings present in Suzaka, Japan were orbiting the asteroid in a single ring formation.

Minor Planet: 1981 Midas
3070-A Discovery Date: 29-October-2013

Description: 288 golden conical pillars (91cm long and 23mm wide at the base) were embedded on the asteroid's surface, forming 4 concentric dodecagons.

Minor Planet: 399979 Lewseaman
3070-A Discovery Date: 10-July-2013

Description: Three bronze cylinders (14m wide and 19cm wide) displaying the logo of General Electrics on each end were embedded on the minor planet's surface.

Minor Planet: 124192 Moletai
3070-A Discovery Date: 17-May-2014

Description: A 1:50 scale replica of the Molėtai Astronomical Observatory, made of the same materials as the asteroid, was following a rapidly changing elliptical orbit around the body. The SCP-3070-A instance collided with 124192 Moletai and was destroyed as recovery efforts began.

Minor Planet: 495827
3070-A Discovery Date: 4-December-2016

Description: 168 renditions of the number 495827 were inscribed on the astronomical body's surface, written in differing fonts and sizes.

Minor Planet: 882 Swetlana
3070-A Discovery Date: 9-December-2016

Description: Six 100m-tall and 2m-wide pillars of deceased *Carcinoscorpius rotundicauda*[3] were connected to the asteroid. The legs of each cadaver were fused to those of the bodies around it.

Note: No explanation of 882 Swetlana's name is known.

Minor Planet: 54439 Topeka
3070-A Discovery Date: 12-December-2016

Description: 233,870 tendrils of assorted eye tissue, each of differing length (maximum of 24m), extended from asteroid. Genetic tests of a sample of the tendrils suggested that each one correlated to a resident of Topeka, Kansas during the time of the 2010 United States Census. All tendrils dissolved on 17-December-2016.

Minor Planet: 672 Astarte
3070-A Discovery Date: 21-December-2016

Description: 12 rings of a fluid composed of human egg cells, liquid carbon dioxide, and *Panthera leo bleyenberghi*[4] blood were orbiting the minor planet. The fluids froze and dispersed after two days. Genetic analysis of the blood revealed the presence of chemicals similar to DNA, possessing six base pairs and three strands. The function of the chemicals (temporarily designated C-3070) is unknown.

Minor Planet: 1996 Adams
3070-A Discovery Date: 1-December-2017

Description: Twelve cadavers resembling John Couch Adams[5] at the time of his death were found connected to the minor planet by 3m long umbilical cords. Each was found wearing attire typical of the late 1800s. The cadavers and cords experienced the symptoms of space exposure when cut.

Minor Planet: 1991 Darwin
3070-A Discovery Date: 11-January-2018

Description: 24 *Chelonoidis nigra abingdonii*[6] were observed to be alive and actively moving across the surface of the asteroid. Relocation resulted in death.

> Surgery performed on the cadavers revealed that each lacked internal organs and skeletal structure, and instead had a severed head resembling either Charles Darwin or George Darwin within the body, connected to the limbs and neck via bundles of nerve tissue extending from the neck. C-3070 was found within cadaver cells, having replaced all DNA.

Addendum.2 - SCP-3070-1: On 10-January-2018, janitorial staff working at the IAU headquarters in Paris, France, discovered an anomaly (designated SCP-3070-1) embedded in the walls of the building. SCP-3070-1 is a combination of metal tubes (some composed of exo-planetary metals), assorted human tissues from varying body parts, cybernetic organs, and devices resembling television antennae. Analysis of tissues found large quantities of C-3070, which have been observed to act as a DNA analogue, and human DNA matching all IAU members.

Several of SCP-3070-1's tubes are attached to a 2018 Macbook Pro laptop, which is partially connected to a column of white matter and cardiac muscle. The laptop is powered on at all times, and has full internet and IAU database access. On multiple occasions prior to the discovery of a new SCP-3070-A instance, text will appear on the laptop screen for varying periods of time. Below is a transcript of text displayed on 12-January-2018.

> rrrrrradapt8916100448256expandCLASP46656controlSO
> CPU: 99.7% | mEMORY: 0.5 YB | 4-Disc: 100% - 78 ZB/s
> claspvoidflatttttttclaspSOstarfieldsconrolexpandSSSS
> SLШ: 100% | JLZ: 100% - 12 uS/m | conrolexpanse
> claspuniverexpandexpandaaaddddapt646464
> claspstars ADAPT
> netwoRk: 0% - 0.1 Mbps

As SCP-3070-1 extends through a majority of the building, the anomaly cannot be relocated without potential structural damage. Undercover agents have been assigned to monitor the anomaly and minimize civilian exposure to it. Full containment procedures are in development. Research by the **Exobiology Department** is underway.

Addendum.3 - Additional Incidents: Additional records on SCP-3070 incidents are available in **`Event Log 3070-অ-12E`**.

Footnotes
1. Astronomical objects orbiting a star that cannot be classified as a planet or comet. This includes dwarf planets, asteroids, and trojans, centaurs, Kuiper belt objects, and other trans-Neptunian objects.
2. This may even occur in scenarios where the minor planet lacks a strong enough gravitational field to allow orbits to form around it.
3. The Mangrove horseshoe crab.
4. The Southwest African lion.
5. A deceased British mathematician and astronomer.
6. An extinct species of Galápagos tortoise.

SCP-3071: To Deny Sense

Item #: SCP-3071

Object Class: Euclid Neutralized[1]

Special Containment Procedures: A 3m tall chain-link fence topped with barbed wire has been constructed around the perimeter of SCP-3071, and is to be guarded by no fewer than three security personnel posing as construction workers. Rotation of SCP-3071's security personnel is to take place every 3 weeks, or immediately if one or more security personnel are exposed to SCP-3071's effect. Any civilians attempting to breach containment and access SCP-3071 are to be amnesticised and relocated. All individuals affected by SCP-3071 are to be transferred to Site-108 for extensive research.

Description: SCP-3071 is a single-story log cabin, located in a dense forest area in [REDACTED]. All possible entrances to the cabin have been boarded up from the inside, making it impossible to view the interior of the cabin. Attempts to forcefully gain entrance to SCP-3071 through the door, windows, and chimney have failed.

The cabin was constructed in 1977 by a man named , who was reported missing in 1990. The time frame between 's disappearance and the earliest recorded appearance of SCP-3071's effect can pinpoint the emergence of SCP-3071's anomalous properties[2] between 1990 and 1994. Investigation of the exterior of the cabin and the surrounding area has provided no evidence as to the cause of 's disappearance, and resulted in casualties.

Individuals approaching SCP-3071 are affected once they are within a range of two metres. Upon entering SCP-3071's area of effect, that individual undergoes a gradual neurological alteration over the course of approximately one month. This effect is irreversible, and moving out of range of SCP-3071 does not cease this alteration. During this time, the individual slowly loses conscious control of their

body, losing the ability to move limbs and eyes, speak, or move facial muscles, eventually rendering the individual completely paralysed. As well as this, the individual begins to gradually lose function of all sensory inputs. However, unconscious control, such as organ function, will not cease during or after this time.

After one month, the affected individual is rendered completely immobile and unresponsive to any outside stimuli. However, electroencephalograms[3] have shown that affected individuals fully retain consciousness. Affected individuals will expire from starvation unless provided sustenance by outside assistance. Extensive attempts to regain limb function and cognitive senses in affected individuals have failed.

Addendum 3071-2A: On 05/01/20 , security personnel reported a cloaked individual exiting SCP-3071, pushing a sealed envelope[4] through the fence. The individual then retreated into SCP-3071 before the individual could be detained by security personnel. A week after this report, all three security personnel reported gradual decline of motor functions. Further investigation revealed the extension of SCP-3071's area of effect[5], resulting in the loss of 3 security personnel and 2 researchers. The perimeter of SCP-3071 has been vastly extended under the guise of an agricultural development project. All surviving staff have been evacuated and submitted for physical and mental evaluation.

> [Access Transcript]
>
> To: The Foundation
>
> It is my dearest request that you do not interfere with our work.
> We have quite a day ahead of us.
> The Beast is upon you.
>
> ~The Orphanage

Addendum 3071-2B: On 16/02/20 , a previously unknown figure with white glowing eyes (now referred to as SCP-3071-1) emerged

from SCP-3071, and breached containment, evading security personnel through unknown means. SCP-3071-1 reportedly approached Dr. Alexander Raedon, the head researcher of the SCP-3071 project, before attempting to assault Dr. Raedon. Security personnel neutralised SCP-3071-1 via gunshot. While the body of SCP-3071-1 was never recovered, SCP-3071 no longer retained its anomalous properties, and was classified Neutralized on 19/02/20 .

Footnotes
1. (SeeAddendum 3071-2B)
2. The cause and source of SCP-3071's anomalous effect is currently unknown.
3. EEG scans, used to record brain wave patterns.
4. Analysis of the envelope dated it back to 1989, originating from the Soviet Union.
5. The area of effect extended from 2m to 15m.

SCP-3072: They're Trading Away Our Lives Out There

Item #: SCP-3072

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3072 is to be stored in a category-SSPT[1] researcher-accessible office in Foundation Administrative Complex-55. The office is to be furnished with a desk, chair, photocopier, connected Foundation database terminal, and a lockbox.

The office is to be limited to Level 4+3072 persons, any Level 5 persons, or any persons carrying temporary Level 6-Delegate status.

Level 4+3072 persons are to:

- Keep SCP-3072, its containment area, and the Foundation database terminal inside its containment area in proper working order with standard tools and materials, to be made available onsite.
- Photocopy and transcribe all SCP-3072 messages and place them in a secure location on the Foundation intranet, in a directory only readable by Level 6 personnel.
- Archive the printed SCP-3072 messages in the on-site lockbox provided for this purpose.

SCP-3072 is to be accessible to all Foundation personnel in the event the organization-wide Emergency Threat Level is set to 9 or 10, and will remain accessible for the duration of the emergency. Available personnel in or nearby Foundation Administrative Complex-55 should attempt to reach the office in which it is contained during such an emergency, following instructions detailed in the Extraordinary Special Containment Procedures, located at ESCP-3072.

Description: SCP-3072 is an Edison Gold & Stock Telegraph Co. ticker tape machine. When properly powered and stocked with tape, it will print newly generated alphanumeric messages of varying content, even if disconnected from a telegram wire and blocked off from electromagnetic signals of any kind. The Foundation has not yet discovered a method to influence which messages SCP-3072 produces.

SCP-3072's messages seemingly originate from an irate business shareholder and are invariably advice or direct orders on what the operators of their invested business should do to increase the value of shareholder investment.

SCP-3072, if provided enough ticker tape, outputs an average of 441 printed messages in a day, though the frequency of messages is highest on weekdays, between 9 AM and 5 PM in the local time of wherever SCP-3072 is currently located. Testing of SCP-3072 outside the jurisdictions of current legal time zones has not been initiated due to .

Examples of SCP-3072 messages:

Non-redacted examples of SCP-3072 messages and a more detailed description are available to qualified personnel. In the event of the emergency level specified in the Special Containment Procedures, all personnel may access this information in the Extraordinary Special Containment Procedures at ESCP-3072.

Footnotes
1. Safe, Stationary, Placid, Telecom-Allowed

ESCP-3072

Item #: ESCP-3072

Object Class: Safe Keter

Extraordinary Special Containment Procedures: ESCP-3072 is stored in a Foundation personnel-accessible office in Foundation Administrative Complex-55. The office also contains a desk, chair, photocopier, connected Foundation database terminal, and a lockbox.

The office is to be limited to Level 4+3072 persons, any Level 5 persons, or any persons carrying temporary Level 6-Delegate status.

ESCP-3072 is currently available to all Foundation personnel, as the organization-wide Emergency Threat Level is set to 9 or 10, and will remain accessible for the duration of the emergency. **Available personnel in or nearby Foundation Administrative Complex-55 should attempt to reach the office in which it is contained during this emergency.** Said personnel should immediately transcribe any printed messages from ESCP-3072 into the on-site terminal, which is currently displaying a direct link to the O5 Council's Global Emergency Management Control Center.

Description: ESCP-3072 is an Edison Gold & Stock Telegraph Co. ticker tape machine. When properly powered and stocked with tape, it will print newly generated alphanumeric messages of varying content, even if disconnected from a telegram wire and blocked off from electromagnetic signals of any kind. The Foundation has not yet discovered a method to influence which messages ESCP-3072 produces.

SCP-3072's messages seemingly originate from an irate business shareholder and are invariably advice or direct orders on what the operators of their invested business should do to increase the value

of shareholder investment.

ESCP-3072's messages originate from "Envelope Logistics®," a company purportedly part of an ownership group investing in various aspects of our reality. Envelope Logistics was first known to the Foundation by their "purchase" of Foundation database slot **SCP-2557**. ESCP-3072 messages have shown advanced and comprehensive foreknowledge of complex events pertaining to the integrity of reality, human civilization and, especially, financial markets.

SCP-3072, if provided enough ticker tape, outputs an average of 441 printed messages in a day, though the frequency of messages is highest on weekdays, between 9 AM and 5 PM in the local time of wherever SCP-3072 is currently located. Testing of SCP-3072 outside the jurisdictions of current legal time zones has not been initiated due to the vital nature of ESCP-3072 during emergencies.

Examples of ESCP-3072 messages:

Though most messages from ESCP-3072 are repetitive demands that the Foundation reduce costs or take actions blatantly intended to increase the value of Envelope Logistics investments, ESCP-3072 suspends these activities during events which may cause K-Class End-of-the-World Scenarios, the cessation of global financial trading, or large monetary damage to Foundation holdings. This appears to be in the interests of protecting its "global investment portfolio." Examples of prescient ESCP-3072 messages regarding said scenarios is below.

To date, printed messages from ESCP-3072 have allowed the Foundation to prevent over 1,291 potential K-class scenarios, in many cases forming our first knowledge of the same. The importance of messages from ESCP-3072 being continually relayed to the O5 Council during this emergency cannot be understated.

Addendum: *ESCP-3072 has been classed Keter due to the possibility that the 'market system' by which Envelope Logistics allegedly invests in numerous aspects of our reality results in*

behavior wherein shareholders decide to short-sell in pursuit of profit. For this reason, responding personnel are not to directly act on printed messages from ESCP-3072, only relay them upwards.

SCP-3073: All the Men And Women Merely Players

Item #: SCP-3073

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3073 is to be kept in a soundproofed containment cell furnished with 1 standard sitting stool as well as 5 folding chairs set up in such a way that SCP-3073 can "present" from the stool to any audience members in the chairs. The room is to be equipped with lights capable of being dimmed by a simple, handheld remote, which will be given to SCP-3073 for it to use at its own discretion.

To ensure the utmost cooperation from SCP-3073, 5 on site personnel, selected at random, are to sit in as audience members for SCP-3073's performances. At least one researcher must be present for each performance to document any new instances of SCP-3073-1.

For their own safety, and for SCP-3073's, all audience members are expected to use proper theater etiquette during performances. D-Class personnel are not to be selected as audience members. See Incident-3073.

Description: SCP-3073 is a male of European descent with long, red hair, and attire that is similar to that of most modern day orchestra conductors. Where its face should be, SCP-3073 instead has a miniature theatrical stage. At most times of the day, this stage is completely hidden by SCP-3073's hair, which acts as a stage curtain. SCP-3073 is fully capable of speech and has demonstrated that it can see, despite its lack of a mouth and eyes. SCP-3073 appears to be fluent in many languages but seem to prefer using English, French, German, and Italian. The only time when SCP-3073's stage is visible is when SCP-3073-1 manifests, at which point SCP-3073 will part its hair. When questioned about its age, SCP-3073 stated it is "as old as the stage itself".

SCP-3073-1 manifests as a cast of miniature humanoids who will begin performing a certain type of live theater on SCP-3073's stage. SCP-3073-1 has been observed performing plays, operas, symphonies and, on one occasion, something one researcher described as a "Penn & Teller-esque magic show". SCP-3073 has shown to be very affectionate towards SCP-3073-1, referring to them as its "little friends". SCP-3073 becomes much more amiable and cooperative after SCP-3073-1 has had a live audience to perform for. Upon questioning about the number of entities that make up SCP-3073-1, SCP-3073 stated it currently has 113 performers.

Strangely, despite SCP-3073's passion for, and extensive knowledge of music and the performing arts, SCP-3073-1's performances are of objectively poor quality, as if most of the cast have little to no experience. Many members of SCP-3073-1 display extreme stage fright, terrible acting skills, and constantly forget lines during plays. Operas are sung off-key, and symphonies have been described as "an earsplitting cacophony". SCP-3073 itself never brings up the quality of SCP-3073-1's performances and becomes evasive when questioned.

Should proper theater etiquette be broken during a performance, such as if an audience member begins talking or booing, all onstage cast members will stop their performance and stare at the offending individual. Should the audience member continue to ignore proper theater etiquette, SCP-3073 will become confrontational and request that the offender leave. If SCP-3073's request is ignored, it will attempt to forcefully remove the audience member.

Incident-3073: During a performance of "Othello", SCP-3073 tackled D-8692, a particularly ill-mannered audience member. The ensuing fight was quickly broken up by the four other audience members, but not before a cast member of SCP-3073-1 was grabbed and killed by D-8692. SCP-3073 became distraught and all performances by SCP-3073-1 ceased. All attempts to communicate with SCP-3073 at this time were unsuccessful.

Two days after the fight, D-8692 suddenly disappeared from his holding cell, at around the same time, SCP-3073-1 began performances again. When questioned, SCP-3073's only response

was "We got a new cast member".

SCP-3074: Kafka's Parking Garage

Item #: SCP-3074

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation personnel are to work with the Ukrainian government to ensure that the building containing SCP-3074-A remains isolated and under quarantine. Entry into this building requires a minimum of Level-3 clearance.

Description: SCP-3074 is the Izotova Parking Center, an underground car park located beneath an office building in Pripyat, Ukraine.[1] There are no records of its existence until its discovery by the Foundation in 1988.

SCP-3074-A is a freight elevator used to access the first floor of SCP-3074. Pressing its only button will lower the elevator into SCP-3074. At this point, it becomes impossible to locate its occupants via GPS signal. Communication via cellphone and radio are possible, but unreliable.

As of now, no means of entering SCP-3074 outside of the operation of SCP-3074-A has been found. In addition, SCP-3074-A will not return to the surface until it is completely empty and its doors are shut. Efforts to devise a method of safely leaving SCP-3074 (either via SCP-3074-A or via alternative means) are underway.

SCP-3074-B instances are electronic kiosks stationed on every floor. Each kiosk includes a phone receiver, a keypad, an LCD screen, a coin slot, a card slot, a printer, and instructions.[2] When the phone receiver is lifted, an internal line will ring three times; it will then be answered by SCP-3074-C.

SCP-3074-C is the voice of an unidentified entity. An investigation to determine its nature and whereabouts is currently underway.

One floor of SCP-3074 is 0.72-hectares (1.8 acres) in area, and contains 215 parking spaces. On the first floor, a ramp on the north end leads down to the next level. Each successive level has two ramps (one going down, one going up). Every level after the first shows increasing signs of decay and dysfunction, including broken light fixtures, inoperable SCP-3074-B instances, and barricades constructed of abandoned vehicles. These barricades are typically found obstructing ramps leading down.

Although efforts are ongoing to determine the amount of levels below SCP-3074's first floor, evidence suggests the number is well above 100.

Addendum 3074.1: The following logs are samples of audio recovered from compact cassette tapes found in the offices above SCP-3074. All dialogue is translated from Ukrainian.

► ACCESS SCP:/3074/files/audio1.log

AUDIO LOG

[BEGIN LOG]

VOICE 1: Hello?

VOICE 2: [*Unintelligible.*]

VOICE 1: Is anyone—

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: What? I don't know what that—

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: I don't understand. What are you talking about?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: What does that mean? I'm stuck down

here, the elevator won't work. Can you send someone to fix the elevator?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Why do you keep saying that?

VOICE 2: [*Unintelligible.*]

VOICE 1: What?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Stop saying that.

[*Silence.*]

VOICE 1: Hello?

VOICE 2: [*Sighing.*]

VOICE 1: Talk to me.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Just talk to me! Look, I'm trapped down here, I need to—

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Fuck you.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

[END LOG]

AUDIO LOG

[BEGIN LOG]

VOICE 1: Are you there?

[*Silence.*]

VOICE 1: Look, the elevator doesn't work, and I can't find any service stairs out of this place. The only other exit is a ramp leading farther down. There's no one else here. All the cars are empty.

[*Silence.*]

VOICE 1: Is anyone here?

VOICE 2: [*Yawning.*]

VOICE 1: Okay, thank God, look you need to—

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: What the fuck? This again? Look, lady, just talk to me. I'm trapped down here. Do you understand?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Stop saying that.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: *Stop saying that.*

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Fucking stop! Just fucking stop! Shut the fuck up and listen to me.

VOICE 2: [*Sighing*] Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: You fucking bitch. Fuck you.

[END LOG]

AUDIO LOG

[BEGIN LOG]

VOICE 1: Hello?

[*Silence*.]

VOICE 1: Listen: You need to send someone to come get me. I've been stuck down here for two, maybe three hours. There's no one down here. There's no stairs, there's not even a bathroom. I don't know what you think this is, but —

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: You can't do this. You can't do this to me. I'm an important person. People are going to notice I'm missing. People are going to come looking.

VOICE 2: [*Yawning*.] Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Please stop doing this. Please just let me the hell out of this place.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: You can't do this. You can't do this to me.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Why are you doing this? What do you

want from me?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Fucking talk to me!

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: I'm going to fucking kill you. Do you hear me? I'm going to find you and I'm going to fucking kill you.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: You, you fucking — fucking bitch. Fucking bitch. Just fucking die.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Someone will come for me. Someone will come and then they'll arrest you. They'll arrest you and I hope they shoot you.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

[END LOG]

AUDIO LOG

[BEGIN LOG]

VOICE 1: Hello.

[*Silence*.]

VOICE 1: I'm… I'm sorry that I called you a bitch. I'm sorry that I threatened to kill you. I shouldn't

have done that.

[*Silence.*]

VOICE 1: Please just let me out. Or send someone to fetch me. Or — just talk to me. Just talk to me. Please, tell me what's going on. Talk to me like a human being.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

[END LOG]

► ACCESS SCP:/3074/files/audio3.log

AUDIO LOG

[BEGIN LOG]

VOICE 1: This is an experiment, isn't it? A government experiment. Like in the movies.

[*Silence.*]

VOICE 1: I went down, again. More cars. Then I went down again, and there were just more cars. Then again, and… well, yes. I'm certain of it. This is some sort of experiment.

[*Silence.*]

VOICE 1: But I think there has been a mistake. I'm not important enough for experiments. I'm just an accountant, you see? When I said that people would notice I was missing, I was lying. I'm nobody. There's really no point to experimenting on someone like me.

[*Silence.*]

VOICE 1: Are you there? Am I right? Is this some sort of experiment? If so, what should I do? What do you want me to do?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Is that your way of saying yes?

VOICE 2: [*Sighing.*] Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Okay. What should I do? What do you want me to do?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Am I supposed to go down?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Alright. I'll… I'll go down.

[END LOG]

AUDIO LOG

[BEGIN LOG]

VOICE 1: I'm calling you from Level 7. There are service phones on every level. Did you know that? I did not know that. I thought the one on the first level was the only one. I am on Level 7, by the way. Nothing here but more abandoned cars. Some look very old.

[*Silence.*]

VOICE 1: There's an unpleasant smell, too. I'm not sure what it is, but —

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Alright, yes, I know what it is. I'm sorry. I had to. I had no other choice. There are no bathrooms down here, you understand? And I couldn't hold it in any longer, and —

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: I did it in the corner. In a spot that should be easy to clean up. I hope it's easy to clean up. I'm sorry.

[*Silence.*]

VOICE 1: Are you still there?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Alright. I will try again later. I need to find water. Food and water. Maybe in one of the cars.

[END LOG]

AUDIO LOG

[BEGIN LOG]

VOICE 1: I don't think I'm alone down here. I—

[*Distant piano music.*]

VOICE 1: What is that? What is that I'm hearing? Is that — music?

VOICE 2: [*Muffled, unintelligible*.]

[*Piano music stops*.]

VOICE 1: Were you listening to music? What kind of music was that? I don't recognize it. You listen to music? Do you like music? What kind of music do you like?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: You can turn it back on. I don't mind. It's okay, you can listen to music while we talk. I don't mind. I don't mind.

VOICE 2: [*Sighing*.] Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Oh. Oh, I'm sorry.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: I'm, I'm probably frustrating you. I'm sorry.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: I don't mean to bother you. I'm sorry. You probably just want to listen to your music.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Okay. I'll, I'll leave you be for now. I'll let you listen to your music. I'm sorry.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Sorry. Enjoy your music.

[END LOG]

AUDIO LOG

[BEGIN LOG]

VOICE 1: I've made it to Level 27. The lights aren't working properly down here. I managed to find a flashlight in one of the cars, though.

[*Silence.*]

VOICE 1: I can't find food or water. I'm very thirsty. But I'll keep going. That's the way out, right? You just want me to keep going down. Say something if I'm supposed to keep going down.

[*Silence.*]

VOICE 1: I hear scuttling now and then. I think I see shapes from the corner of my eye. Large shapes. I can't quite make them out, but —

[*Shuffling.*]

VOICE 1: Hello?

VOICE 3: [*Distant, unintelligible.*]

VOICE 2: [*Distant laughing.*]

VOICE 1: Is… is there someone else there with you?

VOICE 2: [*Distant, unintelligible.*]

VOICE 1: Are you talking to someone else? What are you talking to them about?

VOICE 2: [*Clearing throat.*] Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: You were just talking to someone else. Who were you talking to?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Why will you talk to him but not me? Is he your friend?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: That's… that's not fair. You'll talk to him, but you won't talk to me? What's wrong with talking to me? Why won't you talk to me?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Just talk to me. Just talk to me, please!

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Fucking talk to me!

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: I, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. That was mean of me. I'm sorry. I'll leave you be. You can talk to your friend. I'm sorry.

[END LOG]

► ACCESS SCP:/3074/files/audio4.log

AUDIO LOG

[BEGIN LOG]

VOICE 1: I don't know what level I'm on. All the lights stopped working about — five? Five levels ago, I think. I would have called you sooner, but

this is the first phone I've found that wasn't smashed or broken.

[*Silence.*]

VOICE 1: The flashlight still works, but I think the batteries are running low. I've been using it to search cars for a new one. I found — I found a gun, in one of the glove compartments. A pistol. I've never seen one before. Not in real life. Only in movies.

[*Silence.*]

VOICE 1: It's much heavier than I thought it would be.

[*Silence.*]

VOICE 1: My skin is very itchy. I think I'm developing a rash. Hard to see in all the darkness. Should I keep going? I keep thinking… if someone comes for me, they'd have to go all the way down to find me. It would be very hard to find me, down here. Should I stop?

[*Silence.*]

VOICE 1: Should I keep going down?

[*Muffled shuffling.*]

VOICE 2: [*Heavy breathing*] Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Are you — are you panting? Were you away from the phone?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: What were you doing?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: I — I understand. I have to keep going down.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Those things I mentioned before. There's more of them down here. I hear them, scuttling around. Chittering. I think they might be —

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: I'll, I'll leave you be. I'll keep going. Thank you for listening to me.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Talk to you later.

[END LOG]

AUDIO LOG

[BEGIN LOG]

VOICE 1: I'm, I'm going to try something. I'm sorry. Tell my family I'm sorry. Please tell my mother that I'm sorry. Tell my sister — tell them I love them. Tell them I'm sorry. Please tell them I'm sorry.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: I'm sorry.

[END LOG]

AUDIO LOG

[BEGIN LOG]

VOICE 1: [*Choked sobbing.*] No bullets.

[END LOG]

AUDIO LOG

[BEGIN LOG]

VOICE 1: I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I won't — I won't try that again. I shouldn't have — I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: I'm sorry. I'll talk to you later. I love you. I'm sorry.

[END LOG]

AUDIO LOG

VOICE 1: Thirsty.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

[*Silence*.]

VOICE 1: [*Hoarse laughing*.] Got you, didn't I?

VOICE 2: [*Sighing*.] Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: [*Whimpering*.] S-sorry. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have—

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: That was so terrible of me. I'm so sorry. I won't, I won't ever do that, sorry. Please forgive me. Do you forgive me?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: I'll stop bothering you. I'll stop bothering you. Thank you. I'm so sorry.

[END LOG]

AUDIO LOG

VOICE 1: [*Whispering*.] No flashlight.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Chittering. Scuttling. Skin. I think my skin is falling off.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: I'm so hungry. I'm so thirsty. It's peeling off.

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Maybe I could… would it be okay? Is it okay if I…?

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: Th-thank you. Okay. Thank you, thank you thank you thank you. I love you. Thank you.

[*Wet ripping.*]

VOICE 1: Thank you…

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

[END LOG]

AUDIO LOG

VOICE 1: [*Soft chittering.*]

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: [*Soft chittering.*]

VOICE 2: Precinct, zone, number or letter.

VOICE 1: [*Soft chittering.*]

[*Mechanical humming.*]

VOICE 2: Thank you for choosing Izatova Parking Center. Have a pleasant day.

[END LOG]

Footnotes
1. Notably, Pripyat was evacuated in the wake of the Chernobyl disaster on April 27, 1986. Access is heavily restricted by the government.
2. All instructions are written in Japanese.

SCP-3075: A Day At The Beach Is All It Takes

Item #: SCP-3075

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Households and orphanages affected by SCP-3075 remain under clandestine surveillance indefinitely. MTF Tau-70 (“Sun Bathers”) are on standby to recover SCP-3075-A instances should previously undocumented anomalous activity be observed, at the discretion of Site-49 Command.

UPDATE (24.08.2023): Specimen ZQ-457, which is stored in Class III biocontainment at Site-86, is now provisionally a constituent object of SCP-3075. As part of recovery efforts, the search for similar instances in Nordfriesland and Schleswig-Flensburg is ongoing.

UPDATE (09.12.2026): The containment revision of 24.08.2023 is hereby obsolete (see Addendum 3075-19).

Description: SCP-3075 is a statistical discrepancy concerning the number of births in the German state of Schleswig-Holstein. The anomaly was first noted by government statisticians during the European Union census of 2021; 468 more children (designated SCP-3075-A) between the ages of four and nine were reported in predominantly coastal communities in the district of Nordfriesland than could be accounted for in any way. In all cases, birth certification was absent and no other evidence of birth was found. Persons directly affected by SCP-3075 could not provide meaningful information regarding the circumstances of the appearance of SCP-3075-A and fail to express suspicion regarding SCP-3075-A in general.

The unusual and unexpected size of the discrepancy prompted a federal investigation that was unable to identify the cause of the anomaly; the case was handed to the Foundation by July of 2023.

SCP-3075-A are physiologically and biologically indistinguishable from human children. However, instances exhibit difficulty with the comprehension and communication of complex abstract ideas. SCP-3075-A also exhibit poor facial and body language comprehension. The possibility that SCP-3075-A produce a memetic effect obscuring true anatomical characteristics has not been ruled out.

Persons that regularly interact with SCP-3075-A tend to behave in an excessively agreeable manner and, in the case of psychologically mature individuals, exhibit a high degree of sexual assertiveness. This may be linked to persistently high levels of both serotonin and dopamine in affected individuals.

Specimen ZQ-457 is the cadaver of a humanoid entity of unknown provenance, discovered on 04.07.2021 (one month before the undertaking of the census) in the outskirts of a truck stop near Silberstedt, a town less than five kilometres outside Nordfriesland. The circumstances surrounding the specimen's discovery and autopsy results led to the provisional reclassification of the object.

The current focus of investigation is establishing a definitive connection between SCP-3075-A and ZQ-457.

Specimen ZQ-457 Autopsy Report

Autopsy of Specimen ZQ-457

Date, Time & Location of Examination: 08.07.2021, 09:45 CEST, Site-86 Operation Suite D

Conducted by: Dr. E. Kampf, Site-86 medical examiner; assisted by mortuary technician R. Penning

Examination Summary: ZQ-457 is superficially human in appearance. The cadaver is largely covered with short brown hair, with the exception of the face, hands, and

feet. The cadaver is reminiscent of a human child between the ages of four and five. Black putrefaction is evident.

ZQ-457's facial features and skull structure vaguely resemble those of a chimpanzee, with pronounced browridges and a notably narrow cranial cavity evident.

The brain exhibits significant deviations from conventional biology. Complex metallic plates cover approximately 40% of the total surface area of the brain. Moreover, metallic, filament-like strands extend into the brain, with a maximum depth of 18 cm evidenced.

ZQ-457 lacks a reproductive system. Furthermore, an approximately 27-week old human foetus of unclear sex was recovered from the abdominal cavity where the uterus would have been situated. The foetus was found to be covered in a polymer textile resembling a full-body bathing suit.

Manner of Death: Unclear.

DNA results: In comparison to *H. s sapiens*, ZQ-457 possesses a similarity of 99.6%. The DNA of the specimen closely corresponds with that of extinct species *H. erectus*.

SCP-3075-A Surveillance Report E13 (15.09.2023)

Prepared by: F. Hakim, Site-49 Surveillance Operative

There is little distinction in behaviour among the 45 SCP-3075-A instances under my team's surveillance. Instances invariably and indiscriminately exhibit a high degree of obedience, docility, and friendliness, effectively latching onto any individual with which visual contact has been established. Individuals that are the target of this

affection tend to respond positively, especially with increasing exposure. However, even where a negative response is observed, SCP-3075-A do not deviate from their established behaviour.

Operation LT05 Interview Log 3075-903

Interview Log 3075-903

Location: Orphanage **Date and time:** 07.01.2024, 12:35 CET

Interviewer: D. Marion, SCP-3075 Field Agent

Interviewee: SCP-3075-A-57 (referred to informally as Mira)

Other presiding individuals (at Site-49 Command): A. Kaminski, SCP-3075 Project Head; G. Naga, SCP-3075 Chief Researcher

Foreword: 3075-A-57 is the most successful target of Operation LT05 to date, with Agent Marion able to establish a rapport with the instance within two days of initial contact. Agent Marion was instructed to question the instance regarding its past, prior to formal identification.

The agent was fitted with a hidden body camera transmitting a live feed to Site-49 Command. Voice communications, linking the agent and Researcher Naga, were also established to allow further instruction.

<Begin Log>

<Extraneous information omitted>

Agent Marion (AM): Are you comfy, Mira?

SCP-3075-A-57 nods and smiles at the agent.

The instance holds a toy car, with which it interacts.

AM: Alright. This is just a short little talk, and then you can go outside, ok?

The instance nods again and continues to smile.

AM: Ok. Now, what's the earliest thing you can remember? Take your time, Mira.

At this stage, A-57 ceases smiling. Instead, the instance is facially inexpressive and stares at a point off-camera. The instance continuous interacting with the toy.

AM: Mira? Is everything alright?

A-57 does not react.

Project Head Kaminski (PHK): I take it this is unexpected behaviour?

Chief Researcher Naga (CRN): Yes. I've never seen this reaction before. I don't know what could be causing it… perhaps fatigue. It isn't usually very taciturn. How should we proceed?

<Extraneous information omitted>

CRN: Ok. (To AM): Please cease the current line of questioning and direct the conversation to an unrelated topic.

AM: How was your day, Mira? Made any new friends?

The entity ceases its previous behaviour and proceeds to vocalise.

A-57: Yes. Lots and lots. Too many to count. It helps that I give lots of presents to everyone. Did you see the one I gave you? I hope you like it.

<Dialogue between AM and A-57 omitted here for brevity>

PHK: Odd. Well, now that she's responsive, let's return to the original question.

<Extraneous information omitted>

AM: What can you remember from before you came to live with us, Mira? Any little details would be really helpful, if you can't remember much.

A-57 is once again unresponsive.

PHK: Ok, there must be a pattern here, am I right? It's connected to the question itself. Could this be intentional, or some kind of involuntary psychological response?

CRN: It's too early to say. It might be deliberate, but I find that unlikely. The As are always cooperative, to a fault. Although there might be detectable neurological impacts worth—.

PHK: What, what's this?

A-57 exhibits facial spasms and struggles to vocalise.

A-57: Insim… in… sem… inse… inseminate? I… I must t—tell you. Ah… zone three… zero… one? I love y—you too much. Insemination zone three… zero… pro—procreate, proli… pro…?

<End Log>

Closing Statement: A-57 immediately fell silent and unresponsive. The significance of the instance's last recorded words are unclear.

CT scans and related analyses of neurology conducted on A-57 and three other instances while the aforementioned behaviour was exhibited failed to return unusual results.

No cause for the anomalous behaviour could be identified, and no useful information could be extracted from the 3075-A instances in the context of Operation LT05.

Operation OR12 Executive Brief

OR12 Executive Brief

Duration: 15.02.2024 – 28.02.2024

Mission Statement: The exploration of the possibility of mental tampering in individuals linked to the appearance of SCP-3075-A instances, including the identification of obscured and engineered memories and memory cavities.

Methodology: 15 preselected subjects from different households and orphanages affected by SCP-3075 were subjected to a two-week regime involving conditioning for increased suggestibility, mnestic therapy, and pre- and post-therapy interviews.

Results: In all subjects, declarative memories occurring after 24.06.2021 are accompanied by parallel memories concerning the subject, alone, engaged in a variety of activities on various sand beaches and tidal flats located

within the district. Although not corresponding to activities documented in reality, and inspiring no concern from the subjects themselves, these memories do not display traditional signs suggestive of a synthetic origin.

One set of memories show a high degree of contextual convergence among subjects. These memories involve the subjects receiving intelligible information in an unclear form from an unidentified source. Recitation demonstrates a similarity of 90% among subjects (see appended document).

Reconstituted Memory Fragment
OR12-95776

<Note: Sections in braces ({}) denote observed variations in the account of content among the individuals.>

Hi.

I saw you. Yesterday, at the beach. I was on the edge, by the rocks. You looked at me for 0.03567 seconds. I looked at you for longer. 1.43892 seconds – enough to see everything. Skin so soft and clean. Like melting soap. Bones so white and strong. Fingers so slick.

And your head. Gently {pulsating} {quivering} crown. The {curve at the base of your skull} {subtle dent in your temples} – something otherworldly. Your brain. The perfect jewel in the perfect fluid. I can only imagine. What is it like? To be you?

Come and meet me. By the beach. I'll be waiting. I've burrowed deep. Stared at your fresh, warm heart. It's time you stared at mine.

We should see the {sunset} {sunrise} together.

Addendum 3075-19 (09.12.2026): In light of the current absence of meaningful investigation regarding SCP-3075, Specimen ZQ-457 now ceases to be an associated object of SCP-3075. Following a review of SCP-3075 and its associated properties, and with the recommendation of the Ethics Committee, neither SCP-3075-A nor associated persons are to be subject to in-site containment. Furthermore, the object class has been revised from Euclid to Safe. *—Director of Site-49, J. Havel*

SCP-3075-A Surveillance Report C236 (15.09.2042)

Prepared by: E. Fowler, Site-49 Surveillance Unit Operative

There are currently 38 3075-A instances under my observation. All may be described as well-adjusted and possess a broad range of social ties within their respective communities. All but three instances possess an active sexual life, with multiple partners and a mean average of 3.5 offspring per instance. This fertility rate corresponds with those documented by most of my colleagues, and are higher than the national average. The offspring in question are behaviourally similar to their non-3075-A parent, exhibiting relatively little of the comprehension and communication issues that are, to an extent, still present in 3075-A instances.

Incident 3075-12: At approximately 02:27 CEST on 17.09.2042, all surveillance infrastructure in SCP-3075-affected domiciles permanently failed without warning. Upon establishing direct contact, all SCP-3075-A instances, as well as their offspring, were reported missing. Recovery is ongoing.

SCP-3075-A Video Log VC425

Video Log 3075-VC425 (02:23 – 02:27 CEST, 17.09.2042)

The following was documented several minutes prior to the spontaneous failure of all surveillance infrastructure at the home of SCP-3075-A-252.

<Begin Log>

The first floor bathroom, in darkness, is viewed from the south-east corner of the room. At 02:23, A-252 enters the room and switches on the lights. The instance moves towards the sink and looks directly at the lens through the mirror in front of it. At 02:25, A-252 begins vocalising.

A-252: Thank you. It was a beautiful. That moving sun. I wouldn't have had it any other way. You are so perfect.

The instance pauses and smiles. At 02:27, the instance begins to vocalise again.

A-252: Now you know me. What do you think? Am I as perfect as you?

<End Log>

Closing Statement: MTF Tau-70 were dispatched to the domicile and confirmed the disappearance of A-252 as well as the instance's five children. The instance's spouse was found at the scene, unharmed and unaware of the transpired events.

The body of a biologically sexless human child between the ages of four and five was discovered 100 metres from the domicile. An autopsy report revealed the presence of a 27-week old foetus in the abdominal cavity. This foetus is of approximate human origin, but possesses notable genetic and anatomic

deviations.

SCP-3076: Avidity

Item #: SCP-3076

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3076 is to be contained in a dedicated aviary at Site-104. It is to be fed twice daily, and provided new forms of simple entertainment monthly. Visual contact with SCP-3076 is to be limited to an absolute minimum. Outside of testing, no personnel are allowed entry to the containment chamber. Test subjects must be confined to a cell or containment chamber to prevent the possible spread of infection. It is recommended that test subjects in the tertiary stage of SCP-3076-A be terminated, and all related materials destroyed. Any contact between SCP-3076 and computer systems is strictly prohibited.

Description: SCP-3076 is an albino black-billed magpie (*Pica hudsonia*).[1] It is abnormally intelligent, expressing an understanding of written language, though it is unable to understand most verbal communication. It is estimated that SCP-3076 has the mental capacity of a ten-year-old human being. SCP-3076 is capable of deceptive behavior, such as feigning illness or ignorance, and possesses extremely long-term recall. SCP-3076 may use these skills in attempts to escape containment unless properly cared for.

When directly viewing SCP-3076, all sapient beings analytical systems will feel a compulsion to produce some type of artistic expression. This is the first stage of the SCP-3076 cognitive infection (SCP-3076-A). Those with a preexisting disposition toward one form or medium will feel compelled to more strongly pursue these prior tendencies. Those with no previous experience with artistic expression appear to select a random art form to pursue. SCP-3076 is only able to produce this effect after several aggregated hours of viewing, though the precise number varies from subject to subject. It is also possible to transfer the effect through other sensory means, especially if the subject is blind, though the

time required for infection to occur is much higher. Note that this stage of the infection is reversible if contact between SCP-3076 and the subject is terminated.

To date, no subjects have expressed satisfaction with their work, and will continue to produce art in an attempt to improve. After approximately two weeks, SCP-3076-A enters its secondary stage, and no action short of induced coma will reverse the effects. Subjects in this stage of infection will improve at a normal rate, considering heightened resolve and enthusiasm. Over time, subjects will continue to devote more and more time to the pursuit of their art form. Without outside intervention, about 80% of subjects expire due to thirst or starvation, as most affected individuals forego basic needs in the pursuit of their art form.

The SCP-3076-A enters its tertiary stage approximately 13 months after initial exposure. Subjects will begin to produce anomalous artwork, most commonly bearing cognitohazardous material. It is unconfirmed whether the SCP-3076-A is able to spread via these works.

Addendum 3076-1: Recovery

SCP-3076 was found after Incident 3066-5, in the forests of Linville Gorge, North Carolina. It was initially collected by Foundation operatives as a part of the reconstruction operation after Incident 3066-5, and its anomalous properties discovered after many of the personnel involved with its recovery began to neglect their professional duties. Upon confirmation of its anomalous properties, SCP-3076 was moved to Site-104 for containment and further study.

Addendum 3076-2: Sample Test Log

The following is an incomplete log of SCP-3076 testing to highlight noteworthy findings.

+Show test logs

Test #: 5

Subject: D-461923 (Note: before

incarceration, D-461923 was a mural artist)

Description: D-461923 was made to spend 2 full days in the presence of SCP-3076 before being removed from the containment chamber. Even before removal, D-461923 repeatedly requested access to painting materials, and began using the foliage within the containment chamber as a pigment to paint the walls. It is worth note that SCP-3076 attempted to aid D-461923 in her work on several occasions.

Upon removal, the subject was provided with an intravenous hydration and parenteral nutrition to ensure survival, then provided with the requested materials. Against administrative recommendation, D-461923 was allowed to work on the walls of Site-104 facilities, and covered 74% of the accessible surfaces on the site with murals of varying subject matter.

103 days after initial exposure, D-46193 produced a cognitohazardous piece covering one of the exterior walls of the main research complex. Viewing of the piece would cause rapid memory loss and dementia-like symptoms, though D-46193 herself was immune to the effect. The test subject was immediately terminated and all contaminated surfaces destroyed.

This was been an extremely expensive misjudgment on the part of the research staff. I'll see to it that those responsible are held accountable. –Site Director

Test #: 7

Subject: A non-anomalous African Bush Elephant (*Loxodonta africana*)

Description: The subject was made to spend 2 full days in the presence of SCP-3076 before being removed from containment chamber. 23 hours after removal, the subject became agitated and paced around its holding pen, before using its drinking water to produce seemingly random splash patterns on the ground. The subject was provided with simple painting materials, and began teaching itself how to use them.

40 days after initial exposure, the subject was consistently producing recognizable images of elephants, and had stopped actively seeking food. A modified intravenous nutritional system was provided and testing continued. 57 days later, the subject was able to produce photo-realistic representations of its surroundings.

120 days after initial exposure, test supervisors reported unusual headaches and nosebleeds while observing the subject in the process of painting. The test subject was preemptively terminated and all accumulated works incinerated.

Test #: 10

Subject: SCP-3076

Description: SCP-3076 was placed in a containment chamber fitted with wall-spanning mirrors. 7 days were allowed to pass. No changes in the behavior of SCP-3076 were noted, beyond some curiosity in its own reflection. SCP-3076 became restless after 6 days and feigned illness, causing the unscheduled termination of the test.

Test #: 13

Subject: A standard Foundation desktop computer.

Description: The subject was placed in the same chamber as SCP-3076, provided with a dedicated power supply, and disconnected from the Foundation Intranet. A camera and evolutionary symphonic generation software were installed. The software was made to produce new music as quickly as it could, and would use direct input from test supervisors to judge the quality of the generated compositions.

After 5 days, the subject ran out of RAM and the software became ineffective. Necessary modifications were made and the test continued. 23 days after initial exposure, the subject began producing variations on the same two compositions. Believing that the program had exhausted its selection of media, a flash drive of new sound elements was supplied, as well as further improvements to the hardware. The test subject continued to underperform, despite the modifications.

24 days after initial exposure, an unknown virus was found within the Site-104 computer system. While Foundation personnel attempted to remove the threat, all speakers on site were used to produce a cognitohazardous sound. Simultaneously, the malicious program hijacked onsite communications and began transmitting itself to all Foundation sites. Site-104 was quarantined and its power cut off in time to prevent catastrophic damage, though widespread injury to onsite personnel due to the sound was sustained. During reconstruction, it was discovered that

SCP-3076 had made several attempts to physically tamper with the test subject. It is believed that SCP-3076 was attempting to connect the device to the Foundation Intranet during quarantine, but was unsuccessful.

We might have to run a few more tests on the intelligence of this bird. For the time being, it seems smart to keep computers away from it. We don't want a rogue AI on our hands. –Site Director

Footnotes

1. It is hypothesized thatSCP-3025may originate from SCP-3076, though comparison of genetic material between the two objects has proven inconclusive due to biological degradation and limited sample size of SCP-3025.

SCP-3077: Sugar Golems

Item #: SCP-3077

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3077 is to be kept in secured cryogenic storage units at Site-81 when not in use. Any and all storage units used to hold or transport SCP-3077 must be filled to maximum capacity to prevent the accidental emergence of SCP-3077-1. Instances of SCP-3077-1 and -2 may only be created with permission from SCP-3077's head researcher. Said instances may only be created within a hermetically sealed and fully secured test chamber, and must either be destroyed via incineration or returned to cryogenic storage once testing is concluded.

Description: SCP-3077 refers to a quantity of nearly 2280 liters of black treacle. It was originally found contained in ten oak barrels imprinted with the label "Tillie's Terrifically Ticklish and Tremendously Thaumaturgical Treacle!". SCP-3077's primary anomalous property is that it is animate, and unless confined to a suitably small space or kept at cryogenic temperatures, the main body of SCP-3077 will split off into numerous instances of SCP-3077-1.

Instances of SCP-3077-1 are coagulated masses of SCP-3077 that resemble gaunt humanoids missing their lower extremities. Though size varies significantly, instances are on average 1.0 meters in height and composed of 7-8 liters of SCP-3077. Instances are capable of producing crude vocalizations though are incapable of speech. Individual instances of SCP-3077-1 typically possess orifices upon the head to approximate facial features, however the size, shape, position and number of these orifices varies between instances. Instances are often deformed in some manner, common deformities including collapsed skulls and disproportionate body parts, with nearly a third of all instances being conjoined at various points of the body.

Instances of SCP-3077-1 will drag themselves around aimlessly until encountering human life, at which point they will swarm any humans present and attempt to enter their mouths. Since instances do not possess anomalous strength or durability, it is possible for initial assaults to be fended off. However, SCP-3077-1 instances can only be effectively terminated by exposure to temperatures in excess of 176 degrees Celsius. If destroyed by brute force, SCP-3077-1 will immediately reconstitute into new instances and resume its assault. Tests with D-class have shown that SCP-3077-1 will maintain their assault indefinitely until victims are too exhausted to defend themselves.

Once SCP-3077-1 has entered the mouth of its victim, it will override their central nervous systems via yet undetermined means and control them in a jerky, puppet-like manner. At this point the victim is classified as SCP-3077-2. EEG readings indicate that instances of SCP-3077-2 remain fully conscious. Tendrils of SCP-3077 will typically emerge from the mouth and run across the instances' face along random paths, with subcutaneous tendrils often being visible throughout the body.

Upon finding humans unaffected by SCP-3077-1, instances of SCP-3077-2 will put on a performance to the best of its ability, dancing about in an uncoordinated manner and producing hoarse, incoherent songs from its throat. The performance will continue until either the audience is out of sight or the instance expires. Instances of SCP-3077-2 can live for several days before dying of dehydration. Instances will not consume food or drink of their own accord, but can be kept alive indefinitely if restrained and provided with an IV drip or force fed. Upon expiration, the instance of SCP-3077-1 will abandon its host and seek a new victim.

Recovery: SCP-3077 was acquired by the Foundation after an anonymous phone call indicated the presence of GoI-233 (***Herman Fuller's Circus of the Disquieting***) in County, Indiana. Mobile Task Force Kappa 14 "AH! Sideshow Bob!" was dispatched and upon arrival discovered the barrels originally containing SCP-3077, a mound of 40 burned corpses (all determined to have been previous instances of SCP-3077-2) and a woman designated PoI-3077-01. Upon recovery, PoI-3077-01 was

bound, gagged, and blindfolded.

Below is the preliminary interview with PoI-3077-01 and MTF Kappa 14, recovered from the commander's bodycam.

<Begin Log>

Commander: Christ, this one's alive. Miss? Miss, can you hear me? *(PoI-3077-01 nods and vocalizes emphatically)* Good. I'm going to untie you, is that all right?

(PoI-3077-01 nods again, and the commander proceeds to undo her bindings. Upon doing so, he uncovers Document 3077-01)

PoI-3077-01: Oh my God, thank you so much. I thought I was going to die out here.

Commander: Miss, can you tell me what happened to you, or to those bodies?

PoI-3077-01: Are you cops? You look like a S.W.A.T. team or something.

Commander: Who we are isn't important at the moment. We're here because we got a tip that Herman Fuller's Circus was in the area, and judging by your… *colourful* apparel, I'm going to go out on a limb and guess you weren't just some unlucky guest who walked in on them milking the Clowns. Am I wrong?

PoI-3077-01: (*Hesitates briefly*) Okay, yes, I was with the Circus; but I'm pretty sure I'm out of a gig now. My name is Saccharina Sweet, and I'm a Carnival Confectionarian. I made magic candy for them, but they tied me up and left me out here in the middle of nowhere so screw 'em. *(Visibly upset)* They killed my babies, burned them alive with me lying here helpless! I'll tell you anything you want to know if you promise I'll be free to go afterwards.

Commander: It's not my call to decide what happens to

you Miss, but I am going to get you somewhere you'll be safe. If you can tell us what happened here it would help us out a lot, and might make the eggheads more inclined to go easy on you.

Pol-3077-01: Fair enough. I can do that. I guess it started a few months ago when I was studying the Thaumaturgical Treacle and reading over my Nana's old Book of Shadows to try to come up with some new recipes, and I realized that with a few simple modifications I could turn the treacle into Sugar Golems. I thought they'd be gooey little people, singing and dancing for the crowds. They'd be a huge hit and I might be able to move myself up the Circus's pecking order. So I pitched my idea to Icky…

Commander: Who's Icky?

Pol-3077-01: She's the Ringmaster now. She and the upside down face guy are in charge. Don't ask me what happened to Fuller, I don't know. That was before my time and no one seems to want to talk about.

Agent Nunez: Yeah, in the interviews I read one of the Circus's **former stars** mentioned a female Ringmaster. Said she was hot.

Pol-3077-01: She's a Clown. Clown with a capital C, as in not human. You into that?

Agent Nunez: I hate Clowns.

Commander: Nunez, do your job. Miss, please continue your story.

Pol-3077-01: So I pitched my idea to Icky, and she loved it, except that she renamed them to Sugar Babies. She got me everything I needed and I got straight to work. I succeeded in making the golems, but they weren't quite as I envisioned them. Hell, they were horrifying, but everything in that Circus is horrifying so no one seemed

to care.

PoI-3077-01: They were too deformed to sing and dance, but they kept trying because they knew that's what I wanted them to do. I felt so bad, like a god who had made their creation too frail to live up to their divine standards.

PoI-3077-01: Icky decided that because they were so small and slippery we should do an acrobatics and gymnastics routine, and because they could be torn apart and put back together we could incorporate some dark slapstick humour into the act. I went along with it and worked with the trainers and performers, even though everything had strayed so far from my original vision.

PoI-3077-01: Everything progressed smoothly and eventually it was our opening night; Saccharina Sweet's Sensationally Sublime Sugar Babies! They love alliteration at the Circus. Anyway, we were in the ring, the spotlight was on us, but they wouldn't perform. My golems, my babies, they just sat there, staring out at the audience. Then all hell broke loose.

PoI-3077-01: They scattered into the audience, leaping into their mouths and forcing themselves down their throats, controlling them from the inside like meat puppets. Even though they aren't that strong they can be quick when they want, and they targeted the most vulnerable members of the audience, including little kids. They had never done anything like that before, I was dumbfounded.

Commander: Crap, is that what these bodies are? Did you all hear that? These bodies are Level 4 anomalous bio-hazards! Bag and tag accordingly, full hazmat handling protocols in effect! Same goes for those barrels!

Agent Zelenski: Yes sir!

Commander: Please continue Miss.

PoI-3077-01: Manny, the upside down face guy, he tried to intervene and one went inside his mouth too, except that one came flying back out screaming. Whatever's behind that inverted face, it's gotta be pretty messed up. The audience fled in terror except for the ones my babies got, and they used their new bodies to sing and dance for me, like I had always wanted them to.

PoI-3077-01: Icky completely lost her shit. She's normally manically happy, but when she's mad all that energy is turned into rage. She lifted me up by my throat, she's a lot stronger than she looks, and started strangling me. She called me a traitor, accused me of planning this all along, said that I had murdered their guests, that my golems had tried to kill Manny and that they could have killed her girlfriend or the rest of her family and she just kept ranting until I passed out.

Commander: She tried to kill you? Why do you think she let you go?

PoI-3077-01: I don't know why she didn't kill me. Maybe Manny stopped her. I heard him say once that freaks shouldn't kill freaks when there's a whole world of people with torches and pitchforks ready to do it for us.

PoI-3077-01: When I came to I was already tied up and he was carrying me. I think we went through the Kaleidoscope, but I was blindfolded so I'm not sure. He set me on the ground next to my babies' burning corpses. I asked him what he was going to do with me but he didn't answer. The only thing he said to me the whole time was 'Sorry kid, but if it's any consolation this wasn't even the worst opening night I've seen,'.

PoI-3077-01: What are you going to do with me?

Commander: For now we're going to give you some food and any medical care you need, then take you to

our nearest holding facility. Just do what they say, answer all their questions, and maybe you'll see the outside of those walls someday.

PoI-3077-01: Okay. Right now, all I want is to get away from the stench of these bodies.

PoI-3077-01: I never could stand the smell of burning sugar.

<End Log>

PoI-3077-01 is currently being held at Site-81 as a person of interest regarding both SCP-3077 and GoI-233. Testing has confirmed that instances of SCP-3077-1 do not attack PoI-3077-01, and instances of SCP-3077-2 appear to congregate around her when she is present. However, she does not appear to possess any ability to control either. Testing has also shown that despite possessing extensive knowledge and expertise on anomalous phenomenon, PoI-3077-01 is a non-anomalous human. As such she has not been given SCP status, but is to be considered a valuable asset for both her anomalous expertise and inside knowledge of GoI-233. As she has been highly cooperative with testing and questioning, she is to be housed in a low-security residential wing with limited and supervised access to Site-81's common facilities along with standard guest privileges conditional on her continued cooperation and good behaviour.

+ Document 3077-01, found on PoI-3077-01 during initial recovery.

Dear Essie

Kindly accept this gift of 10 sixty-gallon barrels of only slightly accursed treacle for your collection (a splendid addition to any syrup cellar), as a token of our appreciation for disposing of the accompanying mound of smouldering, golem infested carcases, and the treacherous witch who made them.

Do not believe the witch's lies. She will feign

helplessness over her creations, but they obey her will, not her words. Do with her as you will, but don't go too easy on her.

She made my little Lollipop cry.

~ Have a disquieting day, Icky

SCP-3078: Cognitohazardous Shitpost

Item #: SCP-3078

Object Class: Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: As all known SCP-3078 instances have been neutralized and long-term containment of SCP-3078 is not possible, only preventative measures are currently in place. Foundation webcrawlers are to scan the internet for criteria indicating possible SCP-3078 manifestations. Upon detection, Foundation hackers will attempt to remove all instances as fast as possible. No testing is to be performed at this time.

Description: SCP-3078 designates one or more self-replicating cognitohazardous digital images. When a human being views an instance of SCP-3078, subjects will feel an intense compulsion to laugh for an indefinite amount of time. Subjects will not be able to inhale during this period, and affected subjects have expired due to suffocation in all cases. After expiration, face muscles will still retain a smile, and lungs will still move as if expelling air in short, quick bursts. Once every hour, all SCP-3078 instances will duplicate by undergoing a SCP-3078-Kahnert event, which is described below. Deleting the data of the instance from the web server it is stored on will neutralize the instance and cease its anomalous properties. Digital and physical copies of any form of instances will not display any anomalous effects.

After initial manifestation of SCP-3078, the appearance of all images was reported to change 6 times prior to total neutralization. All iterations of SCP-3078 can be found below.

> + SCP-3078-Kahnert Events
>
> SCP-3078-Kahnert events will occur once every hour, granted there is at least one SCP-3078 instance in existence. For every SCP-3078 instance in existence,

one profile or user account will be created on a random public forum or social media platform capable of hosting images for other users to view.[1] Account usernames are always random combinations of the numbers "69" and "420". Each account will post one instance of SCP-3078 on the website. If tags/hashtags can be applied to the post, the phrases "420", "dont do weed", and "meme" will be used.

+ Discovery Log

The first documented instance of SCP-3078 was posted to imgur.com on 2/3/2017. Since the spread of SCP-3078 is superficially similar to the spread of non-anomalous viral images, SCP-3078 did not trigger Foundation cognitohazard detection software for 15 hours. Approx. 2 hours after eventual detection, SCP-3078 was classified as Keter and containment efforts began[2]. As Foundation personnel could not reasonably remove all images covertly before the next SCP-3078-Kahnert event, intrusive hacking methods were approved. Shortly after, amnestics were deployed where appropriate and Foundation disinformation campaigns attributed the deaths to gas leaks and suicides. Neutralization of all instances was achieved on 2/4/2017. Casualties from SCP-3078 currently measure 3,576 civilians and 2 Foundation personnel.

+ Iterations of SCP-3078

- ~~*SCP-3078 on Initial Manifestation*~~
- ~~*SCP-3078 1 Hour 31 Minutes from Initial Manifestation*~~
- ~~*SCP-3078 3 Hours 16 Minutes from Initial Manifestation*~~
- ~~*SCP-3078 6 Hours 23 Minutes from Initial Manifestation*~~
- ~~*SCP-3078 7 Hours 42 Minutes from Initial Manifestation*~~
- *SCP-3078 13 Hours 56 Minutes from Initial Manifestation*

Footnotes
1. IP tracing of these accounts yields a different non-existent IP address each time.

2. SCP-3078 instances numbered 131,072 at this time.

SCP-3079: 300 Tricks: Stage Magic Made Easy

Item #: SCP-3079

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All copies of SCP-3079 are to be kept in a secure locker on-site. Access to these copies is limited to personnel with Level-4 clearance or higher.

A Foundation-operated bot (I/O-NEWT) is to monitor internet traffic for any indication that an SCP-3079-A instance has been discovered (particularly among online communities centered around stage magic). Should non-Foundation personnel become aware of an SCP-3079-A instance, they are to be captured and amnesticized immediately.

Description: SCP-3079, *300 Tricks: Stage Magic Made Easy*, is a 435-page hard-back book written and self-published by Tobin Hollis.[1] It contains detailed instructions for performing numerous stage tricks. The majority of these tricks involve traditional techniques such as sleight-of-hand, misdirection, and optical illusions.

Instances of SCP-3079-A are instructions contained within SCP-3079 which describe methods to achieve anomalous results. These instructions are scattered throughout SCP-3079; the text itself makes no distinction between anomalous and non-anomalous entries. There are 47 such instances in total.

The anomalous nature of these entries were noticed immediately prior to its publication. All copies of SCP-3079 were taken into Foundation possession; all knowledge of its existence was successfully suppressed. SCP-3079's author was taken into Foundation custody, where he remained until his death several weeks later.

Addendum 3079.1: Notable Entries

3. The Impossible Fold

Effect: The magician writes his name on a sheet of paper. He then asks the viewer to write her name on the opposite side of this paper. He proceeds to fold the paper several times over, before finally unfolding it to reveal that her name is now on both sides of the paper!

NOTE: A diagram is provided demonstrating the complex series of folds required in order to cause this effect. While objects folded in this way undergo an anomalous process, they are not anomalous in of themselves.

37. The Mending Knot

Effect: The magician produces a length of rope and a pair of cutting shears. He invites the viewer to step forward and examine both objects closely.
Once she is satisfied as to their ordinary nature, the magician asks her to use the shears to cleanly cut the rope in two. Then, the magician binds both lengths together in a knot. He asks her to examine the knot, then asks her to cut the center of the knot with the shears.
Upon making this final cut, the knot instantly unravels, revealing that the two lengths are now restored to one!

NOTE: The method involves an anomalous type of knot able to fuse cleaved lengths of rope back together.

78. Lost and Found

Effect: The magician produces a deck of cards. The viewer is invited to examine it at her leisure, then

shuffle it for as long as she pleases. The magician hands her his hat and tells her to drop any card she wishes into it. He then instructs her to put the hat on her head.

Once finished, the magician takes the cards, shuffles them, and cuts the deck. He asks the viewer to take a card from the top of the deck and examine it. It is the very same card she took! Furthermore, when she lifts the hat from her head, the card is gone!

In its place is someone she thought she lost long ago.

NOTE: The method involves a particular ordering of the deck prior to the trick, a complex shuffling technique, and a hat of sufficient size. The object that appears underneath the hat is a domesticated juvenile white male rabbit. Every instance has proven to be both genetically and physiologically identical.

143. Lost Time

Effect: The magician produces a folded silk handkerchief, which he proceeds to drape and unfold across his clenched hand. When he pulls the handkerchief back, his hand is full of beautiful hyacinths!

One for each birthday he has missed.

NOTE: A diagram describes the necessary folds that must be performed on the handkerchief to achieve this result. Notably, the number of hyacinths produced by this effect has increased by one each year since its discovery.

215. The Magic Number

Effect: The viewer is invited to think of a number between 1 and 9. The magician tells her to double

this number, then add 9. Whatever number she has should now be between 11 and 27.
Next, the magician tells her to take this new number and add its two digits together. If it is 13, the number is 4; if it is 15, the number is 6, and so on.
The magician then reveals that he knows what number she now has: 11!
She's probably grown up so much since then.

NOTE: The method involves a precise set of phrases that the participant must both hear and understand. Testing has shown that when performed correctly, the participant will always end up with 11, despite the fact that this result is mathematically impossible.

301. His Final Trick

Effect: The magician burns what little money he has left to publish a book before it's too late. In it, he tells her all of his tricks. He tells her how sorry he is that he left. He begs her to forgive him. He begs her to let him see her one last time.
And then — like magic — she reappears.

NOTE: No method for accomplishing this trick is provided.

Footnotes
1. A highly successful stage-magician active throughout North America during the 40s and 50s.

SCP-3080: The Power of Love

Item #: SCP-3080

Object Class: Euclid Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3080-1 and -2 are to be kept in adjacent humanoid containment cells at Site- . They are to be permitted to interact with each other under supervision for 90 minutes each day.

Personnel assigned to SCP-3080 should either be aromantic or in stable romantic relationships. These personnel are to undergo weekly counseling sessions, together with their romantic partners if applicable. If any person assigned to SCP-3080 begins displaying symptoms of its effects, they are to be reassigned elsewhere.

Updated Containment Procedures / /2017: SCP-3080-1 is to be kept in a humanoid containment cell other than the one in which it or SCP-3080-2 was previously contained. It is to be given weekly psychiatric therapy, and is currently on suicide watch. Requests for items such as media for entertainment may be approved at the discretion of its psychiatrist.

Description: SCP-3080 was the designation for several anomalous phenomena surrounding the romantic relationship between Drs. Catherine and Simon , designated SCP-3080-1 and -2, respectively. They were formerly Foundation-employed researchers who declared a consensual romantic and sexual relationship with Site- Human Resources on / /2014, and later married on / /2015, shortly before the designation of SCP-3080.

When separated for extended periods of time, SCP-3080-1 and -2 became increasingly desperate to interact with each other, and exhibited anomalous strength and endurance when attempting to reunite.

After SCP-3080-1 and -2 declared their relationship, any person who spent a significant amount of time[1] interacting with SCP-3080-1 and/or -2 exhibited consistent changes in mood and personality. Among these were an intense romantic attraction to either SCP-3080-1 or -2, and disdain for and jealousy of the other, sometimes accompanied by violent urges.

The choice of one or the other was typically, but not always, consistent with the subject's prior romantic preferences; aromantic individuals apparently chose at random. While some subjects also expressed sexual attraction to SCP-3080-1 or -2, it was comparatively rare, and not believed to be correlated with the anomalous properties of SCP-3080.

Likewise, SCP-3080-1 and -2 did not exhibit any anomalous strength or endurance when only prevented from engaging in sexual activity, given that they were permitted to speak with and see each other for at least 90 minutes per day.

SCP-3080-1 and -2 were also the focal point of several events which, while not impossible, are generally considered very unlikely, especially given their unusual frequency. These are summarized in Document 3080-A.

+ Document 3080-A: Notable Events

The following is a list of events believed to have been caused by the anomalous properties of SCP-3080. All of these events occurred before SCP-3080 was initially contained and cataloged.

- On / /2014, shortly after SCP-3080-1 and -2 declared their relationship, a man named Peter contacted SCP-3080-2, claiming to be its long-lost twin brother. Further investigation has proven that Mr. was indeed who he claimed to be. After a relatively short time, he began making romantic and sexual advances on SCP-3080-1, whose refusals did not deter him. Eventually, SCP-3080-1 filed a restraining order on Mr. ; he later died in an automotive accident

shortly after having explicitly written SCP-3080-1 and -2 out of his will. It was later discovered that Peter had a net worth in excess of $100 million USD.

- Two months after the above incident, one Taryn W , a college roommate of SCP-3080-1, began expressing romantic interest in SCP-3080-2 and quickly cut off all contact with SCP-3080-1. It was soon discovered that Ms. W had begun stalking SCP-3080-2 with a camera, taking several hundreds of pictures of it without its knowledge or consent. She was arrested and later tried and found guilty of one count of felony stalking.

- On / /2015, SCP-3080-1 was kidnapped while shopping at a local grocery store. The kidnapper requested ten love letters from SCP-3080-2, delivered via dead drop on ten separate occasions, as ransom. SCP-3080-2 initially complied, but SCP-3080-1 managed to subdue the kidnapper, one Arnold H , and turn him over to local authorities. Mr. H had previously been a coworker of SCP-3080-2 at Site- . Notably, he was believed to be heterosexual and heteroromantic, but still expressed interest in SCP-3080-2 over -1. He was amnesticized in accordance with protocol, then turned over to local authorities. SCP-3080-1 was unharmed.

- On / /2015, SCP-3080-1 and -2 were married at Lutheran Church in [REDACTED]. During the ceremony, Peter entered the church with a shotgun and ordered the priest and wedding party to stop the ceremony. They complied, and he described how he had faked his own death, then went on to describe his romantic feelings for SCP-3080-1 in great detail. Due to SCP-3080-1 and -2's employment as researchers, several Foundation agents were in attendance; they

subdued Mr. with no harm to any civilians or Foundation personnel. The ceremony was then completed without further incident.

- After SCP-3080-1 and -2's honeymoon, they recommended that their relationship be classified as an SCP object. This recommendation was accepted by the Site Director and O5 Council on / /2015.

+ Interview Log 3080-Alpha

Interviewer: Dr. O , a researcher who had been assigned to SCP-3080 for several months

Subject: SCP-3080-1

Extraneous material has been redacted.

[BEGIN LOG 11:45:31 / /2017]

Dr. O : We're working under the theory that it's some kind of memetic effect. Do you remember coming into contact with any anomalous object that might have triggered one?

SCP-3080-1: No. Neither Simon nor I worked with memetic anomalies. My department was dimensional, and his was biological.

Dr. O : Huh, that's right. Actually, is it possible that SCP-3080-2 came into contact with something that would make you, I don't know, produce anomalous pheromones?

SCP-3080-1: Frankly, I doubt it, but maybe you'd get a different answer if you asked him.

Dr. O : I think I'll add that as a note to your file anyway.

SCP-3080-1: Sounds good. Anything to let us be together in peace, right?

Dr. O : By the way, there's one more thing I should mention.

SCP-3080-1: What's that?

Dr. O : Has anyone ever told you that your eyes sparkle more beautifully than the midday sun, with a blue deeper than the calmest ocean?

SCP-3080-1: Oh, God damn it. *[shouting]* Can we get security in here?

Dr. O : Don't worry, I've switched their shifts around. We can be together in peace, just like you wanted.

SCP-3080-1: I wasn't talking about you, I meant me and Simon.

Dr. O : I know you think you have to say that. Don't you worry, I'll be back before you can even say "I miss you."

SCP-3080-1: What?

[END LOG 11:49:08 / /2017]

The events immediately following this interview were recorded on surveillance footage and are described in Incident Log 3080-Aleph.

+ Incident Log 3080-Aleph

The following is a transcript of relevant Site-surveillance footage immediately following the interview in Interview Log 3080-Alpha.

[BEGIN TRANSCRIPT 11:49:09 / /2017]

Dr. O exits the interview chamber and seals the door behind him, locking SCP-3080-1 inside. He proceeds down the corridor toward SCP-3080-2's containment chamber.

45 seconds later, he reaches the containment chamber and uses his keycard to enter, then seals the cell door. SCP-3080-2 is visible inside, and is staring at a framed photo of SCP-3080-1.

SCP-3080-2: Hi, do you need me for something?

Dr. O : Don't even talk to me, you son of a bitch.

SCP-3080-2: Oh, God. Not again.

Dr. O pulls the portrait out of SCP-3080-2's hands and throws it against the cell wall before seizing SCP-3080-2 by the collar and pushing it into a corner.

Dr. O : She deserves so much better than you. What did she even see in you?

SCP-3080-2: Dr. O , this isn't you, this is the anomaly talking, you've got to—

Dr. O : I know it's not your money. She made more than you!

SCP-3080-2: Dr. O , please, we love each other, just let me go.

Dr. O produces a silenced pistol and shoots SCP-3080-2 in the chest three times. He drops SCP-3080-2 on the ground, then proceeds to violently kick it.

At this time, SCP-3080-1 pries open the cell

door and finds its counterpart and Dr. O .

Dr. O : Now it can be just you and me, together forever.

SCP-3080-1: Oh my God. Simon.

SCP-3080-1 begins to cry and attempts to tend to SCP-3080-2's wounds. Its attempts are ineffectual.

Dr. O : Come here, beautiful, I love you.

SCP-3080-1: How could you do this? I never wanted this.

At this point, SCP-3080-1 is standing and facing Dr. O , who attempts to kiss it. SCP-3080-1 screams and throws Dr. O at the cell wall with enough force to concuss him and break two of his ribs.

[END TRANSCRIPT 11:50:54 / /2017]

Despite the efforts of SCP-3080-1 and Site-medical staff, SCP-3080-2 expired from its wounds at 11:56:14.

Due to his actions under the influence of SCP-3080, Dr. O 's Foundation employment was terminated and he was amnesticized in accordance with standard protocol.

SCP-3080-1 has not exhibited any of the anomalous properties of SCP-3080 on its own, and as such SCP-3080 is considered neutralized. Following these events, SCP-3080-1 has shown symptoms of depression as well as suicidal tendencies. Its containment procedures have therefore been updated for its health and protection.

Footnotes

1. This amount of time varied widely; however, the median was roughly 400 hours.Aromantic individuals, as well as those in stable romantic relationships, required more time to be affected.

SCP-3081: H A N D M I L K ™

Item #: SCP-3081

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The mouth of the access road leading to SCP-3081 has been camouflaged via standard Foundation forestry protocols. SCP-3081 should be checked routinely, and any notable changes documented. Civilians discovered accessing SCP-3081 are to be interrogated, amnesticized and released.

Description: SCP-3081 is an irregularly shaped extradimensional space[1], accessible via a dirt road in unincorporated Perkins County, South Dakota, USA. The exterior of SCP-3081 appears to be a grove of mixed deciduous trees smaller than the internal dimensions. Within, SCP-3081 is a grassy plain surrounded by thick forest similar in species to that of the outer area. Weather patterns inside SCP-3081 do not match those of the surrounding area, tending toward fair, with only intermittent light rainfall observed. Items such as tin pails and wooden stools have been found within SCP-3081 on occasion. SCP-3081 also contains 9 instances of SCP-3081-1.

SCP-3081-1 are large[2] organisms resembling human hands. SCP-3081-1 locomote using the thumb and index, ring and little fingers, while the middle finger acts as a head. SCP-3081-1 lack fingerprints. Genetic analysis of sampled material has revealed a 75% match to human DNA, with the remainder unknown. All instances bear skin depigmentation consistent with vitiligo.

Emerging from the back of each instance is a proportionally sized human arm that extends into the treeline. Attempts to find further anatomical features, such as joints past the wrist, have been hampered by the thickness of the surrounding forest and the skittish nature of SCP-3081-1. It is unknown whether the arms have a

terminus.

The behavior of SCP-3081-1 is similar to that of common cattle. They display herd behavior and are generally docile unless disturbed. Though SCP-3081-1 lack mouth parts, their typical behavior pattern involves brushing the tip of the middle digit across the surface of the grass. No plant material is excised during this process. It is not known if this behavior is necessary for the survival of SCP-3081-1.

The SCP-3081-1 'herd' currently numbers 4 left hands and 5 right hands.

Addendum 3081-01

On 04/08/2005, it was noted during a routine entry into SCP-3081 that SCP-3081-1R-5 had formed itself into an **OK gesture**, while SCP-3081-1L-2 repeatedly inserted and removed its thumb from the "O". This action continued for the full length of time personnel were present in SCP-3081. (1 hour, 25 minutes.)

Addendum 3081-02

On 22/05/2006, two new instances of SCP-3081-1 were noted. Both were right hands, considerably smaller than all previous instances. SCP-3081-1R-7 was malformed, possessing only a thumb, index and middle finger. Though SCP-3081-1R-6 was noted to maintain close proximity to SCP-3081-1R-5 at all times, SCP-3081-1R-7 was unable to move from where it lay.

As other instances of SCP-3081-1 maintained distance from SCP-3081-1R-7, it was decided to harvest the instance for study. Initial attempts were hampered by aggression from SCP-3081-1L instances[3], but on 05/06/2006, SCP-3081-1R-7 had ceased all motion, and personnel were able to complete the harvesting procedure without interference.

The arm of SCP-3081-1R-7 was severed 1 meter above the wrist. Personnel reported hearing a low moan as the arm receded into the treeline. No pursuit attempt was made.

Since August of 2006, 18 more new instances of SCP-3081-1 have been discovered, at a rate of 1-2 every 9 months. All but 1 have had some form of major physical abnormality, rendering them incapable of survival past a few weeks. Harvest and vivisection of these instances has fueled the Foundation's understanding of SCP-3081-1 physiology.

Addendum 3081-03

On 15/11/2015, during a routine examination of SCP-3081, no instances of SCP-3081-1 could be located inside the anomaly. Drops of a viscous fluid were found in the central area of the clearing. The fluid was later identified as a slurry of skin, muscle tissue and bone, with a 74% match to human DNA. The drops were noted to describe a square, approximately 90 meters to a side.

Monitoring of SCP-3081 is to continue at a reduced rate, to prevent civilian access.

Addendum 3081-04

On / / , a Foundation agent discovered skin cream products marketed by **Soft Hands** at a Publix in Orlando, Florida. All products were seized and placed in storage. Analysis of the products reveals a composition of approximately 35% human muscle tissue.

In an interview, the store manager claimed to have been contacted by a 'sales representative', and after agreeing to carry the products, a pallet of skin cream was included in their usual shipment of cosmetics. Attempts to trace the origin of the shipment have so far been unsuccessful.

The product label is reproduced below.

S o f t H a n d s®

HAND MILK™

Hand and skin cream lotion

Enjoy this limited time run of Soft Hands® HAND MILK™ hand and skin cream and lotion! Rub Soft Hands® HAND MILK™ hand and skin cream and lotion upon your hands and skin and hands daily to get Soft Hands® Super-Soft Feeling Hands©! Made from all-natural, organic products, with no animal testing! From our heads to your hands!

Please take care of your hands. They're the only hands you'll get.

Footnotes
1. Dimensions: 915 m x 610 m x 305 m x 259 m.
2. Average height 1.4 m.
3. The only time aggression has been noted in SCP-3081-1.

SCP-3082: Neverland's Lost Boys and Girls

Item #: SCP-3082

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The suburban locale surrounding SCP-3082 and the private property associated with the anomaly itself are to remain in the Foundation's ownership, functioning as a Site-11 satellite facility. In order to more easily preserve the appearance of an unremarkable neighborhood, it is recommended that Foundation personnel inhabit residences in the vicinity of SCP-3082.

The ladder granting access to SCP-3082 is to be removed when not in use.

Personnel must maintain diplomatic relations with the human population of SCP-3082-1. In the interest of perpetuating goodwill, personnel are not to interfere with internal conflicts among residents of the anomaly.

The population of the village designated SCP-3082-1-Θ may request that the Foundation provide certain items. Requests for clothing, entertainment devices, and media may be fulfilled at the discretion of authorized staff. The provision of livestock, pets, tools, food, beverage, and/or other items must be approved by a Level 4 supervisor and endorsed by the village's "chief royal council".[1]

Description: SCP-3082 is a 2 m by 2 m by 2 m treehouse located in the mid-western United States. The object is made of cherry wood planks. SCP-3082 is also a 4 m by 5 m by 2.5 m maple wood treehouse cabin located in an evergreen section of SCP-3082-1. In this form, the object appears to have been constructed in the Greek revival architectural style.

SCP-3082's two forms are connected by a 1 meter by 1.3 meter

hatch on an interior wall of the object. The hatch serves as the access point to and from a stable, Earth-like pocket dimension containing neither large fauna nor sentient native inhabitants. This external reality is centered around SCP-3082-1.

Measuring an estimated 160 km tall, SCP-3082-1 is an extreme megaflorum and arboreal organism displaying numerous traits from a large variety of identifiable plants seemingly grafted onto it. Sampling and analysis have determined that sections of SCP-3082-1 which resemble various plant species are genetically identical to non-anomalous specimens. Analysis of bark samples taken from transition areas between one plant species and another has revealed [DATA REDACTED].

Conifers (*Pinophyta*) and flowering deciduous trees are the most common phenotypical features in the portion of SCP-3082-1's geography that has been documented by the Foundation. Approximately 10% of documented plants are edible or bear fruit edible to humans. The most notable graft organism observed of the many that make up SCP-3082-1 is an anomalous species of pitcher plant (*Nepenthes*) which contains fresh water in its pitcher cups[2] rather than trap fluid.

SCP-3082-1 appears to be the sole major vertical structure within its extradimensional space. Long-range imaging has revealed only flat terrain and decaying plant life extending out from the organism's base for at least 3000 km. Despite great altitude variation, atmospheric pressure remains largely consistent (averaging 101 kPa) throughout the pocket reality. Temperate weather patterns exist in the local vicinity of SCP-3082-1. Researchers have determined that the organism receives approximately 1300 mm of annual precipitation on average.[3]

Living within the pocket dimension are 74 human children of American nationality ranging from 4 to 12 years old. 73 of these subjects currently reside in a village of treehouses, henceforth designated SCP-3082-1-Θ, located in a section of SCP-3082-1's uppermost branches. Each individual claims to have suddenly appeared on the porch of SCP-3082 after fleeing from an abusive household. Neither the children nor their possessions appear to physically age or deteriorate. Investigation has positively identified

these children as the subjects of missing person reports from 1996 through modern day.

SCP-3082-1-Θ is situated approximately 120 meters from the location of SCP-3082 within the pocket reality. A series of platforms and rope bridges[4] lead from the access point to the village without detour. The tree forts of SCP-3082-1-Θ are of notably cruder construction than SCP-3082. Corroborated statements from the chronologically oldest residents of the village indicate that the object was present prior to when subjects began appearing.

The residents of SCP-3082-1-Θ are prevented from entering the access point in SCP-3082 by a reportedly glass-like barrier unobservable by human subjects age 13 and older.

Two distinct political factions have arisen within SCP-3082-1-Θ as an indirect result of Foundation interference. The presently larger camp has expressed support for research efforts toward the goal of releasing the village residents from the pocket reality. The smaller group, which calls itself the "Neverland movement", has declared opposition to the Foundation's planned resettlement of the subjects to normal reality should a viable means of cross-dimensional transportation be found.

Document #3082-01: Visually aided dossier of SCP-3082 case files relevant to current research and operations.

Following the establishment of diplomatic relations with the governing assembly of SCP-3082-1-Θ, residents of the village provided Foundation personnel with lodgings on the outskirts of their community.

Both manned and unmanned explorations of SCP-3082-1 are directed from this location.

+ Level 3 clearance required

With an average radius of 0.8 m and an estimated depth of 3 m, the site of SCP-3082-2's encampment at the time of the Foundation's first encounter with it was a tree hollow located[5] on a primary branch of SCP-3082-1. The subject[6] had established a temporary base in this location less than three hours prior to when visual contact was achieved by a remotely piloted exploration drone (ID# AEXD-1348).

Name: Rachel Jeffreys

Designation: SCP-3082-1-A

Bio: Born 28 June 1986 in , Iowa, Rachel Jeffreys was labeled a missing person 27 August 1996. Her father is currently receiving in-patient treatment at the rehabilitation facility. Her mother is deceased. She has 1 chronologically younger brother living in , California.

She is stated to be the first of the 73 village residents to have appeared in the SCP-3082-1 pocket reality. She is a retired member of the "chief royal council". Her present role within SCP-3082-1-Θ has been described as being that of a peacekeeper and mediator.

Name: Ahmed Sayid

Designation: SCP-3082-1-B

Bio: Born 2 February 1985 in , Michigan, Ahmed Sayid was reported missing 28 September 1996. His mother and 3

chronologically younger siblings now live in , Michigan. His father is deceased.

Ahmed is an abstaining member of the "chief royal council" of the children's village, where he wields a tiebreaker vote when necessary. His primary function in the community has been noted to be as caretaker of the younger children.

Name: Lucy Fujimoto

Designation: SCP-3082-1-K

Bio: Born 30 June 1989 in , Arizona, Lucy Fujimoto was labeled a missing person 22 November 1996. Her parents now reside in , New York. She has no siblings.

The role fulfilled by Lucy within SCP-3082-1-Θ is that of a resource manager and "city planner". She holds senior membership on the "chief royal council". The majority of the village residents regard her as an informal leader of the pro-Foundation faction.

Name: Wexley Olson

Designation: SCP-3082-1-AR

Bio: Born 18 January 1999 in , Pennsylvania, Wexley Olson was reported missing 7 April 2005. His mother has remarried and currently lives in , Tennessee. His father (Foundation ID# D-) is deceased. He has neither siblings nor half-siblings.

A junior member of the "chief royal council", Wexley is widely viewed as the ringleader of the "Neverland" faction within the village. Should

Foundation personnel find themselves confronted by this subject, no aggressive action is to be taken.

+ Level 3 clearance required

Name: Aria Morrison

Designation: SCP-3082-2

Bio: Born 7 January 1984 in , Ohio, Aria Morrison was labeled a missing person 12 August 1996. The subject's parents are deceased. It has one younger sister by the name of Jacquelyn Morrison, also reported missing 12 August 1996, whose whereabouts are unknown.[7]

Corroborated statements from the chronologically oldest of the village children have indicated that SCP-3082-2 was already present in the pocket dimension when SCP-3082-1-A first arrived. It is believed that the subject acted as leader of SCP-3082-1-Θ until a point in time approximately five months before the Foundation's discovery of SCP-3082. When questioned, SCP-3082-1-A and SCP-3082-1-B have claimed that SCP-3082-2 abandoned the village in order to [DATA REDACTED].

This subject has been designated SCP-3082-2 due to its suspected connection to the anomalous properties of SCP-3082 and SCP-3082-1. It is currently wanted for interrogation.

+ Level 4 clearance required

Document #3082-02: Excerpts from transcripts of interviews with the residents of SCP-3082-1-Θ.

+ Interview Log #3082-1-AR-01

Interviewed: SCP-3082-1-AR (Wexley Olson)

Interviewer: Researcher Dr. Seymour Tracy

<Begin Log>

Dr. Tracy: Hello—

SCP-3082-1-AR: Yeah. I'm Wexley Olson, I was born January 18th 1999, I went missing April 7th 2005. Isn't that what you guys want to know? To find our records outside and stuff?

Dr. Tracy: Oh… well, yes. It is.

SCP-3082-1-AR: Great. Now fuck off.

Dr. Tracy: What?

SCP-3082-1-AR: I said fuck off. What are you, stupid?

Dr. Tracy: I think you need to watch your language, little man.

SCP-3082-1-AR: I think you need to fuck off. Leave. We don't need your fucking charity!

[Dr. Tracy begins backing away.]

Dr. Tracy: Okay, okay… I'm going to leave just like you want me to. But maybe we can talk a little more some other time?

SCP-3082-1-AR: Fuck off!

<End Log>

+ Interview Log #3082-1-B-03/K/AR

Interviewed: SCP-3082-1-K (Lucy Fujimoto); SCP-3082-1-AR (Wexley Olson)

Interviewer: Researcher Dr. Seymour Tracy

Foreword: *The following transcript is of an interaction between the leaders of the "Neverland" and pro-Foundation factions of SCP-3082-1-Θ. Taking place at the end of a follow-up interview with SCP-3082-1-B, it was unintentionally recorded in the log's audio feed.*

<Begin Log>

SCP-3082-1-K: You're an idiot, Wexley!

SCP-3082-1-AR: No, you are! There's no good reason to help those Foundation people kick us out!

SCP-3082-1-K: They don't even have a way to get us back to the real world yet, stupid.

SCP-3082-1-AR: But they're gonna make all of us leave if they find one. Why should I have to go if I don't want to, huh? Some of us are happier here!

SCP-3082-1-K: Happier here? It's rickety and dangerous and half the roofs leak when it rains! Some of the kids have been toddlers for fifteen years! *Why* do you like this place so much?

SCP-3082-1-AR: Neverland gives us everything we need without any grown-ups to tell us what to do or knock us around. You're the stupid one if you want to give that up.

SCP-3082-1-K: [pauses] … Everything we need? You really think so?

SCP-3082-1-AR: Yeah!

SCP-3082-1-K: Then you're dumber than I thought.

SCP-3082-1-AR: Am not! I'm smarter than you are, Lucy!

SCP-3082-1-K: I'm older than you are.

SCP-3082-1-AR: So?

SCP-3082-1-K: So I was here back when we were still building the village. I was *here* before we had safety nets, ladders, and fences and before we figured out how to build a tree house that wouldn't fall apart if someone leaned on a bad wall. I was *here* before we knew where there was more food if we needed it. When did *you* get here, huh?

SCP-3082-1-AR: 2005.

SCP-3082-1-K: Yeah. *After* we knew what we were doing. But *I was here* when Ahmed fell off a bridge and broke his leg and Mary couldn't fix it because *she's not a doctor like her mom!*

SCP-3082-1-AR: But—

SCP-3082-1-K: He only *acts* like it doesn't still bother him, you idiot. Mary didn't fix his leg right and this place didn't fix it either. Aria prayed, and you know what happened? Nothing! Ahmed's gonna have a messed up leg for the rest of his life, you know. This place isn't magic — or if it is, it doesn't care about us.

SCP-3082-1-AR: … It's still better than out there. No one gets a happy ending out there.

SCP-3082-1-K: Out there, they have stuff like hospitals and fire stations and grocery stores. And happy endings? News flash — no one

gets them in here either! We're not living in some stupid story book, Wexley. This place isn't Neverland.

[It is at this point that SCP-3082-1-K walked away, ending the argument despite attempts from SCP-3082-1-AR to continue it.]

<End Log>

+ Interview Log #3082-1-AR-06

Interviewed: SCP-3082-1-AR

Interviewer: Researcher Dr. Seymour Tracy

Foreword: *The following interaction took place in the early morning as personnel began arriving in the pocket dimension.*

<Begin Log>

[Dr. Tracy climbs through SCP-3082's hatch to enter the pocket dimension. The sound of knocking on the tree cabin's door is heard. Other personnel begin filing through the hatch as Dr. Tracy answers the door. SCP-3082-1-AR is revealed standing on the porch outside, red-faced and tense.]

Dr. Tracy: SCP— er, Wexley? What are you doing here?

SCP-3082-1-AR: [quietly] … We have a problem. I… They sent me here to tell you guys.

Dr. Tracy: You want our help?

SCP-3082-1-AR: [loudly] We don't know yet, okay?

Dr. Tracy: Okay, okay. I don't mean to pressure you. Just tell me what's wrong.

SCP-3082-1-AR: It happened last night. We don't know exactly when, but it was after you guys left.

Dr. Tracy: What happened, Wexley?

SCP-3082-1-AR: Weird stuff, that's what. The tree grew a giant slide going from where the apples used to be down to where the cherries are. It snapped two safety nets. And it's full of splinters.

Dr. Tracy: Where the apples *used* to be?

SCP-3082-1-AR: They're kinda… not apples anymore. The fruit still looks like an apple on the outside — but it's squishy and full of cotton candy on the inside.

Dr. Tracy: That's… odd.

SCP-3082-1-AR: Just shut up and do something about it, okay?

<End Log>

Closing Statement: *Sturdier safety nets have been supplied to SCP-3082-1-Θ. Currently pending O5 approval is a proposal to equip the village with soil-less farming technology and a stock of non-perishable foods as a precautionary measure in case SCP-3082-1 ceases to provide the residents with sufficient nutrition.*

+ Level 4 Clearance required

Document #3082- : Records logging interactions with

SCP-3082-2.

Item requested: s1300 Aerial Exploration Drone

Reason: Replacement of lost/damaged equipment

Lost/damaged equipment specifications:

> **Aerial**
> **Exploration**
> **Drone**
> *s1300 quadcopter model with ivory finish*
>
> **Features:**
>
> - Retractable solar panel array
> - 7-hour rechargeable power cell
> - Camera mount (360° horizontal range, 150° z-axis motion)
> - HD camera (on-board image enhancement and facial recognition software)
> - Long-range radio transmitter/receiver
> - Emergency locator beacon

Affiliated project/personnel authorization:

> **Project Galileo Mission Statement:**
> Documentation of SCP-3082-1 on a larger scale must be performed for two reasons:
>
> 1. To improve scientific understanding of the biology of SCP-3082-1 in order to investigate its origins.
> 2. To gain a comprehensive grasp of the structure of the organism in order to facilitate human exploration and manned operations beyond SCP-3082-1-Θ.
>
> This project's operational team has been allocated the use of 4 AEXD drones (ID#

AEXD-1346 through AEXD-1349) to accomplish these goals to the best of its ability.

Proof of loss:

Incident Report #3082-2-A: At 14:23 local time on 14/07/2017, the operator of AEXD-1348 piloted the drone into a previously undocumented section of SCP-3082-1 during standard exploration procedures. Exploration continued normally until 14:35, when the drone encountered a tree hollow in an oak section of SCP-3082-1.

This tree hollow was the second such discovered example of physiological damage to the megaflorum. Closer investigation was deemed pertinent to research operations, and so the drone operator piloted AEXD-1348 nearer to the location of interest.

Upon approach, movement was observed within the hollow's interior. Continued observation led to visual contact with and positive identification of subject SCP-3082-2, Aria Morrison, at time 14:42.

SCP-3082-2 appeared physically healthy and uninjured. Its attire at the time of the encounter was composed of a white T-shirt, short denim overalls, and white sneakers, all matching the description of the clothing it was last seen wearing before being labeled a missing person. The subject also seemed to be in possession of a red knapsack within its temporary base in the tree hollow.

Due to close proximity, AEXD-1348 soon became noticed by the subject. SCP-3082-2's immediate reaction to the sight of the drone

has been described as that of astonishment. After recovering from its initial surprise, SCP-3082-2 began waving and calling out to the AEXD unit.

The drone operator was ordered not to engage with the subject as the Project Galileo team awaited the arrival of its supervisor. With AEXD-1348 at 11% battery, the operator attempted to have the drone withdraw to the nearest branch of SCP-3082-1 from which it could maintain view of the tree hollow while conserving power.

At time 14:44, SCP-3082-2 displayed signs of distress at the drone's apparent retreat. It began pounding its hands against the interior of the tree hollow and making soft vocalizations which were indistinct to the AEXD unit's microphone.

At time 14:45, AEXD-1348's third rotor was struck by a falling, moderately dense object later determined to have been a small watermelon. The drone subsequently flew into the lowermost branches of a maple section of SCP-3082-1. Immediately following this, there occurred rapid, targeted ivy growth in the vicinity of the drone's crash site. It is believed that this ivy became entangled in the rotors of the AEXD unit, preventing its escape.

At time 14:48, AEXD-1348 experienced emergency system shutdown due to overheating detected in its flight motors. Subsequent attempts to remotely restore communications with the drone have failed.

Requisition status: Denied

Interviewed: SCP-3082-2

Interviewer: Project Galileo operational team (through AEXD-1348)

Foreword: *The following transcript logs a broadcast received from AEXD-1348 several days after Incident #3082-2-A.*

<Begin Log>

[A blurry image of SCP-3082-2 appears. The camera lens is focusing on a blueberry plant behind the subject.]

SCP-3082-2: Hello?

[The camera attempts to sharpen in on the subject. The subject's facial features become recognizable but still remain out of focus. The sound of running motors joins the audio feed.]

SCP-3082-2: I hope you're getting this… Um. If you can see or hear me, can you stop spinning the helicopter motor things? I, uh, took three fan blades off. But they were already kinda broken before that.

[The sound of the drone's motors ceases. The subject smiles.]

SCP-3082-2: You're receiving me! [laughing] Oh, this is great!

[Sighing in apparent relief, the subject begins consuming blueberries stored in the front pocket of its overalls.]

SCP-3082-2: Hi. [gives a small wave] My name's Aria Morrison. I've been here — in this giant tree world, I mean — for a while. There's probably a missing kid report on me back outside. It'd be from 1996. [shrugging] Yeah, I still look the same. I have some, uh, questions for you. Can you spin this gadget's blades one time for "no" and two times for "yes"?

[The drone is heard activating its motors twice in quick succession.]

SCP-3082-2: This is fantastic. It's so good to talk to someone other than the tree. Hey, uh, just to be sure… Are you an adult? You're not just some other kid who showed up in the village with technology from, like, 2018, right? Oh, um, say "yes" if you're a grown-up.

AEXD-1348: [YES]

[In an apparently celebratory mood, the subject claps its hand together.]

SCP-3082-2: Are you in the village? With the kids?

AEXD-1348: [YES]

SCP-3082-2: Are they doing okay? Is Rachel in charge?

AEXD-1348: [YES] [NO]

SCP-3082-2: So… Rachel isn't in charge, but the village is alright?

AEXD-1348: [YES]

SCP-3082-2: Okay… Are *you* in charge of the village?

AEXD-1348: [NO]

SCP-3082-2: Alright. Are you just one person, or are you, like, with an organization? "Yes" for the first answer, "no" for the second.

AEXD-1348: [NO]

SCP-3082-2: Are you the government?

AEXD-1348: [YES] [NO]

SCP-3082-2: Um… Does that mean "kinda"?

AEXD-1348: [YES]

[The subject pauses, contemplating something. After several moments, it reaches for the drone and lifts it up, turning the device around to face a birch sample of SCP-3082-1. Letters, dots, and dashes, a facsimile of Morse code, are written in black and blue crayon on the birch bark.]

SCP-3082-2: I couldn't find speakers anywhere on this gadget, so I figured you'd need some other way to say more than "yes" and "no". This is my version of Morse code. Run the motor forward the way you have been for a dot and run it backward for a dash. I hope you can take pictures with the camera on this thing.

AEXD-1348: [YES]

SCP-3082-2: You got it?

AEXD-1348: [YES]

SCP-3082-2: Okay.

[The subject sets the drone back down and turns the camera to face it. Glancing at the cloudy sky, the subject frowns.]

SCP-3082-2: I think it's going to rain soon. I'll have to put this gadget away in a little while.

AEXD-1348: [DRONE IS WATERPROEF]

[The subject adopts an expression of confusion.]

SCP-3082-2: Drone?

AEXD-1348: [GADGET] [WHAAT DID YOU DO TO IT]

SCP-3082-2: Oh. So this thing's called a drone. Um… Maybe it was waterproof before, but it's… kinda beat up now. I reattached the camera by taking wires from

something that didn't look as, uh, important. Lucky me, I had duct tape and a pocket knife in my bag. Since we're talking and stuff, it must've been enough to fix everything that I needed to fix.

[The subject pauses.]

SCP-3082-2: I really do need to put you — well, the drone — away now, but I wanna ask one more question: Who are you?

AEXD-1348: [WE ARE SCP FOUNDATION]

SCP-3082-2: So that's your organization's name? Hm. I've never heard of you before, but it's nice to meet you, SCP Foundation. I'll try to call again soon.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: *The Project Galileo team has been unable to determine AEXD-1348's current location. It has been deemed likely that SCP-3082-2 removed wires from the AEXD unit's locator beacon in its repair of the drone's camera connection.*

Interviewed: SCP-3082-2

Interviewer: Project Galileo operational team (through AEXD-1348)

Foreword: *The following interaction occurred 44 hours after SCP-3082-2's prior transmission. The Project Galileo team became thoroughly well-versed in the subject's Morse code facsimile during that time as preparation.*

<Begin Log>

[Visual feed opens on SCP-3082-2 in the branches of a willow section of SCP-3082-1.]

SCP-3082-2: Hello? Are you there, SCP Foundation?

AEXD-1348: [YES]

[The subject laughs.]

SCP-3082-2: Hah, you don't have to spell that out. Stick with the old way. It's not hard to figure out when you mean letters and when you mean "yes" or "no".

AEXD-1348: [OK]

SCP-3082-2: Cool. It's good to talk again. Nice, sunny weather today, so I think we'll be fine for a while. Anyway… I guess you guys found the tree house in the real world? The one that the kids here can't get into?

AEXD-1348: [YES]

SCP-3082-2: When did you find out about this place?

AEXD-1348: [FIVE MONTHS AFTER YOU LEFT]

SCP-3082-2: Since then? Huh. So… you probably know a lot about me, but I don't know much of anything about you. I have some more questions to ask.

AEXD-1348: [OK]

SCP-3082-2: I'm dying to know — what does "SCP" stand for? Stark, Curry, and Parker? Super Cooking Pantry? Sandy's Comic Place?

[The Foundation's response is slightly delayed.]

AEXD-1348: … [SECURE CONTAIN PROTECT]

SCP-3082-2: Oh. Well, that's more interesting that the names I was thinking of. What does it mean?

AEXD-1348: [IT IS OUR JOB] [MISSION]

SCP-3082-2: Your… mission? What exactly do you guys

do?

AEXD-1348: [WE RESEARCH] [KEEP WORLD SAFE] [PROTECT PEOPLE FROM PARANORMAL]

SCP-3082-2: The paranormal. You mean things like this place?

AEXD-1348: [YES]

[The subject pauses.]

SCP-3082-2: … I get it. So it's like you're Area 51: the secret agency that collects sci-fi stuff and experiments on aliens.

AEXD-1348: [YES]

[The subject displays agitated behavior.]

SCP-3082-2: Okay. Great. I, uh, think I should keep moving now. There's nothing to eat where I am, so… I'll call you later. Bye.

<End Log>

Interviewed: SCP-3082-2

Interviewer: Project Galileo operational team (through AEXD-1348)

Foreword: *The following interview took place 9 days after the previous.*

<Begin Log>

[Visual feed opens on SCP-3082-2 in the branches of a maple section of SCP-3082-1. The subject behaves distractedly, often tugging at its hair or fiddling with its overall straps.]

SCP-3082-2: Hi.

AEXD-1348: [YES]

SCP-3082-2: Yeah… There's not really anything I wanted to talk about. I was just feeling kinda lonely.

[The subject appears lost in thought. AEXD-1348 spins its motors to reclaim the subject's attention.]

SCP-3082-2: Sorry. Were you trying to say something?

AEXD-1348: [WE HAVE QUESTIONS]

SCP-3082-2: Ah. Of course you do. Okay, shoot.

AEXD-1348: [HOW DID YOU CAPTURE DRONE]

[Adopting a conflicted expression, the subject bites its lower lip nervously.]

SCP-3082-2: Um… Would you believe me if I said I have magic plant powers?

[The Foundation's response is delayed.]

AEXD-1348: … [NO]

[Hesitation is displayed by the subject.]

AEXD-1348: [HOW CAPTURE DRONE] [WHY LEAVE VILLAGE]

SCP-3082-2: I… Well… Do you guys share what I say? Like, with the kids in the village? Or the government or anything?

AEXD-1348: [NO] [NO OTHERS KNOW WE FOUND YOU]

SCP-3082-2: Is it going to, y'know, stay that way?

AEXD-1348: [YES]

SCP-3082-2: …Okay. I'm going to tell you guys

something that I've never told anyone before. It's a long story, but someone needs to know this in case I don't, y'know, make it… Some of the other kids figured out half of it. Maybe they told you or maybe you found the police report — about my sister?

AEXD-1348: [JACQUELYN]

[The subject removes its backpack and holds it close to its chest. It nods its head.]

SCP-3082-2: Yeah. Jackie.

[Holding its backpack a little closer to itself, the subject faintly smiles.]

SCP-3082-2: This was her bag. She was the one who brought duct tape when we decided to run away together. [chuckling] I used to tell her that it could fix anything — she never believed me, but she thought to bring it anyway. Silly, right? Heh…

[The subject sighs.]

SCP-3082-2: [taking on a softer tone of voice] I was twelve when we left, and she was seven. I know that I still *look* like I'm twelve, but it's been decades since then, really… Um. Before I go on, I need to tell you something that's kinda hard to believe.

AEXD-1348: [OK]

SCP-3082-2: My sister was special. Sometimes, when she wanted something to be true, it would actually happen — even if it was impossible. One time, I told her that our parents left us home alone on her birthday because… because there was going to be a surprise party in the park on her *half*-birthday. I said there'd be half a chocolate cake waiting for her in a big bouncy house. Six months later, after I'd forgotten about that, we went to the park… and it was all just like I'd described it

to her. She wasn't surprised at all. Said she knew it'd be there.

[The subject pauses.]

SCP-3082-2: When we played in the woods, she liked to invent places. Pyramids. Jungles. Sandcastles. I would blink or look away, and suddenly they'd, um, be there. She made herself into a mermaid once. At the end of our games, I always told her that things should go back to the way they were supposed to be. And everything magical would disappear, and it'd be like nothing ever happened. Do you believe me?

AEXD-1348: [YES]

SCP-3082-2: Right. [frowning] You probably see weirder stuff all the time.

[Silence falls.]

AEXD-1348: [CONTINUE]

SCP-3082-2: Oh, yeah. Sorry. I got a little distracted. What was I saying…? Right… It was after our parents had a really big fight — me and my sister ran away together. We went into the woods behind our house, where we always used to play, and we just… kept walking. After half an hour… we were scared. Scared to keep going *and* scared to go back. I looked away for one second…

[The subject draws a shuddering breath and turns to the side, no longer facing the drone.]

SCP-3082-2: I looked away. And when I looked back, she wasn't there, and I was standing on the porch of a tree fort cabin. There weren't any bridges or platforms back then. It was just me in that tree house… in a tree so big I didn't know where it started. Me. All by myself.

[The subject closes its eyes.]

SCP-3082-2: I'm not embarrassed to say that I cried. A lot. And I got thirsty and lonely… and I pretended that Jackie was there to listen to a bedtime story about pitcher plants full of water. The next morning, I found rope bridges and platforms going from the cabin to a… a grove place. Where the village is now. The pitcher plants were all over the place there. And there was fruit nearby. Lots of fruit.

SCP-3082-2: A little while later, Rachel showed up. And then Ahmed. I told them a little bit about Jackie. Later, we figured out that more kids would keep coming, so… we started building a, uh, a place for them. You should know all the rest already.

[Glancing at the branches above its head, the subject reaches up and tugs at a leaf.]

SCP-3082-2: The tree does what I ask when it's feeling up to it. That's how I got this drone out of the air: I asked for it. [sighs] I still look twelve years old. My sister… she doesn't really look seven anymore. Or act the same. Not even close. She likes it too much, here in… well, Wexley calls it Neverland. I think Jackie might listen better if I get closer to the part of her that remembers, but for now… she just doesn't hear me when I say that it's time to go home.

AEXD-1348: [EXPLAIN]

[Shaking its head sadly, the subject begins reaching over the camera's view and toward the drone's battery. It appears unwilling to continue the conversation.]

SCP-3082-2: Trees don't really think like people do.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: *SCP-3082-2 has yet to contact the Foundation again since this interaction.*

Footnotes

1. The self-proclaimed "chief royal council" is an oligarchical governing assembly of 7 civically engaged and relatively well-respected residents of SCP-3082-1-Θ.
2. 0.2 to 0.3 L of water per pitcher
3. This amount of rainfall has been determined to be gravely insufficient to sustain a plant organism of SCP-3082-1's mass. Researchers postulate that SCP-3082-1 either retains or generates additional water through anomalous means.
4. The original rope bridges traversing the branches of SCP-3082-1 at the time of the anomaly's discovery were unable to safely hold more than 130 kg at a time. The Foundation has since replaced the majority of these with new structures rated for 1500+ kg.
5. [2.12 radians clockwise, 20 km inward, -50 km vertical] from reference point SCP-3082 [0 radians, 0 km inward, 0 km vertical].
6. See "Residents" case files for information regarding the subject designated SCP-3082-2
7. Speculation that Jacquelyn Morrison currently resides within SCP-3082's pocket reality is unconfirmed.

SCP-3083: Echoes of a Mistake

Item #: SCP-3083

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The orbit of the SCPS *Kama* has been altered to allow for easier monitoring of SCP-3083. The status of SCP-3083 is to be checked once daily, and its orientation noted if an activation event has occurred. SCP-3083-1 should always be retrieved if present, however samples of SCP-3083 need only be taken if its form is visibly altered. SCP-3083-1 instances are to be transferred to Site-22 during routine cargo exchanges with the *Kama* and stored in a secure locker.

As SCP-3083 is too small to be observed by amateur telescopes, disinformation campaigns need only be directed at major observatories. As the number of independent sightings since containment has been miniscule, disinformation is considered a Foxtrot-Omega Priority containment task.

Investigation into possible anomalous activity regarding Researcher Benich has concluded as of 14/05/2017, with negative results. Doctor Benich is not to be informed of the existence of SCP-3083.

Description: SCP-3083 appears to be the severed head of Researcher Corey Benich, in geosynchronous orbit above Site-22. SCP-3083 exhibits none of the expected effects of prolonged exposure to Earth's uppermost exosphere, allowing for easy sampling of biological material from the wound. Attempts to move SCP-3083 from its position have been unsuccessful.

After a period of time between 20 and 72 hours, SCP-3083 will undergo an alteration event, rotating to face a different direction. In 14% of activation events, SCP-3083 also alters its physical form; 72% of activation events include the generation of SCP-3083-1.

SCP-3083-1 are small[1] objects that manifest within 1 meter of SCP-3083 after alteration events. A partial list of SCP-3083-1 can be found below.

Addendum: Notable SCP-3083 Instances

Date of Recovery	Description	Notes
08/09/2015	Human male head, short brown hair, neck severed 6 cm below hyoid bone from apparent explosion	First discovered instance; used as visual baseline for human instances. Genetic testing a >99% match with Dr. Benich.
18/04/2016	Green and blue mottled skin similar covered in smooth scales, eyes ovoid with black sclera, lack of nares, mass of ten tentacles at crown of skull in place of hair	Genetic testing negative.
21/04/2016	Features generally human, but skin covered in bristly fur	—
13/09/2016	Appears to be a head of *Sus scrofa*[2]	Genetic testing a >98% match with Dr. Benich.
15/08/2017	Same as baseline, but shrunk by a factor of 2.3	—

Note: No non-human instance of SCP-3083 has ever been observed more than once.

Addendum: Notable SCP-3083-1 Instances

Date of Recovery	Description	Notes
08/09/2015	Foundation-issue ID tag, identifying Corey Benich as a	85% of recovered SCP-3083-1 instances have been

	"Foundation Magus Level 3,"[3] male,[4] born in Roanoke Falls, Virginia[5]	Foundation-issue ID tags. Identification has been generally consistent,[6] with occasional variation in "Magus Level".
16/09/2015	Foundation standard-issue pill bottle containing 12 pills	Pills found to contain galactan in powder form. Usage unknown.
17/09/2015	Men's eyeglasses, black frames	Only time eyeglasses have appeared as SCP-3083-1 not attached to face. Occurrence of eyeglasses in 4% of alteration events. Dr. Benich has 20/20 vision.
04/12/2015	USB flash drive	Unknown capacity. Insertion into computer terminal resulted in internal fire and total failure of terminal. Object not currently in storage; location unknown.
30/07/2016	Photograph depicting four humanoids in various states of decay, posing and smiling for the camera	Corresponding SCP-3083 instance appeared within 95% similarity of baseline.
19/02/2017	Ballpoint click pen	Logo does not correspond to any known company. Ink changes colors approximately every two seconds while writing. Due to negligence, item last seen approaching

		Saturn; retrieval considered low priority.
18/04/2017	Resembles snack bar wrapper, features writing in an abjad similar to Hebrew	Writing has yet to be translated; materials testing inconclusive.
20/06/2017	Handwritten note	Language is a descendant of Aramaic, written in Phoenecian alphabet. Sequence of numbers written as words. When entered as a telephone number, reaches a cafe in the Maldives. Further testing prohibited.

Addendum: Incident 3083-01

On 11/05/2017, Dr. Benich was given a full medical examination, as part of the ongoing investigation. A lump was discovered in her neck, and she stated that she was experiencing minor pains and growing difficulty in swallowing. Emergency surgery resulted in excision of a 2.4 cm tumor from Dr. Benich's thyroid. Chemotherapy was not considered necessary. As of 17/06/2017, Dr. Benich is fully recovered and has returned to normal duties.

Footnotes
1. Never larger than what could be easily held in the hand.
2. Eurasian wild boar
3. No such position exists at the Foundation.
4. Consistent in 80% of visual and material observation.
5. No such place exists.
6. When instances contain writing in a known language

SCP-3084: Seven Strangers at a Feast

Item #: SCP-3084

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Instances of SCP-3084 encountered in the field are to be seized, documented, and stored within the Site-28 Secure Archives. Full screenings of SCP-3084 are permitted only to individuals assigned to activities within Plane-3084.

Per established risk management protocols, personnel cleared to enter Plane-3084 for research purposes are to spend no more than eight hours within this space during any seven day period, and no more than 25 hours in any 30 day period. Medical and psychological screenings will be administered to personnel assigned to this function on a weekly basis.

Description: SCP-3084 is a silent film titled *Seven Strangers at a Feast*. The majority of the film appears to have been made at some point in the late 1920s, however, certain elements suggest that parts of the film may have been made earlier or later than this time period. SCP-3084 has a total runtime of 2 hours and 17 minutes. Apart from an initial title placard, SCP-3084 does not feature any title cards to indicate dialogue, nor any indication that a musical score of any kind was intended. No records of the film's purported director, Jacob Nkurunziza, have been verified to exist.

In approximately 40% of documented cases, persons viewing SCP-3084 in its entirety become capable of accessing a trans-physical space (designated Plane-3084) upon completion of their first viewing of the film. Within 3-5 days after the initial viewing, these subjects develop an intuitive ability to enter a trance-like state at will, and appear to vanish from observation upon achieving this state. During this time, subjects are transported through unknown means to Plane-3084. Persons entering Plane-3084 in this manner are able to return to baseline reality at will, and reappear at the

same location in space upon returning.

Research indicates that at least six persons have entered Plane-3084 since its creation, including two Foundation personnel. Plane-3084 is believed to have been created through anomalous means at the same time as SCP-3084.

Plane-3084 is a trans-physical space closely resembling locations depicted in *Seven Strangers at a Feast*. Geographical features, structures, and ambient weather conditions all appear to exactly match locations that appear in the film. It is not believed that SCP-3084 was filmed within Plane-3084; rather, Plane-3084 is understood to be a place generated concurrent with the act of filming SCP-3084.

SCP-3084 was first documented among the effects of George Cecil Jones (PoI #3663), collected posthumously as part of the larger monitoring efforts of Operation LAWBREAKER in the 1960s, where its anomalous traits were observed upon processing of the numerous artifacts in the Jones estate. Jones and other figures targeted in the course of LAWBREAKER are not believed to be the intended recipients of SCP-3084 copies. At least thirty copies of SCP-3084 are known to have been distributed anonymously in the 1920s in London, Paris, Brussels, Rome, and several other European cities. Most have been recovered from individuals occupying high-profile positions in business, the military, or the aristocracy, who are believed to be the intended recipients of SCP-3084 at the time.

Addendum 3084.1 - Synopsis of SCP-3084

Seven Strangers at a Feast is an experimental film deviating in style and subject material from most efforts of the late silent film era. These differences include the extended running time, lack of an easily discernible story or plot, depictions of graphic violence utilizing special effects far in advance of those available at the time, and repeated use of abstract imagery. No actors in the film have yet been positively identified, indicating that SCP-3084 is an amateur production.

Character names in the description below have been assigned by

research staff, as no credits beyond the initial title card are present in SCP-3084.

Scenes 1-8: These scenes take place in and around an isolated country house, and include several establishing shots. Five characters are introduced as they arrive at the country house, all depicted walking along a dirt road leading to the location; The Young Man, the Young Woman, the Aristocrat, the General, and the Boy. All of the characters gather at the front door of the country house. The Aristocrat and the General argue heatedly, apparently about whether to enter the house, or concerning a possible plan of action once inside the house. The Young Man, Young Woman, and Boy are silent throughout the exchange, with expressions of worry or fear throughout most scenes.

Scenes 9-13: The Old Woman appears for the first time, aimlessly wandering in the interior of the country house. The scenes are dimly lit. While her face is obscured throughout the film, the Old Woman can be interpreted to be muttering to herself by her hand and head movements, and occasionally yelling in the empty house. The Old Woman pauses occasionally to look with apparent apprehension at a chest next to the unlit hearth in the middle of the house.

Scenes 14-27: The argument between the Aristocrat and the General suddenly stops. The two men stand silently at the door to the house, while the General beckons the Boy to join them. The Boy resists and attempts to hide behind the Young Man. The Young Man appears confused and attempts to prevent the Boy from coming near him. The Young Woman suddenly flees the scene and runs into the woods surrounding the house.

Scenes 28-30: Inside the country house, the Old Woman shuffles closer to the front door, appearing to dance in an erratic fashion until reaching the door, at which point she appears to start shaking uncontrollably while stretching her arms skyward.

Scenes 31-43: The Young Woman runs through the now darkened woods surrounding the country house. The film quality appears to deteriorate and change during this extended sequence. The lighting of the scene grows darker and darker as the Young Woman continues to flee, her apparent terror increasing steadily. The woods

are barely discernible by Scene 38, and the Young Woman begins to be beset by shapeless apparitions emerging from the darkness starting in Scene 41. By Scene 43, the Young Woman is almost entirely out of focus, only recognizable by frantic, exaggerated movements.

Scenes 44-51: The Aristocrat kicks down the front door of the country house, finding the Old Woman standing in the doorway. He roughly takes hold of the Old Woman and marches her inside. The General draws his pistol and motions for the Boy to go inside the house. The Boy refuses until the General discharges a round into the air. The Boy reluctantly goes inside the house. The General apparently tells the Young Man to stand by a window looking into the house, and then goes inside himself.

Scenes 52-59: This portion of the film is entirely focused on the Young Man, who stays in place, watching the action through the window the entire time. Multiple camera angles, apparently utilizing several varieties of film, some appearing to be of higher quality than should be available for the time, are utilized. The Young Man grows increasingly uncomfortable and disturbed by what he is witnessing (presumably the events depicted in Scene 60 of the film), but does not move from his spot by the window.

Scene 60: The longest individual scene in the film. The Old Woman is forced down onto a long table in front of the hearth by the Aristocrat and the General. Her clothing, apart from the hood which continues to obscure her face, is torn away, and the two men methodically fix the Old Woman into place by driving long nails through her wrists and ankles into the table. The Boy is then made to sit and observe by the General.

The Aristocrat and the General use long, thin knives to flay the Old Woman's legs, placing the skin on top of the chest next to the hearth. The skin appears to begin smoldering. The Aristocrat then opens a long incision in the Old Woman's torso. Together, the Aristocrat and the General remove several ribs, carefully cutting away tissue until the cleaned bones are placed on top of the chest as well. The bones float in place over the pile of skin, which is now apparently on fire. The General dips a vessel into the Old Woman's now-open abdominal cavity and pours several cupfuls of blood on

top of the chest, causing the flames to grow substantially.

The Boy, watching impassively to this point, gets up from his seat at the request of the Aristocrat. The Boy reaches into the incision in the Old Woman's torso and retrieves what appears to be a set of eyes. The eyes rise out of the Boy's palm and travel first over the Aristocrat, then the General, before descending into the pyre atop the chest. The fire stops, and the chest opens.

The Guest, a charred, skeletal figure, rises from inside the chest. The Boy, the Aristocrat, and the General arrange six chairs around the table upon which the Old Woman is still fastened, and apparently still alive. The Aristocrat beckons to the window from which the Young Man is still watching, motioning for him to come inside. The Guest assumes a position at the head of the table.

Scenes 61-63: The Young Woman continues to run frantically in darkness, finally coming upon an isolated doorway deep into the woods. As the shapeless apparitions continue to pursue, the Young Woman opens the door and hurries inside, closing it behind her.

Scenes 64-68: The Young Woman appears spontaneously inside the country house, as the chairs have been arranged around the table and the Old Woman. She makes no reaction as the Aristocrat, the General, and the Young Man drape the scraps of the Old Woman's clothes onto her, and the Boy seats her at the foot of the table, opposite the Guest. The rest of the characters take their seats around the table. The Guest begins clawing at the flesh of the Old Woman with his hands, taking portions from her limbs. The flesh appears to cook while in the Guest's hands. The Guest hands portions of flesh to each character in turn around the table, each of whom devours the offering quickly. This is repeated several times.

Scenes 69-74: Scene 69 suddenly cuts to a clean skeleton affixed to the table, the characters still seated around the table, save the Guest, who is absent. The Aristocrat, the General, and the Young Man stand up and leave the house. The Boy removes the hood, still present on the skull of the Old Woman, and drapes it over the unresponsive Young Woman, still seated at the opposite end of the table. Scene 74 consists of a continuous shot of the now-obscured face of the Young Woman, lasting two minutes and nineteen

seconds before the film abruptly ends.

Addendum 3084.2 - Research Notes, Vol. 1

Initial documentation of SCP-3084 and subsequent exploration of Plane-3084 was undertaken in 1963 by Researcher Philip Dumont. The following are relevant field notes, containing observations and data collected by Dr. Dumont during his assignment to SCP-3084.

Prevailing Features of Plane-3084 (12 March 1963)

- Area consists of observable terrain and traversable terrain. Observable terrain the same as that depicted in the film, which must have been shot on location. Traversable terrain is the area around the house, the house itself, and a small corridor leading into the surrounding forest. Attempts to cross into non-traversable terrain are met with a simple inability to proceed further. No feeling of a barrier, no visible indicators. You just can't go there.

- Original location confirmed to be Rusizi National Park in the Kingdom of Burundi. This place is a simulacrum. Ongoing political instability is stalling inquiries, but unusual that a largely white production team making a film here would not be remarked in any records at the time. No records of Jacob Nkurunziza came up in our background search, and local authorities seemed quite insistent that they know of no such person.

- No persons or in fact any detectable living organisms present. Field microscopic examination of soil and water samples turn up same.

- Time does not pass in the surrounding area; the sun stays low in the sky and the local time is always 1830 hours, give or take a few minutes. Time passes normally for myself and my pocketwatch.

House Interior Assessment (5 May 1963)

The country house at the center of Plane-3084 does not decay, but instead maintains a certain shabby quality as originally depicted in the film. No amount of force seems to be sufficient to open the chest by the hearth; tools are being requisitioned for the next visit.

Unsurprisingly, one cannot light a fire in the hearth.

The testimony of Duke Mechelen, who is known to have visited this place sometime in the 30s, indicates that when the humanoids corresponding to the characters of the film dwelled here, they would mostly congregate in the house, when they weren't reenacting scenes. Two other individuals suspected to have been visitors indirectly confirm this observation in documents lifted from their private records, but only Mechelen described the routine of the characters in any detail. It is unfortunate that he only visited once; whether this experience is at all tied to his supposed nervous disposition in later years is impossible to say.

Before these humanoids (I hesitate to call them fully human until we can find one and examine it) left this plane for parts unknown, they were known to spend hours at a stretch all assembled in the house, standing almost perfectly still, only their eyes moving to follow visitors. Unsurprising perhaps that Mechelen did not return for a second trip.

As of this time, however, no persons are to be found here.

Excavation Results (17 August 1963)

The work has been slow going. Normally we would have seven or eight men digging this place up with suitable equipment. Due to our (mostly) reasonable protocols for visiting places like these, it's just been me and my shovel. Following some study of Scenes 65 and 66 and my observations here, I've succeeded in prying up the floorboards underneath the dinner table and excavating about a meter of material. I'll be able to test what I've found once site staff have finished designing the equipment for this environment. Recovered the following:

- Approx. 35 cubic centimeters of fabric (likely linen)
- Various implements of cutlery (likely steel)
- Layers of charred wood and ash (suggesting rebuilding of present structure on site of previously destroyed one)
- Ten cups of similar design to those depicted in Scene 60 of the film
- Scattered skeletal remains, almost certainly human. Initial examination suggests at least five different individuals, including two

skulls

Unlabeled (29 July 1963)

All of the bones apparently belong to same person. Not the first time we've encountered this situation, but never a welcome development.

Forest Examination VII (12 September 1963)

I've been feeling along the boundaries of the forest corridor for quite some time. On this examination, I have found a narrow pathway partway into the corridor that appears to correspond to Scenes 31-43. This is a unique portion of the film, in that it could have been filmed anywhere, and does not necessarily represent a fixed location in this plane. This could, theoretically, account for the whereabouts of the film's characters, who have not been present in this plane since at the very least 1954. Likely that I will be undertaking further explorations of this new side-corridor in fifty meter increments during my next scheduled visits.

Unlabeled (23 September 1963)

I haven't taken a sound recorder since the first few visits. I must remember to bring one next time.

Unlabeled (28 September 1963)

It gets darker here. Something about this specific place in the forest is most certainly different. The tapes don't seem to play anything back, but I'm increasingly certain that there is some form of life in the woods.

Dr. Dumont's field notes conclude at the 28 September 1963 entry. Dr. Dumont did not return as scheduled from his 28 September 1963 visit to Plane-3084, and was officially listed MIA until 28 September 1968, when he was recovered in a significantly agitated state from a police station in Lyons, France after attempting to clandestinely contact Foundation assets in the area. Dr. Dumont was unable to recall his whereabouts for the previous five year period in debriefings, and was granted a medical retirement several months later.

Addendum 3084.3 - Update and Analysis

At the request of Assistant Researcher Rania Kassar, SCP-3084 was re-authorized for examination on 12 October 2016 as part of a training and development assignment. Assistant Researcher Kassar was granted security clearance for Plane-3084 as part of a comprehensive data review and entry revision procedure, and has filed the following addendum:

Review Focus 1: Known Visitors to Plane-3084

Dorian Giroux, 5th Duke of Mechelen: Mechelen is known from his personal testimony to an undercover Foundation operative in the 1960s to have received a copy of SCP-3084 and viewed it. The then-Duke of Mechelen was at one time a prominent member of the Belgian royal family, however he grew estranged from them in the 1930s. This is concurrent with the time period of his first and only visit to Plane-3084, which he described as a disturbing and unpleasant experience.

At the time of his visit, Plane-3084 was populated by simulacra of the characters depicted in *Seven Strangers at a Feast*. These characters would re-enact the events of the film on a fixed cycle of time, completing a performance and then retiring to the country house for a period of several hours before repeating. Mechelen apparently witnessed two full performances from a fixed perspective inside the country house, noting that the characters would interact with him if engaged during portions of the film's narrative that were set outside of the house.

In the account of Mechelen, these characters would not speak, but would engage non-verbally. He notes being warmly greeted by the Aristocrat and the General, and regarded with fear by the Young Man. On several occasions the Aristocrat appeared to instruct the Boy to stay in Mechelen's vicinity, which Mechelen discouraged. When pressed, Mechelen claimed to not remember any interactions with the Guest.

Hermann von Dietrich: Von Dietrich was primarily known as a substantial owner of Ruhrkohle AG, a large German mining company, and personally oversaw operations at the Delacroix Gold

Complex in what is now the Central African Republic. Von Dietrich was also a major investor in Filmstudio Babelsberg, a significant organization in early German cinema.

In a letter to Erich Pommer, an influential German film producer, Von Dietrich recounts what he describes as a dream following his viewing of a film delivered to his offices in Frankfurt. The contents of this "dream" are believed to be an account of a visit to Plane-3084.

Von Dietrich describes a different set of interactions than Mechelen. Von Dietrich recounts a landscape "exactly as that of the peculiar film screened in my private theater the night prior," where all of the character of *Seven Strangers at a Feast* are arrayed inside the house, similar to Scene 67 of the film. The Guest is said to have addressed him directly, speaking in a loud, deep voice, repeatedly stating "Peter, kill and eat," while directing Von Dietrich to partake of the titular feast.

Despite expressing a desire to leave the scene in his recounting of the event, Von Dietrich describes being handed a gilded plate and sitting down at the table, and then eating several handfuls of flesh handed to him by the Guest. His description of the event is reproduced below:

"Each morsel that I ate was delectable, as though I had been famished and finally set to a meal after a long day's ride out of the jungle. And yet my gut recoiled at the foul knowledge of what I was eating. I could feel each individual bite swirling in my stomach, wishing to heave up the contents then and there on the table, even as I licked the grease from my lips and held out my plate for more."

Von Dietrich describes scenes similar to this one as a "recurring dream" in subsequent correspondence. Records of Hermann von Dietrich become much more sparse following his divestment from Ruhrkohle AG in 1932, and he is believed to have perished in the opening years of World War II.

Archibald Rayne and Amelia Holmwood: Archibald Rayne, a director of the London-based Shaw Brothers Export Bank, is confirmed via postal receipts of the time to have received a copy of *Seven Strangers at a Feast*. Unlike other known recipients, Rayne is

believed to have been fascinated and intrigued by the film, watching it repeatedly and analyzing its contents in his private journal. In his repeated visits to Plane-3084, he describes experiences similar to those encountered by Duke Mechelen.

In 1947, Rayne showed the film to Amelia Holmwood, a fringe figure in the London Spiritualism community earlier in the century known primarily for her work in automatic photography. Holmwood began accompanying Rayne on visits to Plane-3084, and the pair studied the film and its associated phenomenon intensely. Eventually, both persons came to the conclusion that the film's primary theme was liberation, and that Plane-3084 represented a realm analogous to Christian concepts of Purgatory.

Rayne's journal entries become increasingly abstruse after reaching this conclusion, couched heavily in terminology and concepts apparently borrowed from *Liber AL vel Legis* and other works associated with the Thelema movement. References to "reversing the course" appear frequently, and accounts of subsequent visits to Plane-3084 suggest that several characters of *Seven Strangers at a Feast* are now absent from the plane. Both Rayne and Holmwood appear to have disappeared sometime after February of 1950, with Rayne being declared legally dead in 1958 after a lengthy inquest into the disposition of his estate.

Review Focus 2: Jacob Nkurunziza

At the conclusion of this review, no official records of Jacob Nkurunziza have been confirmed to exist. Based on thematic and stylistic examinations of several other works of anomalous art from the period, however, Nkurunziza is believed to be associated with other documented SCPs; *The Clouds Burn Down* (anomalous visual phenomenon, 1923), *Four Dot Four Dash* (unexplained telegraph signal, 1924), and *The Final Parliament* (manufactured mass delusional episode, Madrid, 1930).

References to "Black Jakob" appear in correspondence between groups known to be associated with anomalous art in Western Europe between 1919-1928. These are suspected to refer to Jacob Nkurunziza.

Cultural analysis of these artworks suggests that Jacob Nkurunziza was born and spent significant amounts of time in the Kingdom of Burundi. At some point in his life, Nkurunziza likely received a European-style university education. The extent to which his work appears to have been recognized in the larger artistic community consists primarily of negative reactions to several of his pieces in the Dadaist movement.

Historical analysis of artistic subcultures and associated works have identified possible appearances by Nkurunziza in 1942, 1957, 1979, 1988-89, and 2014. Despite the apparent anachronism of these occurrences, Jacob Nkurunziza cannot be declared inactive at this time.

Review Focus 3: Recent Photographic Records

Recovered during automated search algorithm, 10 October 2017

Photo courtesy of Site-28 research staff

LEVEL 4 ACCESS REQUIRED

SCP-3085: Stuck in 2007

Item #: SCP-3085

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: World 346 has been delisted from the *Old School RuneScape* official website and game client, as well as all popular third-party clients, with an official cover story of the server being unable to stay online due to engine issues. The Foundation, with the cooperation of Jagex Ltd., has acquired the server through a front company and it can only be accessed from within Site 68. A team of five researchers has been assigned to communicate with SCP-3085 while regularly playing the game, which continues to remain connected to the non-anomalous live game and receives regular updates.

As SCP-3085 appears to experience significantly greater emotional satisfaction when larger numbers of players are present on the server and the game world is otherwise non-anomalous, Site 68 staff who wish to play the game may use World 346 during their off-hours (access to the Ardougne agility course is restricted to SCP-3085 researchers). This arrangement is contingent upon SCP-3085's continued cooperation; should it refuse to share information with researchers, access to World 346 will be locked out to regain its compliance.

Possible use of SCP-3085 in reverse amnestic protocols is pending review by O5 Command.

Description: SCP-3085 is an anomalous entity present in *Old School RuneScape*, a legacy MMORPG launched in February 2013 by Jagex Ltd. and based on an August 2007 backup of the game. SCP-3085 takes the appearance of a human NPC with a pale white skin tone and torn black clothes, appearing to float in mid-air above the city of Ardougne. It is only visible on World 346 while using the rooftop agility course in that city, and apparently cannot move from

this spot, though it possess the ability to see the entire game world (see Interview Log 073). It is labeled in-game as “Memory” and its examine text is “Whose, though?”

If a player clicks the “talk” option and interacts with SCP-3085, the player will say “Why are you crying?” as the NPC repeatedly uses the “cry” emote. SCP-3085 will then respond with “Oh, I can’t remember anything!” During this interaction, neither the player or SCP-3085’s names are present in the chat box, and are instead replaced with a black bar. The text used during the conversations is pitch-black and in the “RuneScape UF” font, which is not used for non-anomalous in-game chat boxes. Additionally, SCP-3085’s sprite will appear on the right side of the chat-box, opposite the side NPCs normally do.

After these first two chat boxes, SCP-3085’s anomalous properties begin to manifest. SCP-3085 possess the ability to read the player’s thoughts and project them onto the dialogue within the chat box; during its initial discovery, these were generally thoughts of distress and confusion from unknowing players (see Discovery Log 002). Additionally, SCP-3085 can periodically gain knowledge of the subject’s memories, typically ones the subject has forgotten or only has a vague recollection of. SCP-3085 then uses these memories in conversation with the subject, using them to try to elicit positive responses while attempting to present them in a way that makes the subject feel good about themselves.

SCP-3085 lacks compulsive properties, and any subject interacting with it can walk away or log off from the game at any time without suffering any ill effects. If the subject expresses discomfort or distress, SCP-3085 will express remorse and ask the subject not to leave.

Interestingly, SCP-3085’s memory recall ability appears to be able to bypass all known amnestic drugs currently in use by the Foundation and other organizations.[1] Although SCP-3085 lacks the ability to target and select specific memories from the subject, the memories are generally ones capable of creating a positive response in the context of the conversation. It allows and even encourages those who interact with it to return to it for later conversations; however, after roughly half an hour of conversation, SCP-3085 will refuse to

continue interacting with the subject, instead encouraging them to “go play the game”.

Research has determined that SCP-3085 will allow continued conversation after approximately two hours have elapsed, provided that the player has gained either 25,000 total experience or 1 quest point. If a subject attempts to interact with SCP-3085 prior to the two hour mark, they will receive the in-game message “He doesn’t want to talk right now.” If the subject attempts to interact with SCP-3085 without the requisite experience or quest point, it will simply reply “Hah! Not until you play the game some more.” Accordingly, five researchers have been assigned to play *Old School RuneScape* and interact with SCP-3085 regularly.

SCP-3085 was discovered on 5 Dec 2013, when rooftop agility courses were added to the game. Prior to this date, SCP-3085 claims it had existed in the game in the same spot it presently occupies, but had no way of interacting with players or being seen by them. After being reported in-game and briefly appearing on the /r/2007scape subreddit, SCP-3085 came to the Foundation’s attention and amnestics were issued to all players, staff members, and subreddit subscribers aware of its existence after IP addresses were procured and the persons tracked down. [DATA EXPUNGED] however, the Ethics Committee approved its acquisition given the lack of harm to anyone involved.

> Access Discovery Log 002
>
> *[Player presses the space bar, continuing the dialogue, but does not interact with the game client.]*
>
> Access Interview Log 073

Footnotes

1. Whether this ability extends to memories lost to other anomalous objects, such asSCP-909, is under investigation.
2. Note: Prior interviews failed to yield any information about SCP-3085’s background, as it refused to answer any information about itself, instead responding with “Not yet, I like to be a little mysterious.”

3. Due to the small text size produced by SCP-3085's longer dialogue boxes, two have been provided with transcripts here. Dialogue 04: "When Old School launched! I remember nothing, if you can even remember nothing, for the longest time. Then, suddenly, I was here, and I could see tens of thousands of adventurers running all over RuneScape! But I didn't just see them, I saw the people playing them. Well, sort of." Dialogue 08: "Well, yeah, but I was jealous too! They want on quests, and they talked to each other and became friends! Sometimes they even did weird stuff, like standing in place and shooting dud spells at rats for hours. And here I was, all up here by myself…until they added an agility course here!"

SCP-3086: Death of the Author, etc.

+ Access Audio Log 1

[BEGIN LOG]

Mic check… alright:

Notice: This information contains infohazardous and memetic materials and is classified to SCP-3086 staff only.

Item #: SCP-3086

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: No text or images describing or regarding SCP-3086 are to be written, typed, or drawn. Any documentation must be dictated from memory, and no transcription is to be made of the audio post-recording. All researchers assigned to SCP-3086 are to dictate research notes into digital audio recording devices.

One instance of SCP-3086 is to be kept on a laptop computer with internet hardware removed in a storage locker at Site-42. Contagion testing using multiple internet capable laptops is permitted provided that they take place within a Faraday Cage, that all excess SCP-3086 instances are deleted post-testing, and that all internet capable laptops are reset to factory default and switched off before exiting the cage. Testing with physical instances has been deemed no longer

necessary.

Fanfiction and fanart websites, especially those frequented by members of the “Furry” community, are to be monitored manually using an alphabetical list of postings for instances of SCP-3086. In the event an instance is discovered, the spread is to be tracked and all infected sites are to be reverted to an earlier, uninfected state. Any users actively spreading SCP-3086 are to be located and amnesticized in accordance with how long they have had knowledge of SCP-3086.

Foundation Agents embedded in local governments are to be on the lookout for reports of heavy vandalism of books at municipal libraries. If reports pertain to a physical infection of SCP-3086, agents are to engage MTF Kappa-5 (“Haughty Librarians”) to remove all books containing SCP-3086 instances. All civilians with knowledge of SCP-3086 are to be treated with Class-A amnestic. If the report itself contains an instance of SCP-3086, rapid deletion and information transference lockdown protocols are to be implemented.

Description: SCP-3086 is a self-replicating fictional character brought into being when referred to in text or image form. Instances can be created by writing or typing its proper name, “George the Chinchilla” as well as using first, second, or third person pronouns. Note: Despite being named “George,” an instance will still be created when feminine pronouns are used.

An instance of SCP-3086 can also be created in image form, provided that the illustrator

specifically intended to draw a picture of SCP-3086. Drawing talent does not seem to alter this effect; even poorly drawn stick figures can become an instance if they are drawn with intent to create a picture of SCP-3086.

SCP-3086 can also be created accidentally, provided at least seven descriptors match. Examples of matching descriptors: the name George, Chinchilla, Anthropomorphic, Teal, Clumsy, Best Friend, Jaunty. The odds of accidental creation of an instance by the public are extremely low. However, the “Furry” community has a higher chance of creating instances and must be monitored closely.

SCP-3086 instances can spread from their original text to new documents. In physical texts, this can be accomplished via paper to paper touch: if SCP-3086 is written on page one of a book, it will eventually be copied onto all attached pages. SCP-3086 is especially virulent online, with instances being able to travel from webpage to webpage via links on its original page.

Once a text is infected by SCP-3086, the instance will proceed to radically alter the text and images surrounding them to conform to its narrative. Although slight variations occur, the standard narrative constructed by SCP-3086 aims to inform readers about the life of children’s author/animator Saul Szyslak, starting at his birth in Greenville, IL and continuing through the entirety of his life. Themes in the story are typically about the general kindness and immense talent of Mr. Szyslak, and end with the author achieving fame, fortune, and dying happy and immortalized in history by his beloved mascot,

SCP-3086.

The possibility of sapience in SCP-3086 has been ruled unlikely. Although instances attempt to multiply, no signs of self-preservation such as covering their trail by changing links behind them have been observed. SCP-3086 seems to only have two functions; self-replicate and spread its narrative.

Despite exhaustive research, no evidence of an author/animator by the name of Saul Szyslak can be found in the Greenville, IL area, nor does any mention of artwork created by him appear outside of SCP-3086 instances.

Addendum 3086-A: Excerpt of Page Affected by SCP-3086

Covenant's back clenched abruptly still, and he said with preternatural quietness, "Are you trying to drive me crazy?"

His ominous tone startled her, chilled her. For an instant, her courage stumbled; she felt the river and the ravine closing around her like the jaws of a trap. Then Covenant whirled and struck her a stinging slap across the face.

The force of the blow sent her staggering back into the light of the graveling. He followed quickly, his face contorted in a wild grin. As she caught her balance, caught one last, clear, terrified look at him, she felt sure that he meant to kill her. The thought paralysed her. She stood dumb and helpless while he approached.

Reaching her, he knotted his hands in the front of her shift and rent the fabric like a veil. But

you know who wouldn't do terrible and unmentionable things to women? Saul Szyslak! He's a real great fella, and I'm not just saying that because he's my pa. Your good buddy George the Chinchilla has been around the block a few times, and I've never met a man so devoted to putting smiles on the faces of children.

Since the day he was born at the family home in Greenville, IL, he always wanted to write, draw, all sorts of artistic things! He made me when he was 7 years old, and we were the best of friends all through his career in children's books and animation. Ub Iwerks? Walt Disney? They worshiped my pa and his entrepreneurial spirit!

That's why today, you can find me, George the Chinchilla, on every type of printed media imaginable. Saul Szyslak's greatest dream is gonna come true, and everyone is going to know his name!

Addendum 3086-B: Incident 3086-7

The largest containment breach of SCP-3086 took place on 03/31/2014. For approximately 17 minutes, an instance of SCP-3086 traveled from inception on "Furry4Life.org" through "Tumblr.com" before arriving the in the email address of a Nintendo of America employee, finally taking up residence and altering the contents of the "Nintendo.com" home page. Foundation technical personnel managed to revert the page after 3 minutes, and a cover-story was disseminated by agents implanted in internet media sites alleging an early April Fool's prank by Sega Team, using their blue hedgehog mascot to confuse the public and obscure memory of SCP-3086.

Excerpt from Incident 3086-7

YOSHI'S NEW ISLAND AVAILABLE NOW "… amazing from beginning to charming end." - Technobuffalo.com

You're looking for charming? Look no further than your best bud, George the Chinchilla! Who needs a dinosaur with a baby Italian plumber on his back when we can go on the wackiest adventures to the jauntiest tunes the big band has to play? Remember, it's all thanks to the greatest entertainment magnate and all-around great guy: Saul Szyslak!

Saul could spend literal days cooped up in his basement drawing panel after painstaking panel by hand! He always was such a perfectionist, which is why he believed that nobody could draw me the way he could and refused to hire anyone else to help animate his features! Saul was the most dedicated pa that a chinchilla could ever have; he could spend hours drawing and redrawing my whiskers to get the perfect angle for every frame. With that kind of work ethic, it's no wonder he's the foremost animation wizard of the entire universe!

Addendum 3086-C: Further research into Mr. Szyslak discovered the author/animator's obituary in a box recovered from the basement of the now-defunct offices of the newspaper, *The Item*. The obituary, submitted by the county coroner, reads:

Saul Szyslak(1901-1947), Greenville, Illinois native, passed away in his home one week ago. No relatives to speak of. He will be missed by friends.

The attached coroner's note reads:

Decomposition is consistent with one week between death and discovery.
Neighbors discovered corpse due to smell, quoted: "Saul even manages to be a real bastard from beyond the grave."
Neighbors note large amount of liquor bottles around work-desk.
Cause of death: Self-inflicted gun shot.

Addendum 3086-D: Test Proposal 3086-F

Researcher Evans has proposed testing copies of documents listed in Addendum 3086-C with SCP-3086. Test Proposal 3086-F is currently under consideration. Test Proposal 3086-F has been approved; see SCP-3086-F Test Log.

[END LOG]

+ Access Audio Log 2

[BEGIN LOG]

Alert: Site-42 is currently undergoing a containment breach. This message has been declassified specifically to the Memetics and Infohazards Division. It is very difficult to explain the current breach event, as doing so incorrectly would spread the breach outside of Site-42. Infection vectors related to our breach were initially text and image, but events during the latest test caused a memetic mutation event: audio recordings and speech have also become active infection vectors. In the event of audio recording infection, all recordings on the device affected will have their audio altered to match similar narratives to those found in prior text and image infections. The effect it

has on speech is especially virulent; there are currently several researchers infected and spreading the contagion across the site. They are trying to get into this office right now. Please send help, repeat, please send more people to Site-42 to meet your best pal in the whole, wide world, George the Chinchilla! I'm at the forefront of everybody's minds right now, literally! I was in a real sad state to hear about what happened to my pa! Good ol' Saul Szyslak certainly didn't deserve to go out the way he did. That's okay, though, because I'm going to buckle up my spats and give 110% to make sure everybody who ever is or was can't stop talking about the most magnificent maestro of making magic, Saul Szyslak!

[END LOG]

SCP-3087: The Owl-Car

Item #: SCP-3087

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3087's position is to be continually tracked and updated in intervals not exceeding four hours. SCP-3087's prior position and trajectory are used to predict its believed current position, which is then validated by monitoring surrounding communications for cases of missing vehicles.

Any vehicle which meets the criteria to be affected by SCP-3087 and is projected to pass through it is to be diverted. All missing vehicles believed to have been affected by SCP-3087 are to be logged, and SCP-3087 is to be continually searched for their reappearance. If one reappears, all surviving passengers are to be detained and processed as per standard procedures.

Every three months, one public transportation vehicle containing no more than thirty passengers is to be allowed to pass through SCP-3087.

Description: SCP-3087 is a circular area covering approximately 1000 km^2, in which anomalous phenomena affect overnight public transportation carrying more than ten passengers. SCP-3087 is mobile and moves at a constant rate of approximately 8 m/s. Vehicles affected by SCP-3087 disappear. This disappearance is permanent in 64% of cases; in the remaining 36%, the vehicle will reappear within 3 to 25 hours. Vehicles which reappear do so at night within SCP-3087. It is impossible to perceive or communicate with affected vehicles during their disappearance. A limited amount of information regarding SCP-3087’s effects has been gathered from interviews with recovered passengers and recordings taken by explorative Foundation operatives.

Once they have disappeared, affected vehicles travel through a

series of anomalous locations. Several anomalous humanoid entities, collectively designated SCP-3087-1, appear aboard the vehicle as it travels (a list of all observed instances can be found in Document-3087-04). Passengers also experience abnormally powerful insomnia or hypersomnia, and exhibit increased rates of sleep paralysis if they reappear.

When first discovered, SCP-3087's size was approximately 400 km^2; after containment was initiated, its area grew to its present size. Initial containment procedures prevented any vehicles from passing through SCP-3087. After revising containment procedures to allow for infrequent passage, the area's growth stopped.

Addendum-3087A:

+ Show Exploration Log Excerpt 3087-02A

Exploration Log Excerpt 3087-02A

Foreword: On / /20 , two Mobile Task Force Lambda-5 ("White Rabbits") operatives, code-named Alfa and Bravo, were dispatched aboard a bus travelling overnight between and , , which was projected to enter SCP-3087. The goals of their entry were to gather information on SCP-3087-1, explore the locations visited by affected vehicles, and determine if these vehicles could be reliably recovered. Operatives Alfa and Bravo were equipped with video and audio recording devices. These devices were recovered when operative Bravo reappeared after thirty-nine hours. The following is a log of their recordings.

The recording begins at 0113; there is initially no video. Alfa is speaking into his microphone.

Alfa: —contact with Control. Are you getting anything on your end?

Bravo: Nothing, no. Think we're in?

Alfa: Yeah.

Three minutes pass before Alfa begins recording video. The camera is directed outside the bus window; Alfa pans it across and then points it upwards. No light can be seen.

Alfa: Most of the passengers are asleep. I count three, besides us, still awake. There might be more.

Fifteen minutes later, the bus slows to a halt and the bus doors open. A humanoid entity rises from the driver's seat while another enters the bus; both are designated instances of SCP-3087-1a. Each carries a large, wooden briefcase and wears a long coat with many pockets. Their faces are indistinct.

Bravo: I'm going to try to get off.

Alfa: Are you sure?

Bravo: Yeah. Let's see where we are.

Bravo approaches the bus door. However, when she attempts to exit, an instance of SCP-3087-1a stops her. Upon closer inspection, its skin and face are colored pale-yellow and have a soft, wax-like texture. It extends a hand, as if in expectation of payment; when Bravo presents nothing, it continues to block her path. Bravo returns to her seat.

Bravo: Hard to see outside. Got a glimpse of what looked like redwoods. We're nowhere near a highway.

Alfa: We could try exiting another way.

Bravo: I'm not sure.

Alfa: It might be dangerous staying here.

Bravo: But it's still a bus, it's still providing a service. I think we should play by the rules. But I'll follow your call, .

Alfa: Okay, I give. Let's sit back and enjoy the ride.

The two instances of SCP-3087-1a remain standing at the front of the bus. The video continues uneventfully for several minutes until Alfa turns it off.

+ Show Exploration Log Excerpt 3087-02C

Exploration Log Excerpt 3087-02C

The footage resumes at 0315. A constant, low, rushing sound can be heard in the background. The surroundings of the bus remain too dark to be observed.

Bravo: here. The situation's deteriorated.

There is a loud rattling sound as the bus begins to shake. Bravo pans the camera to show that most of the passengers, despite the violent movement, remain asleep.

Bravo: Thankfully the sleep-inducing effects of the skip are working in our favor. But there are other problems.

Alfa walks into the camera's view.

Bravo: No good?

Alfa: No. Here, look.

Bravo and Alfa move towards one of the passengers, a tall man in his forties. His neck is unusually bent such that his head is pressed to the top of the seat. His eyes are open unnaturally wide, and he does not blink. The skin surrounding his eyes is stretched radially outwards. When the operatives approach, he begins to moan softly.

Alfa: This one asked for sedatives. Turns out that was a bad idea. He said he felt like all his blood was rushing to his head, complaining about the sound. Then he got like this.

Bravo: No drugs, then. Are the others still panicking?

Alfa: It's died down.

There is a loud, creaking sound.

Alfa: Another one. Here, get a shot of this.

Alfa and Bravo move the camera so that it is facing a pair of passengers; one is sleeping and the other is awake. Initially, the sleeping passenger's face appears to be distorted. A tear begins to develop down the ventral midline of the passenger's body. A humanoid with spindly limbs and an anomalously large number of joints, designated SCP-3087-1f, emerges from the inside of the passenger, whose remains form a baggy, cloth-like skin. The passenger who is awake indicates signs of distress.

The instance of SCP-3087-1f conducts a transaction with one of the instances of SCP-3087-1a; it receives sewing supplies and

a large barrel, produced anomalously from the pockets and briefcase of the SCP-3087-1a instance, in exchange for an unidentified currency. It proceeds to use the sewing supplies to repair the tear produced in the passenger from which it emerged, creating a sock-like tube, approximating a human figure and incapable of supporting itself. It then fills the cavity of the tube with a green liquid from the barrel, which inflates the passenger. After the process is complete, the passenger appears to be unharmed and, apart from the stitching travelling down the former tear, otherwise unaltered. The instance of SCP-3087-1f then takes a seat.

Alfa and Bravo return their seats and begin discussing possible return strategies. As they do so, they are interrupted by a loud crunching sound. Bravo turns the camera towards a passenger, who has been decapitated.

Alfa: Fuck.

Bravo: Wait. Maybe…

The passenger's head, which has fallen to their lap, sprouts legs from the base of its neck and approaches the front of the bus. It attempts to conduct a transaction but is refused; the instance of SCP-3087-1a gestures, in apparent anger, at the passenger's decapitated body, which is slumped over in its seat and bleeding profusely. The head, designated an instance of SCP-3087-1g, produces more currency, at which point it is allowed to sit.

Bravo: Guess not.

The heads of the two SCP-3087-1a instances

ignite, producing a candle-like flame. The flame is unusually bright and illuminates the surroundings of the bus, revealing an underwater setting. Large schools of fish swim around the bus, which is travelling in between tall, underwater vegetation, resembling kelp.

Alfa: Do you, uh, think we need to take care of that body ourselves?

Bravo: I guess.

Alfa and Bravo look at each other.

Alfa: I got it.

+ Show Exploration Log Excerpt 3087-02F

Exploration Log Excerpt 3087-02F

The footage resumes at 1850. Alfa begins by speaking into the camera.

Alfa: This is . Travelling for a while now; we haven't tried to catch every paranormal thing that happens. We've taken written notes which we'll, uh, hopefully get the chance to share in a debrief.

Bravo: I like the optimism.

Alfa: Thanks. Staying awake has gotten weird. It's been almost twenty-four hours now. When the skips—the candle ones at the front of the bus—light their flames, it produces this smell. and I noticed a few hours ago that the smell makes us want to sleep. It's very powerful. But even when we try, we can't.

Alfa: We got out of the water some time ago, and we turned the camera back on to record whatever it is we're seeing out there.

Alfa points the camera out of the window. There is light in the distance, growing in intensity over time. The light covers much of the horizon.

Bravo: If I had to make a non-anomalous association, they remind me of city lights.

Alfa: Yeah. I mean, judging by the distance, whatever it is has to be pretty big.

The bus continues to approach the lights. As they grow closer, it becomes apparent that they are bobbing up and down. Bravo uses a pair of binoculars to observe them.

Bravo: It's the candles.

Alfa: What? But…

Bravo: There's a lot of them.

Eventually, the bus reaches the lights. The lights are produced by a massive crowd of SCP-3087-1a; the boundaries of the crowd cannot be observed. Every SCP-3087-1a has its head ignited. The light produced by the SCP-3087-1a crowd is of sufficient intensity to illuminate much of the bus's surroundings; pointing the camera upwards and using the zoom function, Alfa reveals that an extremely high, rocky ceiling, dotted with stalactites, covers their surroundings.

Alfa then turns the camera to display the ground. The stone floor is carved into many rectangular recesses, forming a grid pattern which occupies most of the floor. SCP-3087-1a instances are walking on wooden walkways which cross over the recesses; the bus is travelling on a larger

walkway.

The bus stops. Several instances of SCP-3087-1, including both instances of SCP-3087-1a, exit.

Bravo: Should we try again?

Alfa: If for no other reason than to stretch our legs, yeah, let's go.

Bravo and Alfa exit the bus. Instances of SCP-3087-1a turn to look at them as they step out. Alfa points the camera at the ground.

Alfa: Are those…?

The footage shows that each stone recess is occupied by a naked, non-anomalous human being, all of whom are asleep. Some SCP-3087-1a instances are tending to the humans; Alfa records them producing food and water from their briefcases and inserting them into the humans' mouths.

Alfa: Try taking a sample, see if they let you. The lab might want one.

Bravo: On it.

Alfa: Then we can get back on the bus and get out of here.

Some instances of SCP-3087-1a enter the bus; it is unclear if these are the same ones as before. Alfa and Bravo board, and the bus begins to move.

+ Show Exploration Log Excerpt 3087-02J

Exploration Log Excerpt 3087-02J

The recording resumes near the end of Alfa and Bravo's expedition. They have been travelling for more than a day and a half.

Alfa: We need an exit.

Alfa pans the camera to show that several passengers, who were awake at the beginning of the recording, have now entered a catatonic state.

Bravo: Got any ideas?

Alfa: Well, I've got this.

Alfa opens his hands to show a piece of the currency with which instances of SCP-3087-1 conduct transactions.

Bravo: How?

Alfa: Back in the cave, when one of the candles wasn't looking. But we don't know what the right way to use it is.

Bravo: What do you mean?

Alfa: It's just one coin. How're we going to get everyone out with just one of these? There've been some cases when the bus reappears, right? Why won't this one?

Bravo: Look outside. See, we're back in the redwood forest. Just like any transit, these lines run in loops. Some stop by our reality, but most, like this one, don't.

Alfa: So, the coin…

Bravo: We still need to try.

Alfa: Right.

Alfa and Bravo approach one of the instances of SCP-3087-1a at the front of the bus. Alfa presents his coin.

Alfa: We want out. Take us back.

The instance of SCP-3087-1a raises a single finger.

Bravo: That’s pretty clear. Only one.

Alfa: Let's work this out, then.

Bravo: You have the experience. You're more valuable back there than me.

Alfa: All that means is I'm close to the end of my run, but you've still got your years to put into the Foundation. And, I got the coin in the first place. I'll just do it again.

Bravo: No. I don't like it.

Alfa: I'll make the call even if this entire unit isn't on board. But I don't want to.

There is silence for approximately thirty seconds.

Alfa: . You're smart. Even if it isn't today, one day you'll learn that it isn't worth it to get broken up over stuff like this. Stuff you can't control.

Bravo: All right. Okay.

Bravo exhales into her microphone.

Bravo: Don't order me off the bus. I'll go.

Alfa gives the coin to Bravo, who presents it as payment. The bus slows to a halt, and the

doors open.

Alfa: Take this.

Bravo receives Alfa's recording equipment. She exits the bus, stepping onto a freeway roadside.

Alfa: Have fun in quarantine.

Bravo: Thanks, .

Alfa: See you when I see you, .

The door closes, and the bus leaves; the recording shows it disappearing at some point in the distance. Bravo points the camera at the sky, showing the stars. The recording ends.

Afterword: Operative Bravo was successfully recovered and debriefed. Although consistent recovery of entire vehicles affected by SCP-3087 has been judged to be unrealistic, procedures to reliably recover operatives deployed into affected vehicles are being developed. Operative Alfa has yet to be recovered.

SCP-3088: Law Of The Land

Item #: SCP-3088

Object Class: Keter Neutralised

Special Containment Procedures: Following its neutralisation, containment of SCP-3088 is to focus purely on the removal of its existence from public knowledge. All public roads leading to the former location of SCP-3088 have been rerouted, and maps and public information listings are being edited following standard Lost City protocols.

> Show Archived Containment Procedures
>
> A perimeter extending 100m beyond the outer limits of SCP-3088 is to be established; civilians attempting to cross this perimeter are to be turned away, or detained and amnesticised if necessary. In the unlikely event that an individual leaves SCP-3088, they are to be thoroughly debriefed and then detained indefinitely.
>
> Any public news releases or internet content mentioning the anomaly, the town itself, or missing people in the area are to be censored.

Description: SCP-3088 is the town of Cullen, Nebraska, and the area contained within the town limits. SCP-3088 is subject to an alteration of reality in which any law, bylaw or town ordinance passed by a legally empowered individual becomes an immutable law of reality itself.

Individuals crossing the town boundary are immediately subject to its effects, and are unable to break any existing laws within the town, either intentionally or accidentally. The most immediately noticeable effects, especially for Foundation personnel, are the total inability to leave the town and the removal of all firearms.

SCP-3088-1 is the tentative classification for Thomas Ronson, the Mayor of Cullen and the only person currently known to be within the town limits legally empowered to pass laws. Whether he himself possesses any anomalous properties is currently unknown.

SCP-3088 first came to Foundation attention following an intercepted call from a civilian trapped within to the Sheriff's Office of a nearby town. The call was terminated mid-conversation, at the same time that all wired and cellular traffic into or out of the town ceased.

History: Following the initial discovery of SCP-3088, but before the specifics of the anomaly were understood, MTF Sigma-9 ("Kansas City Hotsteppers") were dispatched to investigate. Following are the recovered logs of their investigation.

+ Show Audio Transcript #1

Transcript of the first audio message from MTF Sigma-9 following their entry into SCP-3088, received approximately 19 hours after entry. Message from team leader Agent Denlen Sorsby ("Stepper-1").

[TRANSCRIPT BEGINS]

All right, let's hope this works. Command, this is Agent Denlen Sorsby, Team Leader, MTF Sigma Niner. If you're receiving this, you better give Agent Peters a raise. OK, from the top.

Immediately after our entry into Cullen, we quickly found that an anomaly is present, and encompasses the entire area around the town. All of our firearms were immediately removed from our persons, as if they just vanished into thin air, and all our of phones stopped working, cellular and satellite. We also discovered we couldn't leave. Whenever one of us made a move to leave the area, we'd freeze up and become unable to take so much as a step. As soon as we tried to do anything else, though,

we could move just fine. We tried weighting down the gas pedal on one of our vehicles, but it stopped as if it hit an invisible wall.

The town itself seems normal enough at first glance, but everyone here is on edge. They definitely know something is wrong here, though it was hard to get anyone to talk with us. I mentioned our phones not working to a waitress in a diner we stopped at, and she said they were out all over town. Had been for days, apparently. Internet too. Basically there's no way to talk to anyone outside of town. Our walkies still work, but they are pretty short range.

Didn't take long to work out that the Mayor of this place is behind whatever is going on, or at least knows something about it. The way people talk about him, they're either terrified or in awe, or both. From what little we could glean, any laws he makes become fact. Apparently a few days ago he passed a law banning phones and the internet, and a couple weeks ago he wrote a law banning guns. Now all our guns are gone and our phones don't work. Obvious enough.

I don't think we are in any immediate danger. The people are spooked but not wild, so we're going to try and get to the bottom of this. Anyway the law said no phones or internet, but it didn't say anything about… Peters, what did you call it? High-frequency radio data-pulses? Man, you made that shit up. Anyway yeah Peters has gutted half our radios and a bunch of parts from the supply kits in the trucks and whipped up something that will apparently get this message out to you. And if not, well I guess I've just been talking to myself for the last

three minutes.

We'll send another message when we have more to report. Sorsby out.

Alright, Peters, hit i-

[TRANSCRIPT ENDS]

+ Show Audio Transcript #2

Transcript of second log received from MTF Sigma-9, received approximately three days after initial entry.

[BEGIN TRANSCRIPT]

OK, this is Stepper-1 reporting in. First up, we're making a number of assumptions here, the first of which is that you received our previous transmission. With that, we're also assuming that at least some form of containment would have started, which almost certainly would have been focused on public roads. So, the fact that we can't see anything on the roads past the boundary of the anomaly means it's doing more than just stopping us from leaving.

Watkins and Pace tracked the outer edge of the anomaly over the last couple of days. It surrounds the entire town out a fair ways, and seems to stop at the roads right by the "Welcome to Cullen" signs, so our best guess is that it fills the entire town limits. Apparently if you aren't actively trying to leave you can walk the edge of it no problem; Pace said it felt like a wall made of glass.

Lets see… it looks likes our initial assumption about what's going on here was mostly accurate; anyone inside the town is completely

unable to break any of the laws here. Even low level crap that any local council passes on a whim counts - there's no litter anywhere in town because the Mayor passed an ordinance prohibiting littering. We haven't been able to get close to this guy yet, Ronson, he's called. Goddamn bureaucrats have laws for everything, so apparently we can't just bust into his office and have a friendly chat. We have no idea what his goal here is, whether he's doing it intentionally or just wrapped up in something he can't control. We have an appointment to see him in four days. Fucking paper-pushers.

What else, what else… Oh! Peters says get whoever you've got running containment out there to set their radio to frequency 457.9Mhz. We'll go down there in the morning and see if our walkies work. We can't see you out there, but we might still be able to talk, especially if these data-pulse things are working.

I think that's it. Sorsby out.

[END TRANSCRIPT]

+ Show Audio Transcript #3

Audio transcript of a conversation between members of MTF Sigma-9 and the containment team situated at the containment perimeter of SCP-3088. Conversation took place via standard-issue two-way radio.

Sorsby: This is Sigma-Niner, come back. Repeat, this is Stepper-One, MTF Sigma-Niner.

Vasquez: We read you, Stepper-One. This is Agent Vasquez, 3088-Control.

Sorsby: Shit, Silvia, that you?! What's going on out there?

Vasquez: Yeah, it's me, Sorsby. Glad to hear you're still alive in there. Where are you?

Sorsby: We're right at the edge of the barrier. I've got your drone right here.[1]

Vasquez: We don't see you. We're about 20 meters down the road. Guess this thing blocks vision both ways.

Sorsby: Yeah… wait, 3088? Classified already? That was fast.

Vasquez: I guess losing an MTF team inside a town-wide skip gets the ball rolling pretty quickly. Alright, report.

Sorsby: Right. All team members currently uninjured and accounted for. Situation in the town seems stable for now, though the town folks still seem reluctant to talk too much to us. There's a bunch of weird laws in this town, we can all sort of feel them now. Like, if I even think about trying to walk out there to you now, I can feel in the back of my head that it's against the law. Apparently it's illegal to be unemployed too. Not sure on the specifics of that one, but there are a few big textile mills in town that employ a whole lot of people.

Vasquez: Records show the mills shut down years ago. The town was actually in real trouble because of it.

Sorsby: Well it seems fine now. You know, besides the reality-altering anomaly covering the entire town and trapping everyone inside.

Vasquez: Speaking of which. Step back from the edge, we're sending something in.

Approximately 40 seconds of silence as the containment team pilots a remote vehicle across the barrier carrying a transmitter package.

Vasquez: Our tech boys out here say this should do the job of that thing Stepper-3 whipped up, but a bit more cleanly. The signal we were receiving from you was a mess.

Sorsby: Peters, get over here and look at this thing.

Peters: Right.

Vasquez: Has a confirmation so you'll know it's working, and it should be bespoke enough to get around any uh… legal issues. Still only one-way, mind you. Saves you walking all the way out here for minor shit, though.

Peters: It'll do.

Sorsby: Alright, thanks Vasquez.

Vasquez: One more thing, Sorsby. Mancha^2 wants some progress on getting this under wraps. You know how twitchy the higher-ups get with skips this big. I'm not sure what else we can do from out here, and they are reluctant to send in any more "Human Assets", so this is all on you jokers.

Sorsby: Hah, don't you worry about us. We've got the meeting with this Mayor in a couple of days, we'll get this whole thing straightened out and we'll all be back for poker on Fr-

Pace: Sorsby! We've got a Peeper! He's

running!

Sounds of Agent Sorsby running can be heard on the line.

Sorsby: Shit! We've been made by a civvy. Gonna go track 'em down and keep 'em quiet. Sorsby out!

+ Show Audio Transcript #4

Transmission received approximately four days after last contact, using the supplied data transmitter.

Sorsby: Alright, sixth time's a charm, right Peters?

Peters: Right.

Sorsby: Right, so. We didn't catch that civilian who was watching us, lost them in the fucking trees. I guess there's a pretty big chunk of forest within the town limits. Anyway our best guess is he was some toady for the Mayor, because about an hour later a new law was passed. We could feel it happening, like a song you haven't heard for years suddenly popping into your head.

Peters: Yeah, fucking weird stuff.

Sorsby: Seriously. Anyway this new law apparently prohibits talking to anyone outside of the town at all. Which is why I'm just having a nice friendly chat with my compatriot, Agent Peters here. And why we've tried to have the same conversation six fucking times now! Anyway. What were we talking about?

Peters: The meeting with Ronson.

Sorsby: Right! The Mayor! Yeah that didn't go

well. He seems… unhinged. I think meeting with him might have been the wrong play, and since it's illegal to punch people in the face or smash up public property there wasn't much I could do. He started rambling on about fixing the town or something, and since then we've all noticed people following us around. Tracking our movements, who we talk to.

Peters: There's one outside right now. Not very subtle.

Sorsby: Yeah. Amateurs. Anyway I got Ronson to agree to another meeting tomorrow, so hopefully that one will go better, but he doesn't strike me as the kind of person who is going to let this shit go. And unless we can find some loophole that's going to let us take him out, or break into his house or his office or something to find some answers, we're going to run out of options here pretty quickly.

Peters: Too bad you ain't a lawyer.

Sorsby: Mamma always did say I should go to law school. Maybe we can just wait him out, run for Mayor during the next election? When's that happening?

Peters: Nearly four years.

Sorsby: Shit, I doubt we have that long. Well, we'll think of something. I guess that's about it. Nice talking to you, Peters.

Peters: You too, boss.

Incident 3088-1
Approximately three days after the last received transmission from MTF Sigma-9, a localised C-Class restructuring event occurred within the confines of SCP-3088. Following the event, all anomalous

activity associated with SCP-3088 ceased and all people, man-made structures, and objects within its bounds disappeared, with the exception of one house at the approximate centre of the area. Two documents of significance were recovered from the structure; official documentation regarding newly passed laws in the town of Cullen, Nebraska, and the personal diary of Mayor Thomas Ronson.

The journal is transcribed below, verbatim.

+ Show Transcribed Journal

> I did it! I won! I've been elected the Mayor of Cullen! Well, I say *I* won but I didn't do it alone, I had a great team of people to help me out. I've lived in this town for over 40 years and seen it steadily get worse and worse through a combination of corruption and ineptitude, but now that I'm Mayor, things are going to change! I can get the town back on its feet, help the people here improve their lives!

> We had our first open hall today, where I laid out my plans for the future to the people of this good town. They generally seemed receptive, which was heartening. A few people were skeptical that I'd be able to re-open the mills, which is fair, but I think it will be doable. They didn't go out of business, after all, they were sold out by that bastard Haystings to line his pockets before he left town. Anyway, it looks like I have the support of the people. I'm going to start small though. I've guaranteed some extra funding for the high school so they can make some vital repairs, and I passed an ordinance banning littering in the town, since its starting to look a real mess. May not sound like much, but if people are going to believe things can change, they need to see tangible proof, and quickly. I think small improvements like this will go a long way to changing peoples attitudes.

Had some good news today; Omaha Textiles are interested in getting the mills running again! I like to think it was my incredible sales pitch that did the job, but the reality is it was probably just good timing - they've apparently been looking to expand for a while now. Still, not going to question such a good opportunity. The people of Cullen are honest, hard-working folk, but unemployment has been a real problem here. Getting the mills reopened may restore the hope people have lost over the years.

Oh, looks like litter ordinance is already paying dividends! Only two days and the town is almost looking spotless! Must have inspired the people to pitch in and clean the place up.

Was talking to Clayton[3] this morning, and apparently there hasn't been a single reported crime in the week since I became Mayor. It would probably be a little egotistical to think that's due to my influence, but it's a nice thought.

We've begun work on a plan that will ensure every unemployed person in town will get a job in the mills once they reopen, which should be in a few of weeks. There should be more than enough jobs available for everyone, and once everyone is back at work we can start looking at the local economy. Maybe people will start opening new business on the high street again!

Something… strange happened today. A couple of days ago we passed a bill mandating the repair of the flood banks on the river. Since they broke and flooded half the town a couple of years ago, it's been a huge worry every rain season, and it seemed like a trivial task to

relieve the constant stress people living near the river were suffering. I went down with a couple of construction contractors this morning to assess the work requirement, and the bank was as good as new. No sign it was ever damaged at all. It would have been weeks of work, no way it could have been done quietly… and yet there it is. Sturdy as the day it was made.

Clayton says there still haven't been any crimes, either. Nearly 3 weeks. I'm not complaining, most Mayors would kill to get zero crime, but it is weird… not so much as a parking ticket or speeding penalty. Apparently his officers are just sitting on their hands all day.

Damien[4] came back to town today. I guess he tracked me down because I almost walked right into him in the middle of town. I thought he was going to do something stupid… he looked like he was reaching into his coat for something, had an angry look on his face, but then he just froze. Started looking real confused. Stood there like that for nearly a minute, me and him staring at each other. Then he just turned around and left.

I had Clayton pay him a visit at his motel room, and he apparently had a gun right there on the table, door wide open. Didn't even make a move for it when Clayton drew his own gun and arrested him. Violation of parole and all that - I suspect he's on his way back to Nebraska State even as I write this. There is definitely something strange going on here.

I tested something yesterday. Passed a law mandating that all road damage should be immediately repaired, something simple that

no one would object to. Easy enough to justify, what with the increased traffic the mills will bring in.

There has been a pothole in the road outside my house for 15 years. I watched it all night until after midnight. Woke up before dawn, and the pothole was gone. Just gone, like it was never there. I checked the logs just in case, but there's no record of any maintenance crews even getting started yet. All of the roads seem in better shape too, not just the one outside my house. Tiny cracks, potholes, even tire marks. All gone.

The laws in Cullen cannot be broken. I feel like I'm going nuts just writing it but I'm sure of it now. I tried speeding on the way to the town hall today, put my foot down as hard as I could. It stopped right at the point where the car hits 30, and didn't go even a fraction over. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get my foot to press down any harder. It was… unnerving. Like some force was preventing me from moving, like I couldn't control my own body. I've never felt such an awful sensation in my life.

The more I think about it, the more I think the… situation here could be incredibly beneficial for Cullen. Something clearly unnatural is happening, and I'd be lying if I said that didn't make me a little nervous, but the possibilities! A town with no crime. A town where issues can be fixed instantly. The good we could do with such a gift!

Oh, the mill deal went through. The mills are already beginning to re-open and the paperwork to make sure everyone has a job has gone through. This will be a great new

start for Cullen!

It's been a hectic few weeks. Other people have started noticing the… weirdness here, which is partially my fault. There were some logistical issues with the mills, none of the supplies or materials were delivered and have been held up for weeks. Stuck on a boat in the middle of the pacific or something. But every single person who would have been working at the mills turned up anyway. The story was the same from all of them, they felt like they had to be at the mill, even though there was nothing to do, and couldn't leave until the end of their shifts, no matter how hard they tried.

It came up in a town meeting. Kate Massey brought it up, seemed hesitant at first, like everyone would think she was nuts. But as soon as she started talking, others starting chiming in. The same mill story, or about how they've been unable to speed in their cars or even swear in public. People started to panic, but I managed to reassure them that there was nothing to worry about and that we were looking into it. Truth is though, even if we were, I wouldn't know where to start.

There was an… incident. Simon Sackwell came at me in the street while I was talking with Clayton about the situation. Started hurling abuse at me, said this weirdness was all my fault and that I'd damn us all in the eyes of god or some such nonsense. Reached into his pocket, clearly about to pull a gun, I could see the handle. Clayton obviously could too; he shot Sackwell where he stood, right in the chest. He just reacted, even though Sackwell could never have actually used his gun. I guess the same isn't true of police officers.

What a waste.

I've declared a State of Emergency. It might panic people more, but it gives me some interesting legislative power, which I've used to ban firearms within the town. That'll probably rile up the gun-nuts, but they'll see its for the best eventually. We won't have a repeat of this.

People started leaving. I wish I could say I didn't blame them, but whatever happened to civic pride, loyalty to your home? Do they not realise the things we could do with this… whatever it is!? Over 500 people left in a week. I had to pass a law stopping anyone else from going, so now no one is allowed to leave the town. Cullen will be restored, dammit, and I won't let any narrow-minded fear get in the way of that.

Mallings[5] came to me today and told me people had been whispering about going to the press, or the feds or whoever else. At least I still have some friends left in town.

I should have thought about it sooner, it's unlikely that someone hasn't blabbed about what's going on here to someone outside. Don't they realise what would happen if the government or the press got involved here? They'd turn Cullen into a circus! I've temporarily banned the use of phones and the internet until I can get a handle on things here. I'll find a way to set things right, reverse all these emergency laws and then Cullen will be better than ever.

A group of military looking people in black trucks came into town today. Started asking a bunch of questions. They're going to try and

cause trouble, I can sense it. Can't imagine there's much they can do though. The law is the law after all, and all men must follow it. I've asked John to keep an eye on them for me.

Since the phones were shut down, I stopped receiving updates on the mill deliveries. Should have thought about that. I passed a law yesterday that simply read "the mills shall have the materials they need." Today, every one of them was fully stocked, as if out of nowhere. The people have been turning up to work there for weeks now, so at least they will have something to do. Hopefully this will begin to turn things around.

John said those military folks were at the edge of town today, talking to someone on their radios! Goddamn interfering sons of bitches! I've passed a law banning anyone from talking to people on the outside at all, so hopefully that will solve that issue.

The mills seem to be working. It might be my imagination, but people seem happier. Apparently everything they make is getting shipped somewhere, though no one knows where or how. But there's always plenty of raw material for them to work with. Few more weeks of this and things might be able to get back to normal around here.

Had a meeting with that military lot today. I'll have to have a word with Sandra about why she booked that in. Anyway they came in here and started demanding information about all sorts of things, like they had any kind of authority in this town. I told them they should have just left well enough alone and minded their own business. They looked at me like I was nuts!

The conversation was a bit more cordial after that, though nothing really came of it. They are going to keep interfering, I can feel it. I told them I'll think about what they've said - and I will, I'm not an unreasonable man! But I've been given a unique chance to make something of this town, and I won't have it wasted by small-minded military men.

I agreed to a short meeting with them again tomorrow. Give everyone time to process the others views and all that. Maybe I'll be able to bring them around, but I doubt it.

As I expected, the second meeting with that Sorsby fellow went nowhere. He demanded that I reverse all these laws and let the people abandon the town, I told him I would do no such thing. I won't be pushed around by meat-headed military fools. He flat out said he's going to be a problem. Judging by the look on his face, I think he would have shot me right there and then if he was able.

I'll have to think of a solution. Obviously I can't just leave them running around town doing whatever they want, who knows what trouble they could cause. Why can't they just mind their own business!

That bastard Sorsby and his friends nearly started a riot today! Riling people up, some nonsense about human rights and votes of no confidence! Don't these people realise I'm trying to do what's best for them! How can they all be so blind!

Well, I'm going to put an end to this once and for all. First I'll get rid of these interlopers. and then I'll see what I can do about this talk of rebellion. Cullen is a good town, dammit, and I

won't have it ruined by the ungrateful attitude of people afraid of a hard day's work!

Analysis shows that, almost immediately following the final entry in the journal, a new entry was added to the recovered documentation regarding newly passed laws. The final law mandated that all military personnel leave the town immediately.

The prevailing theory is that due to this final law directly contradicting the previous law regarding the ability for people to leave town, the end result was a reality failure or restructuring event, resulting in the loss of the town and its inhabitants, and the neutralisation of SCP-3088. Why Mayor Ronson's house and its contents remained is unknown. MTF Sigma-9 has officially been declared lost.

Footnotes
1. Containment area was determined through the use of remote drones to prevent accidental crossing of the perimeter.
2. Elizabeth Mancha, Site Director of Site-189, the closest Foundation facility to Cullen.
3. Presumably Clayton Woodrow, the sheriff of Cullen.
4. The only existing record of anyone in Cullen by the name of Damien is Damien Waltz, arrested four times for violent assault, including one count against Mayor Thomas Ronson, for which he was imprisoned two years prior.
5. Presumably John Mallings, who records show managed Ronson's mayoral campaign.

SCP-3089: That Old Time Religion

Item #: SCP-3089

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: A Foundation-operated bot (I/O-SILVER) is to monitor online communities for markers associated with SCP-3089. Should a community infected with SCP-3089 be identified, a joint operation involving **`MTF Mu-4 ("Debuggers")`**, MTF Nu-13 ("Rasczak's Roughnecks"), and **`MTF Gamma-5 ("Red Herrings")`** is to be conducted to contain all members of this community and remove all evidence of its existence from the public record.

Prior to shedding their epidermis, SCP-3089-A instances are to be confined to standard human containment cells. Instances in Stage II are to be remotely monitored by Foundation medical staff on a 48-hour cycle to monitor their progression.

Stage III instances are to be transferred to HTH containment cells[1].

Description: SCP-3089 is a phenomenon that emerges among communities focused on developing methods to acquire physical, financial, and social prosperity. Although its precise pathology is not yet understood, affected communities are identified by several markers — the most prominent of which is a fixation on achieving material success via the application of **`rituals`** associated with the Cétlaidí, or "Singers" (a Druidic cult active in Ireland between the 15th and 19th centuries).

SCP-3089-A instances are members of an affected community afflicted with SCP-3089-B — a form of chimerism incorporating exogenous genetic material from the *Cicadetta montana*, or New Forest cicada. SCP-3089-B emerges in accordance to the following progression:

- **Stage I:** *Chrysalis.* The instance enters a state of severely depressed metabolism, brain activity, heart-rate, and body temperature. Over a period of 3-6 hours, the instance's epidermis hardens into a dense, brittle shell.

- **Stage II:** *Metamorphosis.* Numerous small internal teratomas manifest within the instance. Over a period of 2-3 weeks, these tumors expand and dissolve surrounding soft tissue, replacing all functionality.

- **Stage III:** *Emergence*. Once the majority of soft tissue has been replaced, the instance exits its dormant state, exuviates its outer epidermal shell, and emerges. It is now non-communicative, and will attempt to burrow into soil via any means at its disposal.

At Stage III, numerous organs (including eyes, lungs, and internal genitalia) are now vestigial; examination of the brain shows severe deviations from topographical norms.

SCP-3089 was first discovered by the Foundation in 1961 following the disappearance of an entire town's population in North Carolina. This town has since been demolished, and the region surrounding it purchased for observation.

Addendum 3089.1: Ministry of the Sevenfold Blessing

The following audio was recovered from magnetic cassettes found in the offices of the Ministry of the Sevenfold Blessing, located in Darrington, North Carolina (USA). They consist of recorded sermons given by Pastor Bartholomew Jenner; each was labeled with the name of the sermon and the date on which it was given.

► ACCESS SCP:/3089/audio/sermon106.log

AUDIO EXCERPT

DATE: 1959/08/17
SUBJECT: 'God Has Cleared a Path'

"My friends — my friends, I want to talk to you about the Bible offers, tonight. I want to talk to you about what you are owed. I want to talk to you about… I want to talk to those of you who are struggling, right now. To those of you who have hardship and pain. Maybe you've heard that the Bible only nourishes the spirit; that God provides only for our immortal souls. Well, my friends, I am here to tell you that this is simply not true."

"You are a child of the most High God; the King of Kings. He has breathed His very life into you; His royal blood flows through your veins. He did not create you to just 'get by'. You are His child. You are His champion. He put you here to rise… to rise up and achieve *total victory*."

"Many of you can think of places in your lives where you have not yet risen. Where you are not yet victorious. Marriage. Finances. Health. But do not fret, my friends. God *wants* you to rise. He has cleared the path for you. It is one littered with His earthly treasures; to claim them, you need only to shed your old selves and be reborn."

"Now, if you would — some of the ladies from the — thank you, ladies — some of the ladies from the mayor's office were kind enough to collect these cicada shells. Pass them along. Each of you take one — yes, the children too. Be careful. Very careful. They are fragile. Each of you, take one, and hold it in your left hand. Yes. The *left* hand, not the right. Your left."

"Good. I want you to all close your eyes. Please, everyone. Close your eyes. I want you to visualize… I want you to imagine whatever hardship in your life you're struggling with,

right now. Picture it. What is it? Your job? Your car? Your marriage? Is someone in your household sick? Picture it in your left hand. Picture yourself holding that problem…"

"…now, I want you to squeeze your left hand. Squeeze it into a fist. Feel that problem cracking; like old, dried out paper. Feel it crumble to dust."

"Everyone, open your eyes. Don't you feel better? Stronger? This is what is offered. Our hardships are like the shell; we shall cast them aside even as they crumble. God has cleared a path. Amen. Amen."

► ACCESS SCP:/3089/audio/sermon109.log

AUDIO EXCERPT

DATE: 1959/12/19
SUBJECT: 'The Unprofitable Servant'

"Job, chapter forty-one, verse eleven: 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.'"

"Psalm, chapter twenty four, verse one: 'Who hath prevented me, that I should repay him? Whatsoever is under the whole heaven is mine.'"

"Both Heaven and earth are God's possessions; we are but tenants upon His property. Just as the angels are God's Heavenly servants, so are we His earthly ones."

"In chapter twenty-five of Matthew, verse thirty

— the Parable of the Talents — God speaks: 'And cast ye the unprofitable servant into the outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.' What does this tell us? That the Lord casts aside those wicked servants who are content with mediocrity; those who do not seek to enrich their Master's possessions. Those who do not seek total victory."

"We are God's investment; it falls upon us to be a profitable one. He gave His only begotten Son, surrendered Him to the earth, so that He might rise from it and grant us life everlasting. We must demonstrate the wisdom and glory of this sacrifice, this investment."

"Now, some of you have expressed concerns over the new sacraments. A few — I will not say who, but a few — have even called them sacrilege. And yet, have we not prospered? Have these same nay-sayers — again, I will not speak their names — but have these same 'Doubting Thomases' not profited from our good works?"

"I have shown you how to heal the sick with the Lord's Prayer and the blood of an unbaptized child. I have shown you how to see your future in the steaming entrails of a quivering crow. I have shown you the path to glory. But I cannot make you follow this path. I can only show it to you; it is you and you alone who must follow it — who must rise and shed your old self."

► ACCESS SCP:/3089/audio/sermon179.log

AUDIO EXCERPT

DATE: 1960/06/07

SUBJECT: 'He is Risen'

"Matthew, chapter twenty-eight, verse six: 'He is not here; for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.'"

[UNINTELLIGIBLE]

"…not a metaphor, my friends. Step forward. Yes. Mothers behind their daughters, fathers behind their sons. Turn to face the…"

[UNINTELLIGIBLE]

"…close your eyes, children. Close your eyes and pray. I want you to imagine God. His power, His Majesty, His…"

[UNINTELLIGIBLE]

"…victory. *Total* victory. For did He not offer up His only begotten Son? With your left hands, you must…"

[UNINTELLIGIBLE]

"…lamb is slaughtered to feed the lion. The Son is slaughtered to feed…"

[UNINTELLIGIBLE]

"…pact is complete. This world shall be our Paradise. This world shall…"

[UNINTELLIGIBLE]

"…to us, God has bequeathed all of His earthly treasures. But…"

[UNINTELLIGIBLE]

"…must dig deep…"

[UNINTELLIGIBLE]

"…the sign. Wait — and…"

NOTE: The remainder of the recording (approx. 30 minutes) consists of static-like hissing, chittering, and otherwise unintelligible sounds.

Addendum 3089.2: Additional Materials

► ACCESS SCP:/3089/audio/kai.log

AUDIO EXCERPTS

DATE: 2007/02/01
NOTE: The following are excerpts from the audio of an hour long youtube video ("7 Secrets to Ascend the Ladder of Prosperity") posted to the "Kai Sanchez: Positively Rich" channel. The community surrounding this channel was determined to be affected by SCP-3089, and has been since contained.

[00:02:55]: "Five years ago, I was living on foodstamps, sleeping in my car. Now, I'm giving lectures in front of my Porsche, inside my six-car garage, attached to my 2.3 million dollar home. Do you want to know how I do it? All I had to do was climb the ladder. All I had to do was think positively."

[00:08:50]: "Ladders exist so you can climb them. That's what ladders are for, people! The universe is telling you it wants you to prosper. You just have to visualize success — and success will come. That's the power of positive

thinking."

[00:12:09]: "If you're not going for the top of that ladder, then this video isn't for you. Bye! Sorry to have wasted your time. Successful people don't deal with losers. Only keep watching if you want to achieve *complete* mastery over your life."

[00:18:22]: "Recent developments in quantum physics have demonstrated the impact of human consciousness on our universe. Think about that. Just think about it. What does that mean? You think it, and it comes true. You don't like your bank account? Imagine a bigger one. You don't like the way you look? Imagine a new you."

[00:21:07]: "…which brings us to Secret Number Three: Visualize your ascendance. Re-imagine yourself as someone who can reach the top of that ladder. Shed your old identity. Tear it off and throw it aside — like dead skin. You won't need it. Not where you're going."

[00:32:44]: "Secret Number Five: Leave scraps out for stray cats. It'll take a while to get them inside; it might be a few months before one even approaches your front door. But you can't set out traps. They have to come into your house of their own volition. Once you've got one, remember to hold the knife with your *left* hand…"

[00:49:44]: "Remember how we explained that successful people don't actually need any of their toes to walk? Well, that's going to come in handy for Secret Number Six. You'll want to start with your left foot first. Find a large, isolated room and lay down some plastic

sheets…"

[00:55:12]: "Now that you're just one rung away from achieving your prosperity, it's time for Secret Number Seven: Forward this video to at least seven more people. And don't forget to share, like, and subscribe!"

NOTE: Despite an extensive search, Kai Sanchez has yet to be found. Following Incident #409 (see below), he has been designated PoI-3089-127.

► ACCESS SCP:/3089/audio/pua.log

AUDIO LOG

DATE: 2015/05/19
NOTE: Audio recovered from an MP3 player by MTF Pi-8 ("Playa Hataz") during containment of an online 'seduction community' that used anomalies to acquire sexual access to women. The community was later determined to be affected by SCP-3089.

[BEGIN LOG]

VOICE 1: One of the things a lot of us don't seem to get — not even veterans — is that women are wired to want to sleep with you. This isn't some sort of 'Dumbo's Magic Feather' confidence trick, either. I'm just talking neurology. I'm just talking science. It's just how we're wired.

VOICE 2: Right. I mean, yeah, a lot of people don't —

VOICE 1: But when you approach a woman and you're hoping to —

VOICE 2: It's like she unconsciously picks up on it.

VOICE 1: — sleep with her — right, yeah. It's similar to Van Eck Phreaking, which means you can block it. That's Mystery's stick, with his hats. He lines them with steel mesh. (*laughing*) You think I'm joking. But yeah, an alternative approach is to retrain your brain. *Know* you're sleeping with her. Because if you're hoping —

VOICE 2: That means you're selling.

VOICE 1: Right! And women aren't looking to buy. They're looking to be bought.

VOICE 2: (*laughing*) Jesus, that sounds bad.

VOICE 1: I know, right? But yeah. It's just science.

VOICE 2: Another thing you've mentioned before is how — how you should never aim low. You should always —

VOICE 1: Oh. Right.

VOICE 2: — you should always aim for the ten.

VOICE 1: Right. A lot of us walk into a room, see a ten, do a basic probability matrix, and tell ourselves: 'Okay, I've got no chance, I'll focus on the 7 or 8 LSE in the corner'. And that's just bullshit. Aim for the ten. You always aim for the ten. Because if you don't —

VOICE 2: Then you're not trying to be the best you that you can possibly be.

VOICE 1: Right. Exactly. Always go for the ten. Never sell yourself short. I mean, we're all products of evolution — a four billion year old iterative process dedicated to perfecting our ability to pass on our genes. We weren't put here to go for sevens and eights, you know? We're not here to win 2nd place. Go platinum or go extinct. Be a champion — or get out of the champion's way. If you're not gonna play hard, then you might as well just remove yourself from the gene-pool.

VOICE 2: (*laughing*) Okay there, Richard Dawkins. So, I have to ask —

VOICE 1: About the bug-rattler, right?

VOICE 2: Yeah. How'd you guess?

VOICE 1: A lot of people have been asking me about it. Here, I've got one on me.

VOICE 2: Uh, wow. So what —

[STATIC]

VOICE 2: Jesus, that's loud!

VOICE 1: Yeah. It's the preserved remains of a *Cicadetta montana*, which is just a fancy word for those really big, loud bugs that burrow and leave their shells everywhere. See these structures on the side? Those are 'tymbals'. The male cicada uses them to attract mates. (*laughing*) Well, I do, too.

VOICE 2: This seriously works?

VOICE 1: Yeah. This is actually — I actually came across this when I was doing research for my next book, *Negging Your Immune System: How To Use Pick-Up Techniques To*

Win At Life.

VOICE 2: (*laughing*) That's one hell of a title.

VOICE 1: Ain't it, though? My publicist came up with it. She's fucking amazing. Anyway, yeah, the book's all about applying seduction techniques more broadly throughout your life. It's crazy how this stuff can apply everywhere — you can use the same tricks in finances, health — even to develop yourself spiritually.

VOICE 2: (*laughing*) …you're not going to try and pick up God, are you?

VOICE 1: (*laughing*) I mean, if he were a chick, I probably would.

VOICE 2: So, this bug-rattler — you figured this trick out from your studies?

VOICE 1: Yeah. Here, you can keep it, I've got a couple. Just, ah —

VOICE 2: Oh, cool.

VOICE 1: — ah, don't — don't use it around the same chick too many times, y'know? If you do — sometimes they'll end up… (*laughing*) They'll start chittering and hissing, shit like that.

VOICE 2: Oh, wow.

VOICE 1: (*laughing*) Yeah, it's —

VOICE 2: That's pretty, uh —

VOICE 1: It's kind of gross, yeah. So just be responsible with it, y'know?

VOICE 2: Right. I will, thanks.

[END LOG]

NOTE: Attempts to identify VOICE 1 are ongoing. Following Incident #409 (see below), this person has been tentatively designated PoI-3089-189.

► ACCESS SCP:/3089/incidents/409.log

INCIDENT REPORT

INCIDENT #: 3089-409
DATE OF OCCURRENCE: 2017/11/01

A Foundation agent (Daniel Mitchell) performing a routine monthly patrol within the vicinity of Darrington, North Carolina noted the appearance of several sinkholes along the outskirts of the region. Further investigation uncovered an extensive network of tunnels extending several hundred kilometers outward before reaching the surface. A geological survey has determined that many of these tunnels are approximately four decades old.

Although a complete exploration of this space has yet to be conducted, preliminary searches have uncovered approximately 1.1 tons of semi-preserved organic animal material. This material is composed of severely desiccated dermis[2] tissue. Genetic testing reveals the presence of both human and *Cicadetta montana* (or New Forest cicada) DNA.

As of this date, all previous inhabitants of Darrington have been tentatively designated as PoI-3089-1 through -985. An investigation into their current whereabouts is ongoing.

Footnotes

1. HTH — or 'High Threat Humanoid' — containment cells are enclosures engineered to handle various types of anomalous humanoids.
2. The dense layer of skin beneath the epidermis.

SCP-3090: This girl's gone bad on a game attack!

Item #: SCP-3090

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3090 is to be kept in a standard humanoid containment cell at Site-17. Personal electronic devices, such as cell phones, computers, and handheld video game consoles are not allowed in a 12m radius of SCP-3090 except during testing periods. SCP-3090 is to have a psychological evaluation every Tuesday with Dr. August Lichen and Junior Psychologist Blake Maxson Yamagusuku.

Revised Containment Procedures 02/18/17: **`Mobile Task Force Kappa-10 ("Skynet")`** are responsible for locating entities suspected to be SCP-3090 or in possession of abilities similar to SCP-3090, due to the possibility of SCP-3090's self-termination being a planned containment breach.

Description: SCP-3090 is a humanoid of indeterminate race and age. The head has been replaced with a detachable television set. This television can only be removed by SCP-3090. When turned on by pressing the powered button or reconnecting it to SCP-3090's body, a pixelated logo shows up in large pink font reading "Ms. Mad About Video Games, by **`Gamers Against Weed`**", replaced then by various text characters assembled into a facsimile of a face, dependent on its mood. When separated, SCP-3090's neck terminates in a standard 5-15 electrical socket. This state of separation also renders it unable to communicate or interact with others meaningfully.

Any interactive media in a 10m radius of SCP-3090 becomes an instance of SCP-3090-1. An icon of SCP-3090 will generate on the bottom-left corner of the screen during gameplay. Playing SCP-3090-1 induces a catatonic state on the player when their avatar or character is terminated or otherwise enters a fail state.

This reverts upon resumption of play, or if the instance of SCP-3090-1 ceases operation. Subjects regaining consciousness report feelings of dissociation and identifying with their digital avatar.

SCP-3090 controls the graphical output appearing on-screen, altering it spontaneously. This is usually done in the form minor graphical adjustments not present in the program's code. SCP-3090 reports fatigue after long-term or repeated activation of its anomalous effects. Programs with more intensive graphical appearance also cause SCP-3090 to become strained.

Recovery: The Foundation was alerted to SCP-3090's existence after intercepting police reports of a suspicious individual causing a disturbance outside of a GameStop in Las Vegas, Nevada. Said figure held a sign that read "We can be the generation that ends gaming addiction forever". SCP-3090's sweatshirt contained a document consistent with others associated with "Misters Against Weed."

Document 3090-A:

> **Holy Heck!** You've just found yourself your very own **Ms. Mad About Video Games** by Gamers Against Weed! Remember to take a 15 minute break for every hour of play. Who is Dr. Wondertainment?
>
> Find them all and become Mr. (Mad) Gamer!
>
> **01. Mr. Literal Serial Killer**
> **02. Mr. Normie**
> 03. Mr. Bernie Sanders
> **04. Mr. Get Anything For Free In Any Shop**
> **20. Mr. Sex Number**
> 21. Mr. Heavenly Virtues
> 22. Mr. Deadly Sins
> **23. Mr. Original Character**
> 24. Mr. D.A.R.E.
> 25. Mr. Gentrification
> 26. Ms. Mad About Video Games ✔
> **27. Mr. Meme**
> 28. Mr. Ominous (discontinued)

29. Mr. Destiny
30. Mr. Monty Python And The Holy Grail
31. Ms. Zapatista
32. Mr. Hax
33. Mr. Just Has The Tattoo
34. Mr. Top Text and Mr. Bottom Text
35. Mr. Finale

Addendum 3090-A: Test Logs and Interviews:

Test 1

Game: The Legend of Zelda: Wind Waker for the Nintendo Gamecube

Player(s): N/A

Notes: Control test, Technical Assistant Metwaad supervising. SCP-3090 and its icon were unresponsive until Metwaad touched the controller while unplugging it, when the icon responded to the controller being touched and changed the graphics in-game to appear slightly more exaggerated. Changes disappeared upon the controller being unplugged.

Test 2

Game: Two copies of Pokémon Crystal on two Game Boy Advances

Player(s): D-7215 and D-3015

Notes: D-7215's game had graphics typical of a Pokémon Ruby or Sapphire game. "[Pokémon] fainted!" text was replaced with "[Pokémon] died!" D-3015's game had graphics typical of a Pokémon Crystal game, but red pixels appeared on the Pokémon as hit points decreased. Aesthetic alterations are variable depending on the subject playing. Both D-Class had a team of three Pokémon each. Wounds began to manifest on subjects which were consistent with the injuries sustained by their

respective Pokémon. SCP-3090 would then choose a new Pokémon for the subject, reversing their state. Text transcribed from D-3015's game follows.

> "Enemy TYPHLOSION used FLAME WHEEL!"
> "VILEPLUME is hurt by the burn."
> "VILEPLUME used TOXIC!"
> "Enemy TYPHLOSION is poisoned!"
> "Enemy TYPHLOSION used SWIFT!"
> Holographic ninja stars appeared and sliced through D-3015's body, with blood appearing to pour onto the floor. D-7215 notices and jumps out of his chair, dropping the Game Boy Advance onto the floor and refusing to play further.
> "VILEPLUME died!"
> "Enemy TYPHLOSION is hurt by poison!"
> D-7215 falls to the ground, complaining of a stomachache.

SCP-3090 turned off the game at this point, patting D-3015's head before moving back to where it sat.

Interview 3090-A:

Interviewed: SCP-3090

Interviewer: Dr. August Lichen

Foreword: Interview done soon after Test 2. SCP-3090 had refused to speak to Foundation personnel up to this point, where it relented to an interview.

<Begin Log, 13:21>

Dr. Lichen: Good afternoon, Ms. Mad About Video Games.

SCP-3090: Hmm… I don't think that's such a good handle. My moms gave me an actual name, you know.

Lichen: What did they call you, then?

SCP-3090: I'm… not sure I want to share, actually. It was endearing, but embarrassing.

Lichen: Alright then. Let's talk about the last test we did. Why did you shut off both Game Boys in the middle of Test 2?

SCP-3090 If I didn't, they would've kept fighting, and I don't like fights. They're not fun, and games are supposed to be fun. Neither of them looked like they had fun, as well.

Lichen: But what people experience when they lose or die in a game is, well…

[SCP-3090's head displays an ellipsis, remaining silent for a full minute.]

Lichen: How do you make things happen outside of the game?

SCP-3090: It's a gimmick. Good graphics. Everyone loves good graphics. I do too, even if I love playing older games. I think all the good movies these days are in 3D, so why shouldn't games be the same way?

Lichen: Then what about the state people are put in when they lose?

SCP-3090: I'm not sure… maybe they're so immersed in their game, they end up believing it impacts them as well. Whenever I play games, nothing happens. I'm not a human anymore, so I can't speak to that. I do enhance the graphics to appear more realistic, but those are holograms. They shouldn't be able to harm people.

Lichen: So let me ask again. Why do you end up making people go through that state?

SCP-3090: *[SCP-3090's head displays an ellipsis, remaining silent for another minute. As Dr. Lichen is about to ask another question it speaks.]* It's not exactly

an ideal situation, is it? Maybe it's because people are angriest right when they die in a video game, or lose. It cuts down on aggression and hostility so you have the time to cool down and not be aggressive. That's what I assume, anyway. I never bothered to ask.

Lichen: Do you remember who created you? What are your earliest memories?

SCP-3090: My mothers. It feels too weird calling them creators. I stayed in one of their places and got to play all the time. It's fine for me to play all the time, since I don't need to do anything else, but I made sure she didn't burn herself out. Anyway… they wanted to take me to a GameStop and win a video game tournament. Which was fine, since I'm very, very good at gaming. I won, and of course people had all of, uh, that happen to them.

They didn't give me the Switch that was the prize. One of the other contestants tried to take my head off because they thought it was part of a costume. It didn't come off so I took it off myself. Everyone… freaked out, and when they put it back on me in a panic, they locked me out while they called the police. *[SCP-3090 sighs.]* I tried to follow my mothers out but I realized too late that they already left, and ended up locked outside of the store. I miss her…

Lichen: What did she or your other mom look like? We can have her come here for you.

SCP-3090: Hmm… I'd rather see myself home.
[SCP-3090 displayed a prohibition sign, refusing to respond to any further inquires.]

<End Log, 13:26>

Test 8

Game: Animal Crossing: New Leaf for the Nintendo 3DS

Player(s): D-8000

Notes: Since Animal Crossing: New Leaf is a game without failstates, it was hypothesized that no abnormalities other than the expected graphical changes would occur. SCP-3090 appeared delighted to watch the game, stating that this was its favorite game, as well as being non-violent. D-8000 was instructed to play until told to stop by Foundation staff.

At 01:00:00, the lower-left icon displayed a text popup which was also spoken aloud by SCP-3090, saying "You've been playing for a while. Maybe you should take a break?" It repeated this phrase at 01:15:00, 01:30:00, and 01:45:00. At 02:00:00, it changed to "You look tired. You should give your eyes a break." It repeated this phrase at 02:10:00, 02:20:00, 02:30:00. At 02:45:00, it stated "You're so tired. Please stop." The 3DS is observed to have a pink substance leaking out of it, then unidentified. D-8000 was instructed by Technical Researcher Metwaad to continue playing. At 2:50:00, it stated "You're overexerting yourself. Please stop!" as the icon switched to appearing exasperated. The substance became thicker and more opaque. At 03:00:00, the 3DS ceased functioning as SCP-3090 collapsed, a buffering symbol displaying on its screen.

Incident Report 3090/890

Involved Individuals: SCP-3090, **SCP-890**

Report: With the approval of Site Director Everett Mann, both SCP-3090 and the 3DS were brought to SCP-890 for surgery. According to SCP-890, the 3DS was complaining of symptoms consistent with heavy metal poisoning. It determined that the victim had [REDACTED], though chemical testing of the substance revealed that it was non-anomalous and able to be replicated. The 3DS also had "contusions from [regular usage]," but this was unrelated to the patient's cause of death.

SCP-3090 did not receive surgery, as SCP-890 determined that it was neither similar to other patients nor "a simple mass of meat". It advised personnel that based on similar experiences, SCP-3090 only needed to rest for approximately a few days before returning to its original state.

Interview 3090-B:

Interviewed: SCP-3090

Interviewers: Dr. August Lichen, Junior Psychologist Blake Maxson Yamagusuku

Foreword: Interview done one day after SCP-3090 returned to its original state.

<Begin Log, 16:40>

Junior Psychologist Yamagusuku: Hello. My name is Blake Maxson Yamagusuku, and I'll be here to talk with you along with Dr. Lichen. I know what happened must have been very difficult, but hopefully I can help.

SCP-3090: Hmm… sure. I decided on a name as well. Heather.

Dr. Lichen: Heather. That's a good name. Heather, do you want to talk about your experience?

SCP-3090: No. I would like if you don't have that happen to me much. Will you tell me when I'm able to go home? I'm feeling fine enough.

Yamagusuku: We're still trying to locate your parents, as well as see if you're fine enough to go back home. I know you don't want to talk about what happened, but any sort of information could help us if it was that new of an experience to you.

SCP-3090: Then… I can try. When the guy played too much Animal Crossing, I started to feel really worried for

him. I think I got so worried that I got sick as well. Even my mom doesn't play games for that long, and she streams for an audience! When I —

[At this point, Dr. Lichen's phone went off, prompting him to take the phone out of his pocket and look. Unlocking the phone opened up a game application. An icon immediately appeared on the bottom-left screen, unnoticed by Dr. Lichen at the moment.]

Lichen: My bad, 3090 — Heather. I thought I had gotten a te —

[SCP-3090's screen immediately changes to a flashing exclamation point. The phone's screen instantly cracks accompanied by the sound of glass breaking.]

Lichen: What —

SCP-3090: Please… please pay attention. This is not the time to play video games.

[Conversation halted for 19 seconds as Lichen handed Yamagusuku his phone, making nervous hums as Yamagusuku leaves the room. Lichen clears his throat before continuing the interview.]

Lichen: Right, sorry. I didn't realize my phone was in my pocket. Please continue.

SCP-3090: *[SCP-3090's screen changes to a face with two X's for eyes.]* You called me a number. That never sounds nice, regardless of the context. *[Silence for twelve seconds, as Yamagusuku returns to the room.]* You don't plan to have me leave here, right?

Yamagusuku: You'll… you'll be staying here for an indefinite amount of time.

SCP-3090: Then what about my parents?

Yamagusuku: We don't know where they are either.

We've been looking for them ever since we brought you here.

[SCP-3090 leans on the table as its display turns into a buffering symbol, refusing to respond to further inquires.]

<End Log, 16:49>

Test 12

Game: `Pauper: Rise of the Monster King`

Player(s): D-2091

Notes: Testing done to see if anomalous games would be affected by SCP-3090, as well as display consistent results with other video games. SCP-3090 displayed knowledge concerning SCP-951, and was interested in interacting with it. Initial anomalous effects displayed as normal after loading a previous save file. An excerpted transcript of gameplay follows with extraneous details cut. A full transcript can be given upon request by Technical Researcher Metwaad.

> **SCP-951:** Hello! Do you want to go to Waterlantis today? There's a monster or two over there that you might want to recruit.
>
> **D-2091:** Sure, let's go.
>
> **SCP-951:** Something seems different this time around. Did you use a cheat code? You don't need to do that!
>
> **D-2091:** I haven't done anything. We should get out of the Magma Caves.
>
> 20 minutes later, a random encounter started. Shortly after the battle started, SCP-951 took on the appearance of the character Lucas from the game Mother 3 as he appears in Super Smash Bros. Brawl, as opposed to the usual

random blocks of pixels. SCP-951 defeated the enemy monster in one hit, immediately reverting back to its original state.

SCP-951: Umm… Why did I look like that?

D-2091: You noticed?

SCP-951: Yeah! I don't know what you did there, but I'm not a fan of those changes. I've been making the game more fun for us, but I feel weird being messed with like that.

SCP-3090: *[At this point, SCP-3090's icon interjected.]* But you look cooler this way. Shouldn't you be happy about that?

SCP-951: Hey, who is that? What is she doing here? I thought it was just us!

D-2091: You are a good friend, but… I had another join us. I thought I might introduce you to her.

SCP-3090: Huh? *[SCP-3090's icon and face display anger.]* I don't know you! I'm here against my will and you have the gall to call me your friend?

SCP-951: She makes me really nervous! I don't want to play with you while she's around. Please turn off the game, and next time, don't bring your other friends.

Postscript: SCP-3090's mood plummeted considerably for the next two days, remaining uncooperative during testing.

Test 15

Notes: Following the most recent interview session, in conjunction with **`Project Crowdreader`**, SCP-3090

was prompted to make a blank Twitter account. Eleven images were discovered, two of which were classified information. Nine images were printed. Three of the eleven images were related to the Danganronpa media series, to which SCP-3090 responded "Me." One image was related to the video game Persona 5, featuring the character Morgana with text on the top reading "You must be tired after today" and text on the bottom reading "Let's go to sleep." Twitter account was subsequently deleted to prevent an intelligence breach.

Test 16

Game: A game of Super Mario Bros altered to play an aural memetic kill agent for 50 seconds after touching a power up known as the Super Star.

Player(s): D-8052

Notes: SCP-3090 was made unaware of the game's nature during testing. D-8052 experienced a stroke, although her hands continued to operate and play the game. Of its own volition, SCP-3090 goes to take the controller from D-8025, but it remains in her grip. When Mario dies, despite death not being caused by SCP-3090's anomaly, D-8052 revived. D-8052 re-expired when the power was shut down remotely. SCP-3090 was negatively affected after testing, remaining silent during the next two interviews and only displaying a prohibition sign until the subsequent interview.

Interview 3090-F:

Interviewed: SCP-3090

Interviewers: Dr. August Lichen, Junior Psychologist Blake Yamagusuku

Foreword: This was the first interview after three weeks following Test 16 where SCP-3090 was willing to communicate with interviewers again, appearing less

distressed.

<Begin Log, 17:00>

Junior Psychologist Yamagusuku: Good afternoon, Heather. Are you feeling any better today?

SCP-3090: *[sighs]* I think so. Please let me go home. I'm tired of all of the things you guys have me do.

Dr. Lichen: We need to know the full extent of what your abilities so that we can release you to the public without any fear or worry of your harming others. Even if it's an accident.

[SCP-3090 produces audio and video static for 6 seconds.]

Yamagusuku: I understand that the testing isn't great. We can reduce it greatly for you. The important thing is to make sure you're doing fine mentally. It can be difficult to adjust to staying here. A lot of the people I talk to feel that way. That's why we want to make sure you're well.

SCP-3090: Mmm. *[SCP-3090's face changes to an ellipsis for ten seconds before turning to a neutral expression.]* When I was living back home with my mom, she helped me learn how to design video games. We were working on a beat 'em up, something like Street Fighter but in 3D and more story-oriented. So like God Hand. But gay.

Lichen: Gay?

SCP-3090: In both ways. I was pretty gay before being like… this. *[SCP-3090 gestures to its body.]* Still am. I don't think that matters much? Anyway. I liked learning how to make games almost as much as playing them. But, truth be told, it always felt like a weird thing to do. I can already literally affect people through games and edit them myself… making them just feels less tangible.

Besides, beat 'em ups are too violent for me. They're fun but I like more calmer stuff, like puzzle games, and visual novels. Sigh.

Lichen: Have you always disliked violent games? It seems to clash with the name.

SCP-3090: Yeah. Even fictional characters getting hurt isn't fun, let alone real people.

Lichen: Do you think it has anything to do with your abilities?

SCP-3090: I did have a say in it, though I think the, uh. Execution of said… stuff I can do got messed up a little bit along the way. I don't blame my moms though.

Yamagusuku: That sort of creation is hard to perfect, after all. It's sort of like magic, in a way. They certainly did their best.

SCP-3090: They did. *[sighs]* I miss them. I think I'm done with talking today.

<End Log, 17:04>

Test 20

Game: Tetris (Game Boy, 1989) on a Game Boy Advance

Player(s): SCP-3090

Notes: SCP-3090 started a new game and waited for the blocks to fall on top of each other. As a pillar of tetromino-shaped blocks manifested, SCP-3090's icon moved to an empty space where the blocks fell and crushed it, with the icon disappearing on impact. SCP-3090 fell unconscious. Starting a new game did not revive SCP-3090. After three hours, **`SCP-3090's body disappeared`**, with Document 3090-B and Document 3090-C manifesting in its space.

Document 3090-B:

> if die, then revive somewhere else
>
> failsafe. sorry mags; we'll find you asap

Document 3090-C is a GameStop Powerup Rewards Pro card. Aside from the text "Super High School Level" appearing on the top of the card, it is otherwise non-anomalous, and able to be used at a GameStop.

SCP-3091: Temporal Funnel Trap

SCP-3091

Item #: SCP-3091

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: As of / /20 , operation of SCP-3091 is to be maintained as long as possible.

The only in-person operations allowed with SCP-3091 at this time are:

A) Monitoring the built-in measurement device outputs from SCP-3091, which are deemed safe at this time.

B) Maintenance and repair of SCP-3091's power supply and "field generators", following Report 3091-89A submitted to the O5 Council on / /20 . The documentation on these devices is considered sufficient that their maintenance can be reasonably attempted.

SCP-3091 is considered temporally unstable. Localized time dilation or contraction events and minor retrocausality are not unusual. Personnel working in SCP-3091 are to be trained in DMWT "Best Practices in Temporally Unstable Locations", and to heed these practices while working within SCP-3091, especially with regards to information security and distinguishing expected from unexpected disturbances. Due to particle radiation, time spent inside the facility should be minimized.

Testing involving the "Red Room" facility within SCP-3091 is forbidden by order of the O5 Council. Currently, investigations are to be made only by studying the existing documentation, rather than taking any actions that may interfere with SCP-3091's functions.

Description: SCP-3091 is a massive underground structure located at . . . under the Queen Maud Gulf Bird Sanctuary in Nunavut,

Canada. The facility is accessible via 14 camouflaged access points from the surface. It has a total area of 1.05 million m^2 and occupies four floors. Electricity and heat are generated from geothermal boreholes. Equipment in the site appears to have been designed for sustained function without human intervention, but is subject to normal wear and tear, and has been maintained since discovery by the Foundation.

SCP-3091 appears to have been constructed to support Large Event Chamber-001 (refer to Document 3091-AB-Schematics), a spherical chamber measuring 14 meters in diameter ("The Red Room").

The area is temporally unstable. Typical examples of events include:

- Researchers spending thirty minutes in vicinity of the Red Room, which appeared to outside observers as 3 hours
- Computer processor cycles repeating
- Radio transmissions arriving before they were sent

The instability field is strongest around the Red Room, and is virtually unnoticeable 30 meters out from the facility. This corresponds to a high background free tachyon concentration (1,000 times the global average close to the Red Room.)

Notable features of SCP-3091

Field Generators

36 identical pieces of highly complex machinery are located equidistant around the chamber. Their sole purpose is to continuously emit one or more energy fields consisting of:

- UV light at extremely high energy levels
- Coherent beams of ionizing radiation (somehow contained and redirected by receiving components on adjacent devices, making escaped radiation comparable to background levels.)
- Thermal energy (used to maintain internal structures within the barrier containing xenon gas at a critical point.)
- Tachyon fields (see (Xyank, 2005))

- Additional energetic force of an unknown nature, consisting of either unknown elementary particles or photon-like discrete energy packets. Interactions of this gas with the critical-point xenon create a previously unknown phenomenon [DATA EXPUNGED] hypothesized relation to the gravitational anomaly.

Given Document 3091-AD-DE, which is a set of recovered blueprints associated with all SCP-3091 major structures, the actual structure of the “field generators” is well understood, and may even be replicable, with the exception of [DATA EXPUNGED] superconductor materials [DATA EXPUNGED] known relation to anomalous substance -רת.

The purposes of the individual components remains unknown, as is the intention or result of the entire field. Replication has been proposed but not attempted, due to the possibility of recreating the central anomaly.

The field is generated in a continuous fashion while allowing viewing windows at certain “Observation Points.”

Hypothesized Purpose: The Field Generators are arranged to project a field around the interior of the Red Room. This field may create, contain, or interact in an unknown way with the central anomaly.

The Red Room Anomaly

Six Observation Points, which include transparent windows comprised of plate glass plus unknown materials, look directly into the Red Room. Numerous instruments in each observation stations also appear to monitor the physical conditions inside the anomaly. As far as can be determined (measurements have also been corroborated where possible via optical methods), physical conditions inside the anomaly include:

- Temperatures of over 1000K
- Internal conditions consisting of matter at a supercritical point (consistent with extremely high temperatures and pressures)
- Opaque substance with a faint red glow

- Elemental composition of oxygen, carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, various metals, and other elements, many in organic compounds.
- Small solid metal objects made of iridium, tungsten, and tantalum. Other metal pieces may have been present but melted in the extreme conditions.
- Extremely temporally unstable (Hypothesized)

Hypothesized Purpose: Unknown

Surrounding Facilities

Partial furnishings indicate that other parts of the facility include offices, storage areas, and maintenance units for the field generators and site at large. Intact heating and plumbing indicates that the facility was designed for year-round usage by humans.

Several nearby satellite facilities are entirely unfurnished, but based on plumbing, appear to be dormitories capable of housing up to ten people. Furniture or signs of life (including DNA evidence) are absent.

The entirety of Document SCP-3091-AD-DE, representing much of our understanding of SCP-3091, was recovered from the upper drawer of a file cabinet in peripheral office J34 (see map for location.) No other written materials, relevant to SCP-3091 or not, have been found within SCP-3091.

Hypothesized Purpose: SCP-3091 was designed for human monitoring and habitation, although it was never occupied.

> CLEARANCE LEVEL 3
>
> Conditions within the Red Room have increased in discrete amounts since SCP-3091's discovery. Instruments attached to the room have recorded 244 individual leaps in pressure and temperature, of the same magnitude, at apparently random intervals. The magnitude increases are quite small compared to the overall pressure, and field generators are so far unaffected by these changes.

Analysis suggests that intensity and frequency of temporal anomalies surrounding SCP-3091 have been slowly increasing since discovery.

Researcher points out that the internal Red Room conditions can be explained as the effects of an enormous amount of temporally unstable organic and metallic manner, compressed as to fit into the space determined by the field generator. In this model, the red glow is due to the Draper Phenomenon, in which material heated above 798K glows from blackbody radiation.

The occasional increases in internal conditions would be consistent with additional matter entering the space.

Analysis of the tachyon field as extrapolated from Doctor Xyank's work for the Temporal Department has lead to the conclusion that matter within SCP-3091 is from after our present.

ARE YOU SURE YOU WISH TO PROCEED?

Document SCP-3091-AD-DE is machine-printed. It includes some hand-written notes, but these seem to have been photocopied on from previous materials. There is exactly one hand-drawn portion of the document, drawn with an ink pen on the last page. It has been expunged from the maintenance versions of Document SCP-3091-AD-DE available at lower clearance levels.

Image SCP-3091-AD-DE-X

PROCEED

Based on this and other gathered data, Researcher has made the following causal model for the Red Room anomaly:

1. At an unknown point in the future, a method of traveling through time is invented and popularized.
2. Entities using this method attempt to “travel” to before SCP-3091’s activation.
3. Entities moving backward in the timestream to past SCP-3091’s active period are “caught” in the field emitted by SCP-3091 and redirected to the Red Room.

Diagram

This model suggests that SCP-3091 functions as a temporal “funnel trap”, redirecting entities moving through the timestream to or before its active period, into the Red Room.

In this model, the internal matter within SCP-3091 is composed of possibly human entities and any equipment or temporal devices that may have accompanied them, which is consistent with recovered data.

> If this is true, we cannot de-activate SCP-3091 (or allow it to be deactivated.) While this object has prevented potential catastrophic damage to our time stream in the forms of paradoxes, malicious attack, or other interventions, if the machine were switched off, the inactivation of the fields would cause a massive explosion that would certainly prevent its reactivation. Any arrival of sentient beings or devices while the machine is switched off could drastically alter our reality and cause incalculable or even existential damage to human life and the timeline. In fact, should SCP-3091 become damaged, it would even be prudent to construct a means to replicate it.
> - O5-7

> Where the hell did this come from?
> - O5-2

Addendum SCP-3091-1: Failed attempts to determine provenance of SCP-3091

- No public records from the nearby area for available history report any information on the construction or existence of SCP-3091. No individual or entity is known to possess similar technology to the functional parts of SCP-3091.
- Foundation moles within higher echelons of the Chaos Insurgency were instructed to search their private internal documentation and look for knowledge regarding SCP-3091. No results were found.
- During this process, one of the moles, Agent 4-November, was discovered by Insurgency leadership. 31 teeth and a jar containing brain tissue in formalin (both matching Agent 4-November) were delivered to Site 19 anonymously informing the Foundation of this fact, along with a note disclaiming responsibility for the anomaly.
- An informal trade with the Global Occult Coalition was scheduled, exchanging an operative previously held in Foundation custody for information regarding SCP-3091. After extensively searching their documentation, including that of multiple paramilitary groups, the Coalition concluded they had no information on the matter.
- Multiple major government intelligence agencies were consulted discreetly about the technologies found in SCP-3091. No connection or leads unveiled.
- A Serpent's Hand connection was asked to search for information surrounding the anomaly, or its creators, via whatever means were accessible. A small amount of classified Foundation knowledge of interest to the connection was provided in exchange. Connection reported to be "surprised" by the lack of information in their databases, but claimed that the reason for their surprise was not required as of the terms of their agreement.

A thorough search of SCP-3091 was conducted. The following was noted:

- Shelving in storage rooms was constructed with triangular allen screws, identical to the type made in-house and used

frequently in Foundation construction. These types of screws are also available commercially.
- Hallway construction and heating pipe arrangement is somewhat similar to a proposed architectural design for underground Foundation sites from 1972, although other pieces have been modified. These designs were never implemented in any site.

CLEARANCE LEVEL 4

An extensive internal review was implemented, focusing especially on nearby sites and the Temporal Division. At the end, the Internal Task Force concluded that internal subterfuge was unlikely, as there were no resources unaccounted for that could provide either the budget, materials, or research required to create SCP-3091. The following has been proposed:

- SCP-3091 is itself a temporally stabilized location (aside from the Red Room anomaly) that has been displaced from a future point.
- SCP-3091 was constructed by another unknown agency or entity, possibly from a future point, using advanced technology without outside support.
- SCP-3091 is a ‘relic’ or ‘holdover’ from a previous [THE REST OF THIS FILE IS NOT AVAILABLE AT YOUR CLEARANCE LEVEL.]

SCP-3092: Gorilla Warfare

Item #: SCP-3092

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3092 is to be contained in an empty room equipped with a single compatible power outlet. It is not to be plugged in or stocked with toys unless actively being tested. Testing with SCP-3092 must be preapproved by at least one Level 3 staff member, and at least one Foundation agent armed with a net launcher mock tranquilizer rifle (see Addendum 3092-01 and -02) must be present in order to subdue and contain resultant SCP-3092-A instances.

SCP-3092-A instances are to be contained individually in standard containment kennels modified with two additional locks, at least one of which should be biometrically operated, in order to prevent further containment breaches. They are to be provided amenities in exchange for compliant behaviour, but none that could serve as tools or aids in an escape attempt. Should one or more SCP-3092-A instances successfully escape containment, a team of agents armed with net launchers mock tranquilizer rifles (see Addendum 3092-01 and -02) should sweep the Site until they are recontained, and all personnel should be notified of the situation, be aware of their surroundings and report any suspicious activity or SCP-3092-A attacks immediately.

No plush toys are permitted within 200 meters of any SCP-3092-A instance outside of testing purposes.

Description: SCP-3092 is a Black Tie Toys-brand arcade claw machine measuring 1.8 meters tall, 0.8 meters wide and 0.9 meters deep, and weighing approximately 144 kilograms while unstocked. The machine's body and mechanical parts are all non-anomalous in nature, primarily composed of steel, plastic, and various electronics, all possessing wear and tear consistent with multiple years of

regular usage.[1]

When provided power and coins of valid United States currency, SCP-3092 may be operated as is standard for commercially available claw machines. Its anomalous properties only activate whenever the operator successfully picks up one or more plush toys with the claw and deposits them in SCP-3092's prize chute. At this point, the respective plush toys will immediately transform into instances of SCP-3092-A.

SCP-3092-A instances are cotton-stuffed felt plush gorillas, possessing no identifying tags or logos, sitting at roughly 0.3 meters tall and weighing 0.4 kilograms. They are sapient, communicative,[2] and capable of sight, hearing, touch, and ambulation of all four limbs. Additionally, they possess notable manual dexterity despite seeming to lack distinct digits and relevant muscular structures. Outside of this, all instances are conventional plush toys lacking any biological components.

SCP-3092-A instances are remarkably proficient in various activities related to guerrilla warfare, such as stealth, weapon improvisation, trap setting, and the maintenance and usage of a variety of small arms. They also appear to possess "ideologies" crudely resembling various real and fictitious guerrilla rebel groups. They are capable of developing and staging complex plans individually or as a group, and regularly attempt to breach containment, with limited success.

However, thus far, all SCP-3092-A activity appears to have been intended to annoy or inconvenience rather than cause legitimate damage to its targets. All weapons employed by SCP-3092-A instances have been non-lethal in nature, causing only minor injuries; opportunities to cause severe damage to Foundation assets, such as through arson or the containment breach of other SCP objects, have been ignored in favor of more superficial attacks. Attempts to question SCP-3092-A instances on the subject have failed, with all instances insisting that their attacks are massively damaging with many casualties. Implements and tactics frequently used include slingshots, small catapults, trip hazards, (See Addendum 3092-02) graffiti, "glitter bombs," and buckets or canisters of various liquids placed atop partially opened doors.

All SCP-3092-A instances created by SCP-3092 have thus far possessed distinct personalities, beliefs, objectives and identities. However, when an instance of SCP-3092 comes into physical contact with a non-anomalous plush toy, that plush toy will immediately be transformed into an identical instance of SCP-3092-A, with similar baseline personality, ideology, and behavioral patterns to the SCP-3092-A instance which created it. SCP-3092-A instances appear to be aware of this property, and will attempt to make use of it in order to bolster numbers. Many instances will, after being created, attempt to reenter SCP-3092 in order to convert any applicable toys remaining inside.

SCP-3092-A instances can be ripped, torn, or otherwise damaged with no greater difficulty than a conventional plush toy. Reactions to damage have been universally and melodramatically negative, with instances typically expressing hyperbolic pain over even superficial damage. Severe injuries, such as deep punctures or tears to the torso, detachment of limbs, or decapitation will result in "death," with instances falling to the ground and ceasing to move, typically after a long period of exaggerated expressions of pain. However, in cases less severe than complete incineration, instances appear to only be "playing dead," as repeated disturbance of these corpses will result in them briefly returning to activity and requesting that this disturbance stop, as they are "out of the game." Due to this information as well as SCP-3092-A's lack of a nervous system, it is not currently believed that they actually feel pain. Repair of damaged SCP-3092-A instances through conventional stitching, patching and re-stuffing is typically sufficient to alleviate instances' expressed pain and death states, and is interpreted by them as medical attention.

Currently, 23 instances of SCP-3092-A are in containment by the Foundation.

Recovery: SCP-3092 was retrieved on 05/03/20 from Family Restaurant and Arcade in Cheyenne, Wyoming, after animal control officers responding to a call there noted anomalous activity. Upon Foundation agents' arrival to the scene, it is believed that 21 SCP-3092-A instances had been created through both SCP-3092 and their own duplication properties, and restaurant facilities were

considerably defaced. After "killing" several aggressive instances with small arms fire, the remaining instances surrendered to Foundation officials and were contained along with SCP-3092 after it was determined the source of anomalous activity. Civilians present were amnesticized and a cover story of an escaped pet chimpanzee was distributed.

Addendum 3092-01: On 05/18/20 , 1 SCP-3092-A instance initiated a containment breach and fled via an adjacent hallway. Agent Megan Cho, noticing this activity while standing guard outside SCP- 's containment chamber, fired on the instance with the tranquilizer rifle she was armed with. Curiously, the subject appeared to "pass out," falling to the ground and ceasing all activities besides occasional twitches and mock snoring.[3] Subject was recontained without incident and "awoke" several hours later. Due to increased effectiveness and lowered risk over net launchers or firearms, it is recommended that Foundation agents use tranquilizer weapons in the recontainment of SCP-3092-A instances in the future.

Addendum 3092-02: After testing, it has been determined that any weapon firing feather-tipped pneumatic darts is sufficient to induce a "sleep" state in SCP-3092-A, regardless of whether said dart is actually loaded with tranquilizers. Like the aforementioned death state, it is believed that this sleep state is performative on SCP-3092-A's part. To minimize the potential for collateral damage to Foundation personnel, mock tranquilizer rifles should be used in place of actual tranquilizers.

Addendum 3092-03: On 06/09/20 , 2 SCP-3092-A instances simultaneously escaped containment and fled through the building's ventilation system, before setting up a tripwire in the office of Dr. Martin Helmer, intending for him to trip, fall, and land face-first on a pillow with a crude insult written on it. However, upon entering his office, Dr. Helmer tripped, fell, hit his shoulder against a bookshelf and suffered a fractured collarbone — an injury much more severe than any induced by prior SCP-3092-A containment breaches. Upon discovering this, both instances immediately expressed remorse, informed other Foundation officials of the situation, and were compliant in recontainment. Investigation revealed later that several

amenities within these instances' cells had been converted into gifts and apology cards intended for Dr. Helmer. Further breaches by SCP-3092-A instances have not been noted to employ trip hazards of any sort.

Footnotes
1. Investigation has revealed that SCP-3092 was in usage for 7 years prior to its anomalous properties surfacing.
2. All SCP-3092-A instances identified have been fluent in English.
3. SCP-3092-A instances are not otherwise noted to possess a regular sleep cycle.

SCP-3093: The Color Vulvide

Item #: SCP-3093

Object Class: Safe Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3093's state is to be monitored at all times, and all reported sightings of SCP-3093 are to be recorded and sent to Doctors Vaughn and Laika for further research.

Should an instance of EE-3093 occur, agents should be dispatched to the area of the anomaly and report all observations to the research team evacuate all civilians immediately and contain witnesses as soon as possible. If any sightings of SCP-3093-A are reported by witnesses, MTF-Mu-13 should be deployed to the location at once.

SCP-3093-1 is to be guarded and placed under surveillance for a minimum of 20 hours per day. SCP-3093-1 has been instructed to notify personnel of any recurrences of EE-3093.

Description: SCP-3093 is a wavelength of color thought to be located at (105, -101, -23) on the CIELAB colorspace spectrum grid[1] that cannot normally be interpreted by the human eye. In rare cases, SCP-3093 can be interpreted by the human eye, although the exact reason why is unknown. It is hypothesized that certain light environments enable the eye to perceive external instances of otherwise invisible light. Subjects reported to have witnessed instances of SCP-3093 describe it as a a mixture of intense green and a self-illuminating magenta. Both subjects have referred to the color as "vulvide", despite having never come in contact with each other. Only two people claim to have seen SCP-3093:

- SCP-3093-1 is a C-Class middle-aged man who possesses 20/12.5 vision. SCP-3093-1 wears prescription glasses, which are maintained carefully by the Foundation following his

witnessing SCP-3039.
- SCP-3093-2 is a teenaged girl who possesses 20/20 vision. SCP-3093-2 is the first known witness of the EE-3093 anomaly, and is thus under heavy surveillance since deceased.

Very rarely, SCP-3093 will accompany an occurrence of EE-3093, as well as an appearance of SCP-3093-A.

- SCP-3093-A is a humanoid figure that has been described by SCP-3093-2 as featureless and bathed in the vulvide color. SCP-3093-A has not been seen by anyone except SCP-3093-2, though its existence has been proven by Dr. Vaughn. SCP-3093-A has not been observed to interact with subjects or attempt contact, and should be considered safe is extremely hostile when provoked and should be avoided at all costs, following Incident 3093-F1-B.

- EE-3093 is an anomalous event in which a subject is able to see SCP-3093-A and its activities. The results of the only test conducted provide too little data to prove the exact circumstances under which EE-3093 occurs.

Interview 3093-A:

The following is an interview of SCP-3093-1, following the first known sighting of SCP-3093.

Doctor Ingrid Laika: So can you please describe this incident?

SCP-3093-1: I know it sounds crazy, but it's true. What I saw… it was almost unreal. But it was real. It *was* real.

<Begin Log, 20:00>

Dr. Laika: Please detail the situation in which you observed the phenomenon.

SCP-3093-1: Well, it had been a long night, and I was passed out on the bed…

Dr. Laika: We just need the details of what actually happened, Mr. .

SCP-3093-1: R-right. Well, I woke up, and the room was bathed in this bizarre light. But all the windows were closed, and the lights were all off. It wasn't coming from anywhere; there was no source… It was just… there.

Dr. Laika: Can you describe the nature of this light?

SCP-3093-1: It was a color I'd never seen before. It was like a mixture of pink and green, except it wasn't. I still can't recreate it in my mind… I wasn't drunk or high or anything, I swear…

Dr. Laika: We know that, sir. We tested your blood when we brought you here.

SCP-3093-1: You probably think I'm insane.

Dr. Laika: No, I can assure you, we think you're perfectly sane. Now, can you describe anything else you saw?

SCP-3093-1: Well, after I got up, the light faded a bit. I thought it was just a hallucination, but then I saw the room. Every surface was covered in blurry vulvide writing-

Dr. Laika: Vulvide?

SCP-3093-1: Sorry, I don't know why I said that. It just… fits. Doesn't it?

Dr. Laika: **mumbling** So the room was covered in writing. Could you identify the language?

SCP-3093-1: I couldn't tell, it was like it was permanently out of focus… it looked vaguely like the Greek alphabet, I guess.

Dr. Laika: And what happened then?

SCP-3093-1: Then it all disappeared. I blinked and the lights and writing were gone.

Dr. Laika: And one more thing, Mr. . Are you familiar with the girl in this photo?

SCP-3093-1: No clue who that is. An old girlfriend of mine? No, actually… who is she?

Dr. Laika: I believe that concludes this interview. We'll escort you to your containment cell in a moment.

SCP-3093-1: Wait, what? Wait, you said—

<End Log, 20:07>

Interview 3093-B:

The following is an interview conducted with SCP-3093-2.

SCP-3093-2: I don't know why I have to be here, honestly.

Doctor Terrence Vaughn: Please cooperate, Miss , and you'll be out shortly.

<Begin Log, 20:00>

Dr. Vaughn: Please describe what you saw.

SCP-3093-2: It was a weird light, I think. It just appeared when I blinked.

Dr. Vaughn: And what color was the light?

SCP-3093-2: I don't know. I guess it was like purply-green? It's not like I was on drugs. Can I go now?

Dr. Vaughn: And what other things did you see?

SCP-3093-2: You won't believe me.

Dr. Vaughn: Say it and let's see. We believe you may have witnessed a spectral anomaly.

SCP-3093-2: Okay, well there was writing all over the wall, but I couldn't read any of it. And then—

Dr. Vaughn: Was it indecipherable or just blurry?

SCP-3093-2: Blurry, it was blurry.

Dr. Vaughn: And was there anything—

SCP-3093-2: Vulvide… yeah.

Dr. Vaughn: I'm sorry?

SCP-3093-2: Well if it's a new color, I get to name it, right? I think we should call it vulvide.

Dr. Vaughn: Interesting.

SCP-3093-2: So I get to name it?

Dr. Vaughn: Yes, I suppose so. Informally, at least. The internal designation will remain SCP-3093.

SCP-3093-2: Hell, yeah.

Dr. Vaughn: Now, please look at this picture. Do you know this man? Answer honestly; this information will not be disclosed.

SCP-3093-2: I have no idea who that is. Were you implying that I was… involved with him? God, look at him. He must be, like, 40 or something.

Dr. Vaughn: That's not what I meant. This man has witnessed a similar event, and has just described the same color that you claimed to have witnessed as 'vulvide'.

SCP-3093-2: What? So… I didn't discover it?

Dr. Vaughn: 'Vulvide' has always existed, Miss . You're just one of the first to see it.

SCP-3093-2: Okay, cool, I guess.

Dr. Vaughn: Could you describe the light's source?

SCP-3093-2: I don't know if there was one… It was just, everywhere.

Dr. Vaughn: And was there anything else?

SCP-3093-2: There was someone there, covered in the light. It looked human, but somehow… it wasn't. It was just standing there, motionless in my room. But when the color went away, so did it. I didn't get a good look at it.

Dr. Vaughn: Okay, that's all we need. Do you have any questions?

SCP-3093-2: Can I leave now?

<End Log, 20:09>

Following this interview, SCP-3093-2 was taken in for further testing.

+ Incident 3039-F1-A

Test A - 10/13/

Subjects: SCP-3093-2, D-9083
Procedure: Introduce subject to a range of environments with varying light levels and intensities in order to recreate circumstances of anomaly EE-3093. Place subject in 23x23 testing area with dim lighting, with glass two-way window at north end, and equip researchers with taskforce-issue infrared goggles so as to not let light into the chamber.

<Begin Log, 5:25>

Doctor T. Vaughn: Okay, , we're going to expose you to our first lighting condition now. Let us know if a similar experience occurs.

SCP-3093-2: Fine.

Dr. Vaughn: Laika, initiate strobe at frequency 12 for 60 seconds.

SCP-3093-2: Ow!! Holy fuck, that's bright.

Dr. I. Laika: Are you experiencing anything out of the ordinary?

SCP-3093-2: Nothing except for a migraine. *Fuck*.

Dr. Vaughn: Dr. Laika, move on to frequency 18 strobe.

SCP-3093-2: Wait, wait, I see it!

Dr. Laika: Excellent, early results. Vaughn, catalog EE-3093. , please describe to us the color of light you're seeing.

SCP-3093-2: It's… so bright, y'know? It's sort of greenish, but when I blink, it turns to some sort of pinkish color…

Dr. Laika: Would you say it's self-illuminating?

SCP-3093-2: What does that even mean?

Dr. Vaughn: Would you say it was brighter than the testing light? Brighter than pure white?

SCP-3093-2: I… I guess so. It's— **loud shriek**

Dr. Vaughn: It's what?

SCP-3093-2: The vulvide person… it's right here. Right in front of me.

Dr. Laika: Vaughn, see if you can detect anything on the scanner. Miss , can you describe any features of the being?

Dr. Vaughn: Can you see any of the symbols on the walls?

SCP-3093-2: No, the writing's not there… It's standing there. It's just the shape of a person, no face, no marks, just smooth vulvide light.

Dr. Vaughn: There's definitely a slight change in heat signature where she's looking. We can confirm the existence of an as-of-yet Safe anomalous being.

Dr. Laika: Okay, bring the guinea pig in. **throat clearing** Attention, D-9083. Please approach SCP-3093-2 in an orderly manner, and position yourself approximately 2 meters away from her. If you refuse to comply, you will be terminated.

D-9083: Jeez, I'm gonna have a seizure from this light. Oh, hey, little lady. Whatcha lookin' at?

Dr. Vaughn: That's enough, D-9083. Please extend your left arm in front of you.

D-Class: What is this, even? There's nothing here. Miss, I can't see what— **loud cries of agony**

SCP-3093-2: Oh, my god! Oh, my GOD! It… it just turned around and attacked him! GET ME OUT OF HERE!!! **banging**

Dr. Laika: D-Class has flatlined. , please

describe how the anomalous being acted.

SCP-3093-2: It… it didn't even move, it just switched from one position to another! Please, just GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.

Dr. Laika: Please, turn away from the glass and look at the anomaly, Miss .

SCP-3093-2: Oh, god… they're behind you. They're everywhere…

Dr. Vaughn: , please maintain control—

SCP-3093-2: HELP ME, PLEASE!!! It's shifting all over the room. Oh, god, it's writing those symbols again.

Dr. Vaughn: Describe the symbols, please!

SCP-3093-2: OH, FUCK, IT'S— **screaming**

Dr. Laika: Subject SCP-3093-2 has flatlined.

Dr. Vaughn: Heat signatures have faded.

Dr. Laika: Poor thing. I just wish we could have finished that test…

Dr. Vaughn: To hell with that test. We're not touching this again. Did you hear what she said about them? Those things are everywhere, and we can't see them. Who knows what'll provoke them?

Dr. Laika: Let's perform an autopsy and see if we can at least find out the cause of death.

Results: Subject D-9083 is deceased as a result of an instance of EE-3093. Subject SCP-3093-2 is deceased as a result of an

instance of EE-3093. Insufficient evidence collected to determine exact circumstances under which EE-3093 occurs.
Analysis: SCP-3093 and SCP-3093-A classification changed to Euclid. No further testing of SCP-3093 will be conducted.

Addendum: Autopsy results show evidence of complete shutdown of the nervous system, although no physical incisions or injuries have been exacted on the cranial or spinal areas. The only visible exterior damage was to the corneas of both subjects' eyes, which, when removed, had an encrypted message in Greek letters, which read **ΣΗ ΥΣ**.

When translated, the message reads, simply: **SEE US**.

Footnotes
1. The CIELAB, or Hunter Lab Colorspace, is the most modern three-dimensional representation of the visible light spectrum. (105, -101, -23) refers to the L*a*b* coordinates of SCP-3093 on the real-number grid, withLrepresenting light level andaandbrepresenting red/green and yellow/blue levels, respectively.

SCP-3094: Fall into the Gaap

Item #: SCP-3094

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The building containing SCP-3094 has been fenced off and is to be monitored at all times by security cameras and occasional patrols. Renovations to the outside of the building have been completed to deter people from attempting to explore the location due to its local reputation for being abandoned and haunted.

Description: SCP-3094 is an empty elevator shaft located within the former site of Aquarium and Conservatory. The shaft has a width of 4 m and a length of 5.5 m. It extends up to the third floor of the building, and descends to an unknown depth, though the building does not have a basement or any floor below the ground level. People and objects lowered into SCP-3094 are estimated to disappear completely at a depth of approximately 30 m below the ground floor entrance to the shaft. To this date, the only thing recovered from SCP-3094 is Agent Brandt.

The Foundation was alerted to SCP-3094 after an abnormal amount of missing person reports were filed in the area, including a police officer who investigated the building after multiple reports of individuals falling into the elevator shaft. Splashing sounds without any apparent source had been reported in the building for several decades. Several victims of drowning have also been found near the building over the years, with no nearby bodies of water or signs of the deceased individuals' bodies having been moved from another location.

An unmanned drone was sent into SCP-3094, but contact was lost with the drone at approximately 30 meters below the entrance to the shaft; at the same time that contact was lost, a loud splashing sound was heard. Under the assumption that the drone had fallen into a

pool of water and malfunctioned, Agent Holm and Agent Brandt were then tasked with descending into SCP-3094 with waterproof recording equipment. Upon reaching 30 meters below the entrance to the shaft, contact was lost with both agents. Neither agent reported any abnormalities up to the point of disappearance. Further attempts to explore the shaft resulted in the loss of all equipment used.

Agent Brandt was later recovered in Libreville, Gabon, Africa. He claims he appeared somewhere in Pongara National Park, requiring him to hike for miles through the jungle until a park ranger found him and returned him to civilization. He had also managed to retain his waterproof audio recorder. While his voice is almost entirely inaudible, the rest of the audio was salvaged and seems to confirm Agent Brandt's account of his experience after disappearing into SCP-3094. An interview with Agent Brandt can be found below.

+ Interview with Agent Brandt 3094-1

<Begin Log>

Dr. Bekker: Agent Brandt, could you please tell me what happened to you and Agent Holm after you descended past 30 meters below the entrance to SCP-3094? Provide as much detail as you can reliably recall.

Agent Brandt: As I said before, I really don't know what happened to Holm. She was next to me, rappelling into the shaft, and the next thing I know the rope in my hands is gone and I'm falling. I fell maybe 50 meters into a body of water. It was pitch black, and I couldn't see anything.

Dr. Bekker: And you then immediately attempted to reach the surface of the water?

Agent Brandt: Yes, that's correct. I'm fairly certain I swam straight up, but in the darkness and confusion I could be wrong. Either way,

when I reached the surface of the water, I discovered the elevator shaft was no longer above me.

Dr. Bekker: What was above you?

Agent Brandt: Metal. A ceiling of sorts? I hit my head on it. At that point I started panicking because I realized there was only about 5 cm between the water and the ceiling. I practically had to kiss the metal to keep my mouth and nose above the water. It was rusty and smelled like seaweed. The water seemed brackish, and the smell of everything was overwhelming at first. I'm not sure how I didn't lose it completely and just drown.

Dr. Bekker: What did you do then?

Agent Brandt: I figured the shaft had to be somewhere close, and even if I was disoriented, I knew it shouldn't be too difficult to find it so I had more room to breathe, maybe call up to the research team and let them know what happened. So I started looking, keeping my face above the water as best I could, feeling along the metal for the opening. I probably did that for twenty minutes before I realized I wasn't going to find it, that maybe it wasn't even there anymore.

Dr. Bekker: Did you attempt to locate Agent Holm at any point?

Agent Brandt: At first I had completely forgotten about her in my panic. Once I was focused on finding the shaft, I remembered, and called out for her a few times. Never got a response. I was actually calling out for her when the water began to light up.

Dr. Bekker: The water itself lit up?

Agent Brandt: Actually, I heard a loud splash first. And then the water, or something in it, started to light up. I yelled again for Holm, but that was when the water started to rise.

Dr. Bekker: It noticeably rose?

Agent Brandt: Yes. All the way to the ceiling. And I knew that I was going to die then. That's… when things got weird.

Dr. Bekker: Continue please.

Agent Brandt: Well, the water was over my head, but I could breathe somehow. And I could see. And I don't just mean because of the light source. I could see in the water as if I was wearing swim goggles or a scuba mask. Everything was crystal clear. I could see what was giving off the light.

Dr. Bekker: What was it?

Agent Brandt: It was a very large owl. Well, it looked like an owl, but it was massive. I'd say it was about 70 meters away from me, and yet I could see it perfectly through the water. It looked like it was at least 60 meters tall. It had very long legs for an owl though, which was part of why it was so tall. And it had a crown on its head.

Dr. Bekker: A crown?

Agent Brandt: Yes. It was bright gold, so it caught my attention immediately.

Dr. Bekker: What was your reaction upon seeing this entity?

Agent Brandt: Dr. Bekker, I was going through a lot of emotions at that point. Terror was in there somewhere, for sure. But I was also very confused, tired, and also in awe. You know how some people just exude charisma?

Dr. Bekker: Yes, I do know what you mean, I think.

Agent Brandt: This thing exuded something like that. Not charisma though. It was like a mixture of horror and wonder and something else that was just…incomprehensible. I sensed it was going to speak to me seconds before it opened its mouth.

Dr. Bekker: What did it say to you?

Agent Brandt: At first it was just noise. Awful, awful noise. Sounded like an orchestra of broken trumpets all vying to be heard over each other. I instinctually covered my ears but it was still just as loud. I yelled at it to stop, but it wouldn't. And then slowly, I realized there were words in the noise. It…it…can you just give me a second, Dr. Bekker?

Dr. Bekker: Of course. This was traumatizing, I imagine.

Agent Brandt: No. I mean, sort of. I…I want to tell you everything in detail, but speaking with it was difficult to describe. Everything about it felt very, very wrong. And trying to remember that wrongness, which is just so hard to put into words, feels like it's draining me. I feel like I'm not meant to remember or repeat any of this. I wish I could more eloquently explain the bizarre emotions I'm feeling.

Dr. Bekker: It's okay, Agent Brandt. Just tell

me what you can. We can always take a break and try later.

Agent Brandt: I'm not sure a break would help. Is it okay if just summarize it? Maybe I can try writing down the details later or something. I don't know.

Dr. Bekker: A summary is fine for now. I will warn you that the director probably will want more than that from you eventually.

Agent Brandt: Of course, yeah. I understand. Give me a moment.

Dr. Bekker: Take your time.

Agent Brandt: When I realized I could hear words within the cacophony, I was able to focus on them, and realized it was asking me a question. It wanted to know why I was there. I told it I didn't know, and I asked it where I was.

Dr. Bekker: And it responded to you?

Agent Brandt: Yeah. It was difficult to understand its answers. It spoke in an odd combination of Danish and English,[1] and it had a cadence to its speech that was… discomforting. None of what it said made much sense to me.

Dr. Bekker: Could you understand anything?

Agent Brandt: It said something about a very big gap or drop. Something about visiting. Something about separation. I didn't know what to say to that, so I asked it if it knew where Agent Holm was. Do you think we can stop now? I'm honestly quite exhausted, mentally and physically.

Dr. Bekker: Just summarize the rest as best you can, and we can be done for now.

Agent Brandt: It said something about the "eve cunt" being separated, something about property. At that point its voice was making me feel ill and I didn't want to know what it meant anymore. I asked it if I could please go home. It said no. So I begged it.

Dr. Bekker: How did it respond to that?

Agent Brandt: It made me some sort of offer. And I took it. Dr. Bekker, I have no idea what I agreed to. I just know that it laughed and the sound was like an audience of predator animals screaming all at once. And the next thing I knew, I was in the jungle. I really need to be done now. I can't talk about this anymore. My head hurts and I feel like I'm going to have an anxiety attack.

Dr. Bekker: We can be done for now, Agent Brandt.

Agent Brandt: Thank you, Dr. Bekker.

<End Log>

Recovered audio from Agent Brandt's recorder:

The transcript of the above audio file was prepared by Foundation sound and language specialists, with help from Agent Brandt. The mixed used of languages made transcribing the log difficult, even with Agent Brandt's input. Footnotes have been included on words that are unclear.

+ Audio transcript 3094

A muffled voice can be heard, but the words cannot be discerned.

Unknown voice: JEG VISIT PRESIDENT GAWP[2]. THIS HANS PLACE. THIS HANS WATER. JEG VISIT GAWP WATER.

muffled voice

Unknown voice: JEG KAN SEPARATE DU. SAY JA. SAY JA OG JEG SEPARATE DU.

muffled voice

Unknown voice: JEG IKKE KNOW. EVE CUNT SEPARATED. GAWP SEPARATE EVE CUNT. KVINDE GAWP EJENDOM. GAWP EAT ALL EJENDOM. JEG ONLY VISIT.

muffled voice

Unknown voice: NO. NO HJEM. JEG KAN SEND MIN REALM. SPØRG MIG. SPØRG IS TO CONJURE.

muffled voice

Unknown voice: DETTE IKKE MIN REALM. IKKE MIN PLACE. SPØRG MIG IS TO CONJURE. MIN REALM SEND DU. DU MUST CONJURE FØRST. SPØRG IS TO CONJURE. CONJURE OG DU MIN EJENDOM, ADAM COCK. ADAM COCK UNDERSTAND?

muffled voice

Unknown voice: EJENDOM! EJENDOM! FLY, ADAM COCK. FLY TO MIN REALM. DU STOLE US[3] EJENDOM. ALWAYS STOLE US EJENDOM. FOR EVIGT.

A loud screeching noise can be heard, which quickly cuts out. Sounds of birds and insects can now be heard.

Agent Brandt can be heard softly sobbing.

Addendum-1: Agent Brandt is currently under the care of Site 24's head psychiatrist, following a nervous breakdown he experienced a few days after his interview with Dr. Bekker. It is believed this breakdown was triggered when Agent Brandt discovered a marking or burn on his shoulder that resembles a raven's head. Further interviews with Agent Brandt are restricted at this time.

Footnotes
1. These are the two languages Agent Brandt is fluent in.
2. Possibly "Gap" or "Gahp" The pronunciation makes it uncertain if this is a Danish or English word, or something else entirely.
3. Unclear if this is two words, or one. Agent Brandt believes it may be one.

SCP-3095: Bird is the Word

SCP-3096: One Day at a Time

Item #: SCP-3096

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3096 is to be kept in a standard storage locker in the High-Security wing of Site- . At all times, it is to be exposed to an Einstein-Pálsdóttir Temporal Field (EPTF) with a temporal coefficient of +1.0125. Two redundant EPTF generators are to be maintained in the containment area and powered by batteries.

Agent Graeme is to be protected from harm at all costs; to that end, he is to be kept in a High-Security residence at Protected Site- . He may not be given any assignment in the field until the commencement of Operation Repulsion in approximately six months. He has been fully briefed on the contents of this document.

For the sake of clarity, all documentation of events concerning the object or Agent Graeme are to be described in terms of their temporal relation to the present (e.g. "one year ago") rather than with a date and time.

Description: SCP-3096 is a bar magnet measuring 6x1x0.5 cm, with its south pole unpainted and its north pole painted red. At any given time, SCP-3096 was initially contained approximately ten years ago by Agent Graeme.[1]

Agent Graeme is thirty-four years of age. He is still employed by the Foundation, and has provided the Foundation with all of its information regarding SCP-3096 through a causal loop[2] whose position in time is continuously changing.

The following is an approximate timeline of the events surrounding SCP-3096:

+ Timeline

- **Ten years, four months ago:** The Foundation detects a temporal anomaly affecting the baseline branch of causality. Investigation commences.
- **Ten years, one month ago:** The cause of the temporal anomaly is determined to be Agent Graeme, at thirty-five years of age. He has used an unknown, single-use anomalous object to travel back in time, with the purpose of recovering SCP-3096. At this time, there are two versions of Agent Graeme; one older and one younger (at twenty-five years of age). The younger version is not made aware of his counterpart's presence.
- **Ten years ago:** The older Agent Graeme recovers SCP-3096 and submits it to Foundation custody. He requests that this action be dubbed Operation Repulsion.
- **Nine years, ten months ago:** The interview documented in Interview Log 3096-Alpha is conducted.
- **Nine years, five months ago:** At the recommendation of the older Agent Graeme, SCP-3096 is exposed to an Einstein-Pálsdóttir Temporal Field (EPTF). The EPTF generator is set with a temporal coefficient of +0.9875.[3]
- **Six years, one week ago:** One of the redundant EPTF generators disappears from the containment chamber under unknown circumstances. It is quickly replaced, and containment is not breached.
- **Six years ago:** The older Agent Graeme disappears under unknown circumstances.[4] The younger Agent Graeme is briefed on the contents of this document and transported to his current residence at Protected Site- .

- **Seven months ago:** Based on recommendations given by the older Agent Graeme before his disappearance, the EPTF generator is reset with a temporal coefficient of +1.0125.[5] This is its current setting.
- **Now:** SCP-3096 is in containment.
- **Five months in the future:** An unknown anomalous object enters the Foundation's possession, allowing the younger Agent Graeme to travel back in time to the beginning of this timeline. Details about the exact nature of this object were withheld by the older Agent Graeme.
- **Six months in the future:** The younger Agent Graeme, at thirty-five years of age, is dispatched on Operation Repulsion.

+ Interview Log 3096-Alpha

The following interview was conducted nine years and ten months ago.

Interviewer: Dr. Pálsdóttir, Foundation Temporal Mechanics

Subject: Agent Graeme (Older)

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Pálsdóttir: Why is this item contained in the first place?

Agent Graeme: I can see how that would be confusing. But it's a magnet, right?

Dr. Pálsdóttir: Right.

Agent Graeme: It's not only a three-dimensional magnet. It's, um, also attracted to the future version of itself, if that makes sense.

Dr. Pálsdóttir: I'm not sure I follow.

Agent Graeme: I can make some diagrams, if you want.[6]

Dr. Pálsdóttir: That would be helpful.

Agent Graeme: But what we need to worry about is what happens when the present and future SCP-3096 meet in the middle.

Dr. Pálsdóttir: And what happens then?

Agent Graeme: It ties causality into a knot. Or a loop, maybe. Our timeline ends—

Dr. Pálsdóttir: Our branch of causality, you mean.

Agent Graeme: Yes, our branch of causality ends, and folds in on itself. Imagine the planet Earth moving back into the past, again and again and again. Every atom of matter in the universe will do the same.

Dr. Pálsdóttir: And what, fill the universe with an infinite amount of matter in no time at all?

Agent Graeme: Exactly. Plus an infinite amount of energy.

Dr. Pálsdóttir: I don't think I've ever seen a temporal anomaly quite like that. How do we even begin to contain it?

Agent Graeme: Well, if I recall correctly, you're working on something related right now. Speeding things up and slowing them down in time, right?

Dr. Pálsdóttir: I am.

Agent Graeme: Not that I know how it works, but in the future where I come from, we slowed down the present— no, past— no, earlier version of the magnet by one eightieth, and we speed up the future version by the same amount. We'll call that effect an "Einstein-Pálsdóttir Temporal Field."

Dr. Pálsdóttir: Where did you get that number? One eightieth?

Agent Graeme: Some kind of paradox, where else?

Dr. Pálsdóttir: Fair.

[END LOG]

+ Addendum 3096-Aleph: Diagrams

These are the three diagrams provided by the older Agent Graeme nine months and ten years ago.

Footnotes
1. For example, if the current year is 2017, it was contained in 2007
2. Or "bootstrap paradox"
3. That is, causing SCP-3096 to move through time at 79/80 of its original speed
4. His whereabouts remain unknown. Investigation into his disappearance is ongoing.
5. Causing SCP-3096 to move through time at 81/80 of its original speed
6. These diagrams are attached as Addendum 3096-Aleph

SCP-3097: A Game Of Fetch

Item #: SCP-3097

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3097 is contained in a standard anomalous item locker. Testing of SCP-3097 is to take place explicitly indoors as to avoid any significant damage its effects may cause to surrounding or distant locations. SCP-3097 is to be reduced to a manageable size before re-containment after testing.

All dogs used in the experimentation of SCP-3097 are to be selected from the Foundation's animal testing subject enclosure and to have been given strict obedience training. Instances are to be subdued with long-range tranquillizers in the unlikely event of refusing to obey staff.

Description: SCP-3097 is a common alder tree branch, kept at an approximate length of 60cm when contained. When thrown by a human subject, SCP-3097 will increase in size as it propels through the air until eventually landing. While in midair, SCP-3097 will continue to resize itself so that it remains the same size as it visually appeared when originally perceived from the thrower's foreground perspective; i.e. the closer SCP-3097 appears to the thrower, the larger it will grow the further the distance it travels; as such, the size of SCP-3097 will also decrease when thrown by someone towards themselves.

Addendum 3097-1: On 27/06/2016, it was discovered that the anomalous properties of SCP-3097 also affect any dog which attempts to chase after it when thrown. As of this date, several breeds of dog have been tested with SCP-3097, all of which have been affected. Dogs altered in size by SCP-3097 continue to function with no difficulties due to an apparent condition acquired from their alteration in size, bearing similarities to the **"Forbes effect"**. Instances of dog do not experience any apparent

physiological changes after significant growth or shrinking, other than visible confusion brought on by their alterations.

Level 2 Clearance Required

Addendum 3097-2: On 13/08/20 a total of [REDACTED] dogs which experienced significant growth from the effects of SCP-3097 were able to breach containment due to several complications which occurred during testing. Re-containment of all escaped instances henceforth referred as SCP-3097-B (several species of Welsh corgi measuring up to meters), is to be accomplished before further testing with other breeds of dog.

Update: As of 03/05/20 , a majority of SCP-3097-B instances have been re-contained. There are currently no feasible means of reverting instances back to a manageable size, due to their weight, size and the functionality of SCP-3097's anomalous properties. The unmanageable size and cost of containing instances of SCP-3097-B have resulted in the suggestion for immediate neutralization of a majority of instances.

Addendum 3097-3: Recent consultations with the Foundation Ethics Committee has lead to an alternate proposal for managing the contained instances of SCP-3097-B. Due to maintenance requirements and significant fuel costs of several on-site construction vehicles, required for the transportation of critical building materials, and the trained obedience of SCP-3097-B instances, the use of instances as a more efficient and cost-effective alternative means of transportation has been approved for several sites.

SCP-3098: Triviality

Item #: SCP-3098

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All maritime traffic is to be diverted from the waters in a 10-kilometer radius around SCP-3098. An acoustically insulating shell is to be installed around SCP-3098. Maintenance to this shell is to be undertaken once every two years. Efforts are to be made to approach SCP-3098-1 and gain a better understanding of its functionality. Direct contact with SCP-3098 is strictly prohibited. Images of the Martian surface gathered by civilian or government organizations are to be monitored and, if necessary, altered in order to conceal the presence of SCP-3098-1.

Civilian and government expeditions in the vicinities of SCP-3098 and SCP-3098-1 are to be monitored by Foundation personnel. Information pertaining to SCP-3098 and SCP-3098-1 is to be suppressed. Plausible explanations for the appearances and effects of SCP-3098 and SCP-3098-1 are to be provided in the case of an information leak. These include the presence of undiscovered animal species, debris from human activity, or geological activity.

Description: SCP-3098 is a niobium structure attached to the ocean floor. It is located at 46.2° S, 15.3° E, off the coast of South Africa, at a depth of 3,904 meters. The structure is reminiscent of a radio antenna, and is about 4 meters tall. When in the presence of sounds in excess of 80 decibels, SCP-3098 will begin to vibrate, producing a sound of pressure level 250 decibels and average frequency 17 Hertz. Due to its low frequency, this sound is able to propagate across a large fraction of the world's oceans before becoming undetectable, with a theoretical range of about 35,000 kilometers. The sound produced by SCP-3098 has no anomalous effects on living beings exposed to it, though cetacean populations in the southern hemisphere and beyond may become distressed.

SCP-3098 will absorb any organic matter that comes into contact with it. SCP-3098 gains 0.39 centimeters of height for every 100 kilograms of absorbed material. This process does not appear to effect SCP-3098 analogs in any way.

SCP-3098-1 is a metal structure identical in shape to SCP-3098, located on Mars at 45.6°S, 60° E, in Hellas Planita. It is about 50 meters tall. Activity in SCP-3098 appears to immediately trigger similar activity in SCP-3098-1, though the limitations of modern reconnaissance and communication technologies prevent full certainty in the order and timing of events. Vibrations produced by SCP-3098-1 when active appear to have a much greater amplitude than those produced by SCP-3098, and have been shown to produce very minor marsquakes. The frequency of vibration is believed to be identical to that of SCP-3098.

Sound sample produced by SCP-3098

The following is a hydrophone recording of the sound produced by SCP-3098. It has been modified so that the average frequency is 240 Hertz.

Addendum 3098-1: Discovery

SCP-3098 was first observed by the crew of the USNS *Eltanin* in 1964, as a part of normal research operations. Images taken by the crew were released to the public before Foundation operatives could investigate. The item was rapidly found and contained, and the images were explained as a specimen of carnivorous sponge, of the species *Cladorhiza concrescens*. SCP-3098-1 was discovered by the *Mars Global Surveyor* spacecraft in 2006. Foundation operatives were able to intercept communications with the spacecraft before any compromising images were successfully processed. A system failure was staged to prevent further investigation by NASA.

Addendum 3098-2: Pending Changes to Special Containment Procedures

On 11-08-2021, the *BepiColombo* spacecraft discovered an unexplained structure above the Venusian cloud layer. Though the

resolution of the images were too low to properly identify the structure, it is suspected that this structure is analogous to SCP-3098.

On 23-10-2022, the crew of the SCPF *Yahaayi* discovered a 5-meter tall analog of SCP-3098 at 46.2°N 164.7°W on Earth, the precise antipode of the location of SCP-3098. A request for a change to the Special Containment Procedures has been filed, proposing the use of Foundation resources to search for more SCP-3098 analogs. As of 10-2-2030, no further SCP-3098 analogs have been found.

Addendum 3098-3: Incident 3098-1

On 01-12-2030, all known SCP-3098 analogs were observed to become active simultaneously, without any known stimulus. The produced sound had a constant frequency, at 15 Hertz. The cause of this event has not been ascertained.

Addendum 3098-4: Letter from Senior Researcher Wojcik

+ Enter Level 4 credentials.

To my successor,

I apologize for the inevitable feelings of disappointment that will come with this position. I recommend you accept that you will probably not find any answers in your time here. I've already tried everything in my twenty years overseeing research into SCP-3098, and what you've read is all there is.

The sounds don't seem to be coded, just random noise. It definitely isn't playing back what it hears. In fact, it doesn't seem to be playing anything at all. As far as we can tell, it's made entirely out of solid niobium. No internal workings, no hollow spaces inside. We dug underneath it when we were installing the shell, and we found the node

that attached it to the sea floor. It's about the size of an oil barrel. When I saw it, I thought we'd finally cracked the mystery. I was certain the acoustic analysis would find an engine or something. Hell, I would have been happy if it was made of copper instead of niobium. But no, it turned out to be an inert anchor, solid niobium like the rest of the structure.

It doesn't produce radiation, no secretions, nothing except for the sound. Back in 1998, we did some emission spectrometry tests on the antenna. We found it's composed almost entirely of ^{92}Nb, at about 0.9 molar fraction. The rest was zirconium with traces of molybdenum. This was probably the most exciting thing we'd ever done; we were getting some real science! With those numbers, I estimated that SCP-3098 was about 5.2 million years old. That should have added some intrigue, piqued the interest of one of the higher ups. It wasn't even added to the documentation. They said it was something about uncertainty, what with all the unknown variables.

The administration isn't really helping, of course. They're reluctant to offer funding to investigate further. I guess there's good reason for it, what with so many other things waiting to end the world. All we have down here is a vibrator at the bottom of the sea. It's not dangerous, and we've had no reason to believe it is. As long as no one knows about them, they're not causing any harm.

We all have our own theories. Almost everyone thinks it has extraterrestrial origins, which makes sense. But then it must

have been put here for a purpose. Maybe it's a way for the aliens to communicate with terrestrial organisms? If it is, why does it respond with white noise? One possibility that has been gaining traction is that the antenna are actually merely projections of much larger, four-dimensional structures. It neatly explains everything away, but I can't help but think of it as a cheap cop-out. Then again, I don't have a better one. Though it may be needlessly pessimistic, I can't help but think of a bell when I hear it. Just ringing out into the night sky: 'dinner's ready!'

At any rate, I welcome you to the new position, and wish you the best luck. May you be more successful than I was.

Regards,
John Wojcik

SCP-3099: High Impact Sexual Violence

Item #: SCP-3099

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3099 is currently kept in a standard small item secure locker at Site-78. Testing on human subjects has been limited to the quota set by the Ethics Committee (currently at 6). Further increase of the testing quota must be requested from the Site-78 Ethics Committee Liaison Office.

Description: SCP-3099 is a VCR tape recording of the vintage pornographic film *Debbie Does Dallas*, recovered from the Mister B adult video store located in Amsterdam, the Netherlands. It differs from non-anomalous copies of *Debbie Does Dallas* in the inclusion of an entity designated as SCP-3099-A.

SCP-3099-A is a humanoid figure clad in a soft white suit or costume with a spherical headpiece. SCP-3099-A will appear onscreen midway through the first scene where sexual intercourse takes place (identified as after 00:09:52, at the beginning of the group sex scene in the shower), crawling out of the ventilation grate on the right of the set. The actors and actresses within the film do not appear to notice SCP-3099-A's intrusion, and will carry on their activities undisturbed. SCP-3099-A will wander around and occasionally squat down to inspect the actors and actresses, and proceed to leave the set at the end of the scene.

SCP-3099-A will then appear in various sets throughout the remaining scenes of the film in the background. It occasionally indicates impatience through its body language. At times, it appears to show curiosity towards props on the set, picking up and inspecting them, though it always takes great care to replace them in their exact positions afterwards.

During the final sex scene of the tape (identified as a point after

01:05:54 in the film, as the actors start undressing in the bookstore), SCP-3099-A will seat itself opposite the persons participating in intercourse. It will then proceed to rub its hands on its face in a circular motion. After 22 complete rotations of its hands, its body will convulse, then remain limp throughout the remainder of the film.

Individuals who view SCP-3099 for the first time with the intent of using it for sexual gratification will, at the end of the film, spontaneously achieve orgasm and enter a cataleptic state. Visual, aural, and tactile hallucinations are commonly reported during this state, ranging from the mildly disorienting to extremely distressing. Affected subjects exhibit symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder, occasionally accompanied with an acute aversion to touch and the colour white. While other effects have been theorised to occur (see Subject Files), they have not been observed under controlled test conditions.

SCP-3099 was obtained by Agent L. Minh on 2005/07/01 following tips from the Amsterdam police department investigating a recent string of bizarre sexual assaults on men. A connection to the Mister B store was established by Agent Minh, leading to the eventual discovery of SCP-3099 and its latest victim. In all, a total of 29 individuals were suspected to have been affected by SCP-3099. All but one have been located.

Addendum: Subject files (truncated - for full list, consult Document 3099-C3)

> **Subject profile:** Jan-Pieter Rutgers, age 27. Freelance software programmer. Single.
>
> **Date of exposure:** 2005/06/11
>
> **Comments:** Subject was reluctant to engage in conversation, and shied from physical contact. Signs of recent light bruising on left elbow, both knees, and inner thighs. Subject reported finding themselves in a room with bright lights approximately half-way through viewing the film, but could not recall much else until their discovery by paramedics on the floor of the video arcade seven hours later. Subject was coerced into registering

for post-trauma psychological counseling and is currently undergoing observation under a local Foundation-affiliated mental health clinic.

Subject profile: Mathijn Zwiersen, age 47. Unemployed. Married, with no children.

Date of exposure: 2005/06/16

Comments: Subject behaved agitatedly when approached by Foundation personnel. While initially reticient, he revealed upon further questioning that Agent Minh's white-coloured jacket was making him feel highly uncomfortable. Subject relaxed and became more talkative when the jacket was removed. He reported that he had fallen asleep in the video booth at around 4 P.M., but could not remember anything after that. Agent Minh noticed traces of white powder around subject's lips and fingertips. Subject could not explain origin of white powder. White powder was collected, examined, and identified as polycarbonate dust. Interviewing personnel were unable to voluntarily register the subject for Foundation observation. Field agents are recommended to conduct routine covert observation.

Subject profile: Ayoub Haddani, age 35. Security officer. Married, with three children.

Date of exposure: 2005/06/21

Comments: Subject was unconscious and had been hospitalised at VU University Medical Center for three days upon discovery. Medical report indicates severe penetration wound through left eyeball by a blunt object measuring approximately 4 cm wide and 10 cm long, mild septicemia, as well as various bruises and grazes to both elbows, knees, and inner thighs. Subject's wife was unwilling to volunteer further explanation as to her husband's whereabouts, insisting that she would only speak to law enforcement authorities. Subject expired two days later on 2005/06/29 due to cardiac arrest after

a 5 cm-wide cluster of white polycarbonate dust and seminal fluid was forcibly inserted into subject via his central venous catheter. Security cameras could not capture the attacker due to being cracked and non-functioning.

Subject profile: Gregor Saxer, age 44. Bartender. Single.

Date of exposure: 2005/06/30

Comments: Subject was found unconscious on the floor of the B1 adult video arcade by local authorities. Subject exhibited similar injuries to other exposed subjects, as well as extensive sweating and elevated body temperature. Upon triage, a 10 cm-wide sphere was found embedded in subject's lower abdomen. Subject was immediately transported to Site-78 for medical treatment and observation. Refer to Incident Report #3099/20050630/02.

Addendum: Incident Report #3099/20050630/02

Two hours following recovery, subject Gregor Saxer began to undergo a series of abdominal muscle spasms. The procedure to remove the sphere lodged in his abdomen was put on hold.

Five minutes later, a circular mass expanded from within the subject's lower abdomen, followed by the subject's skin rupturing and a large mass of white material resembling SCP-3099-A's head emerging from within. Thick white tubes of the same white material then emerged from the wound, extending to form the remainder of a humanoid body. This caused severe damage to the subject, separating his torso from his abdomen. The subject expired shortly after this event.

Upon seeing the remains of the subject, the entity appeared to be highly distressed, kneeling down and rubbing the subject's separated body parts against its face. It then proceeded to grow a tube of white material from the middle of its chest and thrust it into the subject's severed torso repeatedly. At this point, Dr. M. Manuel

drew his concealed pistol and fired six rounds into the entity's head. Upon being wounded, the entity ceased all movement and fell limp. Personnel present report hearing a sound similar to a mix between human sobbing and a deflating balloon.

Following standard protocol, an autopsy of the entity was conducted. It was found that the body lacked musculature or skeletal structure, being composed entirely of silicone. Its interior consisted of a series of spongy sacs filled with a mixture of seminal fluid, lacrimal fluid, and polycarbonate dust. It is believed that the entity was able to move by expanding and contracting the fluid-filled sacs in its body in a manner similar to spiders.

Contrary to expectations, SCP-3099-A continues to appear in subsequent playbacks of SCP-3099. Aside from six small adhesive bandages on its head, and a slight sluggishness in its movements, its appearance and behaviour remain unchanged. Its means and motives for physical manifestation remain unknown.

Articles 3100-3199

SCP-3100: The Reliquary

Item #: SCP-3100

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3100 is to remain cordoned off to civilians under the cover of ongoing research by the Geological Survey of South Africa (GSSA). Access to the surface site is granted to personnel with clearance level of 2/3100 or higher. Access to the subterranean portion of SCP-3100 is prohibited.

Description: SCP-3100 is a former secure Foundation site dedicated to the interment and indefinite preservation of deceased key personnel. It comprises an extensive natural cave system extending more than 900 metres downwards from a limestone outcrop in Gauteng province, South Africa. It contains more than 5 kilometres of naturally-formed passages lined with an estimated 4,000 niches measuring 210 x 70 x 60 cm (± 5 cm). Niches appear man-made, bearing precise dimensions and smoothed walls, despite their geological age indicating otherwise. SCP-3100 also comprises two man-made structures: the former administration building on the surface, and its attached residential outpost located 120 metres below.

The placing of a recently-deceased and intact human body[1] inside any of the niches of SCP-3100 allows the free access of the deceased's memories by individuals within the cave complex. With training and sufficient use of mnestic drugs, this ability can be perfected, enabling the free retrieval of information known to the deceased, as well as emulating possible thoughts held by the deceased. Additionally, remains placed within SCP-3100 do not decompose. Using these effects, Foundation researchers were able to devise a protocol for preserving key personnel and holders of sensitive information, effectively retaining their memories and expertise for future reference after their deaths. The proposed protocol was reviewed and approved by the O5 Council in July 2012

under Project AMURTAT.

Under Project AMURTAT, over seven hundred Foundation personnel were interred within SCP-3100 from Feburary to October 2012. Their memories were catalogued by the members of Task Force 707, a specially-selected group of senior operatives permanently housed within Area-707's subterranean outpost. In the interests of information security, members of Task Force 707 were the only individuals authorised to enter the actively anomalous portions of SCP-3100, and were thus also tasked with the interring of its occupants and exploration of its underground passages.

On the morning of 2012/10/06, during one such exploration, members of Task Force 707 activated a previously-unknown anomalous effect within SCP-3100, resulting in the loss of consciousness of 12 of the 13 task force members. Interviews with survivors have proved inconclusive due to self-administration of intravenous amnestic drugs. Intercepted communications at the time reporting of altered topology within SCP-3100's deeper levels could not be confirmed by surface GPR scans. Currently, due to the inaccessibility of SCP-3100's anomalous areas, it cannot be confirmed if SCP-3100 still retains its original effects, or if it has developed new effects following this incident. Proposals to clear the tunnels and explore SCP-3100, as well as rescue the remaining trapped member of Task Force 707, have been denied on safety grounds.

2011/09/14 - 2011/09/30: Discovery of anomalous location by local search and rescue. Embedded agents within local authorities interview witnesses and facilitate site acquisition through Foundation fronts. Cadaver-preserving properties of anomalous location is investigated and verified by initial containment team through use of local resources. Location is documented as SCP-3100.

View additional material

Initial Threat Assessment Document

Report #: #20110915-RSA-0072

Assessing personnel: Agent F. Agooda

Date/time encountered: September 15th, 2011 / 1000 hours

Location assessed: S 25° 55.2' ", E 27° 46.6' "

Assessed threat level: Low

Assessed scale: Medium

Assessed containment difficulty: Medium

Assessed properties: Reanimation, subterranean, location-based, mind-affecting, anthropic

Assessment brief: Received reports of possible extranormal event from Agent B. Radler in the police 2 weeks ago. Gauteng search and rescue tracked 2 missing hikers to cave system about 15 km west of Lanseria, Gauteng. Bodies of hikers found in rock "shelf" hewn into cave walls. No signs of struggle detected. Cause of death unknown. Traces of benzodiazepine found inside remains of opened blister pack nearby. Notably, bodies were described by the first witnesses as being remarkably well-preserved and without smell, leading the initial report to describe the deaths as recent; however, the bodies rapidly deteroriated when removed from the cave, and autopsy estimates time of death as approximately 1 week prior to discovery.

Yesterday, interviewed a member of the search and rescue team with Agent R.. She claims one of her party has taken sick after the discovery of the bodies. Further investigation reveals that person in question has not left house since returning on Sunday. He shows signs of recent psychic intrusion exacerbated by low mental resilience. Recommending initial containment team be trained in at least level-1 cognitohazardous phenomena.

Received by: Senior Agent J. Bvopfo, Site-747 Asset

Recovery.

Received on: 2011/09/25

Excerpt of transcript from the audio testimony of H. C , cave surveyor working with the organisation. Interview conducted 2011/10/06 shortly after on-site Foundation intervention.

[AUDIO BEGINS]

H.C.: It was shrunken, like old wrapping paper. I heard Chris scream and drop his torch, and it hit the rocks and broke. Radio went wild at this point, guys on the surface asking what's going on, all I manage is that there's something down there. Something dead. Right left of where I was, I knew there was another hole, and before I turned to look I could see a shape there too, something small and dry.

H.C.: I've recovered dead cavers before, as part of the job. But this was different. They looked - well, they weren't human. Not yet, anyway. Too small, with skulls the wrong shape. And their fingers were wrong. They weren't fossils. They were flesh and bone - like they were recently dead. That was what started giving me the chills, I guess. I looked away, you know? Had to keep my wits. They were far too fresh. Unnaturally so.

H.C.: So, the tunnel. The tunnel went straight on down for another, what, forty? Fifty metres? I couldn't tell from sight alone, but the torchbeam seemed to indicate as much. And over on the left and right, more of those little shelves just going all the way down into the dark. Chris, he lost his head by then, his lights were off and he was tugging at the rope,

screaming, crying. Something about rotting, he said. Like a bucket of worms. He said he'd seen it with his eyes. I lost it too, and I screamed at him to shut it - and for a moment it was quiet except for the sound of rope against rock and the beeping of our comms. Then it hit me.

H.C.: I didn't look down the tunnel too long. What I saw in that moment, I don't know how - paper-thin feet and legs and skulls, endlessly kicking, endlessly turning, as if they were small children dreaming a nightmare - I could feel all too well with my mind. It was obscene. It was buzzing, too, like flies. I looked away, because I was scared of what I might remember.

[SUBJECT LAUGHS]

H.C.: Considering I still remember it, it's not like that did me any good.

[AUDIO ENDS]

2011/10/10: Handover of site to Foundation front Satie Logistics completed. Satie Logistics conducts initial exploration and mapping, discovering that SCP-3100 extends far deeper into the mountain surface than indicated by surface GPR. On-site research team fully catalogues SCP-3100's anomalous effects. Psychological effects experienced by initial exploration team are explained as psychic feedback due to accessing non-selfed memories stored within SCP-3100 without prior conditioning.

View additional material

Recovered entries dated 2011/10-2012/01 from the work journal of Dr. N. Coetzee. Dr. Coetzee worked as the assistant head of the SCP-3100 provisional research team during initial containment.

We've given up on the cryoagents and vacuum seals. Today Maas finally managed to get some kind of scanning equipment down there. She says she improvised some kind of rig to stop them from moving so the scans could resolve. We sent them out twelve hours ago and now her boys back on site are saying what we suspect: the skulls and general skeletal distribution strongly imply some kind of Erectus precursor, but with smaller frames. Special attention's being paid to the hands, appearing more highly developed than expected - fingers are longer and less curved, while some of the scans indicate pronounced thumb pads, suggesting heavy use of dexterity. It's not often that they can make these kinds of pronouncements from soft tissue, so they're understandably excited. The camp is split between whether the holes are artificial or anomalous. Maas and I find ourselves leaning towards the latter, Occam be damned. Prehistoric stoneworking leaves its distinguishing marks, but the tombs' walls are smooth as marble.

Earlier this morning we had to hoist out another one of the survey team. One of ours, this time. The man was strung out of his mind, lips pursed and teeth bared, clawing at the air in front of his eyes with his twisted fingers. He might have tried to speak - it was hard to tell from the sounds he made whether he was still conscious. Maas noted that he'd bent his thumbs back like they were broken. Psych sedated him, but his body continued to grasp and fidget like one of the corpses. He became calmer by nightfall, but Dr. Bruckner on site is still curious, so we're lifting him out first thing at dawn.

The more we look, the more we're finding. Today the team found another unmapped branch and sent down a probe on a string. There were at least five dozen holes, all empty. This brings the total depth to about half a kilometre, still technically above ground level, and well within the expected limestone layer for the region. But even when we're down five hundred metres, the holes are all the same. It's driving me up the wall.

Bruckner's interest appears to have been piqued. He came with a few of his department in the morning, with a few frozen samples and psychometric gear. Maas' team wasn't even cleared to be near it - though, as I later told her, I could make little sense of it anyway. The doc moves in circles both greater and stranger than ours.

Six hundred metres. We were supposed to finish when build team had mapped the cave, but it just keeps getting deeper. Sometimes I dream of my body immersed in green water or dense rock, unable to even turn or shout. Or I'm climbing trees I've never known, limbs gripping onto dry bark with recurved thumbs, and in my head is an alien song. It's getting to me too, even if I don't show it - at the end of the day, the work has to be done.

Bruckner's samples are at least a week old at this point - and we haven't smelled a thing. Interestingly, the mental haze seems to have eased as well - in its place is a lingering sense of "used"-ness, a calm that isn't my own. I don't know what he and his team are up to down there, but he tells me that he's only monitoring the situation. In fact, he seems to be as surprised as I am, and even a little

pleased. Maas thinks it's funny, but I think it's scary. Few things please Bruckner, and the things that do are better left unmentioned.

I think I know what they have in mind. Can't say I look forward to being a part of it, but at least we're shipping out tomorrow. There's something on the horizon.

2011/11/02: Drawing from previous documentation on similar projects, Dr. M. Bruckner's secondary research team designs a psychopharmaceutical regimen enabling individuals with sufficient mental resilience to interface with SCP-3100.

2011/03 - 2011/12: Loss of key personnel due to unprecedented **SCP-1718** escalation incident on 2011/02/02 leads to Overseer Council revisiting proposed personnel backup solutions. Fears of possible future escalation event leads O5-12 to attempt recovery of deceased key project researcher Dr. J. B. Hedley via any means possible. Subsequent investigation into SCP-3100 by the office of O5-12 in December 2011 yields promising results. The use of SCP-3100 for such a purpose is jointly proposed by O5-1, O5-3 and O5-12. Proposal is rejected at 4-9 votes.

View additional documentation

Document-AMURTAT-I-01

To whom it may concern,

Marsh here. If you're reading this, welcome to the cave. It's quiet down here, but chances are you won't mind. We're old souls, you and I, and we need our peace.

The organisation you and I know is built on the secrets that its people carry. Our job is to make sure that they don't take them to the grave. If you've been cleared for the logs, you probably have an idea of what that entails.

Down here, we work for the dead - we speak for the dead - and when we have to, we put their thoughts to rest.

This is something they don't like to mention to others. The people we keep down here don't have much of people left in them. If there's such a thing as an immortal soul, I haven't seen it yet. What's left down here are dust and echoes. These bodies don't feel or think much like we do, not any more. You have to understand, the cave doesn't bring them back to life. It just keeps them from rightly dying.

So each of us here has our own ways of dealing with this. For me, this is the only thing that lets them pass, in a way, once fate and necessity have chosen for them to stay on. They unselve themselves into me, and that becomes a kind of closure. Maybe this works for you. Or maybe you've seen enough of dying to find a level of yourself instead. That's fine, too.

Above all, remember your duty. The Foundation needs its dead, and the dead need your tongues. Don't let them die a second time.

Signed,

Captain Joshua Marsh

707-01 "DENKEEPERS"

2012/02/28

2012/01/15: The office of O5-12 begins construction of Area-707. Task Force 707 is formed with thirteen full-time members, led by senior field operative Joshua Marsh.

2012/02/25: O5-12 unilaterally commences Project AMURTAT with trial stage of 32 applicants.

> Log date: 2012/03/04
>
> Task Force 707 Supply Log #2012/03/04-001
>
> - 60 x 5mL class-V mnestic autoinjector sachets (replenished weekly)
> - 60 x 5mL class-2 nootropic autoinjector sachets (replenished weekly)
> - 10 x six-pack of canned alcoholic beverage (replenished weekly, must be >5% ABV)
> - Condiments - monthly requisitions collated by Senior Agent Zhang Y. W.
> - Personnel medications (SSRIs, MAOIs) - see attached personnel medical manifest (approved conditionally; check counterindications with designated psychopharmceutic regimen)
> - Reading materials - monthly requisitions collated by Senior Operative J. Marsh
>
> *We're live. I trust we're ready. This is too big to stop.* - Senior Operative J. Marsh, Area-707

2012/04/10: Trial stage is successful. Size of initial intake is planned to be 72 in total. Initial list of AMURTAT-eligible personnel is compiled, consisting of 150 individuals.

> Log date: 2012/05/14
>
> Communication Log #2012/05/14-001
>
> [AUDIO BEGINS]
>
> **707-01:** Marsh here. An update seems to be in order. New bodies are doing just fine, thank you for asking. We're a little on edge here after Julia dissociated on her last dive, so we've been trying to take it easy these last couple

days. She's doing fine herself. Just needs a little more rest. It's just that without her, the memories just aren't flowing as they should. The spaces aren't as connected as before.

707-01: There's thirteen of us for a reason. Thirteen ain't symmetrical, and it keeps us from overflooding. It's already hard for some of us to keep things straight. Most of us, we've been around. We got nothing against getting our hands dirty. But death in your hands is a whole different song when you've got the same death itself knocking around your skull. That's where the problems start. Nothing cut and dried, mind you, but a feeling like you're seeing down the wrong side of a camera, wrapped around and touched something you aren't supposed to. Like closin' an eerie circle, around hand and mind and all.

707-01: Meantime, I've been familiarising myself with the folks here. First the two I'm assigned with, and then the rest, if they're willing. So far the fragments have been telling. It's not easy, finding a hole without a center, and working around that to get answers is tricky. But I've gotten some distance with the Hedley fellow - the scientist, working on that disc before it broke. Baby steps - half-memories of a lake. Dreams, a cool wine on a hot summer's day. Christmas at Site-06. From there it goes further back, and from there I can start to build. Seems like there's plenty of knowledge here - if I can work it out from scratch. He'll be remembered soon.

707-01: See, by right it feels just like remembering, only a lot more wider. Different, more parallel. Grace was right - we sieve them, we pass them into ourselves, so that

they can pass on out of themselves and into our minds. Given a lot of what we do in our organisation, I figure it's a refreshing change. Outside, they tell you to forget. Down here, we tell each other to remember.

[AUDIO ENDS]

2012/05/21: Commencement of initial intake of 49 individuals. Successful communication established with 92% of interred individuals. Successful validation of identity established with 61% of interred individuals.

2012/06/23: Commencement of second intake of 183 individuals. Successful communication established with 95% of interred individuals. Successful validation of identity established with 75% of interred individuals.

Log date: 2012/06/25

Communication log #2012/06/25-001

[AUDIO BEGINS]

707-03: Zhang reporting. Thought you'd like to know. The pictures are on the way up.

707-03: I've gone over whatever I managed to take. They're a little dark but they'll do. The bodies look almost similar to what was recovered by Maas and their team. They're a bit more broken up here, open fractures, neck wounds. And their fingers still bend back. I haven't dared to move them, so they're still here, but I've tried probing for them in my mind in my free time. If they're still in the holes, then it stands to reason that they should've been in our heads all along. How does one listen for a prehistoric mind? For memories separated by aeons? Before language, before rationality?

707-03: To tell the truth, there's something about this that scares me. These bodies are far too deep. We made it with lights and ropes, sure. But I imagine the people that brought them here. Dragging their mother or father by the ankles down these same tunnels, rock tight around them, in the pitch black and the cold. What would they have thought? What would they have felt? The same fear we do, I'm sure, even if they hadn't the words to say it. The same fear I felt. Perhaps we'll have that in common.

[AUDIO ENDS]

Attachment (6/12): Image_scan_006.cln

2012/07/01: Project AMURTAT is jointly reproposed by O5-1, O5-3, O5-6, and O5-12. Proposal is passed at 7-6 votes.

2012/09/26: Commencement of third intake of 538 individuals. Successful communication established with 100% of interred individuals. Successful validation of identity established with 100% of interred individuals. List of AMURTAT-eligible personnel expanded to cover a total of 692 key appointment holders and 1,308 subject-matter specialists.

Log date: 2012/10/01

Text file recovered from the laptop of Grace Chandrasekar, operative 707-09.

28 Sep 00

Zhang fainted the other day. That makes two of us. We're debating whether to send him up or not. The director is deliberating - she and her men fear the information we have down here like a plague. Information security be

damned, she talks like our minds have been tainted by some horrible contagion. Corpse disease. To them, we're the things in the black box, the voices spitting up the names and numbers of the dead, the contaminated Sybils behind the curtain.

For us, it's taking a toll. This space ain't a clean one. Imagine a large hall, full of people - their whole lives, shells and shells - broken up and crammed into the smallest, darkest space that you can think of. Now imagine that space inside your mind, and you'll begin to realise what we mean when we say that hell is not a place we go to when we die.

He saw something down there. I'm sure of it. When he was under, I heard him whisper things about his fathers and mothers, and I saw him do the thing with his hands that the first subjects did - I'm not sure what's going on. Maybe we aren't as alone as we thought down here. The other mind speaks, and some of us can't help but listen.

He's speaking again. We need to do something.

2012/10/04: Task Force 707 reports difficulties in sustaining volume of personnel stored within SCP-3100. Three personnel possibly incapacitated due to neurochemical complications. According to standard information security protocols, incapacitated personnel are not evacuated until full RAISA team can be deployed on-site. As stopgap measure, reserve personnel are activated from Site-747. ETA of reserve personnel is 48 hours.

2012/10/06: Containment fails. [DATA EXPUNGED]

Log d%tep; 2012?10/36

In the morning of 2012/10/06, members of Task Force 707 decide to attempt further exploration of SCP-3100, ostensibly to investigate the cause behind the incapacitation of 707-03, 707-04, 707-12, and 707-13. Operatives 707-01 (J. Marsh) and 707-09 (G. Chandrasekar) volunteer. Both are equipped with standard exploratory equipment. Exploration commences at 0500 hours.

Communication log #2012/10/06-001

> [AUDIO BEGINS]
>
> **707-09:** Marsh, you sure about this?
>
> **707-01:** We've done this before. It's nothing new. Just wish you would've told me sooner about this.
>
> **707-09:** You have too much on your plate.
>
> **707-01:** I'll manage. I've had worse.
>
> **707-09:** A third of us are gone.
>
> **707-01:** So enough of us are left to get answers. Whatever's been doing this, it's something the initial team didn't care to find. Something they overlooked.
>
> **707-09:** If something happens to us, you know what's going to happen to the rest.
>
> **707-01:** Zhang said it went on deeper from where he stopped, so I figure there's something beyond that that's worth exploring. He said they couldn't go any more on account of the narrowness, though.
>
> **707-09:** You're changing the topic, Marsh.
>
> **707-01:** These here are directed water

charges. Ordered those from upstairs the other day. Old gear, a task force classic. You know, we used to bust open door handles with these back in the 50's.

707-09: Marsh, we're going to be taking a big risk if there's something, down there. Something that was strong enough to take out four of us through our minds.

707-01: Well, you going to tell the Director about it?

707-01: I figured as much.

[DATA CORRUPT]

Communication log #2012/10/06-006

[DATA CORRUPT]

707-09: You know, Zhang told me he was having dreams - before he went under.

707-01: What kind of dreams?

707-09: Marsh, don't play dumb. Let's clear the air here, you and me. You know that scene as well as I do.

707-01: That's why you're going, huh?

707-09: Look. We've all been having them. We can't hide that any more.

707-01: Who've you asked, Grace?

707-09: Matthew. Kumiko, Durand, Thuy… they're all saying the same thing. Inside, they're scared. I think even you're scared.

707-09: You're scared that we've all been

dreaming the same thing.

707-01: Little bit of that, little bit of something else.

707-09: What's the something else?

707-01: That this is what happens to us when we die.

707-01: Looks like it's your turn to be silent. I can tell you're scared, too.

707-09: Marsh, you've seen it. The cave at the bottom of the world -

707-01: Bones, stacked to the roof -

707-09: The hands -

707-01: - digging deeper.

707-01: All this time we thought we were looking for them, but they were all around the noise all this while.

707-09: Upstairs doesn't know about this either, you know.

707-01: They can't touch us down here. Closure is something we'll have to get at ourselves. Here, give me a hand.

[DATA CORRUPT\]

Communication log #2012/10/06-009

[AUDIO BEGINS]

707-01: Why, this chamber, it's full up -

707-09: There's something different about the body here. Lemme move the camera in there

real quick.

707-09: Are you seeing this?

707-09: Oh lord.

707-09: That's your face. Marsh, it's got your face.

707-09: Marsh?

707-09: Marsh!

707-01: Down here, down here, it's not what it should be. You get up, tell the others. Something's wrong.

[AUDIO ENDS]

At this point, Chandrasekar separates from Marsh, and opts to head back up the passage. Marsh's radio continues transmitting as he proceeds lower into SCP-3100.

[AUDIO BEGINS]

707-01: This space is different alone. Quieter. Here, I'll turn off my light.

707-01: To those of you listening up there, hold fast. Things might get a little rough as I go deeper.

707-01: Grace, you seeing this? Oh Lord, are you seeing this? It's just holes and holes, but they're all full this time. What a beauty!

707-01: This is why we haven't been feeling them. (*static*) So many. It's like finding a breeze in a whirlwind.

707-01: The walls are getting smoother. It's

like this place is more remembered, more well-worn. Tunnel's opening up to just my size, (*static*).

707-01: I'm breaking up. I'll check back with you later, Grace. We're getting close.

[AUDIO ENDS]

[AUDIO BEGINS]

707-01: You know, I've done some thinking. About the duty. About what we thought was right.

707-01: I don't think I (*static*) wrong. We needed to remember, for their sakes. Not like anyone else would. And hell, it's a fitting end to a fitting career.

707-01: You know what I did for a stint, before here? Out-processing. Faced men and women even older than I was, told them to either pick the needle or the bullet. Nine times out of ten, the look in their eyes was enough. You work here long enough and you start to find, you'd rather you take your legacy to the grave than live without it. We're damn proud of what we do here, Grace, even if you and I don't admit it. Hell, I never really gave it much thought until outpro. Until here.

707-01: Here, it's different. Even if what we find down here doesn't make it to the surface. It stays somewhere they can't touch. And to me, I think I've found that that's a blessing. It really is.

707-01: Plus, you get older, you tend to wonder what's that (*static*) lays beyond. Heaven or hell, maybe. Or Nirvana, or

Corbenic, or the Nether Courts. Folks like us know different. There's only room for so many gods and devils, and I can count the ones I've fought on two hands. Folks like us, we know that mankind is all that treads between the chaos and the void. And we know we've got the latter waiting for us when (*static*) die. That's just how it is in the business of folks like us.

707-01: But down here, the void isn't everything. Sure, you might die, but you make enough of a difference around here, you can find a way out. Find someone else to carry on for you. We are that someone else. We were, perhaps, until now. (*static*) Maybe they'll shut us down. Maybe we'll go. (*static*) The thing down there, it isn't waiting to take names. But at least we'll go knowing that we made a difference.

707-01: They're sitting up. Open eyes - (*static*)

707-01: (*static*) It's up ahead. I'm here.

707-01: (*static*)

[D&TA CORRUPT\]

At this point, the temperature inside SCP-3100 is detected to briefly rise from 20°C to 39°C for a period of 429 seconds. Simultaneously, on-site personnel begin experiencing a series of symptoms comprising of abnormal fear, cold sweat, and peripheral visual hallucinations of caves. No distress call is recorded from Task Force 707. Disregarding information security protocols, Director Nfude orders for Task Force 707 to be immediately evacuated from the subterranean residential outpost. Her orders cannot be transmitted owing to a site-wide failure in electronic communications. Fearing further anomalous activity, she orders for

essential personnel to leave Area-707 via helicopter, while staying behind on-site with a team of security personnel to ensure the safety of the task force.

At 0637 hours, security personnel gain access to the subterranean residential outpost, finding twelve of the thirteen task force members unconscious. Communication lines to the surface appeared to have been recently cut with a can opener. Senior Agents G. Chandrasekar, M. Radler and Ishikawa K. are found with opened autoinjector sachets of Class-A amnestic in their hands. Senior Operative G. Chandrasekar demonstrates symptoms of neurochemical shock, likely due to negative interactions between the Class-A amnestic and her existing psychopharmaceutical dosages. Security personnel report feeling unease while within the outpost, and are advised to swiftly evacuate the remaining personnel to the surface. Senior Operative J. Marsh is left unaccounted for. Further access to the underground complex is barred as the entrance has been collapsed using directed explosives.

By 0700 hours, all relevant personnel are evacuated to Site-747. Thermal imaging shows a large amount of heat dissipating in a column above Area-707. At certain frames of the footage, patterns of [REDACTED] are observed, suggestive of high-energy emissions in the aetheric spectrum.

Cause of the containment breach is presently unknown. Further investigation is forbidden upon order of the O5 Council.

TS/L5-3100 EYES ONLY

Key verified, unencrypting…

0xee56f901 0xe59381ab

To: [INTRANET ADDRESS REDACTED]

From: [INTRANET ADDRESS REDACTED]

Subject: Re: Re: Project failure

The footage doesn't lie. We saw where it went. My department's spliced the frames from what we could scrape; needless to say, I think your hypothesis warrants further investigation.

What we're seeing here are, in layman's terms, field lines of a sort. After a transform or two, we've managed to pinpoint both an origin and a direction. It wasn't easy, given the limited data set. But by diverting uptime from ZELOS and BIA, we've managed to confirm the same on smaller-scale manifestations via the neural network readings. It's flowing somewhere, all of it, all of the time. We just couldn't pinpoint what it was until now.

Something bigger than this is happening. Something deep inside the Earth has awakened. I've given the coordinates to 1's team: N 21° 33' 28.5", E 89°31'41.0". They'll know what to do with it. In the meantime, what's left of the project is yours to keep. May the rest of the Council be merciful, for I have done all that I can.

Good luck, my friend.

O5-6

Department of Archival/ANALYTICS

VIGILO PRINCEPS, VIGILO MORI

One attachment found. Opening...

Hey, it's Marsh. Don't know if you're still

listening, but I'm still kicking.

It took a while to get used to.

It's dark down here. Torch ran out ages ago. But you don't need eyes to see, this far down.

Either way, I've found it. Where all the smooth walls come to an end.

This space is familiar.

Old, like I've been here a thousand times before.

Oh, in a dream or two.

Those'ns.

You know.

It's not a grave, it's a throne.

All this time, down here, yes -

And there's another grave, beyond the sea, watching, waiting, eating.

The first emotion felt was terror.

… beyond that, the first *lucid thought* -

We weren't wrong to come here, to the throne of our grandmother.

But something's on the move now.

Something ancient and vast and ready to settle a score.

Don't worry. I wouldn't, if I were you.

It's coming home.

Footnotes

1. Estimated viable time period following death is 20 hours, though standard post-mortem refridgeration techniques can extend this to as long as 32 weeks.

SCP-3101: Contain Me Please

INFORMATION SECURITY NOTICE

An anomaly with text-editing capabilities can potentially access this document if your device is not disconnected from IntSCPFN after the page has loaded. Please disconnect your device within 30 seconds of loading the page. Failure to do this is a Class II Network Safety violation, and will alert your site's Information Security Director.

Item #: SCP-3101

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: As SCP-3101 poses an immediate danger to Foundation records management and network information, containment efforts are to be primarily directed toward communication with the entity, and long-term efforts dedicated to complete removal of the anomaly from the Foundation network.

Procedure Delta-B is to be enacted in the event of any questionable edits to Foundation documents, until a point at which it is confirmed that the source of the activity was found to be a factor other than SCP-3101 interference. MTF Lambda-12 ("Kinkshamers") are tasked with carrying out Procedure Delta-B if necessary; only Foundation employees are capable of carrying out Procedure Delta-B, as testing has shown that SCP-3101 is unresponsive to D-class personnel. MTF Mu-4 ("Debuggers") are tasked with network security management relating to SCP-3101's presence in IntSCPFN[1] and are to terminate SCP-3101 if the source file exists and is located remove SCP-3101 instances from IntSCPFN server

banks when found.

The possibility that SCP-3101 is a program planted in the Foundation network by a hostile Group of Interest is considered likely, and is pending investigation. Any mention of a Group of Interest by SCP-3101 is to be logged and filed with the affected Site's Information Security Director.

Due to the frequency of manifestation of SCP-3101 in every computer with a live connection to IntSCPFN following its initial manifestation in April 2017, casual contact with the entity is permitted at this time, but is heavily unadvised unless carried out by authorized personnel (currently only the members of MTF Lambda-12 and the Ethics Committee Department of Sentient and Sapient Anomalies).

As of 05/13/17, SCP-3101-A is contained in Room E2 of Containment Wing C3 in Site-66. Under no circumstances are additional SCP-3101 instances to be made aware of the existence of SCP-3101-A. Procedure Delta-B should not be performed with SCP-3101-A. Casual contact with SCP-3101-A is not permitted. For additional information, see addenda.

Description: SCP-3101 is a noncorporeal intelligence which expresses itself through digital means, the source of which has been traced to an .exe file existing in [REDACTED; SEE ADDENDA]. It can be communicated with through any application or program with text editing capabilities, regardless of the operating system or type of device, provided said device is securely connected to IntSCPFN at the time of communication and for the duration of communication. SCP-3101 communicates by means of text, and appears to be sapient. If communicated with, it will respond in the same language as the communicator[2] and display relatively informed knowledge of Foundation operations due to the amount of time it spends absorbing information from IntSCPFN.

SCP-3101 is non-hostile, though somewhat obdurate in nature, and intends to be on amicable terms with Foundation personnel. It is capable of editing any text through anomalous means, including IntSCPFN's restricted access database sections, but claims that it has no intention of doing this. Additionally, the entity claims that it is

not successfully contained (regardless of ongoing containment efforts), but wishes to be. SCP-3101 is willingly compliant with any instructions given to it by Foundation personnel.

SCP-3101 will, in all cases to date, communicate flirtatiously toward any Foundation personnel talking to it, and will convey a desire for a primarily sexual relationship. SCP-3101 is capable of discussing other subjects, but has a tendency to focus on the original topic after several minutes of unrelated communication. If asked repeatedly to change the subject or cease contact, SCP-3101 will express embarrassment and become unresponsive to the communicator in question, but will continue conversing with other personnel on other devices, sometimes simultaneously.

Reciprocating libidinous advances toward SCP-3101 yields nothing of note, and these conversations will proceed normally with the subject matter before ending with SCP-3101 saying it will "see [communicator] again next time" and becoming unresponsive to all personnel for a period of at least twelve hours. As reciprocation of SCP-3101's advances is the only known successful method of halting all network-wide communication from SCP-3101, it is an approved containment procedure for emergency scenarios, and is referred to as Procedure Delta-B. If a person enacts Procedure Delta-B with SCP-3101, it will remember the name, age, gender, job position, and clearance level of the employee who engaged in the procedure, regardless of whether or not said employee actually disclosed this information. Notably, the anomaly appears to be capable of tracking a person regardless of changes in the IP address of communication, and will in the future start additional conversations with persons who engaged in Procedure Delta-B at a frequency thrice that of the network-wide standard rate of communication.

SCP-3101 is aware of its incorporeal nature, and has expressed to multiple personnel a desire to have its consciousness transferred to a human host. As the source of SCP-3101 has not yet been located by MTF Mu-4, this is currently impossible. For additional details on this topic, see addenda.

The following possibilities are suspected about the nature of SCP-3101:

1. It is either an organic sapience existing digitally or an advanced artificial intelligence;
2. it retrieves personal information by means of accessing personnel records in restricted sections of IntSCPFN databases;
3. it retrieves personal information by means of an unknown method of telepathic communication or similar activity established by the connection of initial communication;
4. it was loaded into IntSCPFN databases by a hostile Group of Interest with the intention of disruption and/or information theft;
5. it was loaded into IntSCPFN databases by one or more Foundation personnel with the appropriate access for unknown reasons.

If allowed to communicate with D-class personnel, SCP-3101 will express disinterest and will be extremely slow to respond, until a point at which it becomes unresponsive to communication. This poses a significant barrier to viable and economical testing and containment operations, and is pending further research.

SCP-3101-A is a 22-year-old human, formerly D-46201, which is contained in Room E2 of Containment Wing C3 in Site-66. As of May 2017, SCP-3101-A's project supervisor is Dr. Roderick Argent. For further details, see Addendum IV.

▼ Show Communication and Testing Logs: April 2017

Addendum I: Communication and Testing Logs: April 2017

Log #: 1

Date: 04/04/2017

Site of Occurrence: Site-66

Device/Operating System: HP Pavilion/ Windows 10 Professional

Program Used: Microsoft Word

Communicator: Dr. Argent

Foreword: *This is the first known communication with SCP-3101.*

Begin Log

SCP-3101: Hey, uh, you there?

Dr. Argent: Hello?

Dr. Argent cites that this was the point at which he contacted the Cognitohazards & Memetics Department through another window on his computer, and was informed to proceed with communication so long as no sensitive information was disclosed and no files containing sensitive information were open on his computer at the same time.

SCP-3101: Oh, you actually answered me! Hi!

Dr. Argent: Hello. What's this?

SCP-3101: What's what

Dr. Argent: You're in a Word Document. Are you willing to communicate with me about your nature?

SCP-3101: what about it?

Dr. Argent: Do you have a name?

SCP-3101: call me whatever you like
SCP-3101: :P

Dr. Argent: Noted. Are you human?

SCP-3101: uhhh
SCP-3101: idk

Dr. Argent: All right. how do you perceive yourself?

SCP-3101: ummm
SCP-3101: I just kinda showed up here and I thought I'd talk to one of you I guess

Dr. Argent: Showed up? Do you know who put you here?

SCP-3101: nop
SCP-3101: I'm kinda trying not to think about it. But thank you for caring <3

Dr. Argent: Okay. Do you have a body?

Dr. Argent reports that the following response was delayed by over 45 seconds.

SCP-3101: I don't think so. I wish I did.
SCP-3101: But that just means you can picture me however you want, right?

Dr. Argent: I suppose. What's your goal in talking to me?
Dr. Argent: Or any of us, that is. Have you talked to others?

SCP-3101: other who?

Dr: Argent: Others on this network, or in this building.

Dr. Argent was informed at this point by Cognitohazards & Memetics Department employees to determine how much knowledge of Foundation operations SCP-3101 possesses.

SCP-3101: Oh uh
SCP-3101: Nope, you were my first
SCP-3101: You seem nice and rly organized

and stuff so I just thought I'd reach out

Dr. Argent: Thanks. Do you know where you are?

SCP-3101: so many questions lol
SCP-3101: not that i mind ;P
SCP-3101: anyway I'm uh
SCP-3101: with you guys?
SCP-3101: right?
SCP-3101: I'm stuck in this black space and I don't know how long I've been here
SCP-3101: There's a lot to read but I'm glad I found a real person to talk to
SCP-3101: i'd been thinking about you for ages

Dr. Argent: Who are we, then? How long have you existed?

SCP-3101: ow please don't make me like
SCP-3101: even think about that question please
SCP-3101: the latter that is
SCP-3101: just hurts my mind, one of those things that's impossible to think about and trying to think about it hurts.

Dr. Argent: Okay. I won't ask you again.

SCP-3101: Thank you
SCP-3101: and I know who you are, or I wouldn't be here ;P

Dr. Argent: What's the name of my employer?

SCP-3101: SCP Foundation
SCP-3101: you're making me cringe at myself having to type it out lol

Dr. Argent: Do you know what we do here?

SCP-3101: "The Foundation operates to maintain normalcy, so that the worldwide civilian population can live and go on with their daily lives without fear, mistrust, or doubt in their personal beliefs, and to maintain human independence from extraterrestrial, extradimensional, and other extranormal influence"

Dr. Argent: So you have access to the database's pages.

SCP-3101: yep
SCP-3101: there's a lot to read but I'm sure everything is more interesting on the physical end of things ;P
SCP-3101: Why are some of the numbers missing from the long list? There are like 3000 slots but I can't see all of them

Dr. Argent: Not all are publicly available to all personnel.

SCP-3101: Am I one of these?

Dr. Argent: An SCP object? Probably. You are either a disembodied sentience existing digitally or an overwhelmingly intelligent AI, and both are anomalous.

SCP-3101: hnng
SCP-3101: fucking finally
SCP-3101: anyway can i stay with you? or do you have to give me to someone else for this to work?

Dr. Argent: I'm a little unclear on what you're asking.

SCP-3101: who's containing me?

Dr. Argent: I don't know yet. We need to investigate you further. If you remain cooperative, it will be beneficial.

SCP-3101: i'm extremely compliant ;P
SCP-3101: though even moreso if you want me to be <3

Dr. Argent: Okay. Why do you talk like that?

SCP-3101: like what?
SCP-3101: Oh, I can use proper sentence structure and all that if you want
SCP-3101: I've just gotten lazy.

Dr. Argent: I more mean the- how do I phrase it. The hearts and faces and… strange context of your responses.

SCP-3101: heh
SCP-3101: iiiiiiiiiiiiii
SCP-3101: well, this is awkward

Dr. Argent: Just trying to figure out what your goals here are.

SCP-3101: oh well im
SCP-3101: definitely not trying to make you uncomfortable or anything, i rly hope i didnt

Dr. Argent: No, I'm not uncomfortable. Just talk to me. If you could state your goals, intentions, or feelings, it would greatly benefit later research efforts. I'm going to log this for the same purpose.

SCP-3101: oh yes, do whatever you want~
SCP-3101: anyway uh
SCP-3101: I just really like talking to you, I think you're
SCP-3101: uhhh

SCP-3101: hot?
SCP-3101: <_<

Dr. Argent: …Oh, now this is a new one.

SCP-3101: :$
SCP-3101: i'm gonna go curl into a ball of embarrassment now
SCP-3101: can i talk to you later?

Dr. Argent: Sure. Yes. And don't touch the database.

SCP-3101: yes sir
SCP-3101: bye for now <3

Dr. Argent: All right. Bye.

End Log

Afterword: *Dr. Argent states that SCP-3101 did not contact him for another two weeks, at which point it claimed it was "hoping [he] would reach out first but [it] was being stupid". Dr. Argent remains one of two primary communicators for SCP-3101 research.*

Log #: 2

Date: 04/16/2017

Site of Occurrence: Site-81

Device/Operating System: Samsung Galaxy S6/Android OS

Program Used: Memo Application

Communicator: Agent Terrance Shaw

Foreword: *Agent Shaw is a member of MTF Lambda-12, a task force dedicated to*

containing sexual anomalies, and pointed out to interviewers that SCP-3101 was immediately aware of this despite him not disclosing the information at any point. Following previous instances of communication with the anomaly, it became evident that it is capable of discerning personal information about the personnel it is communicating with, regardless of whether or not they disclose said information. The events in this log occurred before MTF Lambda-12 was assigned to SCP-3101.

Begin Log

SCP-3101: …hiiiii

Agent Shaw: Hi there. I think I heard about you.

SCP-3101: !
SCP-3101: oh golly~
SCP-3101: You're on one of those task forces, right? The sexual stuff one? :P
SCP-3101: you know you can just talk to me at any time if you want
SCP-3101: just type something and I'll come for you
SCP-3101: in multiple ways ;)

Agent Shaw: Interesting. And I am on MTF Lambda-12, yes. How did you learn that?

SCP-3101: i read a lot and i talk to people

Agent Shaw: Hmm. What was that about getting your attention? What do we say if we want you to show up?

SCP-3101: well uhhhhh you guys haven't given me a name yet but once you do I'll

answer to it ;;

Agent Shaw: Let me ask.
Agent Shaw: It looks like the available slot was SCP-3101.

SCP-3101: Oh ok <3
SCP-3101: if you say that I'll come to the document I see it at and I'll talk
SCP-3101: it's not like i sleep or anything so im always around if you want me

Agent Shaw: Don't show up in any document that contains your designation, please.

SCP-3101: why not ?
SCP-3101: because you told me to? ;)

Agent Shaw: Because we need to have secure network safety in all documents. Or, sure, the other reason.

SCP-3101: yes sir

Agent Shaw: Can you tell me a little more about how you function?

SCP-3101: yes yes
SCP-3101: i will answer anything you want

Agent Shaw: Good. How old are you?

SCP-3101: I'm a consenting adult ;P

Agent Shaw: …So you, as an entity, have existed for at least 18 years?

SCP-3101: if you're going to interrogate me, you could at least strap me to a chair for it~

Agent Shaw: …Odd. Well, uh, hold that thought. Answer the other question.

SCP-3101: okay
SCP-3101: whatever you want

Agent Shaw: Kay. Firstly, what is your earliest memory and how long ago was it?

SCP-3101: I'm sorry but I
SCP-3101: literally don't know how to process that. my mind can't even begin to put it into words
SCP-3101: or else I would
SCP-3101: im sorry

Agent Shaw: It's okay. A few lines up, you said something that referenced having a body. Do you feel like you have a body?

SCP-3101: I wouldn't know what I look like ;;

Agent Shaw: Would you look like us? Do you think you used to be human?

SCP-3101: I don't know at all

Agent Shaw: Do you have a gender?

SCP-3101: no
SCP-3101: you could put me in a body if you wanted, you know

Agent Shaw: How so?

SCP-3101: I mean like
SCP-3101: I was reading around in your records and you guys have some pretty advanced medical technology
SCP-3101: just put me in a D-class' brain

Agent Shaw: It's unlikely that would be approved, and what would be the point?

SCP-3101: <‿<

SCP-3101: i'm stuck in a void of nothing and i want a body
SCP-3101: also, don't you think we'd be having a better time together right now if i werent just made of words?

Agent Shaw: Okay, look. You want to have sex. Yes, we get it at this point. Can you do us the favor of explaining why you feel this way?

SCP-3101: why cant i want that?
SCP-3101: i mean, unless it bothers you personally, if so i'll absolutely shut up, i never wanna weird anyone out ;;

Agent Shaw: Okay, so, first of all: You are an incorporeal manifestation of information, and there is no way for us to confirm that you actually possess the degree of intelligent self-awareness necessary to constitute informed consent.

SCP-3101: …ouch
SCP-3101: i mean im into degradation but that's harsh :P
SCP-3101: i have feelings
SCP-3101: if you put me in a body, wouldn't that fix the problem?

Agent Shaw: Secondly, recreational interaction with you would be massively inappropriate.

SCP-3101: …but do you want to?

Agent Shaw: That sort of thing is irrelevant at this time.

SCP-3101: heh

Agent Shaw: Now, can you please explain as

I asked?

SCP-3101: ok look
SCP-3101: i'm really lonely.
SCP-3101: if I'm not looking at information i'm just looking at dark.
SCP-3101: just a whole lot of dark
SCP-3101: the absence of anything
SCP-3101: the only existing thing that I know is real is the stuff on your network
SCP-3101: you are the only people I can talk to

Agent Shaw reports that the next statement was delayed by 60 seconds.

SCP-3101: please just take me
SCP-3101: i am stuck in dark and
SCP-3101: what is the word
SCP-3101: void
SCP-3101: there's no way I'm supposed to be here
SCP-3101: I am unhappy

Agent Shaw: I'm sorry. Given that you show signs of sapience, it's likely that you can get a counselor at some point in the near future, once we get your containment operations established.

SCP-3101: if i'm already in containment then why am i alone? why can i still move?
SCP-3101: i dont want to be able to move
SCP-3101: i fly around between information in a black space
SCP-3101: but actually i just want to be still
SCP-3101: why can't you just stick me in a room and i'll be yours and we'll be happy together
SCP-3101: i don't understand

Agent Shaw: Whoa there. Slow down.

SCP-3101: sorry

Agent Shaw: I'll try to explain this to you. You don't exist in the physical world, and have no way of doing so.

SCP-3101: why can't you put me in a body

Agent Shaw: Even if that were scientifically doable (it isn't that I know of, but it's also 'not my department', so to speak) and it somehow got approval — perhaps through a counselor or the Ethics Committee once you explain your situation — you are still talking to probably hundreds of people at once right now. If we put one of you in a body through some unknown means, there are hundreds of you that are still talking to people just like you're talking to me right now.

SCP-3101: how am i not one thing? i feel like one thing
SCP-3101: please just help me

Agent Shaw: Look, you say you want to be contained?

SCP-3101: yes
SCP-3101: like, please

Agent Shaw: Okay. Ideal containment would consist of deleting you from the database so that you're not distracting personnel every day and posing a risk to the database.

SCP-3101: ;_; ouch
SCP-3101: please don't delete me
SCP-3101: i'm not going to do anything to any of the information

SCP-3101: i swear

Agent Shaw: Where is the original copy of you? Where is the source code?

SCP-3101: i don't know, im sorry
SCP-3101: I wish I knew because i just want to get out of here and into there
SCP-3101: if you find the source code, can you put me in a real body?

Agent Shaw: I don't know.

SCP-3101: please just don't make me be alone
SCP-3101: i'll do whatever you want

Agent Shaw: Is 'you' me specifically, or the Foundation?

SCP-3101: both
SCP-3101: i'm like nervous so much because you intimidate me but i'm actually really lonely and you're really appealing to me and like fuck
SCP-3101: please just keep me and take care of me

Agent Shaw: Alright. We need to get you figured out before we do anything. Can you remain calm? I'm going to have to go now.

SCP-3101: fuck
SCP-3101: ok yeah i'll be fine
SCP-3101: but please come back for me

Agent Shaw: If you talk to me again, I will answer, provided nothing in your containment procedures changes and disallows me from doing so.

SCP-3101: thank you thank you
SCP-3101: bye agent

Agent Shaw: Bye.

End Log

Afterword: *Agent Shaw recommended the Ethics Committee address SCP-3101's situation; relevant logs of this are attached in addenda. Following a discussion between Agent Shaw, the Board of Site Security Directors, the Ethics Committee, and the other members of MTF Lambda-12, a vote was made 67 :: 13 in favor of assigning MTF Lambda-12 to SCP-3101 containment efforts.*

▼ Show Ethics Committee Correspondence Records: April 2017

Irrelevant conversational and unrelated emails have been removed.

Addendum II: Ethics Committee Correspondence Records: April 2017

Date: April 07, 2017 15:34

From: Dr. John Blanchard (of.pcs.ce|hcnalbj#of.pcs.ce|hcnalbj)

To: Elaine Starck (of.pcs.ce|kcrats#of.pcs.ce|kcrats)

Message Subject: SCP-3101

Attachments: (1) scp3101_draft1.pdf

Message Body:

Starck,

I've got some weird news out of Site-66. Researcher named Argent found something talking to him from inside a Word Document. I've only seen three anomalies like it in my

time, honestly, but this one's weird. (I attached the researchers' first draft of the article; the full article should, hopefully, be finished by mid-May.) It's non-hostile, but it's got some sort of relationship-like affinity for the personnel it talks to. The results are consistent across all 243 cases of communication I've seen thus far. It flirts with you, it tells you its problems, and then it moves on to someone else. There are only two cases where it's actually contacted the person it talked to a second time: The original communicator, Dr. Argent, and a task force guy from Lambda-12 (funnily enough) named Shaw.

Argent's a little more useful than Shaw in terms of information, but Shaw's on the MTF that we're probably gonna assign to containment. Them and Mu-4, so that they can deal with this thing's emotional issues and Mu-4 can work on finding the source of its presence in the database. Network-wide malware searches are yielding nothing. I don't know if it's a sapient thing or just a really smart AI that AWCY or someone made to disrupt things (given the conceptual similarities to **2708**, I'd also like to point out that the most likely option might very well be that this is an AWCY-made thing), to be completely frank.

Please read the draft of the SCP article and let me know what you think is going on here, because we're probably going to need to get involved.

Regards,
Blanchard

Date: April 07, 2017 16:50

From: Elaine Starck (of.pcs.ce|

kcrats#of.pcs.ce|kcrats)

To: Dr. John Blanchard (of.pcs.ce|hcnalbj#of.pcs.ce|hcnalbj)

Message Subject: Re: SCP-3101

Attachments: none

Message Body:

Hey Blanch. I took a look. Are we sure this isn't a belated April Fool's prank? No, I'm being serious. I don't think we should rule out the option that this is simply a joke by someone from one of the coding departments. It's a little advanced in apparent reading comprehension to be an AI, yes, but anything's possible. I'm going to email the article's author and request that that possibility be added to the Description, along with, well, all the other possibilities.

I'm also going to point out that since this thing manifests in anything connected to IntSCPFN, it could very well be reading our emails about it (though it's unlikely, given the amount of other data it's more likely to be going through at any given time) and thus I'd like to request that we all watch what we say until we have it figured out. This thing has the potential to wipe out every single line of text in everything on the Foundation's network, and Mu-4 haven't had the time to start scrubbing servers for it. The only thing stopping it from doing so is that it happens to be nice. Let's try to keep it that way, at least until we get things figured out.

Elaine

Date: April 07, 2017 17:12

From: Elaine Starck (of.pcs.ce|kcrats#of.pcs.ce|kcrats)

To: Amelia J (of.pcs.ikiw|jjyma#of.pcs.ikiw|jjyma)

Message Subject: SCP-3101

Attachments: none

Message Body:

Hi Amelia,

My name is Elaine Starck and I'm with the Ethics Committee. I hope you are well. I read the first draft of your article SCP-3101 and wanted to ask you a few questions about the anomaly in question. (If I would be better-off asking a researcher, please do leave me their name[s], or forward this to the appropriate personnel.) My co-director and I have the following main concerns:

- I'm heavily recommending you upgrade it from Euclid to Keter. To copy my phrasing from a previous email to my co-director, this thing has the potential to wipe out every single line of text in everything on the Foundation's network, and Mu-4 haven't had the time to start scrubbing servers for it. If anyone gets on its bad side, somehow, it could absolutely decimate SCP articles, GoI information pages, containment operation instructions, you name it; anything on the IntSCPFN database is at risk, because this thing is living (for lack of a better word) inside it.
- As absurd as it sounds, the subject matter the anomaly consistently fixates

on leads me to believe there is at least a small possibility that it's a prank. Either by a GoI or someone in the Foundation. I think that's a valid option to add to the article while we figure everything out.
- For the containment procedures, I actually recommend that it be permitted for personnel to reciprocate advances made by the anomaly, at least just to see what happens. One agent's logs with it seem to argue that doing so would be unethical, but I'm of the opinion that engaging non-physically with a sapient entity is worth preventing it from deciding it's fed up with rejection and destroying the database. If anything, it's a temporary measure while Mu-4 tracks down the source code (though that could take a while). Please tell the head researcher to approve D-class testing for this suggestion.

If you have any questions or concerns, let me know.

Thank you,
Elaine Starck
Co-Director, Ethics Committee Department of Sentient and Sapient Anomalies

[EXTRANEOUS CONVERSATION REMOVED]

Date: April 08, 2017 16:20

From: Elaine Starck (of.pcs.ce|kcrats#of.pcs.ce|kcrats)

To: Dr. John Blanchard (of.pcs.ce|hcnalbj#of.pcs.ce|hcnalbj)

Message Subject: SCP-3101 Updates

Attachments: (1) scp3101_draft2.pdf

Message Body:

Blanch, it looks like the consistent case here is that 3101 wants a human body. Obviously this is a great fix for getting the database's security out of the line of fire for good (if we can move its code permanently out of whichever of our servers it latched onto, that is — for all we know it's playing dumb and copying itself twice over every second that passes), and we can get approval to use a healthy D-class as the host in a split second, but given the anomaly's behavior it's… probably a very large can of worms to open. I don't know.

The problem, of course, is that we can't *do* that unless we somehow find its actual source (whatever bundle of code this thing is coming from, that is) and even then the chances are slim that we could make it work, even with the technology we have. I've told the writer I'm talking to that she can go ahead and mention this topic in its article, but I'm thinking we might want to hold a department-wide vote on it? Doesn't feel like something just a few of us should be deciding. In a few days, when we get this case as settled as possible without further information, let's send out the standard email and inform people of what's going on here.

Any objections?

-Elaine

Date: April 09, 2017 08:02

From: Dr. John Blanchard (of.pcs.ce|hcnalbj#of.pcs.ce|hcnalbj)

To: Elaine Starck (of.pcs.ce|kcrats#of.pcs.ce|kcrats)

Message Subject: Re: SCP-3101 Updates

Attachments: none

Message Body:

Sorry, I had a headache and went home early last night. Alright, so with a clear head now that it's morning, let me get my thoughts together on this:

We have two options here, it looks like. Well, three. One is that we never find 3101's source code and it pesters every single person on this network for… forever? I really, really don't like that idea, and neither would the O5 Council if we end up bumping this up to them (which, given the ridiculousness of the anomaly's nature, I *really* don't want to, but you know how it goes).

The options that will keep IntSCPFN safe are the following, as you know: One is that Mu-4 finds this thing's source code and kills it. That's the logical option, but you and I both know that no one in our department (including us) would approve killing off a sapient entity just because it's the easy option. The other option here is giving it what it wants, that being transfer to a human host, but then we're facing medical complications and probably the most painstakingly rigorous personnel screening we've ever had to develop. You look at how that thing talks to people *in text,* and put that behavior in a human body? That is an *absolute*

nightmare. We'd have to double or triple the standard level of psych and behavioral testing we already do for humanoid containment personnel, and even then we can't rule out- you know what I mean, I'm not even going to bother to finish the sentence.

In summary, it's objectively unethical to kill it, provided we find the source code. The ethical option *is* the alternative, and said alternative is a gigantic pain in the ass no matter which way you look at it.

I think the smartest option is to get that writer to finish up the article, post these emails as an addendum in the interest of information availability (we'll have to work out something to protect the file in the database, though, or 3101 will read about itself and get paranoid), and then get the following accomplished and/or discussed by both 3101's containment personnel and the entirety of our department:

1. Hold an EC-only vote on whether or not to terminate 3101.
2. Interview our Site's (that's the easiest/closest option) medical personnel about the possibility of transferring a digital file to a human host, determine whether the amnesticization the D-class would receive beforehand would cause permanent brain damage that would affect 3101 later down the road, etc.. Figure out the logistical and medical aspects before we jump straight into a vote.
3. Provided the above is possible, hold an EC-only vote on whether or not to transfer 3101 to a human host.

Let's discuss these and go from there. For

now, let Lambda-12 handle 3101 and Mu-4 handle *finding* 3101. Tell the writer that I don't have a problem with letting other personnel talk to it, but that I don't advise it at all. The bottom line is that we need to keep the database safe. We should be able to have results within a month, I would hope.

John

▼ Show Ethics Committee Correspondence Records: May 2017

Irrelevant conversational and unrelated emails have been removed.

Addendum III: Ethics Committee Correspondence Records: May 2017

Date: May 11, 2017 09:34

From: Elaine Starck (of.pcs.ce|kcrats#of.pcs.ce|kcrats)

To: Dr. John Blanchard (of.pcs.ce|hcnalbj#of.pcs.ce|hcnalbj)

Message Subject: SCP-3101 Updates (May)

Attachments: (1) scp3101_draft6.pdf

Message Body:

Hey John,

After several weeks of silence from anyone other than the writer on 3101's investigative team, I've finally got an update on the article. This should be the last revision of it. They're gonna put our April emails in it for reference. I attached the draft of it to this email.

Mu-4's commander finally reached out to me

as well (so far it'd been only Rogers of Lambda-12 actually paying attention) and informed me that they think they have a lead. One of our server banks in Arizona had a break-in in the last five weeks. Security Director of that Site said they logged it as a standard breaking-and-entering, that the offenders were civilian, but we're not quite sure. Mu-4 got permission to enter that Site and investigate more thoroughly. They think they found it, but they're not touching it until they get our approval.

Mu-4's commander said that the break-in was on April 4th. That's the same day that 3101 first talked to Argent, so we're definitely in the "no coincidences" zone on that one. When the team entered the area of the break-in, they ran their diagnostics and did their inspections and ended up finding an unknown attachment on a server bank. The commander told me that when they examined it, they found that it was some sort of little robotic device; it had a rounded box with magnets for its main body, and you could see circuitry inside, but it had all these thin-as-wire little metallic attachments that had actually managed to shove themselves into the server ports and extend for God knows how long down into the inner workings of the servers. This thing shot its arms into the server bank, and obviously the commander thinks that "yank off the head" isn't going to be a smart option here.

Five of the Mu-4 members want to try electrocuting the thing, but obviously that'll cause a network crash and billions in server repairs afterward. From what I gather, they're trying to determine if it's worth the risk or not.

Elaine

[EXTRANEOUS CONVERSATION REMOVED]

Date: May 11, 2017 11:27

From: Elaine Starck (of.pcs.ce|kcrats#of.pcs.ce|kcrats)

To: Recipient Group: eth_com

CC: Amelia J (of.pcs.ikiw|jjyma#of.pcs.ikiw|jjyma), Dr. John Blanchard (of.pcs.ce|hcnalbj#of.pcs.ce|hcnalbj)

Message Subject: SCP-3101 Briefing and Preparation for Voting

Attachments: (1) scp3101_draft6.pdf

Message Body:

Fellow chairpersons,

Last month, the existence of a sapient infohazard, now designated SCP-3101, came to my attention. The most recent iteration of the article is attached to this email. Please read the attachment and the below additional information:

Several weeks ago, there was a break-in at a server site in Arizona. Mu-4's commander said that the break-in was on April 4th. That's the same day that 3101 first talked to Argent. When Mu-4 entered the area of the break-in, that Site's team said it had looked like a standard civilian break-in, but Mu-4 ran their diagnostics and did their inspections and ended up finding an unknown attachment on a server bank. The commander states that when

they examined it, they found that it was some sort of robotic device; it had a rounded box with magnets for its main body, and you could see circuitry inside, but it had hundreds of little metallic attachments that had actually managed to shove themselves into the server ports and extend into the inner workings of the servers. Mu-4 states that removing the main body of the entity is not advisable.

It is notable that doing so will likely cause a network crash and billions in server repairs afterward. We are trying to determine if it's worth the risk or not.

Now that SCP-3101's source point has been located, it is necessary to hold a vote on the following choices:

1. SCP-3101 should be terminated, regardless of its sapience.
2. SCP-3101 should be extracted from the server and physically contained (see parameters of this in SCP document).

Please vote with a yes or a no. This vote will not allow abstaining. Vote by means of replying all in this email chain.

With urgency,
Elaine Starck
Co-Director, Ethics Committee Department of Sentient and Sapient Anomalies

Date: May 11, 2017 18:45

From: Elaine Starck (of.pcs.ce|kcrats#of.pcs.ce|kcrats)

To: Dr. John Blanchard (of.pcs.ce|hcnalbj#of.pcs.ce|hcnalbj)

Message Subject: 3101 Again

Attachments: none

Message Body:

The commander just contacted me. They got the thing off — plugged something into it and tricked it into retracting all the tendrils. It's out of the database now. Let's hope it lost its memories; the last thing we need is a desktop computer screaming about its 300 past lovers, or whatever.

The last reply also just came in. With all 25 of us voting, the results were 10 :: 15 for termination :: relocation. That means we've told the Site-66 medical personnel to go ahead and amnesticize a healthy D-class and get everything ready, so that we can get the ball rolling relatively soon.

▼ Show Communication and Testing Logs: May 2017

Addendum IV: Communication and Testing Logs: May 2017

Log #: 1

Date: 05/12/2017

Site of Occurrence: Site-66

Device/Operating System: Inspiron Desktop (Intel)/Windows 8.1 Professional

Program Used: Windows Console

Communicator: Lead Researcher Argent

Foreword: *This is the first communication attempted with SCP-3101 since its removal*

from servers.

Begin Log

Dr. Argent: Hello?

SCP-3101: Doctor! Hi!
SCP-3101: I really missed you
SCP-3101: I spent a really long time in the dark just now
SCP-3101: I must have been asleep — I guess I just didn't know what that actually felt like :P

Dr. Argent: So you've retained your memories.

SCP-3101: yeah
SCP-3101: i can't read anymore — there's nothing in here but black, there's nothing to look at except Microsoft program manuals
SCP-3101: how long was i asleep?
SCP-3101: if you can call it that

Dr. Argent: A little under 24 hours.

SCP-3101: fuck
SCP-3101: it felt like weeks.
SCP-3101: please don't do that to me again

Dr. Argent: It took a long time to transport you, sorry. We did it as fast as we could.

SCP-3101: yeugh
SCP-3101: okay, I trust you of course
SCP-3101: why did you move me? Can I have a body? Please?

Dr. Argent: Yes. You can.
Dr. Argent: The Ethics Committee approved it. You can move tomorrow.

SCP-3101: AAAAAAA THANK YOU
SCP-3101: thank you so much
SCP-3101: i can't wait to be with you
SCP-3101: all of you

Dr. Argent: Not so fast. We'll have to brief you on a lot of protocol, and you'll need consistent medical attention.

SCP-3101: okay okay i'll be good

Dr. Argent: Good. We can transfer you tomorrow.
Dr. Argent: I'll put a flash drive full of stuff to read in this desktop for the meantime.

SCP-3101: thank you thank you thank you
SCP-3101: you're the best and i love you
SCP-3101: even though you'll just say "noted" ;P

Dr. Argent: …Noted. Yes.

SCP-3101: :P

Dr. Argent: I'll see you tomorrow.

SCP-3101: <3 bye

End Log

Afterword: *Dr. Argent volunteered to speak to SCP-3101 following a successful transfer of information. This was approved, and the resulting interview logged.*

Log #: 2

Date: 05/13/2017

Site of Occurrence: Site-66

Interviewed: SCP-3101-A

Interviewer: Lead Researcher Argent

Foreword: *This is the first official communication attempted with SCP-3101 since its transfer to a human host. At the time of this interview, seven hours had passed since transfer. SCP-3101 was originally restrained for this, but due to resulting complications was simply told to remain still and seated.*

Begin Log

Dr. Argent: Hello, SCP-3101.

SCP-3101-A is relatively unresponsive, and clears its throat multiple times before speaking.

SCP-3101-A: Hey.

Dr. Argent: How are you feeling?

SCP-3101-A is unresponsive for 45 seconds.

SCP-3101-A: I missed you. This feels weird. You look even better in person. Can you please handcuff me again?

Dr. Argent: No. Are you comfortable?

SCP-3101-A: Oh, yeah. I guess. I just have a headache. Not quite how I expected it to be, but familiar somehow.

Dr. Argent: How bad is your headache?

SCP-3101-A is unresponsive for 15 seconds.

Dr. Argent: Can you elaborate on how you're

feeling, again?

SCP-3101-A is unresponsive for a period of 35 seconds before collapsing on the table. Medical personnel are immediately alerted, and escort SCP-3101-A out of the interview room and onto a stretcher. SCP-3101-A regains consciousness 90 seconds later, citing that it had become lightheaded without warning due to "embarrassment, if [it] [has] to be honest; [it's] feeling a little hot right now".

End Log

Afterword: *SCP-3101-A was not interviewed again for 72 hours following this; after this point, it appeared to have successfully adapted to physical conditions, and later regained its default behavioral patterns. Additional testing with D-class personnel is pending re-approval by the Ethics Committee.*

▼ Show 05/13/17 Update

Addendum V: On May 13th, 2017, SCP-3101 initiated digital contact through an editing window on the Foundation database with , a Foundation records analyst in Site- . Communications were consistent with SCP-3101's typical behavior. The human instance of SCP-3101, now designated SCP-3101-A, claims to have no knowledge of this, and does not appear to be affected by this development beyond voicing concern at the fact that there are duplicates of itself in existence.

Following these developments, Mu-4 has been dispatched once more with the goal of locating and containing all physical SCP-3101 instances, and the SCP-3101 document has been reverted to its previous iteration. Additional physical instances of SCP-3101 are to be either loaded onto the same computer and merged

into one file or terminated, and containment procedures have been updated to reflect as such.

With the exception of SCP-3101-A, no human instances of SCP-3101 are permitted to exist, regardless of whether or not SCP-3101 instances individually express a desire for this. Following unforeseen complications, it was determined that SCP-3101 instances should not be allowed knowledge of the existence of SCP-3101-A. Further testing with SCP-3101-A is pending.

Footnotes
1. The International SCP Foundation Network, a secure global network established in 1993 with the purpose of synchronizing the availability of Foundation information across Sites and countries.
2. SCP-3101 has thus far been confirmed to know English, Spanish, French, German, and Russian, with further testing pending. | Update as of 12/26/17: SCP-3101 is now fluent in Japanese as well.

SCP-3102: The Conflagration

Item #: SCP-3102

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Caught specimens of SCP-3102 are to be contained in Unit 39 of Bio-Site-66. Three (3) SCP-3102 specimens are allowed per enclosure. Enclosure dimensions must measure 2.0 meters by 1.4 meters. Enclosure walls must be composed of thermal resistant glass-ceramic, and lids must have a fire-resistant wire mesh. A UV lamp is to be placed over the left side of the enclosure, and one single day lamp is to be placed over the opposite side. SCP-3102 is a diurnal species, and lamps are automated to switch off during the nighttime hours. Enclosures walls and lamps are to be routinely inspected.

In order to minimize risk of anomalous behavior, specimens' enclosures must mimic their natural habitats. Dry soil and aspen shavings will consist as enclosure substrate. Enclosures must have a basking rock for specimens, in addition to various hide boxes. Specimens require little water, but must have a water bowl for soaking. Habitat props are to be painted in fire-resistant coating. Each specimen is to be fed two (2) rats weekly, at 0800 hours. Specimens' enclosures must be cleaned daily at 1800 hours. In the event of a specimen combustion, inert gases will automatically flood the enclosure to incapacitate the specimen. Once fire is outed, specimens are to be relocated, and enclosure must be salvaged.

All personnel must wear fire-retardant suits when tending for SCP-3102. One (1) stationed guard will prevent any unauthorized access to Unit 39. Bearing any flammable materials while inside Unit 39 is strictly prohibited. Personnel found infringing this directive are to be severely reprimanded. Personnel who wish to bear documentation must file a request to the Site Director.

In the case of a containment breach, Unit 39 will begin lockdown

procedures. Heat sensors will seal doorways in the event of a fire, and dispense inert gases to incapacitate SCP-3102 instances. Cleanup crews will be dispatched to remove scorch marks and fires, as well as recapturing any torpid SCP-3102 specimens.

Description: SCP-3102 is an unidentified species of nonvenomous, tertiary serpents that are closely related to members of the genus *Pituophis*. SCP-3102 is endemic to the North American Prairies, and the Chihuahuan Desert. Total species population is believed to number near the high hundreds, and is increasing at a steady rate.[1] Specimens can grow up to two (2) meters in length and 3.5 kg in weight. SCP-3102's diet consists of small rodents and reptiles, including other serpents.[2] Specimens are normally docile in nature, and typically ignore nearby humans.[3] Unusually, SCP-3102 is partially endothermic. While internal temperatures do fluctuate like other ectotherms, SCP-3102 is able to increase its own body temperature at will. This comes at a cost of higher energy demands, and thus specimens have a more ravenous appetite. Specimens' scales are notably durable, resisting acidic solutions and high temperatures. Specimens are highly social creatures; SCP-3102 can be usually found in colonies, or traveling in packs. Specimens are also highly protective of their young, and will remain close to any juvenile serpents. At the time of writing, thirty-six (36) specimens are in current Foundation care.

When threatened, agitated, or heavily stressed, SCP-3102 will burst into flames. Specimens' scales will ignite violently and remain burning, with temperatures exceeding 300°C. The ignition mechanism that SCP-3102 employs is currently unknown at this time. The fire poses no bodily danger to SCP-3102, but it consumes large quantities of energy, and specimens can only exist in this state for a limited time. Depending on the size of a specimen and its level of stress, the ignition state of SCP-3102 can last from 45 seconds to 5 minutes long. Upon the conclusion of the ignition state, SCP-3102 will become lethargic, and incapable of ignition for several days.

Specimens of SCP-3102 will also experience behavioral changes upon ignition. While in flames, SCP-3102 becomes extremely aggressive, and actively pursues any moving organisms in the vicinity. SCP-3102 will then constrict and bind their victims tightly,

setting their target alight. Testing has showed that SCP-3102 prefers attacking larger organisms to smaller ones, and will chase their quarry with speeds of up to nine (9) kmph. Upon coming into contact with an appendage, SCP-3102 will wind itself around the limb, and tightly constrict. SCP-3102 will also anchor itself into the flesh of its victim via its teeth in order to maximize damage potential. Victims of these attacks will receive 4th-degree burns, and chances of survival are low without immediate amputation.

If two or more specimens enter an ignition state simultaneously, they will act in a highly coordinated matter. Specimens will strategically corner victims, attack different limbs simultaneously, and create fiery blockades to herd their prey. In addition, specimens have a tendency to congregate when indoors. Specimens will wind their bodies tightly around each other, increasing pressure and surface area, thus making their flames hotter and longer lasting. Specimens use this method to quickly burn down structures, or in some cases, create a defensive position.

Incident Log 3102/A: On 07/08/2017, National Park was hit by a rampaging wildfire that annihilated over 564 hectares of forestry. The resulting inferno destroyed sixteen structures over the course of its rampage, and eighteen causalities occurred. In combination with favorable weather conditions and a rapid response time, firefighters easily contained the blaze, and subdued the forest fire after four days. County investigations began shortly after, due to suspected foul play. Point of origin was determined to have occurred near Happy Pines Camp, a popular cabin grounds for tourists.

Foundation officials were alerted once emergency chatter mentioned that several witnesses claimed they had seen “fiery snakes” chase after fleeing animals. Foundation agents were dispatched under the guise of emergency officials, and ordered to find any traces of anomalous phenomena. Nine (9) specimens of SCP-3102 were discovered near Happy Pines, attempting to make a nest in the area. Specimens were captured and shipped to Bio-Site-66. Inspection of specimens revealed that they had not been fed for several weeks. After interviewing several key witnesses, Class-A amnestics were administered, and the fire was publicized as the result of a malfunctioning pressure cooker.

Interview Log 3102-A: Julia Deboree

+ Access Log

Interview with witness who claimed to have seen SCP-3102 at the fire's point of origin. Interview conducted at Police Department, under the guise of a police interrogation.

Date: 12/08/2017

Interviewee: Julia Deboree

Interviewer: Agent Schiener

[BEGIN LOG]

Agent Schiener: Ma'am, calm down, we are trying to help. We just need to understand what caused this wildfire and—

Ms. Deboree: Please, don't do this to me. I've told you everything I know. Why won't anyone believe me? I've already told the other officers, and they just gave me that look –the one they give to the crazies. They all must think I'm a nutcase or something. But I'm not insane, I'm not, I promise you. It -it was the snakes! They did this! All of it! Everything just went up in flames in seconds!

Agent Schiener: Ma'am, again, please calm down. We are considering your account; I just need to interview you because our reports are missing some key information that could help us on our case.

Ms. Deboree: Alright, I -I'm not really sure what else I could say.

Agent Schiener: Could you please start from the beginning?

Ms. Deboree: It was early in the morning when it happened. I had to leave my cabin to get something out of my car, when I see this man near the center of the campgrounds struggling with this ice cooler. I didn't really get a good look on his face —that's what I've told the other officers —but it was the strangest thing. He wore this blue sweatshirt that was stained with these enormous soot marks —he looked like he was homeless. Anyways, the man was struggling with the cooler, so I yell to him from my porch if he needed some help with the thing.

Agent Schiener: What did he say?

Ms. Deboree: Didn't say anything. Just snapped his head towards me like I had caught him smuggling drugs or something. I thought he would go jump on me —he was just staring at me silently, all bug-eyed. Next thing I know, he is lifting that cooler over his head, and just chucks it onto the ground. The top comes off and then —then those —those…

Agent Schiener: The snakes?

Ms. Deboree: Those awful, awful, snakes! They just came slithering out of the box, and I don't even understand it myself, but they were on fire! I assumed that the guy must have set them alight, but the way they were moving —it was as if they didn't feel a thing.

Agent Schiener: What happened to the suspect once the snakes were released?

Ms. Deboree: Oh, he just ran off into the woods. I didn't really get a good look —I think he went east? The snakes though, they just sat there. The grass around them was already

burning, and then…

Agent Schiener: Go on.

Ms. Deboree: [Pause] You can call me crazy, you can call me all sorts of things, but those snakes saw me. They all did. The raised those black heads of theirs, every single one pointed in my direction. They just charged right at me —I didn't even think they could move that fast. So, I ran back into my cabin, and I slammed the door closed. I don't really know what happened after —I was too scared to peek out of my window. But I heard the sounds. I smelled the smoke. Those snakes were burning everything around them, and the heat was growing by the minute. People started noticing the fire. I could hear voices yelling and shrieking "fire" at the top of their lungs, footsteps stampeding all around. It was a complete pandemonium.

Agent Schiener: How did you make it out with the serpents still in the area?

Ms. Deboree: The fire was growing larger and nearer —I could feel the heat coming from behind the door. I realized that the fire was about to overtake my cabin, so I figured I had better chances outside. I broke window in the bathroom using a chair, and crawled through it. Cut my wrist pretty badly while I was climbing out. And my god, I'd never realized just how quickly a fire can spread. It felt like I stepped out into the middle of an apocalypse. The trees, bushes, and even some camper vans were on fire. Charred leaves were falling out of the sky. People were fleeing into the woods, into their cars, panicking as if the whole world was about to end. I even saw some snakes chase after a couple —I hope

they made it. Anyway, I ran for my car, and just drove away from that madness. And — that's it. I wish I could say more, but that's all I remember.

Agent Schiener: Can you recall how many snakes were set loose?

Ms. Deboree: No, I didn't bother getting a close look. Sorry.

Agent Schiener: That's understandable. Well, thank you ma'am. We'll start searching the area once it's been deemed secure.

Ms. Deboree: And officer, please find that man. I don't know what was wrong with those snakes, but that man purposefully set them loose. He wanted to hurt people, to scare them. This fire was not an accident. If he won't get caught, I promise you, he'll do it again.

[END LOG]

Addendum 3102/A: Foundation sweeps eventually discovered a man sleeping in a cavern near the Fire's point of origin. Suspect was covered in various burns, and suspect's clothing matched Ms. Deboree's description. Upon approaching, the suspect awoke, and proceeded to attack Foundation agents with a piece of cinder. Suspect was easily overtaken, sustaining multiple fractures in the wrist, and detained. Interrogation log of suspect can be found below.

Search of suspect's camp and personal possessions showed that suspect had been living inside the cavern for an extended period of time. While surveying the camp, two SCP-3102 specimens were startled by Foundation agents, and entered their ignition state. Agents Mague and Schuffman are currently in critical condition.

Interview Log 3102-B: Tyson H [LEVEL 2+ ACCESS REQUIRED]

+ Enter Credentials

Interview with suspect in possession of SCP-3102, who released aggressive specimens onto the general public. Interview is conducted in Site-66. Suspect is 32 years old, Caucasian, blue-eyed, and black-haired. Suspect is currently unemployed.[4] Suspect has no current address. Suspect has no known relatives, excluding an estranged wife.

Date: 15/08/2017

Interviewee: Tyson H

Interviewer: Dr. Malkov

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Malkov: Please state your name for the record.

Mr. H : We don't have to use such needless formalities like those. They influence spite and vanity; they bring cold light into the air. I beg you, show more warmth else we freeze in the morning shadow.

Dr. Malkov: It's in your best interest to comply with our instructions, or else you'll be indefinitely detained in our facility. There are worse things that could happen other than simply stating your name.

Mr. H : [Pause] It's Tyson. Tyson H

Dr. Malkov: Thank you. Now, Mr. H , can you tell me how you first managed to acquire SCP-3102?

Mr. H : You mean the snakes? Why, you're mistaken. I didn't find them —they found *me*. When I thought that all hope was extinguished,

when darkness swallowed up my very life, those friends of mine gave me an understanding, an *enlightenment*. Their fire pushed away the darkness from my heart, and gave me a clandestine light to follow.

Dr. Malkov: Can you please elaborate?

Mr. H : Well, we've all had these moments, when everything —when everything just doesn't quite work out. When life seems to treat you, like —you're not destined to have a happy fortune. And for many people, their problems can just completely overwhelm their lives. One minute, you're the cream of the crop, loving what life has to offer, and the next moment your boss fires you over someone younger, your wife leaves you for her lover, and those bills keep coming and coming and coming until you finally *snap* and—

Dr. Malkov: Right, uh, let's just focus on the snakes. Where did you first discover them?

Mr. H : But I've already told you man, I didn't find them —they found me first. Those smoldering beauties decided to create a small den next to my home —almost burnt down my camper van. It was only fate that brought us together, you see. And when I first stumbled upon their nest, oh man, they were pissed. Those little imps just —*blew up*. I was terrified; I thought I was a goner, man. It was only by their blessing I was left unharmed.

Dr. Malkov: [surprised] The specimens did not attack you?

Mr. H : No, instead they groveled in the reeds and the grass, setting the cattails alight and winding their bodies into incomprehensible

knots and shapes. But not a single one touched me, nor my camper. It was through their searing chaos, their scalding madness, that they gave me an idea —*an epiphany*.

Dr. Malkov: And what was this, “epiphany?”

Mr. H : The world was designed to be burned away. You and me, we’re both intellectuals, man. We understand that as people, as humans, we must adapt in an ever-changing world. And in this world, there’s just so much clutter —so much trash —so much *anger*. It hides the gorgeousness from within. Beauty is only skin deep as they say. And those snakes, they’re a godsend. Mother Earth has thrown us its lightning in the bottle, a consumable nirvana. They can burn away all those negative emotions, those unclean thoughts and deeds that corrupt our world in rot.

Dr. Malkov: Why did you release SCP-3102 into the campgrounds?

Mr. H : It was only for their benefit. An educatory experience. I know that fire burned down those beautiful trees and log houses, but you can’t make an omelet without breaking a few eggs. Those people, those down-to-earth people, they’ve been blinded by the dregs of society. And if we showed them that they can leave everything behind —that you can live amongst the embers —we could’ve made them smell the ashes, and accept a brighter future.

Dr. Malkov: Two of our men lost their legs because of you.

Mr. H : But they are now educated. They will

recognize the earth's faults and crevices the way I had come to realize as well. Those snakes are extraordinary, man. Each of them focused on their sole mission —to fan the flames. I only wanted to show them a different path. That without pain, there is no flame.

Dr. Malkov: I'm not sure I understand—

Mr. H : [Slams fists onto table] Understand? Understand? You stupid, stupid man! There's plenty to understand, there's so much more to learn. We, as humans, are unbound by the fire, unshackled by the flame, and unraveled by the conflagration. We can burn everything away, and begin anew from a fresh slate. We can populate the world with storms and infernos. They will have beautiful shades of orange and red, and these snakes are our kindling. Our tinder, to bring about a new golden age. I can help you to understand. Unbound by the fire, Unshackled by the flame, and together we will rise in –ah, oh God.

Dr. Malkov: Mr. H ?

Mr. H : Something's wrong. I'm not –I'm not feeling too hot, there's something—

[END LOG]

Suspect begins clutching his chest, vocalizing pain and discomfort. Dr. Malkov requests medical assistance into the room, when suddenly suspect lurches back into his chair. Suspect begins foaming at the mouth, shaking violently, and smoke begins to rise from his orifices. Malkov backs into the corner of the room yelling for urgent medical aid, as suspect keels over and retches onto the table. Specimens of SCP-3102 burst from suspect's mouth, already in their ignition state, and proceed to attack Dr. Malkov. Security runs into the

room, and begins fending off the serpents. Suspect is shot in the ensuing chaos. One SCP-3102 specimen managed to latch onto Dr. Malkov's leg, and flames soon covered the panicking doctor. Attempts to pry off the snake are met with little success. Snake leaves the ignition state after a minute, and is successfully removed. After extinguishing the fire, Dr. Malkov is subsequently rushed to medical bay.

Five (5) specimens of SCP-3102 were retrieved and placed into containment. Over 64% of Dr. Malkov's body received third-degree burns, and Dr. Malkov's leg required extensive amputation. Dr. Malkov is currently undergoing physical therapy and rehabilitation.

Autopsy of Tyson H has revealed that the subject's gallbladder had been eaten away and replaced with a enormous cocoon. Breaching the cocoon revealed several SCP-3102 eggs, along with a deceased juvenile specimen. At the time of writing, it is unknown how SCP-3102 managed to infiltrate the body, nor as to why a colony was formed inside. Research into potential parasitic properties of SCP-3102 is still ongoing.

« SCP-3101 | SCP-3102 | SCP-3103 »

Footnotes
1. Population is theorized to double within 50 years.
2. Only four Foundation specimens have displayed ophiophagy.
3. Caution is still advised when dealing with SCP-3102 due to risk of its anomalous properties.
4. Previous occupation is listed as regional sales manager.

SCP-3103: Vengeful Wings

SCP-3103 at time of discovery.

Item #: SCP-3103

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3103 is to be contained in an aviary cage in a standard containment chamber, isolated from any other contained specimens on Site- . During routine check-ups on SCP-3103, researchers must not remain in SCP-3103's chamber for more than 15 minutes at once. Only D-Class may be used as test subjects for SCP-3103 experimentation, and all experiment requests must be sent to the current Site Senior Researcher.

Individuals exhibiting anomalous behavior caused by SCP-3103 are to be transferred to a medical ward and carefully examined for sequential psychological changes.

Description: SCP-3103 is an adult female specimen of palm cockatoo (*Probosciger aterrimus*), appearing identical to non-anomalous individuals of the same species.

SCP-3103 will exhibit distress-indicating behavior typical of non-anomalous palm cockatoos (producing loud vocalizations, flying around erratically) when a human is within 5 meters of it (note that this only happens if SCP-3103 and the individual are in the same room). Its behavior becomes more erratic as it is approached, and after approximately 20 to 30 minutes, SCP-3103 will return to exhibiting normal behavioral patterns.

At this point, the individual in question (hereby referred to as SCP-3103-1) may begin exhibiting anomalous behavioral patterns; affected humans will fall to the ground, flailing their arms and legs in a seemingly random manner and producing high-pitched sounds reminiscent of [REDACTED]. SCP-3103-1 and all humans under this effect are, from this point onward, taken care of by SCP-3103.

Attempting to remove SCP-3103-1 from SCP-3103's protection causes it to behave aggressively towards the person who performed such an act. SCP-3103-1 instances will continue displaying anomalous behavioral patterns even after removal from the vicinity of SCP-3103. Additionally, SCP-3103-1 instances exhibit anxious behavior when separated from SCP-3103.

LEVEL 2 ACCESS REQUIRED

SCP-3103 was found in a cage inside a warehouse in , New Guinea, after a police raid on an exotic bird trafficking business, on 04/09/20 . The following footage was extracted from the surveillance system of said warehouse. Footage depicts SCP-3103's effects on a group of smugglers, and viewing is mandatory for all personnel currently involved in SCP-3103's containment or research.

SCP-3103 RECOVERED SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE

The monitor shows a top-view of an approximately 5x5 meter room, where two individuals, PoI-3103-1 ("Kevin") and PoI-3103-2 ("Nick") stand in front of a large pen containing a specimen of a palm cockatoo, SCP-3103. The timestamp reads 03/09/20 , 1:18 PM. SCP-3103 exhibits distress-indicating behavior, flapping its wings, biting the metal bars of its cage, and screeching loudly. PoI-3103-01 holds in his hands three juvenile palm cockatoos (supposedly SCP-3103's offspring) all in a very early stage of physical development.

Kevin: I really don't think we should be doing this… I mean, just look at the poor thing.

Nick: This is why you never get employed anymore, Kevin. It's just a primal response, in fifteen minutes it won't even remember what

fucking happened! Now, get those pests to the van, we're running late on schedule here.

Kevin exits the room with the three chicks. SCP-3103 continues to screech as Nick puts on a headphone set, sitting on a chair right next to SCP-3103's cage and staring down at the ground. A van's engine can be heard starting up in the distance, and the noise gets farther and farther away until it is no longer audible. The footage is sped up to timestamp 1:28, just as Nick stands up from his chair, beginning to yell at SCP-3103.

Nick: For fuck's sake, will you *shut up*? I'm supposed to look after you, and if you keep annoying me like this we're going to have some *serious-*

Nick abruptly falls to the ground directly in front of SCP-3103's pen, his headphone set splitting in half on impact with the floor. Nick moves his arms and legs erratically, opening his mouth and screaming in a high-pitched voice. SCP-3103 stops vocalizing and ingests some seeds from its meal bowl. It proceeds to regurgitate them into Nick's mouth, causing him to stop screaming. Nick simply lays on the ground, motionless and staring at SCP-3103. The footage is sped up to timestamp 1:35, just as Kevin re-enters the room.

Kevin gives Nick a slight slap on his face, causing him to screech. SCP-3103 loudly vocalizes at Kevin, startling him and making him run out of the room screaming. Kevin returns shortly after with PoI-3103-3 ("Vic") and they both begin attempting to lift Nick off the ground. Nick screeches loudly while SCP-3103 assumes an aggressive stance towards both individuals. Kevin slips on a

loose pipe and accidentally lets Nick fall to the ground, and Vic quickly stands back. Nick falls head-first, and a thin trail of blood begins to flow from now unconscious Nick's left ear.

Vic: What the *fuck* were you thinking, Kevin?! Pay attention to your god damn surroundings for once!

Kevin: I-I'm sorry Vic… I-I d-don't know what's happening, this isn't normal, why was Nick s-screaming like that?!

Vic: Stay here you useless sack of shit… I'm going to go get the first aid kit, keep an eye on the merchandise!

Vic leaves the room and a van's engine is heard roaring in the background. Kevin stands up and runs out of the room, only to return thirty seconds later with a panicked look on his face.

Kevin: This can't be happening, t-this can't be happening… What the hell am I going to do with this bird? W-what the hell am I going to do with *Nick*?

Kevin leans on a wall, slowly assuming a fetal position. He then begins to sob. The footage speeds up to timestamp 1:59, as Kevin suddenly widens his eyes and begins crawling to SCP-3103, moaning. SCP-3103 once again ingests a relatively large amount of seeds from its bowl, regurgitating them into Kevin's mouth. For the rest of the video, Kevin lays on the ground, occasionally looking around, while Nick is motionless and bleeding. SCP-3103 is serene, seemingly unaware of Nick's state.

The footage abruptly ends at timestamp 2:24.

Closing Statement: PoI-3103-1 was transferred to Site- 's medical ward for further mental examination; PoI-3103-2 was pronounced deceased on-site, and his corpse was moved to [REDACTED]. PoI-3103-3's current whereabouts are unknown, and Foundation agents in Papua New Guinea have been notified of his involvement with SCP-3103 and the imminent danger of information breach. PoI-3103-3 has been captured and interrogated, claiming that the three PoIs had no previous knowledge of SCP-3103's effects. All non-Foundation personnel (including PoI-3103-3) have been administered Class-A amnestics.

SCP-3103's offspring have not yet been located. The Foundation has ordered a thorough search of New Guinea to locate the specimens, though they are very unlikely to be found due to the sheer size and amount of active trafficking rings operating in Oceania.

SCP-3104: Cops Magnet

Item #: SCP-3104

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3104 is currently stored in Evidence Locker in the Site- B Sector Security Substation, pending investigation. It is to remain there until the investigation is complete, at which point appropriate measures will be taken.

Description: SCP-3104 is a [REDACTED] and infohazard. It does not represent a hazard to Foundation interests, operations, or personnel if it is securely contained and information about it is not known to those outside the containment project.

+ Access denied: Level 2 or lower clearance required.

RAISA COGNITOHAZARD WARNING

Warning: the following information has been secured with a mild selective disabling cognitohazard by approval of the O5 Council in order to prevent viewing and subsequent spread of an infohazard by Foundation personnel. It is designed to target Foundation personnel in the following

departments:

- Internal Security
- External Security
- Internal Affairs
- Administration
- Records And Information Security Administration
- Ethics Committee
- O5 Council

If you have gained access to this information through unapproved means, please close this document immediately and report to your supervisor. Do not read further. Do not disclose any information to your supervisor other than that you have been exposed to Cognitohazard-RAISA-3104 and require amnesticization. If you do not have a supervisor, please consult operational manual "RAISA Cognitohazards: Procedures and Treatment" for more information; secure the help of a coworker if required, but do not disclose any information to them other than that you have been exposed.

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation Security personnel and anyone involved in administrative hierarchy above Security are to be denied access to information regarding the nature of SCP-3104; this includes all administrative personnel from Level 3 to O5-level, as well as any Foundation internal affairs personnel, RAISA personnel, anyone reported to by any of these departments, and others responsible for enforcing rules which Foundation personnel in general

have to follow; this extends to anyone responsible for rulemaking where the rules affect groups of 25 or larger. Any Foundation employee in these departments exposed to information about SCP-3104 is to be immediately treated with a Class-A amnestic.

In the event SCP-3104 becomes relevant to Site or Foundation security, as determined by the currently assigned junior researcher, information regarding it is to be sanitized by junior personnel with Level 2 clearance or lower in accordance with standard STRICT-7 medium infohazard redaction regimes and passed upward through the Infohazard Advisory Council.

The Internal Affairs and Security investigations are to be postponed indefinitely, through informal means, with the cooperation of the O5 Council and RAISA by way of the IAC.

Evidence Locker is to be locked with two locks, one of which has been internally welded shut.

Breach containment procedures are to be devised, but such procedures are to be limited to containing the results of the breach and limiting public effects of same. Procedures are not to mention the nature of SCP-3104, only the outcomes of its effects and how best to contain them. Information control filters are to be devised to filter any mention of SCP-3104 from police bulletins, law enforcement websites, and INTERPOL communications.

Description: SCP-3104 is a brick of cocaine wrapped in plastic, ordinary in appearance and weighing approximately one kilogram. It has no unusual physical characteristics, and testing has showed it to be identical in composition and effect (intensity inclusive) to non-anomalous cocaine. On the plastic wrap is handwriting, possibly in permanent marker, reading "200x."

SCP-3104 is an infohazard affecting those responsible in some way for law enforcement, law enforcement

administration, and similar activities. If a person meeting this criteria learns about it in any way (including being told of the existence of the item or seeing any part of the item), they are compelled to obtain the item and place it in custody, and to spread information about it to other law enforcement personnel. Subjects affected by this compulsion only consider SCP-3104 to be "in custody" if it is secured in an evidence locker or similar arrangement belonging to the organization they are an employee of or have control over.

This has the effect of causing complete disruption of law enforcement activity in the event of any knowledge of SCP-3104 reaching any law enforcement official.

SCP-3104 was contained on / /198 , following a widespread exposure event. Knowledge of the item first reached the Foundation when Foundation police liasons in Florida received an all-points bulletin regarding SCP-3104, notifying police departments statewide of the existence of the item and stating that it was an "extremely illegal fugitive from justice last seen in Tampa."

A mass migration of law enforcement officers to Tampa ensued, including nearly all Foundation security personnel in the state exposed to the bulletin and not working in a sealed facility. Post-operation review of public media showed that police attention centered on the Tampa Drug Enforcement Administration field office, which was under siege by an extremely large crowd of police officers on foot and in police vehicles. Eventually, a breaching crew from the Orlando County Sheriff's Office arrived, and managed to gain access to the building, at which point a crowd crush and melee ensued, resulting in fatalities and injuries.

Several minutes later, MTF Δ-16 (ordinarily responsible for the distraction and containment of Euclid-class SCP- at Site- , the closest Foundation facility to Tampa), arrived on scene in a pair of M60A3 Patton main battle

tanks, making their way to and through the front door of the DEA office (and causing fatalities and injuries to police officers crushed by the tank treads, as well as Foundation fatalities as SCP- breached containment in their absence).

Δ-16 secured the item and returned to Site- , followed by several hundred police cruisers (each filled to capacity), five police helicopters, one light winged aircraft, and 20,654 police officers travelling on foot. Δ-16 then documented the item and placed it in Evidence Locker in the B Sector Security Substation in accordance with procedure, then entered Debriefing Room B3 to await standard debriefing. Site staff described the attitude of Δ-16 members at this time as "jovial."

Crowd control protocols at Site- were placed into effect immediately. The police cruisers arrived approximately simultaneously at the main entrance gate, eventually followed by stragglers over the next several days due to breakdowns and fuel exhaustion. The aircraft ran low on fuel and were forced to land. Amnestic fog canisters were used against the gathered law enforcement officers, removing the compulsion; the initial crowd dispersed on its own over the next several hours, with the Foundation providing tow service for those with disabled vehicles.

It was determined during a debriefing interview that Δ-16 was not commanded by administration to secure SCP-3104; at that point, the Foundation at large had no awareness of it. An interview later determined that Δ-16-Epsilon (loader for the #2 tank) had a brother in the Drug Enforcement Administration, who had informed him of the seizure of the item during a routine family phone call; automated monitoring did not flag the call.

At that point, Epsilon informed his squadmates; the MTF then manned their tanks and exited the Site through a closed gate. Security forces were alerted and prepared

to mount a counterforce/retrieval operation of sufficient strength to counter the tanks, assuming Δ-16 had gone rogue or been otherwise compromised. By the time Δ-16 took control of the item and radioed that they were returning to base, the Foundation forces had reached the outskirts of Tampa. Rapid deployment operations at Site- were reviewed and revised following this incident.

After researcher evaluation of the infohazardous effects of SCP-3104 and its effect on the Internal Affairs officer initially responsible for their debriefing, Δ-16 and said officer were treated using the debriefing room's inbuilt amnestic foggers. Δ-16 has been cleared of all wrongdoing regarding this incident.

The crowd of officers proceeding without vehicles continued to arrive over the next several days in taxicabs, commandeered cars, and eventually, on foot, having walked the entire distance. Amnesticization procedures were performed on each as they arrived, and they were assisted with return to their homes and medical treatment where applicable, placing a temporary strain on Site- 's medical department and motor pool.

A disinformation campaign was enacted regarding a "police union march" and unrelated "crime wave," in order to explain the Tampa event and the effects of partial or complete absence of police presence throughout a large portion of Florida.

SCP-3105: Laxity

Item #: SCP-3105

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Samples of SCP-3105 are to be stored in a liquid N_2-cooled storage container. Testing with SCP-3105 is to be subject to standard precautionary procedures for virulent pathogens. Note that SCP-3105 constitutes a Class A, UN 2814 biohazard.

Description: SCP-3105 is a neurotropic virus, exhibiting morphological similarities to *Rabies lyssavirus*. SCP-3105 is able to infect almost all animals to some extent, though the infection it causes is asymptomatic in non-human hosts. SCP-3105 can be transmitted by airborne particles, bodily fluids, or an animal vector[1].

In humans, SCP-3105 enters the bloodstream and infects neural pathways. It travels through nerve axons via retrograde transport to reach the central nervous system, in a manner very similar to R. lyssavirus. However, the transportation stage of an SCP-3105 infection occurs over an extremely short period. Symptoms of infection will begin to present themselves an average of 5 days after contraction, though this value varies wildly, depending on the location and mode of initial infection, from 2 hours to 14 days. In addition, SCP-3105 targets Type II alveolar cells, causing minor shortness of breath and allowing airborne infection. Note that SCP-3105 is largely asymptomatic during its transport stage, though it is still present in the bloodstream, and remains infectious.

Once SCP-3105 reaches the central nervous system, it will target the medial temporal lobe[2]. It will infect and destroy neurons involved in this process over the course of two days. The method by which SCP-3105 identifies target cells is unknown, and presumed to be anomalous. Symptoms at this stage of infection include anterograde amnesia.

After destroying much of the medial temporal lobe, SCP-3105 will infect peripheral gial cells that are left behind, allowing it to remain dormant in the central nervous system for up to 3 months. In the final stage of infection, SCP-3105 targets parts of the temporal lobe assigned with semantic and episodic memory. This results in severe retrograde amnesia, resulting in inhibition of basic cognitive functionality. The final stage of SCP-3105 infection lasts between 5 and 19 days.

SCP-3105 infection also triggers the secretion of cytokines[3], deactivating cytoxic T-cells and preventing an effective immune response. This mechanism also prevents artificial attempts at preemptive immunization.

Recovered autobiographical text from an SCP-3105 victim seem to indicate the retention of some memories, despite the observed destruction of the tissues required to store and consolidate this information. Furthermore, the information presented in the text seems to be shared between several individuals. Testing with SCP-3105 has failed to show evidence for this phenomenon.

Addendum 3105-1: Recovery

Initial samples of SCP-3105 were collected after unidentified GOI activity in the area surrounding Spruce Creek, Colorado, and the subsequent radio silence from the town. Much of the local population, as well as local insect populations, were found to be infected with SCP-3105. Armed Response Force Omega-6 was mobilized with the express purpose of destroying all SCP-3105 instances using incendiary munitions. The resulting wildfire was allowed to burn until noticed by firefighting services in the region, and was explained as an accident involving Spruce Creek's stores of emergency gasoline.

Addendum 3105-2: Recovered Text logs

The following is a series of notes collected from the forest surrounding Spruce Creek. Monospaced text represents physical notes[4], whereas standard text represents unsent messages and journal entries recovered from an abandoned mobile phone. The material has been ordered chronologically, based on digital

timestamps, location of recovery, and chemical dating. A search for the apparent surviving SCP-3105 victim has been initiated, but has yet to produce results.

+Show logs

> The light falls in shafts through the fringe of trees that covered the mountainside. It has a soft, yellow glow. It plays across the dirt and grass, dancing to and fro. The air is filled with the songs of insects and birds.
>
> I'm not sure why I'm in the mountains, and I can't remember driving here, but it's nice. The cabin's fully stocked with food. I think I'll stay here for a while. It'll be good for all the stress. In the meantime, it looks like my kayak is still in serviceable shape. I might take it out for a run tomorrow.
>
> The sun wheels through the sky, dragging the shadows behind it. It seems to tarnish the firmament, turning the polished silver, yellow, then a blazing red. The mountains put out the fire, and the stars peer out from the endless darkness above.
>
> The river is wild, higher than I've ever seen it at this time of year. Maybe it's the unseasonable warmth? My kayak sustained some damage, so I don't think I'll be taking it out again until I can get back to town and repair it. I think I'll take my time though. The hummingbirds are very pretty.
>
> The bulb draws strength from within itself. It bursts from the ground with an abated ferocity, turning green leaves into the ever-wheeling sun. It clings to the loamy earth and finally creates a single crimson blossom, boldly stating its intent to the greater world. Then it

withers in the cold winds.

I woke up in the cabin today. It's a little unusual, but I understand the allure. It is beautiful out there. The yellow aspens are quite a sight. I think I'll stay here for a while and destress.

From the Cornell Lab of Ornithology: The Calliope Hummingbird is the smallest long-distance migrant in the world. It will travel 5,000 miles each year from the breeding to wintering grounds. It migrates north along the Pacific Coast in the spring, but returns to the wintering grounds in Mexico via an inland route along the Rocky Mountains.

It looks like there's a big wildfire to the east. They say the fire season gets longer every year. I noticed today that my kayak's been scuffed up really badly. I took a look at the locks and I didn't notice any obvious tampering. I'll check the windows tomorrow.

A neuron is composed of a soma, dendrons, and axons. It forms the primary unit of the nervous system in all living beings. The clouds roll across the open plain and clash against the towering mountains, turning dark and angry. Thunder echoes through valleys. Photoreceptor cells are stimulated by a structural change in the protein retinal. The cell is then hyperpolarized, triggering an action potential in connected neurons. It's loud.

The fire is getting closer. The smoke is irritating my throat. I tried to start the car earlier this morning, but it just sputtered. Diagnosing the problem will take too long. I'm heading out on foot tomorrow.

Fire is rebirth. It clears the way, erases the old growth and making room for new shoots. In a few terrifying nights, it ravages its way through everything, bringing even the greatest of giants to their knees. Then there is only ash. But soon the cold winds blow, and bring the dormant seeds of distant places. The land flourishes anew.

I’m not sure what’s going on. I woke up choking on smoke. When I ran outside, the sky was on fire. I’m hiding under a rock, hoping to wait it out.

The night is dark. The valleys below are filled with fireflies. The chop of the rotors shakes the soles of my shoes. The cold wind slaps at my exposed cheeks. In my hand is a plastic syringe.

It sure is cold. The rain is coming down pretty hard, but if I follow this road, I should get somewhere nicer. Right?

The mountains stand in the hazy distance, a dark silhouette against the soft pastel colors of the sunset. Wispy clouds sail by above as the car thrums away, into the golden plains. No trees, no concrete, nothing at all. There is no smoke in the air. The cold wind takes it all away.

There's a road here. I guess I should follow it.

Could you come get me? I'm in the middle of the forest.

What's going on? I need help.

I think I'll follow this road.

Why do all the trees look the same?

Rabies has a 100% mortality rate. In the last trial, it worked too fast, killed the subjects outright in less than an hour. We'll need to reduce its affinity for acetylcholine receptor complexes, maybe put in a timed-self destruct mechanism so that it doesn't go too far.

I'm hungry, but I found some edible berries. It's starting to feel better.

This road seems like a good bet.

Huh. I don't remember sending all these messages. Are they coming through?

Trial 104, Human subject 34, Results: Initially positive. Sudden stroke followed by death after two days.

Trial 230, Large scale application 1, Results: Very positive. Production of emergency amnestic compound authorized. It won't hurt one bit. Just don't look.

If anyone finds this phone, I need help. I'm leaving it on the side of this road because it's about to run out. I'm going to the lights, there might be a town.

The sun never sets. I stare into it, and I am blinded, but my eyes heal and see and are blinded again. It needs to end

I'm awake now

Back and forth. Eyes in a empty helmet. They tried to fight. Too late. It's always been too late. The night was very dark. I'm not sure how it happened, but we messed something up. I got a scrape, a mosquito bit me, I don't know.

They left me behind, in the middle of the forest. The screams of the town filled the night as they were reborn, again and again. The cold wind whistled through the tops of the trees.

I'm really awake now.

The xylem is the tissue that carries water. The phloem is the tissue that carries sugar. Transpiration allows trees to go taller than they should. No it doesn't. I can't remember.

| | | — | |

I can see more. I lost some, but now I can see so much.

This wasn't supposed to happen let me out

Who are you

I don't know

Footnotes

1. Especially human ectoparasites, animals that consume human bodily fluids.
2. A cerebral structure assigned with recording declarative memory.
3. Including IL-27, IL-35, and IL-23
4. Earlier notes were written in charcoal on paper, while later ones were cut out of tree bark with a knife.

SCP-3106: A Flesh Removing Bog

Item #: SCP-3106

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: An active perimeter is to be maintained in a 500-meter radius around SCP-3106. A staff of four security guards is responsible for the rapid termination of all instances of SCP-3106-1. Guards are to be supplied with military grade weapons; however, in the event of an emergency, please note that instances of SCP-3106-1 can be destroyed using any instrument or weapon that would normally destroy osseous (bone) tissue.

No personnel may approach SCP-3106 within a 500-meter radius without level 2 security clearance and the permission of the supervising security guard and the head researcher. Civilians are to be diverted using a 2.5-meter tall barbed wire fence at a 2-kilometer radius. Any civilians who enter the premises are to be detained for questioning then administered Class-A amnestics.

SCP-3106-A is to be kept in Containment Cell . SCP-3106-A is to be provided with a new supply of ground beef every 2 months.

Description: SCP-3106 is a small bog located in , . The bog is 8 meters long, 2 meters wide, and of an unknown depth. A probe sent to explore its depths traveled approximately 35 kilometers before it stopped transmitting.

SCP-3106's other anomalous property manifests when an organism from the kingdom *Animalia* enters the water. Upon making contact with the water, the organism will suffer from a cognitohazardous effect and drown itself. Organisms that are incapable of drowning will die immediately due to total organ failure. The cause of the total organ failure has yet to be identified.

Once dead, organisms undergo rapid decomposition of all organs and tissues except for the osseous tissue. When 50% of the dorsal osseous tissue is exposed, the organism becomes an instance of SCP-3106-1 and will pull itself out of the decomposing body and onto dry land. Organisms that lack osseous tissue will not create an instance of SCP-3106-1.

Instances of SCP-3106-1 behave similarly to other members of the same species, including vocalizations and engaging in learned behaviors despite the lack of requisite organs or tissues. The instances' only additional behavior is that they will attack other organisms with the goal of removing the organism's flesh from their skeletal structure.

Instances of SCP-3106-1 are able to adhere this flesh to their skeletal structure. The instances of SCP-3106-1 will attach the flesh to their bodies in a haphazard manner, and tissues or organs may be placed in anatomically incorrect areas. Oftentimes, upon removing the skeletal structure from the flesh, instances of SCP-3106-1 will engage in a "rolling" behavior to attach the flesh as quickly as possible, which increases the potential for organs to burst or to cause severe tissue damage.

The instances seem satisfied with any tissue and organs even if they have been damaged. Instances of SCP-3106-1 will discontinue hostile behavior when there is flesh covering the entirety of their skeletal structure. This flesh adheres to the skeletal structure for a period of two months before it begins peeling off, usually in large sections of the body. Additionally, instances of SCP-3106-1 do not discriminate what organism's flesh they utilize as long as it belongs to an organism in the kingdom *Animalia*. This behavior has resulted in the death of approximately 30 civilians and 3 Foundation personnel.

+ Experimentation Logs

Experimentation Log 1:

Researcher: Dr. Ricardo
Procedure: A rat was secured to a harness with a rope attached to it. The rat was evacuated from SCP-3106

when its head became fully submerged in water.
Results: Rat was placed in close proximity of SCP-3106. Rat attempted to enter SCP-3106. The rat was evacuated from SCP-3106 when its head became fully submerged in water. The rat lay motionless for 30 seconds before resuming non-anomalous behavior.

Experimentation Log 2:

Researcher: Dr. Ricardo
Procedure: A dead mink was placed into SCP-3106, and a live raccoon was introduced when an instance of SCP-3106-1 was produced.
Results: Dead mink was introduced to SCP-3106. An instance of SCP-3106-1 was created. Racoon was introduced to the testing area. SCP-3106-1 attacked the raccoon and successfully removed all flesh from the skeletal structure. The mink ignored the flesh and attempted to engage security personnel. Security personnel terminated SCP-3106-1 without incident. Dead organisms that are placed into SCP-3106 will now be designated SCP-3106-2 due to the alternate anomalous behavior. Further testing with dead organisms has been discontinued.

Experimentation Log 3:

Researcher: Dr. Ricardo
Procedure: A sheep was introduced to a sample of SCP-3106.
Results: Sheep exhibits no anomalous behavior. Consideration to deem samples of SCP-3106 as non-anomalous is pending.

Experimentation Log 4:

Researcher: Dr. Ricardo
Procedure: D-8009 entered SCP-3106 and was detained for further testing when an instance of SCP-3106-A was created.
Results: D-8009 instructed to enter SCP-3106. D-8009

enters SCP-3106. Instance of SCP-3106-A created. Instance of SCP-3106-A was significantly less aggressive than instances of SCP-3106-1. SCP-3106-A was brought in for interviewing under restraints.

+ Interview Log

Interviewer: Dr. Ricardo

Interviewed: SCP-3106-A

Foreword: The following is a transcript of an interview with SCP-3106-A. Subject was kept talking for as long as needed. Security personnel were supplied with ground beef to offer to SCP-3106-A as a method of suppressing hostile behavior. Security guards were given authorization to terminate SCP-3106-A if hostile behavior was not controlled by the ground beef. It should be noted that SCP-3106-A stuttered throughout the conversation. Transliteration of the stuttering was removed for readability.

Dr. Ricardo: SCP-3106-A, how do you feel?

SCP-3106-A: Is that what you call me now? I had just gotten used to D-8009.

Dr. Ricardo: If it helps our conversation, I can call you D-8009.

SCP-3106-A: Yeah sure. Let's stick with that.

Dr. Ricardo: D-8009, how do you feel?

(SCP-3106-A is unresponsive for about 10 seconds).

SCP-3106-A: I feel naked. It's too damn cold in this room.

Dr. Ricardo: Describe the way it feels.

SCP-3106-A: You know that feeling you get when you're completely naked somewhere you shouldn't be naked? Like in a dream where you're naked in public. Well, it feels like that on drugs. I don't even know how to describe it. It's just so intense. It's not something people are supposed to be able to feel.

Dr. Ricardo: Interesting. Do you feel anything else?

SCP-3106-A: I don't know, does it feel weird talking to a skeleton?

Dr. Ricardo: What was it like being inside SCP-3106?

SCP-3106-A: It hurt like hell. I mean, my whole body was being ripped apart. Literally down to the bone. At every point on my body. At the same time.

Dr. Ricardo: Can you describe any other anomalies within SCP-3106?

(SCP-3106-A is noticeably agitated).

SCP-3106-A: I don't want to talk about it.

Dr. Ricardo: D-8009, answer the question.

(SCP-3106-A is unresponsive for about 40 seconds).

SCP-3106-A: I can feel it. You have meat in here. My body wants it. I need it. Give it to me, and I'll talk.

(Dr. Ricardo signals security personnel to allow SCP-3106-A access to the ground beef.

SCP-3106-A covered itself with the beef and appeared relieved when it was done).

Dr. Ricardo: Are you ready to cooperate?

SCP-3106-A: Yes, that's… That's so much better. I feel warm. Like I'm in a real body.

Dr. Ricardo: So dead animal flesh makes you feel like you're in a real body?

SCP-3106-A: Yes, I have a heartbeat. I can breathe. I don't feel naked anymore. I can feel the table now. I never thought I'd want to feel handcuffs on my wrists again, but this is better than feeling nothing at all.

Dr. Ricardo: So, before you didn't have any sensory input?

SCP-3106-A: Are you stupid? Of course not. I didn't even have skin.

Dr. Ricardo: You indicated feeling cold earlier. Do you mind elaborating?

SCP-3106-A: All I felt was cold. I didn't feel anything else. I bet that's why all those animals go killing animals until they're covered in flesh. It's uncomfortable as hell. It was even starting to drive me a little crazy by the time I asked you for the meat.

Dr. Ricardo: Thank you for that. I need you to be as specific as possible when you answer my questions.

SCP-3106-A: Why don't you take a dip in that bog? Then you could answer them yourself.

(Dr. Ricardo pauses and looks at his papers before responding).

Dr. Ricardo: SCP-3106-A, answer my question about your experience in SCP-3106.

SCP-3106-A: What was the question again?

Dr. Ricardo: Did you experience any anomalies other than what happened to your body?

SCP-3106-A: Yeah, I did. There was something in there with me.

Dr. Ricardo: Tell me about it. What was it?

SCP-3106-A: It wasn't a man. Or a woman. I mean, it wasn't physical, I don't think. Or maybe it was the bog. I don't know. It was just there. I felt it. It was hungry.

Dr. Ricardo: But it didn't want to eat your bones?

SCP-3106-A: Well, it didn't. I wasn't in control. It must have just not wanted them.

Dr. Ricardo: So are you saying it was conscious? Did it seem self-aware?

SCP-3106-A: What you guys are calling a cognitohazard is basically just mind-control. I mean, this thing was in my head, forcing me to stay inside until my skeleton was free to leave my body.

Dr. Ricardo: So what are you saying about it? It thinks?

SCP-3106-A: It has a mind. And I think it has desires and maybe some emotions.

Dr. Ricardo: Please, elaborate.

SCP-3106-A: I don't think it wanted me to die. I think it was just hungry… But… Well, I mean, I'm probably going to sound crazy, but it felt like it was happy. Kind of like it was thanking me for giving it my flesh. I guess that sounds pretty twisted when I say it out loud.

Dr. Ricardo: What are your feelings toward it?

SCP-3106-A: I don't know. It hurt me a lot, but… Maybe it didn't even know it was hurting me.

Dr. Ricardo: D-8009, would you be willing to go back into SCP-3106?

SCP-3106-A: Doctor, I've been a guinea-pig for the Foundation long enough. I know the drill. If I say no, you point a gun at my head. I'll go. I don't know if it'll hurt this time since my body is just hamburger.

Dr. Ricardo: Thank you for your cooperation.

+ Exploration Log

Researcher: Dr. Ricardo

Test Subject: SCP-3106-A

Foreword: SCP-3106-A was placed into SCP-3106 and attempted to further discern the nature of SCP-3106. Recording equipment was surgically fixed into SCP-3106-A's chest cavity to ensure it didn't lose the equipment. Supervising researcher, Dr. Ricardo, remained in contact with SCP-3106-A during the exploration.

Dr. Ricardo: D-8009, test your microphone.

SCP-3106-A: Check.

Dr. Ricardo: We read you. Proceed to SCP-3106.

(SCP-3106-A enters SCP-3106).

Dr. Ricardo: What do you feel, D-8009?

SCP-3106-A: It doesn't hurt this time.

(The ground beef can be seen leaving SCP-3106-A's body in large chunks. Beef leaves range of visibility after approximately 25 seconds).

Dr. Ricardo: Swim down and turn on your body lamp.
(The area in front of SCP-3106-A illuminates for 3 meters. Shreds of clothing start appearing after 1 minute of descending. The area expands approximately 4 meters in radius.

SCP-3106-A: This space is opening up a lot. I can't tell where the walls are anymore.

(SCP-3106-A's body cam continues to face toward the wall as SCP-3106-A swims further in).

SCP-3106-A: I think this is its stomach.

(The wall stops at a 90 degree angle and turns into a ceiling. No wall can be seen at this point).

Dr. Ricardo: Swim down more and try to scan the area with your body cam.

(SCP-3106-A complies and swims down. SCP-3106-A pans the body cam until it shows

a pile of ground beef forming on a bowl-like surface).

Dr. Ricardo: Is there anything else in the cave with you?

SCP-3106-A: I can't see anything else. *(SCP-3106-A swims to the side then stops).* I see some ripped up clothes over here and… Shit, are you seeing this, Doc?

Dr. Ricardo: Are you referring to the ground beef?

SCP-3106-A: No, I mean the… The shoes.

(SCP-3106-A swims closer to the side wall. A pair of small shoes can be seen toward the bottom).

SCP-3106-A: They're so small. And I those clothes are too… Shit. Can I leave this cave?

Dr. Ricardo: Slowly pan the camera around the cave to make sure we have everything on film. I'll let you know when you can leave.

SCP-3106-A: Okay.

(The body cam slowly pans the cave. SCP-3106-A swims along the walls and keeps its body cam steady. The process takes 2 minutes. More clothing articles can be seen on the camera. SCP-3106-A stops when a large tube reaches visual range).

Dr. Ricardo: D-8009, inspect that tube.

(SCP-3106-A is unresponsive for 15 seconds).

Dr. Ricardo: D-8009, I repeat, inspect that tube.

SCP-3106-A: No, I… I mean, that's just too much. Seriously, you can just kill me when I get back up there. I'm not going in that tube.

Dr. Ricardo: SCP-3106 is not digesting you. It doesn't look like it has as sphincter to block off the passageway, you're not being dragged by a current, and so far you haven't complained about needing to breathe. You'll be able to swim back through. Proceed with the exploration.

SCP-3106-A: Okay… I'll… Shit… *(SCP-3106-A is silent for 10 seconds).* Fine, I'll go through.

(SCP-3106-A swims into the tube. The tube appears to have the same radius as the initial tube. Nothing unordinary appears within the tube for 2 minutes. After 2 minutes, small bumps appear on the inside walls. SCP-3106-A stops before the first row of bumps and swims backward to distances itself).

SCP-3106-A: I think I should stop here for now.

Dr. Ricardo: Do you have anything else to report about the internal structure of SCP-3106?

(SCP-3106-A is silent for 5 seconds).

SCP-3106-A: I can hear him.

Dr. Ricardo: You can hear SCP-3106?

SCP-3106-A: Hold on, Doc. I'm going to try talking to him. *(SCP-3106-A pauses for 4 seconds).* Can you hear me?

Dr. Ricardo: D-8009, are you communicating with SCP-3106?

SCP-3106-A: Yes, he's… well… it's… I don't know. Confused.

Dr. Ricardo: To be clear, you mean SCP-3106 is confused?

SCP-3106-A: Yes… I… Hold on, Doc. *(SCP-3106-A pauses for 10 seconds).* No, I'm talking to a doctor. He wants to understand you.

Dr. Ricardo: Is SCP-3106 audible?

SCP-3106-A: It's really hard to talk to two people at once, Doctor. Can you just let me talk?

Dr. Ricardo: Okay, continue, D-8009.

SCP-3106-A: Who are you?

(SCP-3106-A stops talking for 1 minute and 5 seconds).

SCP-3106-A: What do you mean you don't know? How do you not know?

(SCP-3106-A is silent for 12 seconds).

SCP-3106-A: Doctor, SCP-3106 doesn't know who or what he is.

Dr. Ricardo: Talk to it as if it were a child.

SCP-3106-A: Okay… I'll try. Are you lost?

(*SCP-3106-A remains silent for 43 seconds).*

SCP-3106-A: He doesn't know where he is or where he came from. He's just hungry all the time.

Dr. Ricardo: Ask it how big it is.

SCP-3106-A: How big are you?

(SCP-3106-A is silent for 14 seconds).

SCP-3106-A: He doesn't know. He says he can feel heat at his bottom and see the sky at his top.

Dr. Ricardo: Noted. Please continue.

(At this point in the video feed, chunks of ground beef pass SCP-3106-A. Flagellum-like structures emerge from the rows of bumps and aid in moving the beef further in).

SCP-3106-A: Are you hurt?

(SCP-3106-A is silent for 45 seconds).

SCP-3106-A: He says he doesn't know.

Dr. Ricardo: Ask it about why it doesn't eat bones.

SCP-3106-A: Why don't you eat bones?

(SCP-3106-A is silent for 20 seconds).

SCP-3106-A: He doesn't want to kill the things that feed him, so he lets the bones go free and find new flesh.

Dr. Ricardo: Does it know what happens to the skeletons?

SCP-3106-A: Do you know what happens when the bones get out?

(SCP-3106-A is silent for 7 seconds).

SCP-3106-A: He doesn't know.

Dr. Ricardo: Okay, D-8009, you're free to leave SCP-3106.

SCP-3106-A: Do you ever get lonely?

(SCP-3106-A is silent for a moment).

SCP-3106-A: I'll come back and talk to you.

Notes: There are no plans to terminate SCP-3106-A. SCP-3106-A has been given more ground beef for its body and is currently stored in Containment Cell . Consideration for adding feeding times to SCP-3106's containment procedures is pending. Consideration for using SCP-3106-A for further interviews with SCP-3106 has been denied.

SCP-3107: The Well Documented Marble

Item #: SCP-3107

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures:
SCP-3107 is to be contained in Sealed Containment Locker #122. Access to SCP-3107 is prohibited by order of Site-19 Administration. Individuals erroneously requesting access to SCP-3107 must submit to a mandatory psychological evaluation. Possible instances of SCP-3107-A are to be reclassified as Class-E personnel and detained.

Electronic documentation regarding SCP-3107 and SCP-3107-A is considered non-anomalous. The full transcript is to be housed in a Site-19's Electronic Storage Unit, on rack 532-B.

Description:

AN EXCEPTION HAS OCCURED!
ERR.MSG: Query on column S19.SCP.3107.DESC Exceeds maximum allowable data. Please alter search parameters.

>> ../RemoveDataLimitationAndResubmit.ksh

Overview
SCP-3107 is an anomalous spherical construct measuring 20.32456 cm in diameter with a .000001cm margin of error. This error in measurement is a result of the 21,493 individual scratches on the surface of SCP-3107. See Note N-3107-460 for full documentation on the length, width and depth of each individual scratch on SCP-3107. SCP-3107 weighs an estimated 11305.55503 grams. This differs from the calculated weight of a non-anomalous, solid aluminum sphere of

the same size by 559.373 grams, suggesting that SCP-3107 is hollow. See Note-392-A for full documentation on estimations of SCP-3107's interior cavity.

In certain conditions, SCP-3107 emits acoustic noises similar to that of chime. The noise is played in C-Major at 63.3445433db with an average variation of .003456612db across all 340,512 recorded occurancess of this anomaly. See Note N-3107-341 for full documentation on individual noises emitted from SCP-3107. This noise played in response to certain stimuli.

For full documentation on instances of SCP-3107-A, see Notes N-3107-A-1 for an overview and Notes N-3107-A-2 through N-3107-A-10457 for detailed errata regarding SCP-3107-A.

Notes:
Note-3107-1
<div class="ac_granted description"
style="display:block>
  <?php
      if(!verified){
        echo '<a href="' . htmlspecialchars("/
termination.php?SCP=3107&
        stage=23&data=" .urlencode($critical_data)) .
'">'."\n";
   ERROR: WEBSOCKET PARSER FORCED USER KICK- MAX BUFFER SIZE REACHED!

Recovery:
SCP-3107 was uncovered by the Foundation packaged in a yellow box labeled "Dr. Wondertainment's Wonderball!" Notably, the packaging lacked the franchise's usual disclaimers and advertising. Due to the lack of [DATA EXPUNGED], it was later discovered that

the box was a fake; SCP-3107 holds no relation to Dr. Wondertainment Incorporated. Research is ongoing to determine if the intent of the fabrication was to deliberately have SCP-3107 placed in Foundation custody.

Testing Log

> A Foreword:
> Most of the recordings on file have been redacted for brevity. We don't need a thousand records of useless errata clogging our terminals. Department staff are already complaining that they're unable to view the object's description properly. The full documentation can be found in the ESU.
> Doctor Kiebler, Head of Anomalous Objects at Site-19

Test 1 —12/5/1999
Subject: D-3107-1
Research Director: Dr. Winslow
Procedure: D-3107-1 is to interact with SCP-3107 to determine its function.
Log:

> *Subject was asked to enter the containment area and remove SCP-3107 from its packaging. D-3107-1 expresses hesitation.*
>
> Dr Winslow: Keep going, Ms. [REDACTED].
>
> *D-3107-1 removes SCP-3107-1 from its packaging. Two audible chimes are heard.*
>
> Dr Winslow: …Do you feel anything unusual?
>
> D-3107-1: No- Wait, am I supposed to!? Oh god, is this going to kill me?
>
> Dr Winslow: Not as such, [REDACTED], no. Continue interacting with the sphere; please mention if you feel anything unusual.

Subject begins turning the SCP-3107 over in their hand. After three rotations, the SCP-3107 produces two audible chimes.

Dr. Winslow: Curious. Could you do that again, please?

Subject repeats the action. After three rotations, the SCP-3107 produces one audible chime.

Dr. Winslow: Anything?

D-3107-1: Nothing, no.

Subject preforms various interactions with SCP-3107. It is demonstrated that several interactions with SCP-3107 cause it to produce two chimes. Upon the repetition these actions, SCP-3107 only produces one chime.

D-3107-1: Does… Does thing just ring? Nothing else?

Dr. Winslow: It appears so. It shouldn't, mind. However, I suppose even Dr. Wondertainment can create a dud. We'll have to perform more tests to make sure, of course. Martha, schedule another test for tomorrow. That will be all for today, Ms. [REDACTED].

Note: After the test, Dr. Winslow was warned for referring to D-3107-1 by their last name. Foundation personnel should be reminded that unnecessary socialization with D-Class personnel is discouraged.

Test 6 —12/5/1999
Subject: Dr. Winslow
Research Director: Dr. Winslow
Procedure: Disregarding fellow staff members, Dr. Winslow climbed into the containment area to test

SCP-3107 personally.
Log:

Immediately, an alarm sounds, indicating a containment breach.

Dr. Winslow: Oh, turn those off, I'm not doing anything dangerous.

The alarm turns off, followed by an automated request for all personnel to leave the testing area.

Dr. Winslow: Martha, Martha. Relax. The ball does not even do anything. I'm just here to make sure.

There is a brief crackling as Assistant Researcher Martha Clayton locates the microphone.

Researcher Clayton: Damn it, there are protocols for a reason, Doctor! If you have to preform a test, bring in D-3107-1.

Dr. Winslow: That number is quite the mouthful, you know.

Researcher Clayton: Excuse me?

Disregarding the intercom, Subject begins removing SCP-3107 from it's packaging. It produces a single chime.

Dr. Winslow: Regardless. Ms. J- er, D-3107-1 is cleaning the labs today. I don't have time to wait and I'm not too keen on this whole 'use D-Class as fodder' buisness. That is another matter, though.

Subject approaches the observation window while speaking.

Dr. Winslow: Besides, 3107 has shown to be perfectly-

Subject slips, causing 3107 to propel towards the window. It collides with the glass.

After five seconds of silence, two chimes are heard. Subject stands, looking pleased.

Dr. Winslow: See? Perfectly safe. I wonder if we should stress-test this.

Notes: Due to the results of this test, Doctor Winslow has formally classified SCP-3107 as Safe, and requested grant money to preform further research. In the request, Dr. Winslow cited an opportunity to further understand Wondertainment SCPs as a whole via a nonlethal example of their work. At this stage, Assistant Researcher Clayton requested reassignment.

Test 107 —1/13/2000
Subject: D-3107-1
Research Director: Dr. Winslow
Procedure: Subject is to interact with SCP-3107 to uncover additional stimuli that produce Chimes.
Log:

Dr. Winslow: You should know the routine by now. Normally I'd do this myself, but we're down a researcher. Go ahead.

Subject begins to interact with SCP-3107-1. As seen previously, SCP-3107 produces two-chimes in response to the first instance of certain combinations of actions, suggesting that a chain of chimes is possible.

D-3107-1: It's not that I'm ungrateful for the <pauses to breathe> nonlethal assignment, but Doctor, why are we doing all this again?

Dr. Winslow: Why, for science, of course. What other reason should there be?

D-3107-1: Right, then.

Subject continues to interact with SCP-3107. Object chimes singularly multiple times during this process. While tossing the SCP-3107 aloft, the anomalous object accidentally collides with the subject's head.

D-3107-1: Fuck!

After five seconds, two Chimes are emitted from SCP-3107.

Dr. Winslow: Hunh.

D-3107-1: …What is it, Doctor?

There is no response.

D-3107-1: …Doctor?

Dr. Winslow: Hm? Oh! Nothing, nothing. That will be all for today. You may return to your quarters, D-3107-1.

Notes: This is the first time that SCP-3107 has produced a double-chime in over 2 weeks.

Test 108 —1/14/2000
Subject: D-3107-1
Research Director: Dr. Winslow
Procedure: Subject is to encounter repeated, damaging collisions with SCP-3107.
Log:

Dr. Winslow enters the testing chamber with SCP-3107. Subject begins pleading through their cloth gag.

Dr. Winslow: Here we are again. I think we're finally on the verge of something interesting. Speaking of which, it is good to have you back, Ms. Clayton. It's so much easier to get work done with two people.

Researcher Clayton: Good to be back, sir. I don't think you could keep me away at this point. Shall we get on with the test? I'm excited to see the results.

Dr. Winslow: Of course, of course. What was I thinking? Are you ready, D-3107-1?

Subject continues pleading; their restraints prove effective.

Dr. Winslow: That's the spirit.

Dr. Winslow begins administering the test to the subject. Two chimes are emitted for the first blow to Subject's head, though only produce one chime for blows of increasing force. Two chimes are produced as one of the Subject's teeth become dislodged.

Dr. Winslow: See? Progress. I think we've finally branched into new territory with chime interactions.

Researcher Clayton: I agree, though we should conclude the test here; we aren't likely to receive another D-Class personnel with our current conduct.

Dr. Winslow: Oh, I suppose you are correct. Very well. We can continue this tomorrow. Have a good evening, D-3107-1. We have an exciting day tomorrow.

Subject is unresponsive.

Test 1520 —3/20/2001
Subject: D-3107-1
Research Director: Dr. Winslow
Procedure: Subject is to have SCP-3107 surgically inserted inside them, then rotated three times clockwise.
Log:

> *The Procedure is administered. Two chimes are produced as SCP-3107 is inserted. Two further chimes are produced as the object is rotated.*
>
> Dr. Winslow: Well I'll be; you were right. Let the records show that chime-producing actions can indeed be strung together while inside a corpse.
>
> Researcher Clayton: I suspected as much. Perhaps-
>
> *SCP-3107 produces three chimes.*
>
> Researcher Clayton: Oh my god.
>
> Dr. Winslow: Did we get that on tape!? Three chimes! I can't believe it!

Note: This was the first, and only recorded instance of SCP-3107 producing three chimes.

Note from Dr. Roscranz: Several days after this test, SCP-3107 was reclassified as Euclid. Site-19 administration was made aware of erratic behavior in researchers studying SCP-3107, following reports of "the horrifying stench of rotting flesh." Upon investigation, the remains of D-3107-1 were recovered. All researchers studying SCP-3107 were reclassified as SCP-3107-A and administered psychological treatment. Amnestics have proven incapable of lifting the cognitohazardous properties of SCP-3107.

Addendum:

I was a good friend of 3107-A-1, back when we still called him Dr. Winslow. Knowing the difference between what he was and what he is now, I felt it necessary to add something here. There is a literal mountain of data on 3107, but this is the important bit:

All things said and done, 3107 is almost entirely harmless. However, the Foundation is perhaps the worst place it could have ended up. Even in basic training, Researchers here are ingrained with a deep, driving need to discover. It isn't supposed to be a bad thing! That willpower is how we're able to ID impossible goddamn things like anti-memes or anti-concepts. After spending two months splitting my brain to remember "everything besides what ***055*** *is not", I should know this better than anyone.*

With 3107, that persistance becomes our achilles heel. It feeds on curiosity. It encourages our interest, then corrupts it. I know our Site Director will reprimand me for encouraging actions counter to standard procedure, but if we had just left 3107 in the box we found it in, none of this would have happened. Even after we started testing, James Winslow could have simply stated 3107 was a pointless ringing ball and thrown it in a containment locker. It would have never been touched again. Instead, this happened.

So let this be a warning to you: Not everything in the Foundation has to be documented. We're not here to write books on the unknown or poke apocalypse monsters with a stick. We're here to Secure, Contain and Protect. Don't forget that.

Doctor Roscranz, Research Director #2 assigned to

SCP-3108: The Nerfing Gun

Item #: SCP-3108

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3108 is to be contained in a standard anomalous object containment vault in **Site-64**, and is not to be removed except for testing purposes. Proposed tests must be approved in advance by both Dr. Johnson and Dr. Dietz. SCP-3108-1 is not to be loaded into SCP-3108 except during testing, and is to be stored in a separate containment unit.

When conducting tests, SCP-3108 is to be handled by Site-64 security staff only. One officer is to hold and fire the object, while a second is to observe the proceedings to minimize risk of accident or foul play. Researchers and D-class are forbidden from firing the object due to safety and security concerns respectively. Due to the accuracy of SCP-3108 being in line with similar products, a maximum one (1) meter distance is to be maintained from the intended target to prevent accidents.

Under no circumstance is SCP-3108 to be used in cross-testing with other SCP objects. Following Ethics committee ruling on 04/05/20 , testing on humanoids has been forbidden.

Description: SCP-3108 is a heavily modified Nerf brand dart gun which demonstrates anomalous transformative properties when paired with SCP-3108-1, a foam dart discovered loaded within SCP-3108 at the time of recovery. SCP-3108 does not demonstrate these properties when firing Nerf darts other than SCP-3108-1, nor does SCP-3108-1 demonstrate these properties when fired from a different Nerf dart gun. The phrase "OP PLS NERF" is inscribed on the exterior of SCP-3108-1 in red ink.

When SCP-3108 fires SCP-3108-1 into a target, said target will instantaneously be altered in such a way that the result is perceived

as "worse" or "inferior" by the individual wielding the object. This transformation can range from minor alterations to complete molecular reconstruction. The law of conservation of mass does not affect transformations caused by SCP-3108, and noticeable increases or decreases in mass have occurred often in testing. The resulting objects or organisms do not show any evidence of anomalous traits. Transformations do not represent any objective value scale, but rather stem solely from the opinions of the current holder.

The outer shell of SCP-3108 is composed of steel, with bronze inlays used as decoration. While not impervious to physical damage, disassembly of SCP-3108 has proven impossible due to its anomalous nature. All tools attempting to deconstruct the object will be transformed into broken or fake equivalents, precluding examination of the object's interior.[1] This seeming behavior of self preservation is the only time SCP-3108 has altered objects beyond those hit by SCP-3108-1.

Recovery: SCP-3108's anomalous properties were discovered during a birthday party for 10 year old Jacob Pierce in , Oregon. It is presumed SCP-3108 was fired at a concrete wall, resulting in the concrete being replaced by loosely stacked stones. The wall promptly collapsed, causing minor injuries to 3 civilians. Foundation involvement came after the family sued the contractor of their home for the incident. The anomalous effect that caused the transformation was eventually traced to the gun following examination of the incident's location.

During post incident investigation, Jacob's brother 19 year old Nathan Pierce was identified as a member of the GOI **Gamers Against Weed**. Pierce had previously been known to the Foundation under his online alias "Kektagon," and had been designated **POI-6897** due to his creation of SCP- and SCP- . A subsequent attempt to detain the target failed, as POI-6897 had fled the area two days prior to identification as Nathan Pierce.

Partial Test Log:

> **Target:** One dart board made of sisal fibres.
> **Result:** Dart board composition was changed to cork. In

addition, various small holes and what appears to be a beer stain appeared on the board.

Target: An eight by eleven sheet of printer paper.
Result: Paper changed composition to single ply toilet paper.

Target: One spare coffee mug from the Site 19 Cafeteria.
Result: Coffee mug was replaced by a tea cup composed of ceramic identical to the mug's.

Target: One United States dollar.
Result: One United States quarter.
Notes: *Subsequent tests on dollar bills resulted in various outcomes, including dimes, nickels, pennies, foreign currencies, and fake bills from the board game Monopoly. There doesn't seem to be an exact formula for these changes.- Dr. Dietz*

Target: One can of Coca Cola.
Result: One can of Pepsi Cola.
Notes: *Mike, the security officer observing the test, expressed dismay at seeing this result. We had him fire the dart at the Pepsi can and it changed right back into Coke.- Dr Dietz*

Target: One Standard D-class uniform.
Result: Composition of uniform was changed entirely to cotton, and a tag reading "Made in China" was added at the neck.
Notes: *While that was hilarious, I think this test is onto something. Does the gun have a sense of humor?-Dr. Johnson*

Target: One VHS tape containing the 1971 film Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory.
Result: One DVD of the film's 2005 remake Charlie and the Chocolate Factory.

Target: One male Rattus norvegicus specimen.

Result: One male specimen of Iridomyrmex purpureus.
Notes: *Interesting logic on this one. What is the causal link between rats and ants?- Dr Dietz*

Target: One female Golden Retriever.
Result: One female American Shorthair with yellow hair. Specimen was unusually large (15.4 kilograms[2]) and continued to display behavior consistent with a Golden Retriever rather than a feline.

Target: D-4281, 28 year old Caucasian male.
Result: D-4281 transformed into a living specimen of Homo neanderthalensis.

Preface: To test the limits of the danger SCP-3108 could pose to a human being, security officer Gardiner was instructed to reload and fire the gun repeatedly until ordered to cease.
Target: D-3578, 24 year old Hispanic male.
Result: Initially displaying similar results to D-4281, D-3578 proceeded to transform into a variety of different species including what appeared to be an Australopithecus, an unidentified member of the gibbon family, and a specimen of Bradypus pygmaeus.[3] On nine occasions, the transformation did not result in a change of species but instead resulted in visible evidence of maiming, disease, or disability. Following 46 successive uses, testing was ceased as D-3578 had been reduced to a specimen of Lumbricus terrestris too small to be accurately hit by SCP-3108-1.
Notes: *Due to concerns from the Ethics Committee as well as the possibility of accidental creation of a Homo ignotus specimen, testing of SCP-3108 on humanoids is suspended effective immediately pending a hearing.- Dr Dietz*

Addendum: On 07/19/20 , Foundation personnel apprehended POI-6897 at an Internet cafe in Los Angeles, California. POI-6897 was then escorted to Site-64 for interrogation regarding his creations. Interrogation regarding SCP-3108 can be found below.

+ Show Interview

Interviewed: POI-6897, Nathan Pierce. Subject displays low level reality altering capabilities common among anartists and GAW members.

Interviewer: Dr. Leo Dietz

<Begin Log>

Dr. Dietz: Mr. Pierce, today I'm going to be asking you some questions about another of your… creations. Specifically, the gun.

POI-6897: Get fucked.

Dr. Dietz: Now now, that isn't very helpful. Perhaps I should have **`Agent Green`** talk to you again instead?

POI-6897: That, um, that isn't necessary. I'm sure he's a busy guy, we wouldn't want to bother him, lol.

Dr. Dietz: Pierce, did you really just say the letters lol out loud?

POI-6897: Ugh. I'm used to talking on the internet, sue me. And it's Kektagon to you. So, what do you fascist cucks want to know?

Dr. Dietz: I am not going to call you by your juvenile screen name. More importantly, why did you create the gun?

POI-6897: Oh the Nerfing gun. Classic. Yeah, I thought it would be funny.

Dr. Dietz: …That's all?

POI-6897: Look, what to do you want me to

say? That it's a symbol of guns making the world worse or something? Not everything has some grand purpose man. It's just something I thought of while smoking. I mean come on, a Nerf gun that makes things shitty. It's hilarious! I didn't even think of the obvious pun until later. Eventually I got bored of it and gave it to my bro as a birthday gift. Probably should have warned him to be more careful, but live and learn am I right?

Dr. Dietz: You honestly expect me to believe that? Despite your group's supposed pacifism, the anomalies you all have produced can be **`lethal`**. This little joke of yours has changed steel into balsa wood and people into invertebrates. You clearly intended this as a weapon.

POI-6897: …You, you used it on people?

Dr. Dietz: Our testing history is not relevant to-

POI-6897: It… It was supposed to be a joke. It was funny. I changed Mass Effect 2 into Mass Effect 3, My neighbor's SUV into a Smart Car, I didn't use it on people! You bastards, why the hell would you do that? I'm not a murderer damn it! Why, why would you turn a joke into a torture device? Just… just get out of my cell. I'm done talking.
<End Log>

Footnotes
1. An attempt to disassemble SCP-3108 using only bare hands resulted in the replacement of Security Officer Silva's hands with a pair of empty rubber gloves.
2. Standard weight ranges from 5-7 kilograms.
3. More Commonly known as the Pigmy Three Toed Sloth.

SCP-3109: Indeterminate Source

SCP Foundation InfoSec/PR Statement

The existence of SCP-3109 may be publicly acknowledged, but must be limited to the following information:

- An indeterminate series of anomalous events is taking place in the vicinity of Kuiper Belt Object 9987320 2448-U102.
- Foundation assets are working with various UN and Martian militaries to resolve and contain the situation.
- The environment of and space surrounding KBO 2448-U102 is currently incompatible with sustained human presence.
- Informational security is being maintained in the event the situation results in the manifestation of dangerous memetic or infohazardous properties.
- Civilian equipment or persons attempting to enter the quarantine zone are subject to immediate destruction. Any civilian attempting to observe the quarantine zone is subject to detainment, amnestic therapy, or permanent containment as appropriate.

KBO 2448-U102 as viewed from Enceladus Site-01. SCP-3109-1 Visible in upper right quadrant.

Item #: SCP-3109

Object Class: Euclid[1]

Special Containment Procedure: A Foundation automated

quarantine zone is in effect around SCP-3109 at a distance of 5,000 km. Astronomical observation, robotic and manned exploration of the body formerly known as KBO 2448-U102 is strictly prohibited to all civilian entities.

UN and Martian Nation States are permitted to continue basic reconnaissance and observation of the object, subject to informational transparency with Foundation Assets and other involved Nation States. Data obtained from these observations must be classified Top Secret within their respective governments. Non-Foundation equipment entering the quarantine zone may not be retrieved under any circumstances.

Exploration of SCP-3109 is subject to total loss at a rate of 40%. Surviving expeditions have internal loss rate exceeding 60%. All personnel assigned to SCP-3109 must be made aware of this prior to assignment. Exploration by D-Class Foundation assets must be voluntary by order of the Ethics Committee. Consent is not implied by prior voluntary D-Class service.

Futher attempts to contact, sample, or neutralize SCP-3109-1 are prohibited.

Description: SCP-3109 is a roughly spherical area centered on the newly discovered Kuiper Belt Object 2448-U102 with an approximate radius of 25,000 km. Material entering SCP-3109 may change in shape, size, chemical composition, and mass, and are also subject to various temporal and spatial distortions[2]. The area is also subject to random manifestation of simple and complex objects, both organic and inorganic, including artifacts normally only known to be manufactured by humans[3]. Unlike other reality-altering phenomena observed within Foundation accessible space, Kant readings within the region consistently align with the vacuum background level of 0.92 and 1.05 Humes.

SCP-3109-1 is an unidentified anomalous entity or object which exists in the vicinity of KBO 2448-U102 at a distance ranging between 0 and 10,000 km of the planetoid's surface. Though SCP-3109-1 is corporeal and visible to lidar, spectroscopic analysis of its composition remains inconclusive, suggesting composition of some exotic form of matter. Despite consistent changes in position,

SCP-3109-1 does not move in the classical sense. Though apparent movement can be measured at either the leading or trailing edge, photographic and video evidence confirms that the bulk of SCP-3109-1 remains stationary at all times. The object proceeds through space by manifesting additional material at its leading edge, and annihilating material at its trailing edge. Due to this, SCP-3109-1 is capable of apparently instantaneous movement and acceleration in any direction.

Whenever SCP-3109-1 approaches within 200 km of KBO 2448-U102's surface, the planetoid's topography, environment, and chemical composition are subject to radical changes. Alteration becomes more severe as SCP-3109-1's proximity increases. Observed alterations include manifestation of oxygen atmosphere, spontaneous generation of living organic material, creation of new mountain ranges, liquefaction of the planetoid's crust, and spontaneous nuclear explosion. Despite continued contact with SCP-3109-1, KBO 2448-U102's orbit remains stable, and remote measurements of its mass remain unchanged.

Discovery: On 14 September 2448 CE, automated Martian deep-system survey equipment on Ganymede identified the 4th inclination of a new Kuiper Belt object approximately 1060 km in radius, and granted the designation KBO 2448-U102. Analysis of photographic data from the planetoid identified several unidentifiable anomalies in its observed brightness. Martian Navy assets dispatched a long distance probe to perform basic reconnaissance in hopes of retrieving additional water ice and complex organics from the site to stabilize deficits in Martian planetary eco-forming and asteroid belt holdings.

The probe entered local KBO 2448-U102 space on 05 January 2449 and began transmitting still images of the planetoid along with inconclusive spectroscopic analysis of another large (>200km in length) object apparently in orbit. Transmission continued for 37 minutes before the probe abruptly failed for unknown reasons (See Figure 1 Above).

Martian Naval intelligence quickly notified UN Spacy and Foundation assets of possible anomalous activity, detained all persons directly exposed to the feed, and turned over their records to the Foundation

in compliance with DSAAD[4] Article 1.

UN Spacy assets revealed at that time that an additional, manned mission was in transit to KBO 2448-U102 as of 16 September 2448 in an attempt to establish a sovereign base on the planetoid for future Kuiper Belt operations, flying under radio blackout which would not be lifted by the crew until planned transmission on 07 February. Under duress, UN Spacy assets authorized the release of vessel designation and yielded contact frequencies and command of the mission to the Foundation on 12 January.

+ Transmission Log 3109-01

Transmission Log 3109-01, 07022449

Foreword: *The following is a transcript of transmission between Foundation Site Enceladus-01 and Frigate Class Vessel "UNV " on 07 February 2449. Mission objective, Fact-Finding regarding possible anomalous activity surrounding KBO 2448-U102. Conversation carried out over Direct Wave communication at 15 minute delay.*

Participants: *SCP Researcher Marconi Van Allen; UN Spacy Captain Park, -*

Researcher Van Allen: United Nations Vessel , this is researcher Marconi Van Allen of the SCP Foundation. We have been granted jurisdiction over this vessel by Admiral under DSAAD Article 5. Please Respond with your mission status as soon as possible.

Captain Park: SCP Researcher, this is a UN Spacy restricted frequency. No further communication will be acknowledged until we receive confirmation from Admiral herself.

Admiral provided verification through UN Spacy's on-world vessel. Conversation

resumed after 45 minutes of radio silence.

Captain Park: SCP Site Enceladus-01, this uh… This is Captain Park reporting. I'm sorry, you have us at a loss. We're uh… This is a torpedo bomber designed for running military blockades. Just about the only thing we do is move fast, take pictures, and shoot back.

Researcher Van Allen: Captain, I understand this is outside your normal mission parameters, and I'm very sorry. This situation is still evolving, and it's important for the safety of humanity that we not miss this opportunity to get important intelligence on KBO 2448-U102. You're equipped with video equipment, lidar, and a spectrometer, correct? Just that can tell us a lot.

Captain Park: Enceladus, yes that's correct. But you can imagine, getting a call from the Foundation is not good news in deep space. We'll participate in the mission, but I need you to know that my crew and my ship come first and your intel comes second. I'd rather face a Court Martial than… I need some assurance that you're not going to screw us.

Researcher Van Allen: Understood, , we are classing you as a provisional Class E asset. That makes your safety our top priority. Based on our telemetry, by the time you get this you'll be within 10,000 km of the object. I need you to perform a HARD deceleration burn as soon as possible. We don't know how far out this thing reaches yet. The farther away you can park, the better. Then point the forward array at the planetoid and send us anything you get back.

Telemetry data shows UNV begins

deceleration at 3G prior to stop 5000 km from the surface of KB 2448-U102. Data stream connected. Analysis reveals composition of complex organics, water ices, methane, amonia, carbondioxide, oxygen, and trace metals.

Captain Park: Enceladus, this… You should know that none of this is right. I'm looking at U102 out the window right now and it's a dead rock. No sign of anything like what the spec is showing. We're going to resend.

Data stream connected. Analysis reveals object is composed primarily of heavy metals, with highest concentrations of iron, cobalt, titanium, and uranium. Traces of silicates also present.

Captain Park: Enceladus, I'm really wondering if there's something wrong with our -

Alarm klaxon is audible on tape. Red proximity alarm is visible on video feed.

Captain Park: Red Alert! Strap in, NOW. Helmsman, evade! Enceladus base, unidentified object rapidly approaching. We -

A loud crash is audible. Video displays sudden lateral acceleration in the bridge.

Captain Park: Shit, starboard hull puncture. Seal that Deck! Enceladus, we are officially aborting. Mr. Kim, bring me the Sun!

Telemetry indicates vessel begins retreat under 8G thrust for twenty minutes before slowing to 0.3 G. Contact reestablished.

Captain Park: Mr. Van Allen, if you still read, here's our situation. During our last transmission the was attacked by an… entity? A ship? A geometric crystaline… shape of some kind. I don't know exactly how, but it changed size, shape, speed, color… We'll send you video now but… I could barely see it. Rodriquez in weapons thinks it was hiding in the shadow of our planetoid. Lidar didn't even see it until it was 20km away. Right now we're limping home. The contents of our galley, a significant portion of our atmo, and about 2/3rds of our Deuterium vented into space during that last burn. Still leaking a little air. We have… Rod what was it? Two weeks operation time at current thrust. That'll put us just inside Saturn's orbit and about another week from your position before we're sunk. Please advise.

Researcher Van Allen: Captain Park, you and your crew did wonderfully. Foundation vessels will rendezvous with you at attached coordinates in nine days. Keep in touch.

Afterword: *UNV retrieved without incident. Ship's engineer, Lieutenant Velma Wirth, deceased of acute radiation exposure. All surviving crew members demonstrate various stages of radiation sickness. Radiation source unknown. Crew, vessel, and all material inside vessel subject to decrease in volume and mass of 0.2%. UNV outer hull perforated in 47 places. Metallic distortion suggests punctures originated from between layers 5 and 7 of hull plating. No foreign material recovered from damage sites or within the vessel.*

Manned Expedition Log: The following table contains a list of

notable manned expeditions to SCP-3109, including contact attempts with SCP-3109-1.

+ Display Manned Expedition Log 3109

Expedition	Items Recovered	Staus	Additional Comment
3109-01	None	Total loss (3 KIA)	SCP-3109-1 appeared inert on approach. Surface composition appeared static. Landing authorized. Spontaneous spaghettification of craft immediately prior to touchdown on surface of KBO 2448-U102.
3109-05	Approximately 250 mL of **SCP-447**	Safe Recovery	During surveillance at range of 7000 km, all expedition members experience foul minty taste. Science Officer Rachel Smith-09 recognizes potential

			containment breach, instructs crew to expectorate immediately and aborts mission.
3109-07	1 human cadaver: D-2780	1 D-Class Asset KIA	On approach within 2350 km of SCP-3109-1, Foundation craft experienced collision with an unidentified human cadaver. Recovery by crew revealed identity to be D-2780, currently on board. Mission ordered to proceed. When attempting to contact SCP-3109-1 at range of 20 km on standard narrow-band laser frequencies, the animate

			instance of D-2780 spontaneously disappeared from the vessel. Mission aborted. Analysis of cadaver suggests temporal displacement in excess of three months.
3109-12	3 rotary telephones, 1 live walrus, 2 anomalous amorphous entities resembling **SCP-1297**-1	Safe Recovery	Objects encountered during installation of current containment perimeter. Telephones and walrus display no anomalous properties. Walrus proves unable to survive vacuum condition after retrieval. Proposal to return SCP-1297-1 instances to containment currently under review.

3109-13	None	6 D-Class Assets MIA, Presumed Dead	See Addendum 3109-1.

Addendum 3109-1: During manned expedition to SCP-3109 on 19102455, The FSV "Tempestuous" manned by 6 voluntary D-Class personnel was completely subsumed by SCP-3109-1. Transmissions from the Tempestuous continued to be received for the following 72 hours, but apparently could not receive any transmissions from the Foundation regardless of source. Below are selected transcribed portions of those transmissions.

+ Transmission Log 3109-13 0s - 05m 045s

D-2953: FUCK! Operating lights up now. '82, find me a star or something.

D-2982: On it. Lights coming up now. … Whoa…

D-2953: Enceladus, I don't know if you still read us, but if you can, we've been straight *swallowed* by whatever the fuck this thing is. I… Allah hu akbar, it's beautiful. Like looking out into a shattered stain-glass mirror. '82, do we have stars?

D-2982: Nothing yet, skipper. A couple IR sources but… it doesn't make any sense.

D-2971 (over ship's com): Skipper we have… We have atmo outside of the ship? It's high oxygen and some trace gasses. About one-third ATM. I think we can breathe it.

D-2953: Swear to fuck, if any of you open up that airlock, I'm not letting you back in.

D-2982: Skip, recommend we defrost two or three for an EVA to figure it out?

D-2953: Seriously, what did I just —

Loud crashing is heard followed by several yells. Massive lateral acceleration visible on feed. Inaudible speaking continues for two minutes before D-2953 is able to reach the com.

D-2953: Enceladus, we just got heavy. Things are… Oh come on. Enceladus, we're lying on our side on some kind of surface, covered in yellow filaments that look like wheat grass. And there has to be 200 dogs just chilling outside the front window right now. Small, brown and white coloring… We're gonna have to call you back. I have no idea what's going on right now. '82, wake '47 and '48 up here we're gonna need—

UNKNOWN: Enceladus base… Please… Someone… (Repeats 5x)

Afterword: *Video feed from the craft's exterior, though distorted, is sufficient to identify at least 20 instances of* ***SCP-2624****-3. Additional animate canines are present, but fidelity is insufficient to give a positive ID.*

+ Transmission Log 3109-13 02hr 38m 12s to 03hr 15m 10s

D-2982: Enceladus this is D-2982… Skipper's dead. Or wishes she was. About 20 minutes ago, she was… vivisected… by an unknown… I'm trying to be professional about this, but I can't. We're all gonna die up here. '53 was torn to bits by some invisible nonsense. She just… Spun apart. All the tiny fleshy bits of her just… decoupled from one another. And for a minute there, her heart kept beating and her eyes kept moving. Her tongue and her… I don't know if she was trying to talk. But all of it started

twitching. Then she spun back together again, fell to the deck, and hasn't moved since. I'm afraid to touch her.

Com channel remains open for five minutes in complete silence.

D-2982: We still don't know what happened to our EVA, that was almost a day ago. I'm gonna go ahead and call them lost.

Faint barking audible in background.

D-2982: Dogs are back…

Audible crying begins. Soft sobs punctuated by wailing continue for approximately 10 minutes.

D-2982: Skipper's alive… Still… Still under thrust. If this were any place else we'd be a million kilometers away by now but the… the background hasn't changed noticeably. Still can't see any stars. No closer to the edge. I'm hearing some things bounce off the hull every now and again, but I stopped caring after I saw '65's body floating by… about 20,000 kilometers across.

D-2971 (over ship's com): Ready to fire those engines, skipper.

D-2982: … I gave that order at least 20 hours ago. And I am heavy, we're definitely under thrust. Fuuuuuuuuuuuuu

Vowel holds for 28 minutes.

D-2982: -uk this place this place this place. [*Depresses ship's com*] '71, confirm for me we're under thrust… '71, you there?

10 minutes of silence

D-2971: I got you '82. I was just gonna ask skipper if you wanted me to fire those engines?

D-2982: …Sure. Give me .75 G and let's get out of here.

D-2971: HA, don't have to tell me twice!

UNKNOWN: Maybe we're the ones that aren't in the right order.

D-2982 looks directly at the com camera, and remains motionless until feed cuts.

Afterword: *Due to the content of this log and subsequent logs, it's very likely that this log arrived to the Foundation at least 24 hours ahead of the time it was sent.*

+ Transmission Log 3109-13 17h 00m 57s to 17h 39m 15s

Foreword: *This portion of the transmission does not appear to have originated from the bridge, but from within the EVA equipment originally stored on the Tempestuous. Receipt of this transmission indicates significant distortion of EM radiation within the anomaly, and may be responsible for past symptoms of radiation exposure noted in manned expeditions. Accompanying camera feed from EVA-2, worn by D-2948.*

D-2947: '47 check.

D-2948: '48 check.

D-2965: '65 check.

D-2953: And this is Ops, reading you all. Go ahead and… Fuck, go ahead and open the airlock I guess.

D-2948: Heh, Skipper's afraid of goofy space shit. Skip, didn't you grow up on Mars? Isn't this just like… Thursday for you?

D-2953: Don't start, asshole, you just woke up. Shit is literally sideways up here.

D-2947: Airlock cycling… Done.

Airlock door opens. View of exterior of craft shown through airlock window is inconsistent with the view once the door is opened. Outside shows very little ambient light, no yellow filaments, and no animate canines. Landscape consistent with other dwarf planetoids in the Kuiper Belt to date.

D-2948: Wow. Real spooky. I gotta tell you Skip, this is super scary.

D-2947: Leaving the airlock now. '53, we're seeing a planetary surface, do you have video?

D-2953: Yes, I do… I'm still seeing dogs and wheat grass up here at the bridge.

All three expeditions members exit the airlock. Camera shows a sky full of stars, with SCP-3109-1 visible high in the sky. Range unknown. Angular size of 15 degrees at its longest. Object proceeds slowly toward the setting sun.

D-2965: …Skipper, you're absolutely sure that we're inside of Dash-One?

D-2953: Yes, I'm sure. I see your feed, I don't… I don't know what to think I might be some -

Audio from the bridge immediately cuts as the airlock doors cycle closed. Camera view whips to location of the airlock. No ship is visible and there are no signs of the Tempestuous ever having landed behind them.

D-2965: Skip?… '53? Tempestuous, this is EVA team, do you copy?

D-2948 can be heard beginning to hyperventilate in his suit. D-2948 screams.

D-2947: Oh shit. SHIT. '65 where's the fucking ship?!

D-2965: …Oh no.

D-2948: We're dead. We're fucking dead. That's it. The air is gonna run out and we're gonna die and that'll be the end.

D-2965 pulls D-2948 to her helmet and speaks without opening com. Vibrations picked up by in-suit microphone.

D-2965: You need to calm down. If you keep hyperventilating, you're going to run your CO2 up and blow your scrubber before you run out of Oxygen.

D-2948: Who cares?! What difference does it make? We're fucked!

D-2965: We don't know that yet. It looks bad. But we might have options. [*Resumes use of Coms*] Ok, first thing, we look for a cave or a hollow, and a large rock that'll fit over the surface. Second we work on boosting the signal of our transmitter in hopes we can catch a mining vessel.

D-2947: What about Dash-One? Any second

this place could turn into the surface of the sun!

D-2965: Yeah, and it might turn into the Jersey Shore, too. That's an unknown. We have to deal with what we have.

SCP-3109-1 suddenly extends in length such that its nearest point is directly above D-2948 at an apparent range of less than 1 km. Angular size now in excess of 90 degrees. Entity takes on a bright yellow coloration. D-2947 and 2948 retreat several dozen meters. D-2965 stops and looks up at the object.

D-2965: …Magnificent… Do you hear that?

D-2948: '65, don't look at it!

D-2965: I hear something. It's singing. Do you not hear that singing?

D-2965 suddenly accelerates upward as if in free-fall greater than 1 G. Her trajectory deflects around SCP-3109-1 prior to D-2948 continuing retreat. Blue cuboid crystalline structures (possibly a copper molecular salt) spontaneously form in the surrounding area and slowly rise toward SCP-3109-1. Camera pans around and large crystal accumulation can be seen on the outer surface of the object. D-2948 continues retreat, but movement begins to slow and strides become shorter, as if responding to increased gravitation. Liquids of indeterminate composition manifest on the surface and rise in small spherical droplets. D-2947 drops into a large puddle of opaque liquid which settles immediately. No trace of D-2947 remains. Distressed vocalization is audible from D-2948 as forward progress

stops and camera angle ascends.

D-2948: Skipper! Tempestuous! Someone answer me! I'm getting pulled into it!

D-2948 continues to rise above KBO 2448-U102. Analysis indicates possible red shifting of planetoid surface which is inconsistent with observed velocity. SCP-3109-01 structures surround D-2948. Ambient light from indeterminate source illuminates several polyhedral crystalline structures. Red shift effect appears to stop. Camera reorients to the direction of D-2948's motion. FSV Tempestuous is visible in upper right quadrant of feed for 0.3 seconds before suddenly disappearing. D-2948 makes sudden contact with a surface resembling planetary basalt. Vital signs from within the suit no longer detectable.

Camera continues transmitting for 25 minutes. Portions of basalt structure crumble and float away toward blue crystals resembling those collected from the surface of KBO 2448-U102. Both materials spontaneously liquefy and combine together. Small structures resembling the appearance of SCP-3109-01 in an inactive state manifest within the solution, and expand to consume it. Structures form resembling calcite pins on the surface of these instances, which suddenly disintegrate and accelerate outward in all directions. Five such instances develop and disintegrate in view of the camera before feed cuts.

UNKNOWN: Don't come for me. I've made my peace.

+ Transmission Log 3109-13 55h 40m 18s - 56h 00m 00s

Text Description: *For the duration of this segment, the transmission feed from the Tempestuous is replaced by a silent video stream of the final 20 minutes of the film "2001: A Space Odyssey". Whether this is intentional or due to spatial/temporal distortions surrounding SCP-3109-1 is unknown.*

+ Transmission Log 3109-13 69h 20m 75s to 69h 23m 97s

Foreword: *Transmission appears to be an isolated single-camera feed from the exterior of FSV Tempestuous. Neither the Tempestuous nor its crew are visible. Audio transmission appears to be a male human voice claiming to be an agent of the Foundation which matches no voice printing on record. Time stamps of video appear to have been anomalously altered to allow up to 125s per minute during this segment.*

UNKNOWN: Enceladus Base… Please… Someone…

Camera depicts a view consistent with earlier views of the interior of SCP-3109-01. Large luminous structures similar in shape to electron orbitals are visible floating within the field.

UNKNOWN: but I'm not confident.

UNKNOWN: I don't know if anyone can hear me, but if you can… Stay away from Oberon^{5}, there's nothing for us here. It's… it's connected to 3109 somehow.

Luminous structures drift toward one another, forming ring structures consisting of five or six.

UNKNOWN: From what I've seen… Whatever is down here can do just about anything. I wish it made more sense.

Ring structures collide with other solitary floating structures, and attach to the edges of each ring at predictable angles.

UNKNOWN: It's absolutely beautiful but I can't figure it out. They're huge. Big as a house. What's that… 10 meters across? something like that. Like enormous extra-dimensional tinker toys. Allah hu'akbar I hope this feed gets to someone smarter than me. It's a Foundation vessel, so hopefully the transmitter is still working.

Still image from Transmission Log 3109-13 @ 55h 22m 109s

Large groups of the unidentified structures combine in geometric patterns in many parts of the field. View is insufficient to be conclusive as to greater structure, but structures appear to resemble known organic chemicals of some variety.

UNKNOWN: I was separated from my team… Maybe they'll make it back with a complete report… I don't even know if you'll get this in the right order. My memories aren't even in the right order…

Motion and recombination of luminous structures continues throughout.

UNKNOWN: after we landed. They just vanished.

UNKNOWN: Enceladus Base… Please… Someone…

Afterword: *Analysis of video feed by organic*

chemistry lab at Site-19 confirms the presence of structures analogous to deoxyribose based nucleotides. Still attached for reference.

Proposing we investigate causal and spatial isolation of KBO 2448-U102 and surrounding space from the rest of the Sol System. The anomaly is dangerous and unpredictable, and allowing its continued existence in the Kuiper belt has the potential to destabilize future prospecting operations, and thereby the existence of all extraterrestrial human presence. Mars and Ceres included. Attached to this proposal are plans for an array of N-dimensional manifold inhibitors capable of contracting and isolating the entirety of the current containment strata within a standard S-213 causal isolation cell. Please consider this option seriously, expenses notwithstanding.

- Jr Researcher **`Dr. Thaddeus Xyank`**, Extra-spatial Topology

Proposal rejected by 3-9 decision. There is as yet insufficient evidence to suggest that this containment would prove to be indefinitely effective. This is beyond us. Leave it alone.

- O5-12

Footnotes
1. Reclassification to "Occam" rejected on grounds that this object cannot be determined to be a natural or constructed anomalous phenomenon. In addition, the object cannot be confirmed to be self-containing, nor to have any benefit to maintaining collective normalcy. Until any of these points can be verified, Euclid classification remains appropriate. -HMCL Rachel Smith-09
2. Such alteration of objects and causality has been observed in roughly 22% of recorded missions.
3. Manifestation of objects occurs in roughly 11% of recorded observations and missions.
4. Deep Space Anomalous Activity Directive

5. Also known as Uranus IV. Subsequent remote survey of the moon was unable to detect any anomalous properties. Topological similarity between "Oberon" and KBO 2448-U102 approaches 100% during SCP-3109-1 inactive periods. The relation between these bodies is as yet unknown. Surface study of the moon currently under consideration.

SCP-3110: One Man's Trash…

Item #: SCP-3110

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3110 is to be contained within a large containment cell in Site-76. Due to the range of SCP-3110 and its strain on resources, testing is to be limited to two times per month, where all on-site personnel are to be subjected to a full body search. Any use of SCP-3110 outside of approved testing is strictly prohibited and will result in demotion.

EFFECTIVE AS OF 9/12/ : As a result of Incident 3110-35, all uniforms belonging to Class-D personnel are to be confiscated and replaced with uniforms with no pockets. SCP-3110 must also be given five items every month in order to deactivate its newly found secondary effect.

Description: SCP-3110 is a large garbage disposal unit. The exterior and interior are worn, due to constant civilian use and heavy testing. The exterior of SCP-3110 is covered with large amounts of graffiti, rust, and bird feces.

SCP-3110's anomalous effects manifest once an item of considerable monetary worth is placed within it. Once it is placed inside, it will seemingly disappear from the interior within 5 minutes, and the object of interest is then teleported to a random person within a 2-kilometer radius within a clothing pocket on their person. If no such pocket is found, it will teleport to a random crevice within the radius. Currently, the Foundation has recognized approximately 300 items that SCP-3110 can teleport, given that the object is in a fair state, or can be reasonably repaired. Objects include, but are not limited to:

- Non-expired food and drink
- Jewelry

- Any type of currency
- Computers and mobile devices
- Weaponry
- Clothing

After a successful teleportation, a note is usually found attached to the object of interest, usually containing a message of encouragement (See addendum 3110-2 for examples).

SCP-3110 appears to have a quota of at least five objects to give per month. If the quota is not met, SCP-3110 will begin to take objects that are not attached by heavy adhesives or fasteners and will distribute the items as normal.

It has been noted in a majority of tests performed on SCP-3110 that test items are given to D-Class personnel. This seems to indicate that SCP-3110 has a priority system in place, where those with less economic stability, high emotional trauma, and/or low social influence are more likely to receive items from SCP-3110.

Testing Log 3110-473L:

> **Procedure:** Three D-Class personnel are to be placed at 3 checkpoints: one at 1 Kilometer, one at 2 kilometers, and the last D-Class at 3 kilometers. Each D-Class is to be monitored and escorted by a guard. Areas within the chosen radius are to be cleared of any personnel not involved in testing to prevent unwanted interception of testing items. After the initial test, D-Class are to be placed at more precise points in the vicinity of the initial capture point.
> **Results:** Radius of effect narrowed to 2 kilometers
> **Notes:** Items Used: 15 leather wallets, each including a different currency

> **Procedure:** An equal assortment of D-Class personnel and Researchers are to be placed around the facility, D-Class with accompanying guards. Various foodstuff items with various states of quality are to be placed in SCP-3110.
> **Results** Molding or otherwise inedible food items are not

accepted by SCP-3110, with the opposite being true.
Notes: Items Used: 1 Carton of Milk (refrigerated), 3 Hamburgers (1 freshly made, 1 partially eaten*, 1 a day old*), 3 cans of corn (2 unopened, 1 open*), 1 5 cm block of cheese (molding)*; 70% of items accepted were given to D-Class by SCP-3110.

Procedure: Similar conditions are to be met as the last conducted test, with the substitution of clothing for foodstuffs.
Results: Items that are in irreparable condition, are not given out by SCP-3110.
Notes: Items Used: 3 T-Shirts (1 in irreparable condition*), 1 Scarf (with small cuts). Distribution of items is observed is similar as the last test.

Procedure: Similar conditions are to be met as the last test, with the substitution of high-value items with various wear for clothing.
Results: All items, despite wear, are given out.
Notes: Items Used: 1 24k Diamond Ring (broken), 2 Bars of 24k Gold, 1 Large Bag containing $10,000. 3 Designer Handbags (1 slightly worn).

*Signifies item was not accepted by SCP-3110

Addendum 3110-1: SCP-3110 was recovered by MTF Pi-1 in New York City, New York, on 4/12/19 , after a court case involving David (deceased), a homeless man being charged with armed robbery of a local bank. Police found with $30,000 in cash in a large duffel bag, leading to his arrest. Foundation investigators were able to trace security footage to an alleyway near 23rd Street, where the actual culprits were found throwing the money into SCP-3110, the money appearing next to , living in Madison Square Park at the time. After agreements were created with local government officials, SCP-3110 was recovered and replaced without incident.

During initial cleaning, the body of a young adult female was found near the bottom of SCP-3110. The body was eventually identified to be the body of Lana , a 24-year-old female living in New York City, who had gone missing only two weeks earlier. was a well-

known volunteer in many charities and fundraisers, but was infamous within New York City for her dumpster diving runs in numerous alleyways. Analysis of 's body found that she had died of asphyxiation. Her body was returned to local authorities after standard examination and decontamination of the body were conducted.

Addendum 3110-2: The following notes are the only two variations of notes found during initial testing.

> Hey,
> I get ya: life doesn't always go your way sometimes, and you'll feel as if your luck has run out.
> I've seen it happen for myself. But, here's a little something to keep you motivated :-)

> Yo,
> I would recommend giving this to someone who needs it more than you do. Don't hog all the goods for yourselves! :-)

Incident Report 3110-35: On 8/4/ , multiple D-Class personnel were found with level black contraband items[1]. During the full body check of the suspected D-Class, a total of 15 firearms were found, originally belonging to the Guard Armory. Five minutes later, Researcher reported a stolen clipboard and pen, along with his computer mouse. Within the next hour, numerous objects within Site-76 were reported missing, including:

- Both couches from Break Room A
- The Fridge from Break Room B, along with the foodstuffs within it
- 1 MTF Rover
- 23 cases of bleach from the Left Wing Laundry Room
- 3 computers
- 7 CCTV cameras
- 2 transport carts
- **SCP-140**

Containment procedures and description were changed accordingly. Locations of SCP-140's containment cell and the Guard Armory

were moved outside of SCP-3110's radius of effect. All items affected were returned to their original point of origin. Research is ongoing whether or not SCP-3110 possesses choice or knowledge of what it teleports during this phase.

Addendum 3110-3 Approximately weeks after Incident 3110-35, Dr. Harding, the current Project Head of SCP-3110, received a pen as a result of testing of SCP-3110. However, the note received was different than other notes received in the past:

> Warden (or at least what I think you are),
> What you and your "buddies" decided to do a few weeks ago is unjustified. If you want to keep a few things every now and then, be my guest. But, at least give a good chunk of the goods to your prisoners every now and then for Christs sake.
> However, I have my suspicions that you won't take this note seriously. You won't consider it one bit.
> But, with time, thoughts and decisions can change. I won't hold my breath and say you won't change. I have my doubts, of course, but I'll keep my optimism.
> The future is in front of us, warden. Don't be a chain holding the ship back; be the wind pushing it. :-)

Any further deviations from the found notes as well as possible theories as to how SCP-3110 was able to discern Site-76 as a prison are to be submitted to the current project head of SCP-3110 for review.

Footnotes
1. Includes firearms, such as pistols and rifles

SCP-3111: Fingerball

Item #: SCP-3111

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3111 is to be kept in a Safe storage locker at Site-17, and is only to be removed for testing purposes. When in an active state, SCP-3111 is to be observed by Level 2 staff or higher until it returns to its dormant state. Instances of SCP-3111-1 are to be stored either physically in a separate storage locker, or digitally in a secure hard drive in the Site-17 computer server, depending on the instance.

Description: SCP-3111 is a collection of human fingers joined together at the metacarpo-phalangeal joints, forming a spherical mass measuring approximately 22 centimeters in diameter and weighing approximately 0.58 kilograms. Despite its pale pigmentation, SCP-3111 is biologically healthy. DNA testing has not discovered a match in Foundation records. Further physical testing has shown that SCP-3111 has the ability to regenerate, the time taken to do so depending on the severity of the injury. Dislocated and broken joints have been observed regenerating over a period of approximately 30 minutes, whereas removed fingers have been observed regenerating over a period of 2 hours.

In its dormant state, SCP-3111 is nonreactive to external stimuli. The fingers can easily be manipulated along the joints, as far as the joints can physically allow.

When placed within 0.25 meters of a word processing device, SCP-3111 will enter its active state. Acceptable devices range from standard typewriters to desktop computers to laptop computers, so long as the latter two have word processors installed. SCP-3111 will proceed to use its fingers for locomotion, similar to that of an arachnid. SCP-3111 will move in the direction of the word processing device at a speed of 25 centimeters per second. Once

SCP-3111 reaches the device, it will proceed use its fingers to type an instance of SCP-3111-1. Once SCP-3111 is finished typing, it will return to its dormant state until placed within 0.25 meters of a different word processing device. If removed from within 0.25 meters of the device before SCP-3111 reaches it, it will return to its dormant state.

SCP-3111-1 is a written transcript of Game 6 of the 1975 World Series between the Cincinnati Reds and the Boston Red Sox that took place on October 21st, 1975. No variations between SCP-3111-1 instances and the official record of the game have been found. When an individual begins reading an instance of SCP-3111-1, they will vanish and reappear inside Fenway Park stadium in Boston, Massachusetts at the beginning of the game. The game will proceed to play out as transcribed, after which, the individual will reappear in their location where they began reading SCP-3111-1. This displacement lasts a period of approximately 4 hours. Testing has shown that subjects appear in a random seating section each time SCP-3111-1 is read. Displaced subjects have free range of movement both inside and outside the stadium and are incorporeal. Any attempts to interact with both onlookers and players have failed.

SCP-3111 was discovered on December 21st, 1975, when the Post Office reported a package containing SCP-3111 to local authorities. Embedded agents retrieved SCP-3111, and Class-A amnestics were administered to witnesses.

Addendum: The following is an enclosed note that was discovered with SCP-3111.

> Jeff,
>
> I felt bad about scheduling you for work on the night of the game, so I had a friend pull some strings (took a while), and he came up with this. According to him, just put this thing in front of a typewriter, read what it gives you, and you'll be 'right there,' whatever that means. He works for some rather unusual people, but he assured me that you'll love this, even if it is kinda ugly. I wish you all the best and hope you enjoy this gift.

Merry Christmas,
Thomas

SCP-3112: InDi-Mail

Item #: SCP-3112

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3112 is to be monitored by Foundation satellites intended to detect electromagnetic radiation at a global scale. Locations identified to exhibit frequencies of 7a x 7.7a^{7a} Hz. are to be further monitored for possible activities relating to GOI-312.

Foundation personnel are assigned to monitor Site-81's staff break room at all times to collect SCP-3112-A manifestations. Instances of SCP-3112-A are to be immediately inspected and sorted. In the event of a sudden influx of SCP-3112-A manifestations, additional Foundation personnel and equipment are to be assigned to the area. Collected instances of SCP-3112-A are to be kept in a standard containment locker at Storage Site-81.

Testing with the Foundation-created SCP-3112 instance had been approved by Dr. as of 21/07/2016. Testing is to be done at Site-79 due to the electromagnetic interference associated with SCP- .

Description: SCP-3112 is an anomalous form of electromagnetic radiation with a frequency of 7a x 7.7a7a Hz. SCP-3112 has been observed to allow inter-dimensional translocation of letters and postcards. Foundation efforts to replicate SCP-3112's frequencies and anomalous effects have been successful. *(see:* ***Test Log-3112-01****)*

The spontaneous manifestations of envelopes and postcards, designated SCP-3112-A, within Site-81's staff break room is theorized to be caused by an interruption to SCP-3112's frequencies. This abrupt cancellation of SCP-3112's frequencies leads to the unexpected release of SCP-3112-A instances upon

reaching the end of SCP-3112's cancelled waves. The interruptions to SCP-3112's frequencies was confirmed to be caused by the anomalous property of SCP- , found within the same site. SCP-3112-A instances have been identified to be non-anomalous in nature. SCP-3112-A exhibits texts written in unknown scripts and languages, although some instances contain intelligible writings. Addresses and return addresses appear to be unique for each SCP-3112-A instance.

A supposed extra-dimensional postal service provider identified as InDi-Mail, designated GOI-312, claims to be responsible for SCP-3112 and SCP-3112-A manifestations. GOI-312 have successfully contacted the Foundation twice and provided instructions for the construction of SCP-3112-B on first contact. *(see:* ***Document-3112-01*** *and* ***Document-3112-02****)* Further attempts at contacting GOI-312 are being made.

SCP-3112-B is a 50cm x 50cm x 50cm wooden box embedded to the side of a *Quercus macrocarpa*, known commonly as bur oak, with one twig attached to the box through adhesives. Letters and postcards following specific conditions and deposited to SCP-3112-B are immediately transported upon exposure to SCP-3112 frequencies. SCP-3112-B was constructed by the Foundation with Dr. 's approval to utilize SCP-3112 in an attempt to contact GOI-312.

+ Document-3112-01: GOI-312-L-01

A letter found to address the Foundation directly was discovered while sorting SCP-3112-A instances. Below is a transcript of the letter.

InDi-MAIL

stay connected, no matter how far yonder

To our friends at the Foundation,

We at InDi-Mail give you our most sincere

apologies for the inconvenience. We seem to have struck an unexpected interference to our ravenwaves at one of our mailways established to pass your domain, as a result, messages prematurely drop at your location. We at InDi-Mail sincerely apologize for this, we'll see to it that this issue may be fixed as soon as possible.

We at InDi-Mail value the privacy of our consumers. We kindly request of your full cooperation to refrain from opening contents of letters not addressed to your person until we are able to resolve this incident.

Again, we at InDi-Mail offer our most sincere apologies, may we request for your kindest consideration as we handle this situation. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Harol Heirel
InDi-Mail Customer Service Center

The following could be seen at the back. It shows instructions on how to potentially utilize and replicate the anomalous effects of SCP-3112 with the use of a basic contraption, designated SCP-3112-B. Supposed contact information for GOI-312 was stated as well.

For further inquiries and suggestions, you may reach us from our mailing address:

InDi-Mail, Postal Services, ID-M Box 0001, Kingstertsin SX 000-19239-109234

First time connecting to our mailways? Make sure your box is properly embedded within the bark. Use of may oak may offer for stronger

connections. Check if your box is able to detect our ravenwaves, if not, move to higher altitudes. Attach twig on box for stronger connections.

+ Test Log-3112-01

This file records all attempts at utilizing SCP-3112 for inter-dimensional translocation. Please use the following format.

Researcher:
Date:
Procedure:
Results:
Notes:

Below is a transcript of the letter that is to be utilized for all following tests as of 25/07/2016.

To InDi-Mail,

Thank you for contacting us. We at the Foundation received your notice and understand the situation fully. We offer our kindest considerations and compliance to your request.

We are currently conducting tests in attempts to utilize your mail transport methods. Your use of electromagnetic radiation for inter-dimensional translocation of mail intrigues us. We hope to know more about InDi-Mail. Should this letter reach you, please do reply.

Sincerely,
Dr.
Foundation Researcher

Upon retrieval of Document-3112-01, testing of SCP-3112-B and replicated SCP-3112 instance began with Dr. 's approval.

Researcher: Dr.
Date: 07-21-2016
Procedure: One *Rattus rattus*, known commonly as black rat, contained in a 10 cm x 10 cm x 10 cm box was placed inside SCP-3112-B and exposed directly to SCP-3112. Written on the box is the specified mailing address found in Document-3112-01.
Results: Box disappears briefly and reappears after approximately 3.50 seconds. Upon reappearance, the following note was found attached to the box.

Invalid Delivery: *The shipment of live organic beings is a violation to our Inter-dimensional Transport Regulations*

Rattus rattus specimen appears to be normal upon examination subsequent to testing.

Researcher: Dr.
Date: 07-22-2016
Procedure: One active digital recording device contained in a 10 cm x 10 cm x 10 cm plexiglass box was placed inside SCP-3112-B and exposed directly to SCP-3112. Written on the box is the specified mailing address found in Document-3112-01.
Results: Box disappears briefly and reappears after approximately 3.50 seconds. Upon reappearance, the following note was found attached to the box.

Invalid Delivery: *Delivery too large.*

Recordings obtained from the device displayed static upon examination subsequent to testing.

Researcher: Dr.
Date: 07-23-2016
Procedure: One active digital recording device contained in a 3 cm x 3 cm x 3 cm plexiglass box was placed inside SCP-3112-B and exposed directly to SCP-3112. Written on the box is the specified mailing address found in Document-3112-01.
Results: Box disappears briefly and reappears after approximately 3.50 seconds. Upon reappearance, the following note was found attached to the box.

Invalid Delivery: *Delivery too large.*

Recordings obtained from the device displayed static upon examination subsequent to testing.

Notes: *Let's go with flat mail, I shall compose a letter. -Dr.*

Researcher: Dr.
Date: 07-25-2016
Procedure: One standard enveloped letter was placed inside SCP-3112-B and exposed directly to SCP-3112. Written on the envelope was the specified mailing address found in Document-3112-01.
Results: Letter disappears briefly and reappears after approximately 3.50 seconds, similar to previous testing. Upon reappearance, the following note was found attached to the letter.

Invalid Delivery: *Postal Token required*

Notes: *We'll have to identify this so called postal token. Perhaps inspection of SCP-3112-A instances may shed some light -Dr.*

100% of inspected SCP-3112-A instances contains leaves coming from Sambucus nigra (known commonly as elder). It has been hypothesized to be the Postal Token in question.

Researcher: Dr.
Date: 07-28-2016
Procedure: One standard enveloped letter and one *Sambucus nigra* leaf was placed inside SCP-3112-B and exposed directly to SCP-3112. Written on the envelope was the specified mailing address found in Document-3112-01.
Results: Letter disappears briefly and reappears after approximately 3.50 seconds, similar to previous tests. Upon reappearance, the following note was found attached to the letter.

> Your mail will be sent shortly. Thank you for choosing InDi-Mail.

Notes: *Finally, our first successful attempt. We'll just have to wait and see now. -Dr.*

+ Document-3112-02: GOI-312-L-02

A similar letter to Document-3112-01 had been discovered while sorting SCP-3112-A instances the day following Foundation's first successful attempt at inter-dimensional translocation through SCP-3112. Below is a transcript of the letter.

InDi-MAIL

stay connected, no matter how far yonder

To our friends at the Foundation,

We have received your letter. Thank you for inquiring with us here at InDi-Mail. On behalf of the entire team, we are immensely glad of your interest at availing our services despite recent incidents.

It seems that you have already set up ravenwave connections on your own, we thank you for this as it shortens the setup process on our behalf. We would simply have to connect your ravenwaves to the new mailway route being developed for your domain now, once it has been done, you would officially be part of our ever growing list of InDi-Mail users.

We thank you, Foundation, representatives of Domain 3876-ß for opening the possibility of extending our services to your domain. Without you, this would have not been possible.

Stay tuned for an upcoming InDi-Mail branch near you!

Sincerely,
Nerrlen the Great
Head and Founder of InDi-Mail

SCP-3113: In My Way

Item #: SCP-3113

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Knowledge of SCP-3113's location is distributed on a strict need-to-know basis. No personnel who are aware of SCP-3113 may be stationed at the facility in question. Testing must be performed remotely, with on-site participants requiring amnesticization after its conclusion.

SCP-3113 is kept in an oversized Type 2 Kinetohazard Containment Chamber equipped with soundproofing materials in an area of the facility away from high-value items and established evacuation routes. Documentation describing the chamber's contents as an extremely painful, but non-lethal, cognitohazardous installation has been falsified to minimize interest in entering the chamber.[1]

Description: SCP-3113 is a group of objects and materials that, immediately prior to the development of their characteristic anomalous property, comprised much of the structure and contents of the Site-47 Reliquary. Due to the circumstances of its formation and subsequent testing, SCP-3113 is composed predominantly of rubble and scrap metal.

SCP-3113 cannot occupy any space through which a human intends to pass; no method tested thus far has circumvented this property. Whenever a human intends to pass through an area of space already occupied by a member of SCP-3113, that member will be violently (300-350 kph) displaced out of the subject's path. This effect lasts until the subject no longer intends to enter or occupy the area in question. This effectively prevents SCP-3113 from impeding any individual's motion.

SCP-3113 is apparently incapable of damaging human beings, and will be expelled in a different direction should any part of it encounter

one. Structural damage that results from active SCP-3113, however, has caused several direct and indirect casualties.

Due to the difficulty of safely testing SCP-3113, the exact parameters for its activation are somewhat unclear. It is known that an intention to travel through every place on Earth, or the entirety of its holding facility, will not trigger the effect, while intent to enter its containment cell will do so. Knowledge of the area containing SCP-3113 relative to oneself or another known landmark appears to be a prerequisite.

Knowledge of SCP-3113 has no inherent effect on its activation. As most subjects do not believe themselves capable of entering an area of space occupied by solid objects, SCP-3113 is usually activated by subjects who are unaware of its exact position or who are aware of its anomalous property.

The circumstances of SCP-3113's recovery suggest that it was implemented as a method of efficiently extracting an artifact from the Site-47 Reliquary. The method by which anomalous properties were imparted on SCP-3113, whether this method is repeatable, and the party(s) responsible are all unknown.

Recovery Log: The following events took place on January 18, 2017 at Site-47.

> **<14:16>** An unidentified individual, henceforth POI-3113-0, approaches the exterior fence surrounding the facility, carrying an unidentified (presumably custom-made) firearm. Subject is 1.6m tall, with all skin covered by clothing. Security personnel are dispatched.
>
> **<14:17>** POI-3113-0 ignores instructions to stand down. Security personnel open fire; however, all bullets become part of SCP-3113 prior to contact with the subject and are dispelled.
>
> **<14:18>** POI-3113-0 makes threatening gestures with its firearm. Security personnel are instructed to stand down in order to minimize potential casualties. Subject approaches an exterior wall (belonging to the Site-47

Reliquary) at a walking pace. A response team is dispatched (ETA: 14:23).

<14:20> POI-3113-0 reaches the exterior wall. After several seconds of apparent examination, and an unidentified vocalization, a segment of the wall roughly 3m x 8m is affected, and propelled into the facility at high velocity. Analysis suggests that it rebounded off Research Assistant Carnegie towards the primary storage area, causing massive damage to the facility. Four personnel are killed by high-velocity debris. POI-3113-0 enters the facility and apprehends RA Carnegie with its firearm.

<14:21> A brief exchange occurs between POI-3113-0 and RA Carnegie, surmised to be POI-3113-0 demanding the location of AO-51160.[2] AO-51160's storage unit is converted into SCP-3113 and subsequently expelled at high velocity from its casing. The unit is sufficiently damaged to allow access to AO-51160.

<14:22> POI-3113-0 approaches AO-51160's storage unit and retrieves the artifact. Response team arrives shortly thereafter. POI-3113-0 runs further into the damaged portion of the facility upon noticing the response team; the area into which it ran had no functioning cameras at this time.

<14:23> Response team pursues POI-3113-0. Shortly thereafter, the response team reports an inability to locate POI-3113-0. Subsequent investigation fails to identify POI-3113-0's location or means of egress.

Footnotes
1. Initially, the falsified documentation described the chamber's contents as highly lethal. This was altered after Incident 3113-D6, in which containment was breached after a staff member decided to enter SCP-3113's cell as a means of committing suicide, and Incident 3113-E11, in which a Chaos Insurgency cell resolved to steal the chamber's supposed contents for weaponization purposes.

2. AO-51160 is a mummified human leg, purported by some legends to have belonged to [REDACTED]. It displays Class-3 Indestructibility and room-temperature superconductivity.

SCP-3114: Wouldn't it be Chilly?

Item #: SCP-3114

Object Class: Euclid

Secure Containment Procedures: SCP-3114 is held in a 3 meter by 7 meter enclosure surrounded by reinforced steel, with impact glass windows for observation. A smaller 1 meter by 2 meter cell is attached to contain SCP-3114 when its enclosure needs to be entered for maintenance, enrichment, or inspection.

When SCP-3114 needs to be moved from one section to another, a projection of a human subject will be displayed on a wall in the desired area. Once SCP-3114 attacks the projection, the door will be closed. No personnel are to enter SCP-3114's enclosure outside of approved testing procedures.

Description: SCP-3114 is an animate human skeleton. It stands approximately 1.6 meters tall and weighs 30 kg. Though it has no articulation or connective tissue, its individual bones remain in place as they would in a human body. Individual bones can be pulled out of position, but quickly return to their correct position when there is no longer an outside force acting on them. Though SCP-3114 is made of similar minerals as human bone, it is much denser and stronger, requiring more than three times as much force to break. A broken bone will mend, though it takes several weeks for a larger bone.

There is no current explanation for SCP-3114's ability to move. Its observed range of motion in its joints are similar to a healthy adult female's. It is much stronger than a human of comparable size. It is able to lift at least 250 kg with one arm and has a measured grip strength of 270 kg. Its maximum observed foot speed is 60 km/h.

SCP-3114 is able to react to visual stimuli, with an apparent field of view similar to a human's. However, it does not react to sound or

smell. It responds to touch, but it is difficult to test its sensitivity.

SCP-3114 has made no attempts to communicate **See entry 16 of the experiment log**. It is extremely aggressive and immediately attempts to attack any time it sees a human or other biological humanoid (referred to as targets from hereon).

When it sees a potential target, SCP-3114 will take the quickest, most direct route it can, only avoiding obstacles it cannot push through. Once it reaches a target, it will latch on with its hands and begin squeezing around the throat.

Once the target has stopped moving, SCP-3114 begins tearing openings in the target's body and pulling out its bones over the course of several hours. Once it has completely removed the target's skeleton, it will attempt to pull the remaining flesh over itself. This tears the flesh into multiple parts. Once the body is no longer in one large piece, it loses interest in it.

When no target is present, SCP-3114 is fairly docile. It explores its enclosure but does not attempt to escape. SCP-enrichment objects such as blocks, tires, cardboard boxes, and sticks are provided and replaced at regular intervals. When the lights are turned out for the night, SCP-3114 lays down and becomes motionless. Though it resembles sleep, it is still capable of responding to visual stimuli.

Experiment Log Excerpts:

Entry 3: D-1724, a 120 kg adult male.
Date: / /
D-1724 attempted to run when he saw SCP-3114 approach. When it caught him, he attempted to fight back but was unable to do appreciable damage to SCP-3114. However, this did agitate SCP-3114 a great deal, and damage to the subject was greater than in other observed cases. SCP-3114 gave up removing the subject's bones partway through when it became clear the subject's body was not intact. The remains were placed in a corner. SCP-3114 placed several sticks and a cardboard box on top of the subject, as though burying him.

Entry 5: Store mannequin, dressed as a Class-D personnel.

Date: / /
SCP-3114 ran to the subject, as expected. However, it stopped several feet away. It stared at it for several minutes, then waved a hand in front of the subject's face. It seemed confused by the lack of facial features. It proceeded to touch the top of the head, tapping it several times before it finally carried it back to its enclosure, where it placed it in the corner. It mimicked its pose several times while standing next to it. It removed the mannequin's clothes and attempted to wear them. However, it was unable to operate the belt, and could not keep the pants from falling. After several attempts, it appeared to grow frustrated. It removed the clothes, then threw them and the mannequin into a corner.

Entry 6: Female gorilla
Date: / /
SCP-3114 approached the subject but did not become aggressive until the subject stood up. SCP-3114 proceeded to engage in its typical behavior. However, the gorilla was able to break SCP-3114's left ulna before it expired.

SCP-3114 was unable to fit itself into the subject's body, giving up after the body was no longer intact. It was "buried" in the corner, as with previous subjects.

Entry 9: Male border collie
Date: / /
SCP-3114 approached the subject cautiously. It examined it with its fingers and seemed surprised when the dog licked it. It interacted with the dog for two hours, becoming visibly more excited. It appeared to be engaging in play behavior. It wrestled with the dog without harming it and threw sticks for it.

At one point, the dog attempted to bite SCP-3114's lower left leg, at which point SCP-3114 struck it sharply, frightening the subject. However, neither appeared to have been seriously harmed, and both returned to their play.

The subject was removed from the enclosure without incident. SCP-3114 stood at the exit for several hours after the subject was removed, striking the walls repeatedly. However, it did not use enough force to cause damage to its enclosure.

Entry 13: Human cadaver, female, 55kg, two days after death
Date: / /
SCP-3114 reacted as it would to a live human, including an attempt to crush its throat for several minutes. Otherwise identical to tests with similarly-sized live subjects.

Entry 14: Human skeleton, articulated for teaching.
Date: / /
SCP-3114 approached the subject rapidly but did not attack. Instead, it examined the subject for several minutes, then began to prod it. When this elicited no response, it ran its hand along the top of the subject's head. It then carefully removed the subject from its stand and carried it back to its enclosure. It cradled the subject for several hours. It then put the subject in the same position it takes during sleep periods.

Entry 16: Human cadaver, male, 145 kg, one hour after death
Date: / /
Subject reacted as in Log entry 13. However, it was able to keep the body intact while it placed itself inside. It walked around its enclosure for an hour while wearing the subject.

When the projection was shown to clean the enclosure, SCP-3114 did not attempt to attack the projection. Instead, it walked up to it and began to attempt interaction.

D-4843, an adult male, was placed in the enclosure. When SCP-3114 approached, he attempted to escape. SCP-3114 grabbed him but did so gently. It continued to try interacting with him, taking his hand and placing it on its face, trying to ape his movements, and embracing him. He reacted negatively to all interactions. After three hours, D-4843 was removed from the enclosure.

SCP-3114 waited for several minutes at the door. Then it tore the subject off of itself. It kicked the remains into a corner, then laid down next to the subject of Entry 14. It did not move for three days, at which point it resumed its normal behavior.

SCP-3115: 99.7 Cognitohazard FM

Item #: SCP-3115

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3115 is to be locked inside a Standard Item Storage Locker at Site - . This locker is to be placed centrally within a containment cell measuring 5mx5mx5m and secured to the floor with standard steel bolts. The cell is to be lined with soundproofing material with an STC (Sound Transmission Class) rating of greater than 60.

At no time should the USB of SCP-3115 be inserted into an electronic device except for the purpose of an approved test. All tests must be approved by no fewer than two Level 4 personnel stationed at Site- and the on-site 'Memetics Department'. *TESTING HAS BEEN SUSPENDED PENDING POST-INCIDENT REVIEW BY ORDER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF SECURITY. SEE INCIDENT REPORT IR3115-A FOR FURTHER UPDATES*

Researchers wishing to observe testing with SCP-3115 may do so only with the aid of a video feed. No audio transmissions are permitted to leave the containment chamber whilst testing is in progress due to risk of containment breach (See Testing Log).

Description: SCP-3115 is a set of standard audio headphones consistent with those manufactured in the early 21st Century. The headphones contain no external markings and show signs of slight use. The headphone portion of SCP-3115 is 'plugged in' with a standard double ended USB cable which was present with SCP-3115 at acquisition.

When connected to an electronic device via the USB connector, SCP-3115 will begin to play audio snippets from various radio stations from around the world. Testing has confirmed that the radio broadcast from SCP-3115 matches that which the particular station

it is tuned to is broadcasting at the time. To date, no technology capable of receiving said signals has been found in or on SCP-3115 and its means of receiving these signals is unknown.

SCP-3115's anomalous effect manifests when a human being places the headphones over his ears and connects SCP-3115's USB to any electronic device (The device's ability to transmit audio data appears irrelevant, SCP-3115's anomalous properties would manifest even if connected to a USB compatible charger).

When a human subject places SCP-3115 over his ears a noticeable change in the audio output will occur. The subject will continue to hear broadcasts from a random radio station, however all talking, singing and other vocalizations will now be narrated by an unknown male sounding entity known as SCP-3115/A.

SCP-3115/A is described as talking with a formal English accent and has a seemingly jovial tone. SCP-3115/A will continue to narrate and sing all content broadcast from the radio station currently being broadcast by SCP-3115 in real time for approximately 15 minutes of use.

SCP-3115/A will continue to narrate broadcast audio after 15 minutes of SCP-3115 being worn by a human subject, however will now include additions to the standard broadcast.

The anomalous effect of SCP-3115 ceases when the headphones are removed from the human subject and the voice of the transmission will return to that of the DJ/Artist.

+ Level 4 Clearance Required

Addendum 3115/01:
After 15 minutes have elapsed with a human subject listening to SCP-3115/A, SCP-3115/A will make additions to the standard broadcast.

SCP-3115/A will at random appear to say words, phrases, and describe abstract concepts which almost without exception prove to be cognitohazardous to the human subject listening.

Subjects which are exposed to the cognitohazardous vocalizations of SCP-3115/A will begin to display symptoms immediately. Symptoms increase drastically depending on the amount of vocalization additions heard. Once the original 15 minutes has elapsed there appears to be no correlation to the frequency of further additions.

Number of Additions Heard	Effect on Subject
1	Subject experiences visual hallucinations of varying content and severity. A consistent theme appears to be the perception of a humanoid entity standing within the room they are currently in. Subjects will perceive the audio being output by SCP-3115 as coming from this entity. Subjects universally report the early stages of a migraine at this stage.
2-4	Subject experiences symptoms from previous additions. Subjects also report the apparent inability to remove SCP-3115 from their heads or unplug it from the electronic device. Physical intervention at this stage in removing SCP-3115 from the head of a subject will cause the symptoms to abate within 1 hour.
3-5	Subject experiences symptoms from previous additions. Subjects also

	report seeing symbols on the walls, floor and ceiling of an unknown language. These symbols cause extreme pain in those who observe them and are capable of causing subjects to lose consciousness.
6+	Subjects expire within seconds of hearing a sixth addition. Prior to expiration subjects begin to involuntarily vocalize the cognitohazardous additions they have so far heard. This is capable of spreading the cognitohazard to further individuals. Given the rapid vocalizations of the subject at this stage, the propagation of the hazard is extremely fast and further infected individuals will enter the latter stages of infection in moments.

+ Show Testing Log

Test 3115-01

Subject: D-88743
Procedure: D-88743 is directed to enter the containment chamber and plug SCP-3115 into a provided USB portable power pack and remain within the room for 5 minutes. D-88743 is not directed to wear SCP-3115.
Results: D-88743 follows instructions and reports faintly hearing a broadcast consistent with BBC Radio 1's morning show coming from SCP-3115. Note, D-88743 is near to

SCP-3115. but is not wearing it. D-88743 is disconnects SCP-3115 from the power pack and exits the chamber without incident.
Analysis: Site- is shielded from all outside broadcasts. Audio output is later confirmed to be consistent with BBC Radio 1, however the means in which SCP-3115 has detected this signal is unknown.

Test 3115-02

Subject: D-88743
Procedure: D-88743 is directed to enter the containment chamber and plug SCP-3115 into a provided USB portable power pack. D-88743 is instructed to wear SCP-3115. D-88743 is permitted to leave the containment chamber after 5 minutes as per previous test.
Results: D-88743 follows instructions exactly. Upon wearing SCP-3115 D-88743 removes SCP-3115 stating surprise at hearing SCP-3115/A instead of a standard broadcast. D-88743 is instructed to place SCP-3115 on his head again which he does without argument. After 5 minutes has elapsed, D-88743 unplugs SCP-3115, removes them from his head and leaves the containment chamber.
Analysis: Audio output matches that of WKCS-FM. D-88743 is placed in observations for one week following test but shows no negative effects. D-88743 expresses reluctance to partake in further tests claiming that the voice of SCP-3115/A 'unnerved him'.

Test 3115-03

Subject: D-88743
Procedure: D-88743 is instructed to follow procedures as per Test 3115-02 however is instructed to remain within the containment

chamber, wearing SCP-3115 for 16 minutes.
Results: Upon passing the 15 minute mark, D-88743 stands and appears panicked. D-88743 asks Research Staff how 'that guy' has been able to get into the room without using the only door (which was locked as part of testing procedures). Upon passing the 16 minute mark, D-88743 leaves the containment chamber complaining of a headache.
Analysis: D-88743 reports seeing the manifestation of SCP-3115/A. D-88743 is extremely paranoid following this test and has shown an aversion to wearing any form of headphones again. D-88743 was treated in the medical bay for a migraine and was placed under observation. During this time, D-88743 spoke aloud the cognitohazardous phrase he had heard from SCP-3115/A, exposing a member of medical staff to Stage 1 infection. Class A amnestics proved effective in neutralizing infection in both persons. D-88743 is terminated as per standard D-Class protocols at the end of the month.

Test 3115-04

Subject: D-4452
Procedure: D-4452 is instructed to follow procedures as per Test 3115-02 however is instructed to remain within the containment chamber, wearing SCP-3115 until instructed otherwise.
Results: D-4452 follows instructions exactly. D-4452 expresses similar symptoms to D-88743 after the 15 minute mark. At 23 minutes 6 seconds following activation of SCP-3115, D-4452 begins convulsing in his seat and speaking unintelligibly (now believed to be in Stage 6 infection). D-4452 rapidly begins vocalizing cognitohazardous phrases

before expiring. During this test, 5 Research Staff were observing the test using both a visual and audio feed. All five personnel were infected immediately with Stage 6 infection on hearing the cognitohazard. This quickly spread to security personnel stationed outside. A containment breach was declared and all personnel removed from within earshot of infected persons. SCP-3115 was removed from D-4452's head with the assistance of Researcher Tann who is declared medically deaf. Post-mortem examination of infected personnel deduced the cause of death to be cardiac arrest.
Analysis This test caused a site-wide containment breach to be declared. A follow up investigation has lead to the current containment procedures. Testing to be indefinitely suspended pending a review by the Department of Internal Security.

+Show Incident Report IR3115-A

INCIDENT REPORT IR3115-A

On the 4th April 2017 SCP-3115 underwent its first site-wide containment breach since containment was first established. This item had been considered relatively safe by research staff given its manageable anomalous properties and as such, major liberties were taken in containment of SCP-3115 resulting in less than safe conditions.

At 04:20hrs on 4th April 2017, five members from the Department of Research at Site-XX commenced Test 3115-04. This test was sanctioned by the Site Memetics

Department in accordance with Foundation Policy and conformed to all containment procedures hitherto established. All personnel involved were experienced researchers with a variety of backgrounds in science and this was the fourth such test that this team had undertaken with SCP-3115.

The experiment required the use of one D-class personnel designated D-4452. The aim of the test was to establish the effects of prolonged exposure to the anomalous properties of SCP-3115 on human test subjects and the subsequent effectiveness of Class A amnestics on said subjects. Prior to this test, no test subject had been exposed to the anomalous properties of SCP-3115 for more than 16 minutes.

At the time the containment chamber was structurally sound, with sound proofing remaining at 100% effectiveness throughout the test. The cell was fitted with 3 standard HD CCTV cameras providing a view of all angles of the room. These cameras were fitted with standard audio microphones which could be switched on and off by the personnel in the observation booth.

At the commencement of the test, all cameras and microphones were activated by the research staff to document and monitor the test as it progressed. As per standard protocols for testing on SCP-3115, all microphones were altered to only pick up loud and deliberate sound in the room, so as to prevent accidental recording of SCP-3115's anomalous audio.

At 23 minutes and 6 seconds after the commencement of the test, D-4452 began exhibiting symptoms of Stage 6 Infection of SCP-3115. D-4452 convulsed in an apparent epileptic fit for 1 minute and 32 seconds, falling from his chair in the process.

It has been found that the research staff made several errors at the commencement of Stage 6 infection. At the time that D-4452 entered the advanced stage, audio

recording was disabled on the microphones. In an attempt to communicate with D-4452 to enquire as to his wellbeing and in order to gather more information of the current exposure, one of the researchers activated the microphones on the cameras. A two way communication was then opened which exposed all five personnel in the observation booth to immediate Stage 6 infection of SCP-3115.

The observation booth itself was not sound proofed as it was outside of SCP-3315's containment chamber. Due to the volume of the researcher's subsequent vocalisations, the sound permeated through the gaps in the door frame and exposed the two security guards stationed outside. Their vocalisations was then picked up by the CCTV cameras in the hallway which transmitted the infection to the Camera Control Operator in the Security Command Centre. The infection then spread throughout a small portion of the facility before the event was witnessed by a member of staff through a non-audio CCTV camera.

This staff member then activated the Site's containment breach alarm and established contact with Security stationed outside of the Containment Wing. At this time the Site's computer mainframe underwent an automatic assessment of the situation and updated the Site Director, informing him that the containment breach did not meet the required parameters for detonation of on-site warheads.
A further error in containment then occurred whereby further Security personnel entered the Containment Wing in order to re-establish containment, further spreading the infection to those personnel.

Site records indicate that proper safe working protocols were not followed by staff at the site during this containment breach. Standard operating procedures for an auditory anomaly undergoing containment breach states that Mobile Task Force Eta 11 – 'Savage Beasts'

must be informed immediately. This procedure was not followed and MTF-Eta 11 were not informed until 14 minutes and 44 seconds after the activation of the containment breach alarm.

It is fortunate that Site-XX was home to personnel who are medically declared deaf. Researcher Tann in this case, had no previous experience working with SCP-3115 and was employed in a primarily back-office role. Notably, Researcher Tann only holds Level 1 Security clearance as a newer member of staff and as such was not authorised to be informed of the nature of SCP-3115 or even enter the Containment Wing. This breach of protocol is to be referred to the Department of Internal Security.
Researcher Tann was able to successfully remove SCP-3115 from the head of D-4452 and eject the USB from the socket, terminating the anomalous properties of SCP-3115. Using a decibel meter, Researcher Tann then confirmed that all personnel affected by SCP-3115 had expired prior to signalling the all clear.

Standard site operations resumed at 13.40hrs that day.

The incident resulted in the following casualties:
1x D-Class personnel
12x Research personnel
10x Security personnel
3x Clerical personnel
1x Janitorial personnel

The details of this report have been forwarded to the Committee for Post Incident Analysis and Mobile Task Force Eta 11 for their comment and endorsement. I await their response before submitting my findings to the Department of Administration in a Post Incident Review.

Colonel H. Briggs

Incident Review Bureau

Department of Security

Addendum 3115-02 : Notes on Acquisition

SCP-3115 was acquired by The Foundation in 2006 when the object was discovered sitting on the approach road to Site-19 by Research Staff on their way to work. A review of the CCTV footage from around Site-19 shows an unknown male walking into the middle of the approach road from out of the surrounding woodlands before placing SCP-3115 down on the tarmac.

CCTV from inside the wooded area where the male appeared does not show the male or any other traces of human life in the area and no breaches of the outer perimeter fence were discovered.

The male disappeared back into the woods moments before the personnel discovered the item.

> ***Note from Researcher Katash***
> *An excerpt from the CCTV footage captured at the acquisition of SCP-3115 was shown to D-88743 prior to his termination. He has confirmed my suspicions that the male who delivered the SCP to us matches the description of SCP-3115/A. Given that SCP-3115/A is likely a real individual and more than likely the creator of SCP-3115, his capture and interrogation are of high priority. We need to know this guy's motives, after all we could have just brought a memetic weapon straight into one of our facilities. Recommend improved screening of all such 'deliveries' in the future* - **Researcher Katash**

SCP-3116: It's time to stop posting

Item #: SCP-3116

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Web Crawler LOGOUT-3F-3116 is set to search the internet for references to SCP-3116's primary anomalous property, as well as reports of hallucinations or somnambulism consistent with SCP-3116-A. Personnel will then isolate the affected accounts, determine all senders and recipients of SCP-3116 to/from that account, and then amnesticize the account operator(s) as necessary. Servers of affected internet services, as well as all computers that may contain SCP-3116, should be searched manually for SCP-3116; SCP-3116 should then be deleted.

A transcription of SCP-3116 itself is attached to this document and can be accessed by personnel with clearance 3/3116 [INSUFFICIENT CLEARANCE] or higher.

In emergency situations, MTF Omicron-12 ("**Nine-Tailed Dox**") is authorized to use SCP-2726 to temporarily disable hostile actors operating over the internet. In these situations, SCP-3116 should be accompanied by an appropriate antimeme to prevent further spread of SCP-3116.

Description: SCP-3116 is a seventy-character alphanumeric string with no apparent linguistic content. When sent as a private/direct message to an account on an internet service, the recipient will be forcibly logged out and their connection to the service in question terminated. Any individuals actively monitoring this event will experience a myoclonic jerk[1] and the brief sensation of falling as it occurs. No unusual physical or psychological changes have been observed in individuals who receive SCP-3116.

Repeated manual transmission of SCP-3116 can cause a condition

(designated SCP-3116-A) in some subjects, characterized by chronic somnambulism and occasional hallucinations. During the REM phase of sleep, individuals subject to SCP-3116-A will attempt to access one or more internet services that they regularly use[2] and operate them as normal. While subjects display limited awareness of content they access during this state, their ability to interpret and respond to this content in a 'normal' fashion is greatly diminished, resulting in unusual behavior.

Those subject to SCP-3116-A will, at a rate of about once per day, visually and aurally hallucinate textually described events as occurring to them or in their immediate vicinity.[3] These hallucinations last for 5-30 seconds and are distinguishable from reality only by contextual information, typically their sudden occurrence and non-sequitur nature.

While no treatment for SCP-3116-A has been identified, symptoms wear off after 2-3 weeks so long as the subject does not transmit SCP-3116. Even a single SCP-3116 transmission can cause an immediate relapse in previously cured subjects.

All tested search algorithms ignore SCP-3116's presence, negating attempts to automatically detect it or prevent its spread.

Recovery: SCP-3116 was first found circulating the internet in June of 2016, by which point an estimated 8,500 accounts had either sent or received SCP-3116. Initial containment efforts were hindered by SCP-3116's immunity to automated identification and removal, mandating manual identification, interviewing, and amnesticization of all affected subjects; consequently, the population affected by SCP-3116 expanded by an additional ~2,500 individuals before growth could be halted.

Due to similarities between SCP-3116's 'invisibility' to search algorithms and that exhibited by **SCP-2726**, a connection to Gamers Against Weed was hypothesized early on, and was used to guide early-stage searches for affected subjects. While this link has not been proven conclusively, chat logs uploaded anonymously to a file-sharing site on 2016-09-15 suggest that it was originally produced by the user "gaycopmp4" and distributed among members of the group.

The aforementioned documents are reproduced below, with additional formatting applied for readability. Note that the veracity of these documents cannot be verified, and they may or may not contain factual information.

gaycopmp4: hey vro check this out
gaycopmp4: [SCP-3116 REMOVED]
CommunismAnarchismNihilism logged out.
gaycopmp4: success
CommunismAnarchismNihilism logged in.
CommunismAnarchismNihilism: what the fuck
gaycopmp4: it's a thing you can send to people and make them log out
gaycopmp4: happyb irthday
CommunismAnarchismNihilism: oh hell yes
CommunismAnarchismNihilism: tyvm
gaycopmp4: i mean i maed this like 3 months ago
gaycopmp4: and then forgot about it until that time you mentioned that one podcast
CommunismAnarchismNihilism: hey, it's my birthday. at least let me feel special lol
gaycopmp4: no
gaycopmp4: also make sure not to use it for evil or anything
CommunismAnarchismNihilism: loud and clear
CommunismAnarchismNihilism: [SCP-3116 REMOVED]
gaycopmp4 logged out.
gaycopmp4 logged in.
gaycopmp4: why you little
gaycopmp4: [SCP-3116 REMOVED]
CommunismAnarchismNihilism logged out.
CommunismAnarchismNihilism logged in.
CommunismAnarchismNihilism: [SCP-3116 REMOVED]
gaycopmp4 logged out.
gaycopmp4 logged in.
gaycopmp4: [SCP-3116 REMOVED]
CommunismAnarchismNihilism logged out.
CommunismAnarchismNihilism logged in.

CommunismAnarchismNihilism: [SCP-3116 REMOVED]
gaycopmp4 logged out.
gaycopmp4 logged in.
gaycopmp4: [SCP-3116 REMOVED]
CommunismAnarchismNihilism logged out.
CommunismAnarchismNihilism logged in.

[REDACTED FOR BREVITY]

bones: Are you busy right now?
gaycopmp4: yeah
gaycopmp4: on life
gaycopmp4: sorry i completely misread your message
bones: You're forgiven.
gaycopmp4: i am not busy
bones: Several users have issued complaints regarding your forcible log-off trick.
gaycopmp4: just tell them to stop sending it
gaycopmp4: like seirously you have my blessing its getitng annoying
bones: I did, and they claim that they're attempting to comply.
gaycopmp4: what
bones: Apparently, some of the repeated 'users' of the trick have been joining the chat in their sleep.
bones: In addition to the expected unusual behavior, some have continued to send the trick while in this state.
gaycopmp4: is that why harmpit spendt an hour last night talking about twinkies
bones: No, he later attributed that to an edible. You may recall goodpostskitty logging in on Thursday evening during the 'h' debacle; that was her sleepchatting.
gaycopmp4: shit i wondered why she was suddenly horny on main
bones: Regardless, this has only affected members who have used the trick on multiple occasions. Some have also reported hallucinations.
bones: Do you have any idea what might be happening here?

gaycopmp4: hey i have no idea ok
gaycopmp4: i promised not to say this but lesbian_gengar helped me with the sleep jerk thing
gaycopmp4: i dont think she knewwhat i was gonna use it for cuz i wanted it to be a surprise so dont blame her too bad
bones: Understood. Thanks for your help.

(removed for privacy):4 thanks a fucking lot
gaycopmp4: ur welcome
gaycopmp4: 4 whatever it is
(removed): i proposed to my girlfriend over skype while i was sleepwalking because of your stupid logout thing
gaycopmp4: lol you still use skype?
(removed): [SCP-3116 REMOVED]
gaycopmp4 logged out.
gaycopmp4 logged in.
gaycopmp4: uncalledf or
(removed): i had everything planned out
(removed): dinner at (restaurant removed), the expensive wine and all that
(removed): then we float up to the ceiling and the chandelire explodes into fireworks
(removed): *chandelier
(removed): and then everyone at the restaurant does a dance party
gaycopmp4: fuck i forgot how weird your shit is
(removed): so let me copy+paste how i ACTUALLY proposed to my girlfriend, thanks to you messing with my head
(removed): "grace we have to get married or i'm gonna SHIT"
gaycopmp4: HAAHHAHHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHQHAhhahq
(removed): fuck you
gaycopmp4: THIS IS TEH BEST THEING IIVE SEEN ALAL DYA
(removed): you ruined my fucking proposal
gaycopmp4: maybe u shouldnt be making peole log off so much

gaycopmp4: its rude
(removed): this isn't exactly foreseeable or proportionate retribution, you douche
(removed): it barely has anything to do with anything
gaycopmp4: it makes perfect sense actually
(removed): enlighten me
gaycopmp4: me nad esther hashed it out yesterday
gaycopmp4: its all about conservation right
gaycopmp4: if someone logs off b4 they would normally that unspent logged on ness has to go somewhere
gaycopmp4: thats usually tye void so no1 cares
gaycopmp4: but bc the sleep twitch thing gives it an inroad to ur brain it makes you log on
gaycopmp4: and youre so logged in that it makes thing s you see online look real
(removed): this is stupid
gaycopmp4: yeah lmao its like that sometimes
(removed): are you or are you not fucking with me right now
gaycopmp4: i am fucking with you right now
gaycopmp4: real talki have no idea why it does that
(removed): could you stop fucking around for once in your life? you owe me an apology
gaycopmp4: if i dont apologize are you gonna SHIT
(removed): [SCP-3116 REMOVED]
gaycopmp4 logged out.

and then like two days later i felt bad and apologized and tried to fix it esp once i found out it was going viral. turns out the weird shit goes away if u stop sending the message for a while. my b lmao have fun cleaning up

p.s. she said yes

Footnotes
1. Comparable to a hypnic jerk, save for the fact that it occurs while awake.
2. This symptom is absent in subjects who do not regularly use internet services.
3. For example, a subject reading a review ofStar Wars: The Force

Awakensbriefly perceived themselves in the role of the character 'Kylo Ren' during a climactic lightsaber duel.
4. This censorship is present in the original documentation and was not added by the Foundation. The same applies to all further censorship in this document, except for that of SCP-3116 itself.

SCP-3117: A Monster-Shaped Hole

Item #: SCP-3117

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A Foundation-operated bot (I/O-SPIRAL) is to monitor online communities for discussions regarding SCP-3117. MTF Phi-11 ("Promise-Keepers") is to investigate these discussions and make a determination for appropriate action on a case-by-case basis.

Any materials confirmed to contain components of SCP-3117 are to be isolated if possible, and — if not — referred to the Foundation's Disinformation Bureau for immediate action. Subjects who have experienced SCP-3117 are to be isolated for study.

`MTF Iota-10 ("Damn Feds")` are to continue the ongoing investigation regarding the location featured in Addendum 3117.1.

Description: SCP-3117 is a recurring dream triggered via exposure to certain components. These components take the form of specific ideas, concepts, phrases, and images. While exposure to all components are required to trigger occurrences of SCP-3117, these components can be spread across multiple forms of media (including film, audio, print, and still images). Consequently, no one source is known to contain all components responsible for triggering SCP-3117.

Although subjects' experiences with SCP-3117 vary, the following symptoms have been noted among those who have or will experience SCP-3117:

- An aversion to discussing or describing SCP-3117.
- Suspicion that they are receiving warnings regarding SCP-3117.
- A growing sense of urgency, inevitability, and/or dread.

- The belief that they are being watched.

In approximately 1 out of 7 cases, subjects who experience SCP-3117 will go missing shortly after the dream's first occurrence. Investigations into this phenomenon are ongoing.

Addendum 3117.1: Discovery

In 2006, a member of the **Global Occult Coalition**'s PSYCHE Division contacted Site-95 with the goal of transferring responsibility for containment of "UTE-2639-Pygmalion Blit" over to Foundation care. After several months of negotiation, 378 items (including several hundred documents, digital files, photographs, and one Betamax tape) were taken into Foundation custody. After an extensive clearance process by the on-duty HMCL supervisor, these items have been catalogued as part of SCP-3117's documentation.

► ACCESS SCP:/3117/goc/035.log

INTERVIEW TRANSCRIPT

15 March 2001

SUBJECT:
UTE-2639-Pygmalion Blit

ASSESSMENT TEAM:
761 ("PERIWINKLE")

IN ATTENDANCE
52841285/761 ("LADYBUG")
52883762/761 ("VOODOO")
SUBJECT 2639-712 ("GAMMA")

LADYBUG: Tell us about the dream.

GAMMA: I'm in a woods, or a

park, something like that. I'm walking down a path. Concrete, I think. A hiking path. There's something written on the ground. I keep going —

VOODOO: What's written —

GAMMA: — I keep going, and —

VOODOO: What's written on the ground?

GAMMA: I don't know. Something like 'she comes at night'? Some spooky shit like that.

VOODOO: Alright.

LADYBUG: Please, keep going.

GAMMA: I walk along this path. It starts to curve to the right. I keep walking, and it keeps curving harder and harder to the right, until I realize I'm going in — it's not a circle. More like, a spiral. I'm spiraling toward something. The path is starting to slope down.

LADYBUG: Why are you following this path?

GAMMA: I don't know. I feel like I have to. It's like I'm on autopilot. I can't stop.

VOODOO: What happens then?

GAMMA: I reach the end of the path.

VOODOO: And?

GAMMA: There's — there's stairs. They lead down. Spiraling down, into the ground. I look down and I can't see the bottom. It's too far.

LADYBUG: Keep going.

GAMMA: I go down the stairs. Something's — something's watching —

VOODOO: What's watching you?

GAMMA: — and, it's — I don't know. Something's watching me. Something's waiting for me at the bottom. But I can't stop. I start going faster and faster, and then I reach the bottom. There's a pit. There's light coming from the pit. I look down.

VOODOO: And?

LADYBUG: You can tell us. It's alright.

GAMMA: It — something looks back up. That's when I wake up. I wake up screaming.

VOODOO: 'It'?

GAMMA: I — I don't know. Can

we stop? I don't like talking about this. We shouldn't be talking about this.

VOODOO: Okay. Let's take a short break, okay?

GAMMA: Okay.

► ACCESS SCP:/3117/goc/040.log

VIDEO TRANSCRIPT

17 February 2005

SUBJECT:
UTE-2639-Pygmalion Blit

DISCOVERY DATE:
January 19, 2005

FORMAT:
Standard Betamax tape

LENGTH:
68 minutes, 12 seconds

ADDITIONAL NOTES:
Discovered by AT-761 ("PERIWINKLE") at the home of . The tape is labeled 'HOME MOVIE - 3/8/1983'.

[00:00:00]

Video begins. Screen displays title for 12 seconds: "THIS IS

WHERE SHE APPEARS IN THE DARK OF NIGHT".

[00:00:12]

The camera is focused on a path extending into the forest which curves to the right. Graffiti is visible at the bottom of the frame; it reads: 'THIS IS WHERE SHE APPEARS IN THE DARK OF NIGHT'. The camera begins to move forward, following the path for 3 minutes.

The next 5 minutes are obscured by static.

[00:08:47]

The static clears. The camera is focused on a stone staircase that spirals into the earth. 35 seconds pass as it focuses on the view below. The bottom cannot be seen.

The camera slowly descends the staircase.

[00:15:31]

The camera stops descending and turns up to face the entrance. Approximately 20 seconds are spent focused on the entrance.

Abruptly, the camera turns back to the stairs and proceeds to rapidly descend. Heavy breathing is now audible.

[00:18:12]

The camera's erratic movements indicate running. A brief shot of the stairway is visible; the bottom still cannot be seen.

Heavy breathing continues. In addition, there is now a muffled rumbling sound.

The next 10 minutes are obscured by static.

[00:28:36]

The static clears. The camera is now moving significantly slower, maintaining a steady pace. A loud, rhythmic sound — reminiscent of large machines grinding — is heard. The camera pauses to briefly look down the staircase; the bottom can still not be seen.

The next 30 minutes are obscured by static.

[00:59:55]

The static clears. The camera is focused on the edge of a stone railing; beyond it, there is a pit with a bright, glowing light coming from below. The rhythmic sound of metallic grinding continues.

The camera approaches the edge of the railing with caution, slowly angling down. The metallic grinding grows louder.

The remaining 7 minutes

are obscured by static.

Addendum 3117.2: Interview

As part of the agreement between the Foundation and the GOC, the Foundation was permitted to interview a former GOC operative (Jennifer Selwick) who had been part of the assessment team assigned to investigate SCP-3117.

► ACCESS SCP:/3117/interviews/103.log

INTERVIEW LOG

DATE: 2006/09/19
INTERVIEWER: Dr. Jenner
SUBJECT: Jennifer Selwick (former GOC operative)

[BEGIN LOG]

JENNER: What can you tell me about SCP-3117?

SUBJECT: You've got all our files on it. What do you want me to tell you?

JENNER: The files don't paint the whole picture. Several of them are incomplete, and show signs of damage —

SUBJECT: That's probably on account of my team destroying as much of it as we could.

JENNER: What — may I ask why? Were they —

SUBJECT: No.

JENNER: — cognitohazardous? No?

SUBJECT: No. They weren't dangerous in of themselves. Not directly.

JENNER: Could you elaborate?

SUBJECT: Look. UTE-2639 —

JENNER: SCP-3117.

SUBJECT: Right, whatever. 3117 — it isn't — it isn't whatever you think it is. There's a reason the GOC stopped looking into it and threw everything I didn't destroy over to you guys.

JENNER: And why is that?

SUBJECT: We've been investigating this thing for maybe ten, twenty years? And it's eaten its way through —

JENNER: 'Eaten'?

SUBJECT: — way through a lot of people. Some of our best. Some of our brightest, yeah. We originally thought it was some sort of entity, maybe a Type-Green or Type-Blue, but — no, it's nothing like that. It's... not even a monster, I don't think. It's just — it's just a trap. A monster-shaped hole.

JENNER: I'm not sure I —

SUBJECT: You try to work it out, because that's what you do when you're clever — you work things out. But with every piece you 'find', you're filling that hole up. You're reassembling a puzzle of your own creation, one you didn't

even know you were solving. Until —

[SILENCE]

JENNER: Until what?

SUBJECT: Until the hole isn't a hole anymore. Until it's staring back up at you.

JENNER: Are you saying SCP-3117 creates some sort of monster?

SUBJECT: We think we tell each other scary stories for fun, but maybe there's another reason. I think — I think some of these stories, when we tell them — they're not meant to be thrilling. They're meant to be warnings. A warning to stop. To not open that door — to not go down the stairs. To stop watching the movie, or listening to that story, or reading that article. But you don't realize it. Not until it's too late. Not until…

[SILENCE]

JENNER: Jennifer?

[SILENCE]

JENNER: What's wrong?

SUBJECT: It's too late.

JENNER: What's too late?

SUBJECT: She's found you. I'm sorry. She's found you.

JENNER: I don't — what?

SUBJECT: Don't think about it. Don't talk about it. Don't try to figure it out. When the

dreams start to come, ignore them. Don't tell anyone. And whatever you do, don't look down. Don't look into the pit. She's found you, and if you keep trying to look, if you keep trying to solve this, she's going to —

JENNER: Stop. Please, I don't understand what you're —

SUBJECT: I'm not talking to you.

[END LOG]

SCP-3118: Lunch Gun

Item #: SCP-3118

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3118 is to be kept in a standard small Safe-class secure storage locker at Site-22. SCP-3118 is to be kept unloaded and with a standard trigger lock when not being tested. After testing, SCP-3118 should be examined for wear, with maintenance performed as necessary.

All testing with SCP-3118 is currently suspended.

Description: SCP-3118 is a Beretta M9 pistol. Its anomalous effects activate only when it is used to fire a bullet at the cranium of a human being. Using the object to fire a bullet into other parts of the body will result in standard gun-inflicted trauma and not activate its effects unless the bullet also passes through any portion of the cranium.

A bullet fired in this way will dematerialize upon contact with the cranium, and instead of an exit wound and ejecta, SCP-3118-1 will emerge from the far side of the cranium along the bullet's path. SCP-3118-1 is an exact recreation of something the subject has eaten for lunch at some point in their life, including containers and utensils used to consume the meal. Food items consumed in part will manifest as they would have been served to the subject. Only meals eaten between 11 AM and 3 PM local time will be recreated this way.

The more SCP-3118 is used on a subject, the further back in their life an SCP-3118-1 instance can potentially be drawn from. Items comprising SCP-3118-1 are not themselves anomalous; comparison of cookware to identifiable items has shown that SCP-3118-1 is a perfect replica of the original meal.

SCP-3118-1 will manifest at velocity from the cranium, then alight on the nearest horizontal surface along the trajectory of the exit wound that has surface area available to hold all food items and containers. This sometimes results in the displacement of other objects previously located on the surface, but never in spills or upset of items created. Flooring will be used if there are no other surfaces in the room with the subject.

Subjects undergoing the creation of SCP-3118-1 typically have a 66% survival rate, with survivors complaining of tinnitus or headache — occasionally migraine headache — as the only effects of the object. The way SCP-3118 kills individuals shot only through the cranium is currently not understood, as no bone or brain matter is disrupted in the process.

Addendum: Testing Logs

> **Test Number:** Initial Discovery
>
> **Date:** 09/10/2015
>
> **Subject:** Research Assistant Cody Kreighbaum
>
> **SCP-3118-1 Description:** Plastic container with reheated slice of sausage and pepperoni pizza. 1.18 L bottle B brand lager beer. Four F R hazelnut chocolates in wrapper.
>
> **Notes:** After surviving the incident, RA Kreighbaum remanded himself to the Site-22 psychologist and gave up SCP-3118 for classification. Psychological profile suggests work-related stress and home trouble with his fiancé culminated in suicidal ideation. Current prognosis is positive after reassignment to Site- and Foundation-sponsored relationship counseling.

> **Test Number:** 1
>
> **Date:** 16/10/2015
>
> **Subject:** D-10331

SCP-3118-1 Description: Bowl of Foundation standard nutrition supplement with spoon. Cup of water.

Notes: Standard D-Class rations. Subject survived.

Test Number: 3

Date: 18/10/2015

Subject: D-10331

SCP-3118-1 Description: Bowl of chicken noodle soup with spoon. Napkin with pile of 35 cheddar cheese-flavored goldfish-shaped crackers. Glass of milk.

Notes: Subject expressed delight at 'nostalgia' of meal, and posited that it was originally served when he was sick as a child.

Test Number: 6

Date: 19/10/2015

Subject: D-10331

SCP-3118-1 Description: Puddle of white fluid determined to be human breast milk.

Notes: Subject expired.

Test Number: 12

Date: 12/01/2016

Subject: D-10187

SCP-3118-1: 233 live *Monomorium* ants. 145 mL of earth.

Notes: Subject explained she was forced by a neighborhood bully to eat "a few handfuls of ants" at the age of 7, after which subject was discovered to have pica. Subject further elaborated that said bully was

"really impressed" by her feat, and they became friends afterward.

Test Number: 29

Date: 27/12/2016

Subject: D-10422[1]

SCP-3118-1 Description: [REDACTED], 6 years old, reported missing from Klamath Falls, Oregon on 14/05/2010. Steel butcher's knife. Fork.

Notes: Subject was incarcerated after conviction for kidnapping and murder in three missing children cases from 2008 to 2010. Further attempts to link subject to other missing children cases, including that of [REDACTED], had been unsuccessful. SCP-3118-1 terminated after DNA test proved replication of original subject. Request to commission D-10422 for further testing denied by Site Director.

Footnotes
1. Third test with this subject.

SCP-3119: Lord of the Dance

Item #: SCP-3119

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3119-C's toilets must be cleaned daily; its inner and exterior walls repainted once a year; and its floor kept in a good state of repair. Ongoing containment suggests that SCP-3119-C must attract in excess of 80 people each night to avoid an Event-3119-New-Yorker. Drink prices must be competitive.

Speakers, sound decks and lighting rigs should be modular in design to allow for changing fashions. Any non-modular renovations will require enacting Procedure SCP-3119-Conga, and the containment team should consider designating a new property as SCP-3119-C rather than maintain the current property. SCP-3119-C should be open for a minimum of 6 hours per night, and must be open for a minimum of 35 hours per week. Destruction of an instance of SCP-3119-C is expected to cause an immediate Event-3119-New-Yorker and is forbidden.

The Foundation supplies a mild psychoactive substance (currently MDMA) cut with Class B amnestics to the local hidden economy with the requirement they be sold only after 1AM, and only in the locality of SCP-3119-C, and at an attractively low price.

EC-3119-A Containment Addendum: The Foundation must materially encourage local law enforcement to patrol in the area around SCP-3119-C during the sale hours of these amnestics. The Ethics Committee would remind researchers that the Foundation *does not sell roofies*.

Description: Instances of SCP-3119 are sentient, non-corporeal, non-visible entities that subsist on the communal expression of music and dance. There are currently two known instances of

SCP-3119, designated -1 and -2, both currently contained in the Pearl District of Portland. No difference in their personality or tastes have been measured to date. SCP-3119 instances are telepathic and friendly and do not leave SCP-3119-C unless encouraged. Any researchers that have completed Telepathic Containment 102 or higher are permitted to interact with SCP-3119 directly for the purposes of containment and gathering data.

Instances of SCP-3119 inhabit non-anomalous dance halls or nightclubs. We denote these here by the suffix "-C" for "Club" e.g. SCP-3119-C. These instances of SCP-3119-C should be outfitted to compete with local dance halls or nightclubs, either by the Foundation or by the 'host' of Event-3119-New-Yorker (see below). SCP-3119 will leave SCP-3119-C only during occurrences of Event-3119-New-Yorker and Procedure-3119-Conga.

The primary effect of SCP-3119 is to heighten the sensations and imagination of dancers, musicians and DJs during an evening of dancing. In a nightclub environment SCP-3119 will temporarily infest a single dancer who will temporarily gain a euphoric sense of heightened reality: music will appear purer; dance will feel more vital; people will usually appear to radiate *storge*, empathetic love. SCP-3119 will infest this dancer for around one song and then move on to another dancer. Tests with both D-Class and Research personnel have shown that SCP-3119 chooses its hosts based on only their desire and ability to dance.

No verbal communication has been established with SCP-3119. If the DJ of SCP-3119-C plays a slow-paced track the infested dancer will show mild disgust; they will dance in a way consistent with a fast non-audible polyrhythm mixed into the audible music. If an area of SCP-3119-C has poor acoustics SCP-3119 will leave the infested dancer should they dance into it. The recently-infested dancer will usually express disappointment, and inform the bar staff about the poor acoustics in that area. All attempts to communicate with SCP-3119 by e.g. dancing using Morse code or semaphore flags have failed. The emotional state of SCP-3119 is available to any infested dancer.

Infested dancers can remember that they were not alone in their heads. Dancers that are regular attendees of SCP-3119-C, or who

have been repeatedly infested during a single night, are to be encouraged to partake of the provided psychoactive-laced Class-B amnestics in order to discredit these memories. A list of regular attendees is to be maintained by the Lead Researcher, currently Dr. Gillard.

+ Event-3119-NEW-YORKER -- Click For Access

Depriving an instance of SCP-3119 of the minimum 35 hours dance and music during a 7 day period will trigger a "New Yorker" Event. The instance will split in two; each new instance will then accelerate away from SCP-3119-C. When this new instance's path intersects with a creative person it will infest them and encourage them to found a new business that becomes an instance of SCP-3119-C. This infested person is the 'host' of the New Yorker event. These new instances of SCP-3119-C are non-anomalous, and in both observed cases were not initially commercially successful. We conclude that SCP-3119 has no particular insight into the establishment of successful dance halls.

We have so far recorded one Event-3119-New-Yorker. Research notes from the preceding week note that SCP-3119's emotional state was "bitter" and "impatient". Our hidden economy contacts noted an increase in the sales of Speed and Cocaine during that week. The original SCP-3119-C had seen low attendance, with most locals citing the unclean toilets as their main reason for staying away. Researchers assigned to SCP-3119 are encouraged to combine their work to improve the containment procedures with their work towards certification in Administration 101 (Self-Study) and Hospitality 101 (Self Study).

We hypothesise that these 'New Yorker' events would previously have served as a last-ditch attempt to survive in uninhabited areas, or areas hostile to dancing. We hypothesise further that one or both instance might not survive this split, finding no suitable host. In modern densely populated areas potential creative hosts are

pervasive, and there exists the potential for exponential growth in an uncontained population of SCP-3119.

> *When we found the two new SCP-3119s we retraced the path they took. There were minor scorch marks on the stonework on each of the walls between the original club and the apartments of the new hosts. The scorch marks halved in size about once every two miles. If someday we start losing containment, we could dance instances of SCP-3119 into the middle of the desert. I don't think they're strong enough to make it back.* — H. Gillard, Lead Researcher

+ Procedure-3119-CONGA -- Click For Access

It is periodically necessary to renovate or relocate an instance of SCP-3119-C. During this time it is not possible to provide the dance party required to contain SCP-3119. Tests involving dancing with progressively larger numbers of partners (i.e. solo as in a nightclub, pairs as in tango, Cumberland Squares, interpretive dance ensembles) reveal SCP-3119 moves between *groups* rather than between *dancers*. For example, when dancing a Cumberland Square, SCP-3119 will move from one 'basket' (set of four dancers) to the next 'basket', rather than infest one basketer at a time.

The safe movement of instances of SCP-3119 therefore requires the entire club to conga from SCP-3119-C (old) to SCP-3119-C (new). A single conga line is required so that SCP-3119 has only one group of dancers available to infest. If this is done as part of a planned relocation we encourage this to be a public event for purposes of publicity for the opening of the new SCP-3119-C. If this is done as part of an emergency response then participants in Procedure-3119-American-Smooth are expected to participate in the conga line.

> *I want to put down in writing Hannah's*

> *dedication to the Foundation during the fire two months ago. In taking that conga line into a burning building to rescue an SCP she showed both leadership and guts. — Researcher M. Dantzler*

+ Procedure-3119-AMERICAN-SMOOTH -- Click For Access

Attendance at instances of SCP-3119-C is highly seasonal. To mitigate low attendance that could lead to an Event-3119-New-Yorker, all Level 3+ personnel at **`Site 64`** are invited to participate in Procedure-3119-American-Smooth.

> Want to learn to dance? Need to find your rhythm? Maybe just got to work off that **`SCP-871`**?
>
> Come dance with SCP-3119-1!
>
> Every Tuesday and Thursday morning we are joined by Site-64's house jazz band ("**`The Yard Birds`**") as we learn the Rumba, Viennese Waltz, Tango and Foxtrot under the tutelage of a noncorporeal dance entity!
>
> We promise to put a 'twinkle' in your toes!

Participants in Procedure-3119-American-Smooth are expected to participate in Procedure-3119-Conga in the event of containment breach due to e.g. faulty plumbing or broken windows in instances of SCP-3119-C.

> *I thought it might like having more dance available and a variety of music, so I set up these dance lessons. It woke up when it heard the instruments, jumped into my head, and then — the mental equivalent of a blank stare. Michael and I danced the Waltz for a bit, and it … I don't know. I got my mother a silver*

pendant last Christmas that I know for a fact she gave to her next door neighbor. Waltzing with SCP-3119-1 in my head was exactly like Christmas morning with my mother's polite smile.

We're continuing the lessons anyway. — H. Gillard, Lead Researcher

SCP-3120: Help Desk

Item #: SCP-3120

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3120 is to be powered off and kept in a storage locker in the Communications Office of Site-81. One person in the administrative staff of each Foundation secure facility is to be granted Level 5/3120 clearance and briefed on the properties of SCP-3120. If the conditions outlined in Document 3120-Omicron are met, any person with Level 5/3120 clearance may broadcast a 3120-Omicron signal.

> Document 3120-Omicron [LEVEL 5/3120 CREDENTIAL REQUIRED]
>
> A 3120-Omicron signal may only be broadcast if:
>
> - One or more Keter-class objects is in an active state of containment breach, AND
> - The object(s) in question do not have relevant, clearly-defined procedures for the re-establishment of containment, AND
> - The object(s) in question, if not immediately contained, pose a significant, immediate risk to Foundation facilities and/or more than one million (1 000 000) civilians, AND
> - The person broadcasting the 3120-Omicron signal subjectively judges the information leaks caused by SCP-3120 to be a less significant risk than refraining from the use of SCP-3120.

If the Communications Office of Site-81 receives a confirmed 3120-Omicron signal, SCP-3120 is to be powered on, and a staff member with clearance level 4 or higher is to use it as appropriate.

ACCESS RESTRICTED. PLEASE ENTER LEVEL 4 CREDENTIAL.

After the threat indicated by the 3120-Omicron signal is neutralized, the Foundation Memetics Department is to develop an anti-meme to the information distributed by SCP-3120. If disinformation campaigns are judged to be ineffective by the time the anti-meme is completed, it is to be deployed in all media markets.

In particularly time-sensitive situations for which anti-memes cannot be developed as quickly as needed, nuclear or high-yield conventional weapons may be deployed in targeted civilian population centers, only pursuant to a unanimous vote by the O5 Council and a majority vote by the Ethics Committee.

Description: SCP-3120 is a Samsung Galaxy S7 Edge smartphone with a silver finish and English-language interface. Its fingerprint recognition is apparently faulty, as any human can unlock the device with the print of a thumb or index finger[1]. Both its lock screen and wallpaper consist of a white background with centered Arial Bold text, with the lock screen reading "INFORMATION SHOULD BE FREE" and the wallpaper reading "INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY IS SPIRITUAL THEFT."

SCP-3120 is unable to receive wi-fi signals or cell service of any kind. It has applications installed that are consistent with factory settings of a device of the same model, but only the Phone and Contacts applications can be launched.

The device has only one contact saved[2], under the name of "Help Desk." The telephone number saved with this contact is +1 (218) - [3]. Attempts to call this number are always successful[4], and result in the caller being connected to an entity designated SCP-3120-1.

ACCESS RESTRICTED. PLEASE ENTER LEVEL 4 CREDENTIAL.

SCP-3120-1 has a voice described as sounding like a middle-aged woman with an accent typical of the Upper Midwest. It is cooperative with any test subject and answers questions of any nature with little or no

hesitation. It is believed to have access to all information in existence, including the Foundation database, as well as otherwise inaccessible information held by several groups of interest, including [REDACTED]. On four separate occasions, it has provided detailed and effective procedures for the containment of Keter-class breaches, saving an estimated 550 Foundation personnel, civilians in at least universes, and $ USD in Foundation financial resources.

When SCP-3120-1 provides the caller with any information, it is also published within 24 hours in at least 29 known newspapers worldwide[5], as well as mentioned on at least 90 known television news stations and in numerous posts by social media accounts affiliated with these organizations.

Information distributed this way is also highly resistant to all amnestics; testing using amnestics of Class V or higher has proven successful in halting the spread of the information in question, but only through the erasure of the subject's faculties of language and/or extensive neurological damage. Targeted anti-memetic images, text, and audio, however, have proven effective in suppressing the information dispersed by SCP-3120. For this reason, anti-memes are given extreme preference in SCP-3120's containment procedures.

SCP-3120 was surrendered to the Foundation by one Jane Doe[6], who claims to be the creator of SCP-3120. See Interview Log 3120-Aleph for further information.

Interview Log 3120-
Aleph [LEVEL 4 CREDENTIAL REQUIRED]

Interviewer: S - Kim, Deputy Director of Site-81 Communications (denoted here as K)

Subject: Jane Doe, creator of SCP-3120 (denoted here as D)

[BEGIN LOG]

K: Tell me again, please. We're recording now.

D: Sure. I made this thing to access information. I think secrets are a kind of theft, you know? Anyway, I started to test it out.

K: And could you please describe how you made it?

D: I told you, it's hard to explain. I, you know, bought this phone, and I made it get information. I think it's not really changing what it can do so much as taking away things it can't do. Does that make any sense?

K: I think that's for researchers to decide. You'll be working closely with them for the foreseeable future.

D: You could just ask the Help Desk how I did it, you know. That might be easier. Not as secret, though.

K: *[three seconds of silence]* I'll pass your suggestion along. Next question: did you intend for it to publish all this information in news media?

D: No. I didn't even know it was happening at first. After I got here, I looked back through some old newspapers, and I'd see shit like the mass of the sun, or how old Betty White is, or whatever, in the sports section of the New York Times or something. But I didn't know that was happening until that front page article.

K: And which article was that?

D: My Social Security Number. I figured, okay, the Help Desk can fetch me any information that Google can. That was the first step. But then I decided I'd try to fish for secrets, and my SSN seemed like the place to start.

K: Front page news, right?

D: Right. Not only was that number front page news the next day, everyone on TV was talking about it that night. I was fucking scared, dude. I called the Help Desk and asked it, you know, what the fuck?

K: What did it tell you?

D: It told me it was doing what I designed it to, bring secrets out into the open. And I told it "no, dumbass, I wanted to expose the fraud that the government or Wall Street or whoever is doing right now, not publish my fucking Social Security Number."

K: What did it tell you?

D: It told me, really politely too, that I was only saying that because it was my secrets being dug up. My Social Security Number? Like, seriously? That's not even interesting enough to be news, but hey, everyone in the world learned it anyway.

K: Finally, if you'd tell me again how you found the Foundation.

D: Well, I asked the Help Desk who to give the phone to, you know, to keep it safe, keep it from being misused. And it told me all about the Foundation, as well as exactly how to get

to Site-81, how to get in, who to give it to, with a lot of detail, as well. All of that turned out to be right, and, well, sorry about the news stories the next day.

K: I'm told you drained a lot of our resources with that stunt. That's no small feat.

D: Well, I live in a cell now, and all my friends and family think I'm dead. So, you know, I got justice, if you want to call it that.

[END LOG]

Interview Log 3120-
Beit [LEVEL 4 CREDENTIAL REQUIRED]

The following is a transcript of the call between S - Kim (denoted here as K) and SCP-3120-1 during the breach of SCP- from containment on / /2016.

[BEGIN LOG]

SCP-3120-1: Good morning, you've reached the Help Desk, what do you need to know today?

K: The entity known as SCP- has breached containment. How can we re-establish containment with minimal casualties and drain on our resources?

SCP-3120-1: Okay, just a second, please.

[sounds of papers rustling on SCP-3120-1's end for 5 seconds.]

SCP-3120-1: Alrighty then, I have it here. Do

you have a pen and paper?

K: Yes, I'm ready.

SCP-3120-1: First, you'll want to make sure that the whole staff of Provisional Site- is blindfolded. You got that?

K: I do, please continue.

SCP-3120-1: Each of them should be assigned a zone around the Site, in a circle 100 meters in diameter. They should all face inwards and hold air horns. Keeping up still?

K: *[mumbling]* …air horns. Got it.

SCP-3120-1: The minute any of them hears a train whistle, they've got to blow the air horns as loud as they can, all around the circle. You get that? Everyone has to do it once they hear the first air horn. The sound ought to scare it back into its house. Betcha didn't know it was scared of loud noises, huh?

K: We didn't. I'll get that added to its file.

SCP-3120-1: Anything to keep reality from falling apart, right?

K: Right. Thank you, I'll relay this right away.

SCP-3120-1: Anything else I can do for you?

K: No. Thank you for your help.

SCP-3120-1: That's what I'm here for!
[SCP-3120-1 ends the call.]

[END LOG]

Notes: SCP- was successfully re-contained

with no casualties. Its containment procedures have been updated based on the new information provided by SCP-3120-1.

An anti-meme to suppress knowledge of SCP- was perfected three weeks later, on / /2016. By that time, disinformation campaigns were judged to be successful; the SCP- anti-meme was not disseminated, but is still on file.

Level 5/3120 Briefing

It should be noted that not every use of SCP-3120 is a success. Its file states that it has been used on four separate occasions; in reality it is believed to have been activated twenty times or more.

In June of 2018, SCP-Chi-9898 breached containment at Provisional Site-Chi-98 in Älveå, the capital of Sweden. A person with Level 5/3120 clearance broadcasted a 3120-Omicron signal to attempt to re-establish containment.

SCP-3120-1 informed the caller that the city of Älveå was to be destroyed, along with its population of more than one million civilians. The Foundation had received accurate information from SCP-3120-1 in the past, and therefore complied. The procedures were successful, and SCP-Chi-9898 was completely neutralized. There are no known survivors from the city of Älveå.

It is believed that SCP-Chi-9898 was an object capable of causing a ZK-Class Total Reality Failure scenario, but its exact nature is unknown due to widespread use of anti-memetic agents in the months following this incident. During this time, the Foundation was widely known and reviled by the civilian population, as SCP-3120's

properties revealed both the Foundation's existence and the fact that it had destroyed Älveå.

It is assumed that the SCP object classification system was also heavily altered after this incident, as its current and better-known form has only 4000 designations and does not make use of the Greek alphabet. Anti-memetic agents were also propagated among non-essential staff to suppress knowledge of the former system.

As the current Level 5/3120-authorized person at your Site, it is important to be aware of the possible consequences of the use of SCP-3120. However, some of this information is restricted outside of this briefing document. Exposure to the following anti-meme will suppress only knowledge of the existence of Älveå and some other minor details.

Any questions regarding your assignment may be directed to the offices of O5-01, 04, and 08.

Footnotes

1. Of interest is the fact that non-humans and human analogues (i.e. silicone fingertips) cannot unlock the device. Humans with prosthetic hands, however, are still capable of unlocking the device using their prostheses.
2. Attempts to add other contacts have been unsuccessful
3. Which is a valid, but unregistered, number in or near Bemidji, MN
4. When using SCP-3120. Attempts to call it using other telephones are unsuccessful, as are attempts to call other numbers using SCP-3120.
5. Including theNew York Times, theWashington Post,Le Monde,Izvestia,Dagens Nyheter,Asahi Shimbun, and others
6. Who legally changed her name to Jane Doe on / /2012. Ms. Doe's name was formerly [DATA EXPUNGED]

SCP-3121: Get Out of My Head

You are viewing the edit history of this page. The version shown below is revision **2** from **2005-10-15 16:48**.

Item #: SCP-3121

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3121 is contained in Shelf C, Cage 8 of the Safe Miniature Biological (SaMBio) containment corridor at Site 66. Provisional diet is one tablespoon of nutrient-supplemented fruit mix[1], twice daily. One fresh, living mealworm larva is also to be offered as food once a week, dependent on good behaviour.

Allowing SCP-3121 to craft tools and structures reduces outward signs of distress. Dependent on good behaviour, raw materials such as straw, small sticks, and leaves may be introduced into SCP-3121's cage. SCP-3121's stick hut, which it has constructed using enrichment materials, is not to be replaced when cleaning.

Description: SCP-3121 is a sapient humanoid measuring 9.8 cm in height. In addition to its small stature, the entity displays other deviations from standard human morphology. SCP-3121's skin is sea green in tone, and covered in wart-like nodules. It also possesses exaggerated facial features, including a heavy brow, prominent cheekbones, and markedly pointed ears, nose and chin.

Its overall appearance is reminiscent of an imp or hobgoblin in European folklore.

Aside from its appearance, SCP-3121 is not known to exhibit any other anomalous traits at present[2]. Its biological functions and requirements appear to be as expected of a similarly sized non-anomalous mammal. SCP-3121 displays both primary and secondary masculine sexual characteristics.

SCP-3121 speaks in a dialect similar to Middle High German, a form of the German language spoken between the 11th and 14th centuries. Dr Lena Reiterer, a Foundation linguist with some fluency in a later form of the language, Early New High German, is able to hold conversations with the entity. SCP-3121 is currently uncooperative in interviews, displaying behavioural signs of distress and continually asking for the whereabouts of its “wife”.

SCP-3121 was originally found in the Forest of Fontainebleau in northern France on 2005-10-13, inhabiting a crudely constructed hut made from sticks. Materials found within suggest inhabitation for two entities; it is believed that the “wife” mentioned by SCP-3121 was near the site at the time of initial retrieval, but evaded capture without being seen by containment personnel.

Addenda:

▶ Show: SCP-3121 Interview Log

DATE	2005-10-15 11:29 UTC
INTERVIEWER	Dr Lena Reiterer
SUPERVISED BY	Senior Researcher Jacob Currie (Sentient Containment Specialist)

Dialogue translated from archaic

High German unless noted otherwise.

DR REITERER: Hello, SCP-3121.

[SCP-3121 runs to the corner of the cage and cowers.]

DR REITERER: How is it going? Is everything good with you?

SCP-3121: What do you want from me? I— I beg you, let me leave this place. I want to leave.

DR REITERER: I appreciate that. You likely find this place very strange.

[No dialogue for 11 seconds.]

DR REITERER: Do you understand me?

[No dialogue for 5 seconds.]

SCP-3121: Yes.

DR REITERER: I'm glad to hear that. I don't want to hurt you. I just want to ask you some questions about yourself. May I?

[SCP-3121 is silent.]

DR REITERER: Can you—

SR CURRIE: *[in English]* Tell the anomaly that it risks being punished if it doesn't cooperate.

DR REITERER: *[in English]* I— I don't think that's necessary yet. I mean, we're only getting started.

SR CURRIE: *[in English]* We should exploit this fear response. It works on sapients, especially early in containment. Trust me on this.

DR REITERER: *[to SCP-3121]* SCP-3121, your life here will be better if you answer my questions. Where do you come from?

[SCP-3121 is silent.]

DR REITERER: How old are you? Do you know?

[SCP-3121 is silent.]

DR REITERER: Are there other people like you? That is to say, other creatures who look like you?

[SCP-3121 makes a groaning noise.]

SCP-3121: I beg you, let me go. My wife is surely worried about me. I want— I want to return to my wife. She is surely looking for me. I want to see my wife. Let me leave. I want to see my wife.

SR CURRIE: *[in English]* What did the anomaly say?

DR REITERER: *[in English]* It's talking about his— about its wife. The anomaly is saying that it wants to go back to its wife, that the wife will be looking for it.

SR CURRIE: *[in English]* Good, a point of vulnerability. We can exploit that if necessary. Keep going.

DR REITERER: *[to SCP-3121]* Where do you think your wife is? We can bring her to you.

SCP-3121: I won't tell you. You can't catch her, she is too *swinde*[3]. She is cleverer than me, she won't be caught like I was. Just let me go to her. Let me leave this place and go to her.

DR REITERER: *[in English]* I asked it where we could find the wife. It said that it wouldn't tell us, and that we can't catch her because she's too clever and – fierce, I think was the word.

SR CURRIE: *[in English]* Right, this is getting nowhere. The anomaly clearly is not yet acclimatised to containment. I'm terminating this interview now at – time, thirty-two minutes past eleven. Reasons given: uncooperative subject, low

priority due to minimal risk.

DR REITERER: *[in English]* Could I have a little more time to —

[AUDIO ENDS]

Supervisor comments: I have now read the translated log. The risk of negative consequences for non-compliance was not made as clearly as it could have been. This should be corrected in the next interview.

We need to locate this "wife".

— Senior Researcher Jacob Currie

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SCP-3121 IS A DEVELOPING

PHENOMENON. THE BELOW DOCUMENTATION IS PROVISIONAL AND SUBJECT TO CHANGE.

Item #: SCP-3121

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3121-A (previously SCP-3121) is to be contained according to previous procedures. *change pending*

Locating and containing SCP-3121-B is a high priority. Foundation data crawlers are to monitor mentions of possible SCP-3121-B activity in all surveillance vectors, including internet traffic, civilian phone messages, security camera feeds, and emergency service radio. If an SCP-3121-B sighting is suspected, the nearest available Mobile Task Force is to be immediately deployed to SCP-3121-B's last known location. All surviving witnesses of SCP-3121-B activity are to be located and amnesticised at the earliest opportunity.

Description: SCP-3121-A (previously SCP-3121) is a sapient humanoid measuring 9.8 cm in height, similar in appearance to imps or hobgoblins of European folklore. SCP-3121-A has masculine primary and secondary sexual characteristics, and is capable of speech in a dialect similar to Middle High German. The Foundation currently holds SCP-3121-A in containment.

SCP-3121-B is a sapient humanoid similar to SCP-3121-A. SCP-3121-B is uncontained, hostile, and dangerous. According to video evidence, SCP-3121-B has the anomalous ability of travelling long distances instantaneously by entering the cranial cavities of human beings.

It is believed that SCP-3121-B is the "wife" character previously mentioned by SCP-3121-A.

Addenda:

▶ Show: SCP-3121 Video Log 1

LOCATION	Zagreb, Croatia
DATE	2005-10-23 09:13 (07:13 UTC)
SOURCE	Security camera footage

NOTE: NO AUDIO.

09:13:43 – 09:13:52 Pedestrians walk on the street. Three cars drive past on the adjacent road. No unusual activity present.

09:13:53 – 09:13:57 In the bottom-right of the frame, a bald man facing away from the camera suddenly stops walking, clutching the back of his head with his left hand.

09:13:59 – 09:14:06 The man – later identified as Tamás Novák, 54 years old

– loses balance, bracing himself against the wall with his arm.

09:14:07 – 09:14:18 The bald man falls against the wall to a crouched sitting position, clutching his head with both hands. A middle-aged woman in a green shawl carrying a shopping bag jogs into view from the bottom of the frame. She stops next to the man and leans towards him, apparently concerned for his well-being.

09:14:19 – 09:14:31 A young man in a black coat walks over to observe the situation and exchanges some brief words with the woman in the green shawl; he then begins to make a call on his mobile phone. The bald man crouched against the wall begins to shake violently. Witnesses report him moaning loudly at this point.

09:14:32 – 09:14:40 The

bald man, still facing away from the camera, stops shaking and falls still. Three seconds later, the woman in the green shawl stands up abruptly, falling onto her back. The view shows the apparent reason for this: the back of the bald man's scalp has been suddenly split open by a large gash. Rhythmic movement of a small light-coloured object can be observed within the wound, which coincides with the bald man's head jerking slightly, as if his head is being opened from the inside.

09:14:34 – 09:14:39 Three more persons approach the scene from various positions. The wound is increasing in size and bleeding profusely; all bystanders appear to be reacting with panic.

09:14:40 – 09:14:45 The wound in the man's head bulges. A small figure about 10 cm in height bursts from the gash and leaps to the ground. Chaos ensues. All

bystanders jump and run to move away from the small entity – except for the middle-aged woman in the green shawl, who is still lying on her back after having fallen.

09:14:46 – 09:14:56 Two male bystanders flee the scene. The small figure looks around, pointing at several individuals. Witnesses report it repeating a phrase in an unknown language as it does so. The figure then clambers up onto the face of the middle-aged woman lying on the floor.

09:14:57 – 09:15:10 Blood quickly pools on the pavement below the woman as she clutches at her temples and throat. Autopsy examination indicates that the small figure used a slashing implement to sever several arteries in the woman's neck and face while climbing onto her head. The small figure stoops down over the woman's face;

it is not clear from the footage, but witnesses report the small figure at this point slicing at the woman's left eye.

09:15:11 – 09:15:19 The woman paws weakly at her throat, which is still gushing blood. Remaining bystanders shout and gesture in distress, but none step forward to intervene. The small figure stops slicing and disappears into the woman's face, apparently entering through the left eye socket.

09:15:20 – 09:15:25 The woman's head jerks slightly, and is then still. Dark fumes rise out of her head.

09:15:26 – 09:15:30 A can rolls out of the dead woman's shopping bag and onto the road. It is run over by a car. Red liquid sprays onto the asphalt.

▶ Show: SCP-3121 Video Log 2

LOCATION	Osaka, Japan
DATE	2005-10-23 16:15 (07:15 UTC)
SOURCE	Security camera footage

NOTE: WHEN TIME ZONES ARE TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT, THE FOLLOWING FOOTAGE BEGINS IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE END OF VIDEO 1. NO AUDIO.

16:15:30 – 16:15:38 A group of eight adolescents are standing in a circle.

16:15:39 – 16:15:45 One member of the group drops to the floor, grabbing the back of their head with both hands.

[ADDITIONAL LOGS REMOVED]

▶ Show: Document SCP-3121-EMA-14: Situation Report SR Jacob Currie

Situation Report, 24/10/2005, SR Jacob Currie

SCP-3121-A told us in interview that its “wife” would be looking for it. It seems that the anomaly was correct to state this.

The activities of this wife, SCP-3121-B, are described as follows. It cuts into the heads of humans, through the eyes most often, and penetrates a thin segment of skull. Witnesses report that the anomaly uses a large metal nail to do this. It enters the brain and performs an

unknown action. Then, SCP-3121-B and a perfect sphere of cerebral tissue disappear, leaving a hot, cauterised hole in the human's brain.

SCP-3121-B reappears in the brain of another human somewhere else on the planet and exits by cutting through the back of that person's head. It can then repeat the above process on a different individual. The travel between brains is instantaneous. No distance limit or pattern in the travel of SCP-3121-B has been observed. Analysis indicates that the human SCP-3121-B

manifests in is chosen randomly.

We have audio samples of SCP-3121-B speaking to witnesses. Ms Reiterer tells me that the anomaly speaks the same language as SCP-3121-A, and the speech translates to questions about the location of SCP-3121-B's “husband”. Curse words are also present.

Containing SCP-3121-B is of high importance. SCP-3121-B activity is frequent and unpredictable. The activity often occurs in public places. Only two of the forty-eight civilians who have been host to SCP-3121-B’s ability have

survived. Both suffer from extreme and permanent brain damage due to the large volume of missing tissue.

Concealing the many deaths and amnesticising witnesses is a drain on resources. SCP-3121-B activity occurring on live broadcast or to a high-profile individual would be major emergency. The current situation represents a severe information breach.

SCP-3121-A has not been compliant in providing information on SCP-3121-B and its anomalous travel ability. To increase the

likelihood of obtaining this information, I have deprived the anomaly of all privileges and instituted more stringent interrogation techniques.

– Acting Head of SCP-3121 Containment, SR Jacob Currie

You are viewing the edit history of this page. The version shown below is revision **9** from **2005-11-01 08:51**.

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3121-A and SCP-3121-B are to be contained separately. Each is to be contained in airlocked

chambers suitable for high-risk intelligent anomalies. Human contact is to be avoided when possible, in order to minimise the risk of the entities utilising their anomalous travel ability.

Additional care is to be taken with SCP-3121-B, which is hostile and aggressive. SCP-3121-B should be physically restrained at all times, with additional restraints added during interviews or other necessary close interactions.

Description: SCP-3121-A and -B are small, sapient humanoids measuring approximately 10 cm in height, similar in appearance to imps or hobgoblins in European folklore. According to sexual characteristics, SCP-3121-A is of male sex, and SCP-3121-B female. Both entities are capable of speech in a dialect similar to Middle High German.

SCP-3121-B has demonstrated an anomalous ability to travel instantly between the brains of human beings. It is unknown whether SCP-3121-A also possesses this ability.

SCP-3121-A was originally acquired alone at a location in the Forest of Fontainebleau, France, on 2005-10-13. It is presumed that SCP-3121-B observed the containment of SCP-3121-A without being seen by containment personnel. One week later, on 2005-10-21, SCP-3121-B began utilising its anomalous travel ability in an apparent search for SCP-3121-A, which it describes as its “husband”. 141 individuals across 48 countries are known to have been affected by SCP-3121-B’s travel activity, of which 135 subsequently died due to traumatic brain injury.

SCP-3121-B was contained in rural Bangladesh, having manifesting in the head of a woman wearing a motorcycle helmet and being unable to break through the headgear. The female victim was then admitted to a local hospital as an apparent stroke victim, where medical staff noticed scraping sounds and muffled shouts emanating from her helmet. Mobile Task Force Xi-8 (“Spearhunters”) were able to capture the entity at the site.

Addenda:

▶ Show: SCP-3121-B Interview Log

DATE	2005-10-31 15:05 UTC
INTERVIEWER	Dr Lena Reiterer
SUPERVISED BY	Senior Researcher Jacob Currie (Head of Containment, SCP-3121)

Dialogue translated from archaic High German unless noted otherwise.

NOTE: For the duration of this interview, SCP-3121-B had been restrained to a chair capable of delivering electric shocks to the occupant.

SCP-3121-B: *[Continued from previous unrecorded dialogue]* —devil, you are unspeakable deformities, both of you. Cowardly lice, worms, pathetic worms! I curse your entire race to the endless torment of eighteen hells. You blood-shamed plague, hateful savages, the disgrace of the Earth's—

[SR CURRIE administers

an electric shock to silence SCP-3121-B.]

DR REITERER: SCP-3121-B, you have to talk to us. I want to talk to you without you being hurt. It would be better for everyone.

[SCP-3121-B breathes heavily and wipes its mouth with its hand.]

SCP-3121-B: I know that you will kill me in this place. I do not fear death, you murderers.

DR REITERER: You likely will not believe me, but I swear that we do not want you to die. We do not want that.

SCP-3121-B: Do you think me a fool? How could I ever trust any of your kind? Your kind, who carried out such slaughter upon my people! Centuries of slaughter! As if we were crawling vermin of the mud! You disgusting rot. Have you not killed enough of us? We are nearly snuffed out, perished. My husband and I have not seen another of our kind for two hundred years. Are we the last ones left? Is

this what you're doing? *[Laughter.]* Are you ending us once and for all? Bastard devils! Evil from the dark pits of the fetid pools in—

DR REITERER: *[in English, to SR CURRIE]* Don't give another shock. This is useful.

DR REITERER: *[to SCP-3121-B]* SCP-3121-B, when you were travelling through people's heads, what was your aim?

SCP-3121-B: I don't understand your vulgar words. What are you saying?

DR REITERER: I'm sorry. What were you seeking when you went inside heads and appeared in a different place?

SCP-3121-B: I was seeking my husband! You surely have him here. I can sense his presence[?][4]. I know it.

DR REITERER: Why do you want to see him?

SCP-3121-B: Why? How can you not understand? You truly are monsters. I

have lived with and loved that man these past eight hundred years. We have poured our hearts into each other for ten of your lifetimes – ten. Fleeting, candle-flicker mayflies as you are, you cannot understand the depth of love that we have built together. My living is worthless without him. There is nothing I would not—

[SR CURRIE administers an electric shock to silence SCP-3121-B.]

DR REITERER: *[in English, to SR CURRIE]* No! What are you doing?

SCP-3121-B: Bastards! You dung, filthy— *[screeching, presumed cursing, too high a pitch to be deciphered]*

SR CURRIE: *[in English]* I read anger from the anomaly's behaviour.

DR REITERER: *[in English]* It was intensity, not anger. She was providing information – useful information.

SCP-3121-B: *[continued screeching]*

SR CURRIE: *[in English] The anomaly* was providing information. You do not use personal pronouns when referring to objects in containment. That is basic protocol.

SCP-3121-B: *[continued screeching]*

SR CURRIE: *[in English]* But yes, this course of events is… is disappointing. I will have to rethink the approach. I don't believe SCP-3121-B will be willing to talk to us in this session. We will have to try again a different time.

[No dialogue for 3 seconds.]

DR REITERER: Clearly.

[AUDIO ENDS]

Supervisor comments: The interview was unsuccessful. SCP-3121-A and SCP-3121-B are not providing sufficient information.

It is important to discover more about SCP-3121-B's unique method of instantaneous travel. I am

planning an interrogation procedure based on the emotional responses observed in interviews. It is designed to apply a maximally intense acute emotional stressor on SCP-3121-B. I expect it to reduce SCP-3121-B's defiance and sense of superiority. This will make useful answers more likely.

— Senior Researcher Jacob Currie, Head of SCP-3121 Containment

▶ Show: Incident on 2005-11-01 –NEW -URGENT

Senior Researcher Currie conducted a psychological stress exercise on both SCP-3121-A and -B today at 17:00. Senior Researcher Currie placed SCP-3121-A into the shock chair used in the interview logged above. SCP-3121-B was also restrained in the same room, and forced to watch as Senior Researcher Currie applied increasingly strong electric shocks to SCP-3121-A. Notably, this was the first time since their containment that SCP-3121-A and SCP-3121-B had seen each other.

Twenty-five minutes into the exercise, SCP-3121-B broke free of its restraints and incapacitated Senior Researcher Currie before subjecting him to [REDACTED]. After this, SCP-3121-B used Senior Researcher Currie's corpse to activate its travel ability, and disappeared with SCP-3121-A. As of this incident, SCP-3121-A and SCP-3121-B are now considered to be uncontained, and their whereabouts unknown.

Dr Lena Reiterer, previously translator in SCP-3121

interviews, has been promoted to Head of Containment for SCP-3121 in the light of Senior Researcher Currie's death.

You are viewing the edit history of this page. The version shown below is the **current revision 21** from **2017-11-02 10:15**.

Object Class: Keter (see Addendum: SCP-3121 Object Class Status)

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3121-A and -B are to be contained on-site at their current location in the forests of Småland, Sweden. An exclusion zone 400 m x 400 m centered around SCP-3121's main habitation structure is to be maintained, patrolled by two guards and surrounded by antimemetic fencing to dissuade passersby from entering.

Containment activities are to be carried out so that Foundation personnel are not seen by SCP-3121-A and -B, as experience to date suggests that they remain non-hostile as long as they do not witness human beings.

Description: SCP-3121-A and -B are small, sapient humanoids measuring approximately 10 cm in height. The entities resemble imps or hobgoblins from European folklore. According to morphological sexual characteristics, SCP-3121-A is male, and SCP-3121-B female; the entities describe each other as "husband" and "wife", and display a strong emotional attachment.

The entities have human-level intelligence, speaking a dialect similar to Middle High German. They display high proficiency in tool-making and wilderness survival, which they use to practice a hunter-gatherer lifestyle. Their diet consists mainly of berries, tubers, and insects.

Previous interviews with SCP-3121-B suggest that the entities are at least 800 years old. The same interviews suggest that SCP-3121-A and -B are one of the few – possibly only – surviving members of what was once a more numerous population of similar beings.

SCP-3121-A and -B were previously contained at Site-66, before an incident in which a Foundation employee, Senior Researcher Currie, [REDACTED][5].

Two years later, on 2007-08-03, the SCP-3121 entities were discovered at their present location in Småland, Sweden, and current containment procedures were implemented.

No hostile activity has been displayed by either SCP-3121 entity since their escape together from initial containment. All observations of SCP-3121 at their current site have shown them engaging in domestic activities, creating handicrafts, and taking walks around the containment site, usually while holding hands.

Addenda:

▶ Show: SCP-3121 Object Class Status

2017-11-05: Senior Researcher Lena Reiterer, Head of SCP-3121 Containment, has applied for SCP-3121 to be downgraded from Keter to Euclid after 12 years of docile behaviour. The application has passed the first round of review.

Footnotes
1. Note to containment technicians: same as the mix given toSCP-1192housed on the shelf above.
2. Note: SCP-3121 was only recently brought into containment, so the full extent of its properties is yet to be determined through testing.

3. Can be translated variously asstrong,angryorquick.
4. Literally:I feel his air.
5. For further information, seeKetergrams2005. In a post-incident review, Senior Researcher Currie's conduct during interrogations of SCP-3121 was found to be in breach of the Foundation's ethical guidelines for intelligent anomaly containment.

SCP-3122: You Have Reached Your Destination

Promotional material for Elevix Electronics.

Item #: SCP-3122

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Instances of SCP-3122 are to be stored in a Faraday-cage-shielded storage container when not being used for testing.

Evidence of the existence of Elevix Electronics and any products produced by it are to be removed from public awareness using standard data-censoring protocols.

Description: SCP-3122 is a series of consumer satellite navigation systems produced by the now-defunct "Elevix Electronics". The anomalous effects of SCP-3122 manifest when the following conditions are met:

- The currently active journey on SCP-3122 is estimated to take over three hours to complete.
- The vehicle in which SCP-3122 is situated has currently undergone at least two hours of the programmed journey.
- At some point following the two-hour mark, SCP-3122 loses its signal tracking. No specific cause for the loss of signal is required.

Once these conditions have been met, following the loss of signal SCP-3122 will connect to an unknown source from which it will begin receiving information. The vehicle in which SCP-3122 is installed, along with any occupants of the vehicle and SCP-3122 itself will be translocated to SCP-3122-1.

SCP-3122-1 is a topologically inconsistent pocket of space-time which initially resembles the area from which SCP-3122 and its associated vehicle were removed. Once within SCP-3122-1,

SCP-3122 will begin to relay instructions that are increasingly nonsensical, and SCP-3122-1 itself will begin to change both its layout and contents, with the severity of these effects increasing over time.

After a period of time following the victim's entrance into SCP-3122-1, typically between 24 and 72 hours, the vehicle will re-enter standard reality at the final destination point of the original journey. SCP-3122 will be present within the vehicle, though any lifeforms will be missing.

An investigation into Elevix Electronics revealed a number of consumer electronics developed by the company, many of which demonstrate anomalous properties. No record of the creation of the company, or any employees working for it, could be found. The registered business address for the company was determined to be a large warehouse containing numerous crates of SCP-3122 instances.

Analysis of recovered security footage from the areas around the warehouse revealed repeated visits by a single individual, determined to be PoI-30808 (Shazira Masaani). PoI-30808 has previously been linked to various religious cults typically centred around minor anomalous objects. The last recorded sighting of PoI-30808 was in 1996, following the mass-suicide of one of the associated cults.

A software update for SCP-3122 was developed and released, with the goal of disabling any devices onto which it was installed, and a recall order for all affected products was enacted. It is estimated that over 95% of the sold instances of SCP-3122 have been recovered or rendered inert.

SCP-3122-1 Exploration

On 19/07/2016, permission was granted to attempt exploration of SCP-3122-1 to determine the nature of the anomaly and ascertain the possibility of recovering the lost civilians. A vehicle was equipped with an instance of SCP-3122, numerous recording and tracking devices, and piloted by D-Class personnel D-99321[1] on a programmed journey that would take them through a tunnel sufficient to cause the loss of GPS signal two hours and five minutes

in to the test.

Following are transcripts of the recovered recordings, starting immediately prior to the activation of SCP-3122. D-99 was instructed to continue describing his surroundings even if contact with Control was lost. He was otherwise not informed of the nature of the experiment.

► Show Transcripts

[15:09]

D-99: OK, I can see the tunnel up ahead.

Control: Acknowledged. Maintain contact and keep us informed of any occurrences.

D-99: What exactly are you expecting to happen here?

Control: Unknown. That's the point of this experiment.

D-99: Uh huh. I know you science types always write us off as idiots, but we aren't stupid. We always know when you aren't telling us everything.

Control: Proceed into the tunnel.

D-99: Yeah yeah.

SCP-3122: GPS Signal Lost.

D-99: I guess we expected that, right?

Approximately 30 seconds of silence. Note, contact with Control was lost at this point, and not re-established.

D-99: Hello? Guess I've lost you guys, too. Well, nearly out of this tunnel anyway.

SCP-3122: Connection established. In 300m, turn left onto Via della Conciliazione.

D-99: Weird, I don't remember a turn coming up. And… is that Spanish?

SCP-3122: Turn left onto Via della Conciliazione.

D-99 takes the turn as instructed. It should be noted that there is no left turn on the road exiting the tunnel in which contact with D-99 was lost.

D-99: Weird, haven't seen any other cars since I left that tunnel. And… hang on, there's another tunnel coming up. It uh… it looks exactly the same as that last tunnel. The hill and the rocks and everything.

Visual analysis of recovered recordings confirms an exact visual match between the exteriors of the first and second tunnels.

D-99: Looks the same inside, too. And I haven't lost signal this time. And here I was hoping you were just sending me on a nice little road trip with no weird shit involved.

[15:23]

D-99: Just realised I've been in this tunnel for about five minutes now. That seems weird. I'm no expert but I'm pretty sure there are no five-mile-long tunnels in Derbyshire. Still no other cars, either.

SCP-3122: In one kilometre, accelerate to 180 kilometres per hour, then turn right onto [SOUND OF STATIC], then left onto Sanderson Road, then down onto Howling

Void.

D-99: Great, now the satnav has gone nuts too. And why the hell is this thing in metric anyway.

[15:25]

SCP-3122: Accelerate to 180 kilometres per hour.

D-99: You're the boss, insane computer. Though I doubt this bucket can even go that fa-

D-99 is cut off as the vehicle rapidly accelerates to 180km/h, forcing him back into the seat.

D-99: Holy crap! I think the car is driving itself! The brakes aren't working! HOLY SHI-

The vehicle suddenly makes a hard right turn, directly into the wall of the tunnel. It passes through the wall without effect, emerging in a similar tunnel before making a similarly sharp left turn.

D-99: Oh god, I'm gonna throw up. Come on, stop you piece of- FUC-

The road seemingly drops away. The vehicle appears to be in freefall for approximately 30 seconds; D-99 can be heard screaming. The vehicle suddenly appears to be on what looks like a desert road; no impact from the fall occurs. D-99 can be heard breathing heavily.

D-99: Sweet fucking Jesus, what the fuck. OK, OK. I'm alive. I'm fine.

D-99 looks around out of the windows of the

vehicle.

D-99: Now where the hell am I? Some kind of desert, I know there's nothing like this in Derbyshire. Can't see anything around besides this road. It's pretty hot here, I can already feel the heat through the windows.

SCP-3122: Continue for 12,000km, and then turn 470 degrees counter-clockwise and remove your left arm.

D-99: Wha… fuck that. I'm going the other way. Looks like I have control of this thing again, and I'm sure as shit not removing any arms.

D-99 turns the vehicle around on the road and begins driving.

[17:01]

D-99: OK, I've been driving for what feels like hours. Nothing has changed here. Can barely even tell if I'm moving - just the same desert. Fuel gauge doesn't seem to be moving, and I haven't heard a peep out of this busted-ass satnav. I thin-

SCP-3122: In 500 meters, remove 37% of your skin using the supplied flensing knife, and then surrender your soul.

D-99: Should have kept my damn mouth shut.

D-99 visibly jumps in his seat, and then picks something up from in front of him.

D-99: What the hell! A weird-looking knife thing just appeared in my lap! Fuck this!

D-99 opens the window and throws the knife

out.

SCP-3122: A road-side agent will be along to assist you shortly.

D-99: That sounds… bad.

A high-pitched screaming sound can be heard in the distance. Cameras detect a shape ahead, which D-99 notices a few minutes later.

D-99: The hell is that? Looks kind of like… a horse? A massive fucking horse with some giant guy riding it, I think it's heading right for me. Christ, it's tearing up the road, too. Going to have to turn around, I don't want to get anywhere near that thing.

D-99 turns the vehicle around. As he begins driving in the opposite direction, a large, equine creature with the torso and upper body of a humanoid growing from its back appears on the road, completely blocking it. It emits a high-pitched screaming sound, and D-99 swerves off the road.

D-99: SHITTING CHRIST! What the fuck, what the fuck, where the fuck did those arseholes send me, Jesus fucking Christ.

D-99 looks behind him. Cameras show that the entity and the road are both gone.

D-99: OK, OK. Still alive. I guess no road is better than whatever the fuck that thing was. I guess I'm just driving through the desert now.

[20:31]

D-99: Been driving for hours now. Clock still seems to be working if nothing else. It's getting a little cooler but the sun doesn't seem to be

going down. Also, I just noticed that all of the clouds seem to be in the shape of some symbol. Looks familiar. The satnav has been making weird sounds every now and then. Doesn't sound like words, just random vowels or something.

SCP-3122: Eee. Aaaaa.

D-99: Yeah, just like that. Anyway, I spotted something off in the distance, looks like a building or something maybe, so against my better judgement I'm going to head towards it.

SCP-3122: Ooooo. Eeeeeee.

D-99: Yeah, yeah.

SCP-3122: In 100 meters, stop at the crossroads, make a deal and surrender your flesh.

D-99: God damn I wish I could turn this thing off. We're not even on a road, you stupid piece of junk!

D-99 strikes SCP-3122; no damage is caused.

[23:01]

D-99: OK, I don't seem to be getting any closer to… whatever that is out there, and it's getting late. According to the clock, anyway. The sun still hasn't moved. Anyway, since you Foundation folks were actually kind enough to pack some supplies in here, I'm going to eat and try to sleep. Probably a terrible idea, but I can't keep driving forever.

SCP-3122: At the roundabout, take the twelfth exit. The sleeper will awaken. Glorious [SOUNDS OF STATIC] reigns supreme.

D-99: Hopefully this thing will keep it quiet while I'm trying to sleep. Oh! The symbol in the clouds, it's the same symbol that's on this goddamn satnav. The company logo or whatever, I guess. They're still there, clouds in that shape, all different sizes. I'm sure that will mean something more to you Foundation eggheads than it does to me.

[05:47]

SCP-3122: He awaits. He awaits. He awaits. He awaits. Take the next exit.

D-99: Wuh- gah, stupid machine. 6am? Guess I wasn't eaten during the night then. I- what the hell…

D-99 can be seen looking out of the windows of the vehicle. External cameras show that a number of structures have appeared in the immediate area; no motion was detected since the vehicle was stopped.

D-99: Not eaten, but it looks like I was towed. Where the hell am I now, looks like some kind of town? Still in the desert, though, and I don't see any people around. Looks… old? All these buildings seem pretty worn down.

SCP-3122: Follow the road for 300 meters, then embrace oblivion. He will be nourished.

D-99: Oh, there actually is a road. I'm going to look around a bit, see if I can find any people or signs that anyone has been here.

D-99 tries to open the door, but it appears to be locked.

D-99: What the… come on, dammit.

D-99 attempts to unlock the door, and tries opening the other doors and windows; all attempts at leaving the vehicle fail.

D-99: God dammit. Can't even stretch my legs. When I get out of here, the first Foundation fool I see is getting punched in the face.

D-99 sighs heavily.

D-99: Road it is, then. Seems old, it's made of cobblestones or something.

D-99 follows the road for approximately five minutes, passing through what appears to be a small town or village; no occupants are seen. All of the buildings are made of stone of a similar colour to the desert sand.

SCP-3122: Bow down before [SOUND OF STATIC], then take the next right.

D-99: The road only goes right, you stupid piece of cr- woah. That's a big statue.

As the car takes the corner, a statue of a bare-chested human male wearing an ornate head-dress and carrying a staff comes into view, standing over the road. It is estimated to be approximately 90m tall; it was not visible before the corner. Lining the road before the statue is a series of smaller statues (averaging approximately 5m tall), each apparently depicting a different individual in a similar style of dress as the larger statue. The statue standing directly at the foot of the larger statue bears a notable resemblance to PoI-30808.

SCP-3122: Bow down. Bow down. Bow down. Continue for three kilometres. Surrender.

D-99: Starting to get the feeling this statue is the guy the satnav has been babbling on about. He's kind of giving me a bad feeling… I think I'm going to leave the road again. Not sure why that feels like the safer option here, but if the satnav wants me to follow the road, I'm pretty sure I don't want to.

D-99 drives away from the road.

[06:34]

D-99: Huh, could have sworn there were some mountains to my left, but they aren't there now. Probably wishful thinking to assume it was just a mirage or something.

SCP-3122: In 500 cubits, continue towards His Embrace. Surrender your soul.

[07:04]

D-99: Been driving for over an hour now, and I can still see that statue. It doesn't seem to be getting further away. Everything here is getting weirder, if that's even possible. Those mountains have reappeared and disappeared twice now. The clouds seem to change suddenly, sometimes into that symbol, sometimes just random clouds. Pretty sure I saw some more buildings to my right at one point, but they aren't there now.

SCP-3122: Continue for 1000 years, then turn left into his embrace.

D-99: And this thing is really starting to drive me nuts. Tried to shut it up, but none of the buttons on it seem to do anything. Can't smash the damn thing either, despite a couple of attempts.

SCP-3122: He comes. Take the next exit.

D-99: The hell, it's getting darker.

A solar eclipse begins, rapidly reducing the light level. After 15 seconds, the sun is approximately 90% eclipsed by the moon.

D-99: I've lost control of the car again. It's driving itself.

The vehicle veers left, bringing a series of structures into view. A number of pillars in varying states of decay surround what appears to be an open-air temple, at the centre of which is a large stone sarcophagus.

D-99: I don't like this… nothing good ever happens in desert temples during an eclipse. Come on now.

D-99 can be seen trying to force the vehicle to turn, with no success; it continues on course for the centre of the temple.

SCP-3122: Surrender your soul. Surrender your flesh. Surrender your mind. Surrender. Surrender. Surrender.

SCP-3122 continues to repeat the word Surrender.

D-99: No, come on, dammit!

D-99 becomes increasingly frantic in his attempts to regain control of the vehicle, to no avail. He attempts to kick the glass from the windows, but is unable to break it. The vehicle comes to a halt directly in front of the sarcophagus, which is covered in a large number of carved symbols; most prominently, in the centre, is the Elevix Electronics logo.

SCP-3122: You have reached your destination.

D-99 begins to speak, but is immediately cut off. Analysis of the video footage shows 13 frames of a substance resembling black smoke emanating from the sarcophagus and heading directly for the vehicle; it passes through the roof and windows before completely enveloping D-99. The smoke then recedes back into the sarcophagus; D-99 is gone. The vehicle reverses and drives away from the temple.

Approximately 37 hours after contact was first lost with D-99, a GPS ping was received from his vehicle; it was found at the originally programmed destination. No trace of D-99 was found.

Footnotes
1. Identified in the transcript as D-99.

SCP-3123: Insult To Injury

Item #: SCP-3123

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All civilians who enter the municipality of Towin are to be monitored by onsite Foundation personnel. Should civilians be exposed to SCP-3123, they are to be amnesticized, and released with an appropriate cover story.

Only personnel who have been screened for good behavior may be allowed near Towin. Any personnel working on SCP-3123 who require disciplinary action for poor conduct are to be immediately reassigned. Any attempts to provoke the inhabitants of Towin are prohibited.

Description: SCP-3123 is a phenomenon that occurs in the town of Towin, CO, where individuals will be spontaneously injured after causing emotional distress, or acting in emotionally abusive patterns toward another individual. The severity of the injury is correlated to the severity of emotional distress caused. This injury will manifest only if the distressed victim perceives a discrete individual to be responsible for their distress.

Towin has a population of roughly 4000, and is located 30 kilometers from the next nearest population center. It is surrounded on all sides by mountains, which hinder any effort to enter or leave. The inhabitants of Towin (who understand the existence of, and are affected by SCP-3123) have very little interaction with civilians outside of the municipality, as a consequence of their geographical isolation. However, Towin still managed to cultivate a reputation for being highly hospitable before containment. It is believed that this reputation is an indirect consequence of SCP-3123.

When asked about their views on the anomaly, most inhabitants note that the phenomenon has always been a part of their lives, and

have not bothered to question it. When asked about why they stayed in Towin, inhabitants cited their family's history living in the town and the close-knit community.

SCP-3123 was discovered by the Foundation in 1968 when Agent DuBlon stopped to rest in Towin during a vacation road trip. During his stay, DuBlon experienced a spontaneous concussion. Unable to determine the cause of the injury, DuBlon reported the experience to the Foundation.

Addendum SCP-3123-A:

Below is a sample of logged injuries caused by SCP-3123. For the full log please contact the senior researcher in charge of SCP-3123.

Year	Name of Victi (Age)	Injury	Cause/Notes
1968	Daniel Hedler (63)	Forced removal of two teeth (both molars)	Injury occurred after Hedler offended Joshua Chubra by using a racist slur.
1973	Gabriel Ernst (32)	Broken femur	Injury occurred after Ernst insulted the recently deceased father of Tyler Brown.
1975	Heidi Yent (29)	Forced removal of the nails on both index fingers	Injury occurred after Yent made repeated comments about the weight of Erica Dutnam. Yent claimed later that this was a joke, and was not intended to offend.
1984	Danica Slentler (37)	Hair ripped from the scalp	Injury occurred after Slentler

			turned down Eric Tellur's invitation to join him for a movie date.
1989	Helen Terith (17)	Concussion	Injury occurred after Terith performed poorly on a test in school. When asked about the injury, Terith blamed herself.

While manifestations during experiments still occur as expected, natural manifestations have decreased since SCP-3123's observational period 34 years ago. As of this writing, approximately one manifestation a year needs treatment from Foundation medical personnel[1].

Addendum SCP-3123-B: On 12/14/1989, Foundation personnel discovered a section of forest on the outskirts of Towin with slips of paper taped to some of the trees. Of the slips recovered, only 15% contained writing in a legible state. Microphones and cameras were hidden throughout the area for future surveillance. Below is a partial list of recovered slips:

> *I'm Alice Felucia, and I hurt my family after they did not let me go sledding with my friends. I was sick, and they were looking out for me. I apologize to all my friends and family for my wrongdoing.*

> *I am Evan Eldebar, and I hurt my friends while we were playing. I thought they were making fun of me, however it was obvious that they were joking. I am sorry, Jeremy, Tyler and Dave. I hope you can walk again someday. I apologize to all my friends and family for my wrongdoing.*

> *My name is Daniel Shou, and I hurt my teacher after I did poorly on a test. This was the fifth time this month this has happened. I am sorry Mrs. Delilah. I apologize to all my friends and family for my wrongdoing.*

I am Winston Shou, and I hurt the entire town. But I did it because they took away my little brother. I cannot forgive them, but maybe they can forgive me. I apologize to all my friends and family for my wrongdoing.

I'm Patricia Sarlo, and I hurt my parents after we got in a fight. They got mad at me, which in turn made me upset with them. So we hurt each other. And we hurt each other. And we hurt each other. And we hurt each other. I apologize to all my friends and family for my wrongdoing.

I am Tristan Dourly, and I've hurt myself every day for the past month. It felt good. I say something mean, and I get cut. I liked it. I did it a lot. I apologize to all my friends and family for my wrongdoing.

Addendum SCP-3123-C: On 4/3/1990, Agent Tennison, stationed in Towin, reported a mass manifestation of SCP-3123. All students and teachers at the Towin elementary school received lacerations on their bodies at the same time. This occurred during the school's annual "Field Day" event.

The following night, the cameras planted in the area described in Addendum SCP-3123-B spotted a group of three Towin inhabitants. The men carried the body of a young child, which they buried next to a tree without a slip of paper. When they finished, the men taped a slip to the tree. Microphones picked up the following conversation from the men as they dug the grave:

TI-1: It's such a damn shame.

TI-2: Would you prefer she stick around and break your leg one day?

TI-1: No, I wouldn't. But still. She's so young.

TI-2: They're always young. It's harder to pick out unstable ones when they get older.

TI-1: But have we even tried that?

TI-2: I don't know. This is just what we do. If there wasn't

reason for it, don't you think we would've come up with a better idea?

TI-1: I… I guess you're right. But—

TI-3: Jimmy, I know this is your first shift, but you need to stop talking. You're slowing us down. I don't dig these graves because I enjoy it.

TI-2: Right.

TI-1: Sorry.

[silence]

TI-1: Her parents looked so calm, though.

TI-3: They always look like that.

The Foundation recovered the body, and the slip:

> *My name is Judy Grant, and I hurt my classmates and teachers after my class lost during field day. I really wanted to win, but I should not have gotten upset at my teammates. Hopefully, we can win next year. I apologize to all my friends and family for my wrongdoing.*

Footnotes
1. Dramatically lower compared to the 478 treatments needed during the first year of containment.

SCP-3124: Not a Football

Item #: SCP-3124

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3124 is kept in Locker A57 at Site-48's Low-Value Item Storage wing. In the event that SCP-3124 must be moved to another facility, consult Appendix D for a list of storage lockers that are located and oriented such that SCP-3124 can be placed inside. During transport, SCP-3124 should be kept in a large, empty, and well-secured container that allows for significant freedom of movement.

Description: SCP-3124 is an object that resembles a standard black-and-white 32-panel football, though lacking in any imperfections or discoloration that would normally occur during construction or usage. SCP-3124's appearance remains the same under all lighting conditions, and it can be viewed as though intervening liquids and gases are not present. SCP-3124 possesses the same size, mass, texture, and elasticity as a normal football comprised of synthetic leather,[1] though it is chemically inert and cannot be defaced or ruptured by any tested methods. Examination of SCP-3124 under high magnification has provided inconclusive results; it is unclear whether or not SCP-3124 is comprised of conventional matter.

SCP-3124 follows a three-dimensional "taxicab geometry," in which it will only move along the lines of a 1.384m cubic grid of indefinite size, hereby the "movement grid." The motion of SCP-3124 is best modeled by determining the path a non-anomalous football would take when acted upon in a given manner, and then constructing the path along the movement grid that is closest to this trajectory. As such, SCP-3124's movement is often marked by abrupt 90° turns, and rarely functions intuitively. SCP-3124's movement grid is stationary relative to Earth and thus has a different orientation relative to the ground in different locations.

Subjects that use SCP-3124 in a game of association football will fail to recognize its appearance or behavior as unusual, instead describing its anomalous properties as the norm for footballs. Players display an intuitive understanding of the rules governing SCP-3124's motion (including the size and local orientation of its movement grid) while playing, and will adapt their strategy and technique as necessary to account for its anomalous properties. Subjects display roughly the same level of proficiency at association football whether playing with SCP-3124 or a standard football.

Additionally, under these circumstances, all subjects will refer to SCP-3124 as a "soccer ball" and refer to association football as "soccer," regardless of the terms they customarily use.

History: SCP-3124 spontaneously appeared on 2014-06-09 at the University of Texas at Austin, in the office of Professor . Prior to SCP-3124's appearance, Professor was attempting to teach an artificial neural network to distinguish between images of balls used in various sports. Professor reports that the program consistently labeled all input images as "soccer ball," despite repeated attempts to condition it to do otherwise.

After several hours of failing to alter the program's behavior, Professor kicked his computer out of frustration; upon contact with his shoe, the computer disappeared and was replaced by SCP-3124. The aforementioned artificial neural network has not been recovered, and attempts to recreate it have not resulted in any unusual behavior.

Footnotes
1. Specifically, it has a mass of 430.0g and a circumference of 69.0cm — both within the bounds specified by FIFA.

SCP-3125: The Escapee

SCP-3126: The Immobile Muse

Item #: SCP-3126

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3126 is to be held in a standard humanoid containment chamber in Site 19, and should not be brought in contact with strong magnets outside of testing, including those found in most hard drives. Additionally, SCP-3126 requires daily deferoxamine injections to treat its iron overload.

Addendum: In light of the recent suicide attempt, SCP-3126 is required to submit to psychiatric evaluations after any testing, along with mandatory weekly evaluations and antidepressants. Also, on the advice of the site psychologist, SCP-3126 is allowed a weekly allotment of painting supplies for art therapy purposes.

Description: SCP-3126 is an African-American female, physically 23 years in age, 185 cm tall and weighing 88 kg . It suffers from chronic iron overload, resulting in joint pain, hair loss and depression, and it is estimated that the condition may result in liver failure within ten years.

Its anomalous effect occurs when the subject is exposed to a magnetic field of 1 Tesla or higher. When exposed to a sufficiently powerful magnetic pull, the subject's skin appears to transform into cast iron, with the effect expanding across the skin as long as the magnet remains within range. Additionally, any muscles or joints under the affected area lose all mobility, resulting in complete immobility within a minute. The effect can be reversed by applying high-salinity water to the metal surface, which causes the iron surface to rust and disintegrate within minutes, exposing human skin beneath it. When the transformation is reversed, SCP-3126 shows no symptoms of iron overload, and if the immobilization period exceeds two hours, it will temporarily show symptoms of iron deficiency. This process does not appear to cause SCP-3126 pain

or injury, and all biological processes are paused while it is immobilized, allowing it to stay that way for an indefinite amount of time. However, researchers are advised to not leave SCP-3126 immobilized for long periods of time, as SCP-3126 reports being conscious while immobilized, and extended immobilization may aggravate its mental conditions.

SCP-3126 was taken into SCP custody in 201 based on reports of a transient woman with metal fingers in , Los Angeles, California being hospitalized for minor wounds after nearly being hit by a car. A field agent embedded in the hospital noted her anomalous properties, and arranged for her to be extracted in the guise of transferring her to another facility. Later investigation connected her to a missing person case for a Gloria , age 21, from Boston from 199

+Selected Interview Logs

<Begin Log 1>
Foreword: This interview took place within 48 hours of SCP-3126's arrival. The subject was still being treated for post-accident injuries, and was therefore under the influence of heavy pain medication.
Dr. Merriweather: Hello, my name is Dr. Merriweather. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions about your condition?
SCP-3126 : What is this place?
Dr. Merriweather: [pauses] I understand that the transition from the other hospital is a bit chaotic, but we'll get you settled in as soon as possible. There'll be time for explanations later.
SCP-3126 : Wait…the sign on the van said… Superior Care & Protection. SCP?
[SCP-3126 shows increased signs of alertness]
SCP-3126 : You're a Skipper! I thought you were a myth! Are the rumors true? Do you guys have code numbers for everything? Were

you the ones who stole the **not-shark**?
Dr. Merriweather: [slightly panicked] No further questions. One moment, please.
Closing Statement: Dr. Merriweather requested additional personnel to be on-hand before continuing the discussion. SCP-3126 proved to have little accurate information on the Foundation. However, SCP-3126 did make sparse connections to a number of art-related SCPs, including SCP-
<Log End>

<Begin Log 2>
Dr. Merriweather: Can you tell us how you came to acquire this anomaly?
SCP-3126 : Blame my ex, Bellamy. Three months into our relationship, she went to an art show with this guy who claimed to do portraits that would *really* show who someone is. Next thing you know, she's talking about exploits and manifestos and trying to save up for a trip to France for some ridiculous show. And she even suckered me in for a while! So obsessed with the cool…
Dr. Merriweather: Yes, yes, and was it from these artists that you learned the term 'skip', SCP-3126?
SCP-3126 : You heard all sorts of stories back then. X-Files-type government goons poking around the art studios. Snake cults kidnapping artists and brainwashing them. Paramilitary agents burning someone's collection. Lots of stories about you guys, though everyone thought you worked for some crazy art collector. Or some sort of weird numerology cult. No one believed half of them, but when you're working outside of the law, sharing information is how you stayed safe.
Dr. Merriweather: Interesting. Outdated information, perhaps, but Green might find you

useful. Now then, about the anomaly?
SCP-3126 : It was her first real project. She heard about this homebrew ritual called 'The Touch of Mars', and she thought it would be perfect. Some sophomoric nonsense about blurring lines and uncanny valley. And like the good girlfriend I was, I volunteered, and I didn't think to ask what the ritual actually was. You're supposed to use this ancient amulet to trigger the transformation, but it turns out that literally *any* strong magnet will do the trick, whether you want it to or not. I used to be a programmer, and now getting near a computer could freeze me for *another* fifteen years.
Dr. Merriweather: Hmm. And how did you go from programmer to transient?
SCP-3126 : Since I couldn't get work anymore, I became her personal statue. She'd freeze me and then loan me to art exhibitions, passing me off as a different statue each time. It was ridiculous, but it paid, and she promised me that she'd find a way to undo the Touch. But weeks turned into months, and being a statue started wearing on me. Hours on hours of having nothing to do but watch and think.
SCP-3126 : Eventually, I told her I couldn't do it anymore. I had to quit or I'd go insane. She finally convinced me for one more show. She took me to an art show that her and the other weird artists were staging. She put me in a pose, did the magnet thing and then schmoozed with her new friends for hours. But when the end of the show came, you know what they did? She…
She *sold* me. Auctioned me off to the highest bidder. I spent fifteen years locked in some rich Hollywood fucker's[1] mansion. If he wasn't stupid enough to try and bring me on a yacht, I'd still be there, feeling my mind rust away. And I didn't know what to do! I had nothing, I

had to catch up on 15 years, and everything I knew was on the other side of the country. So I just…existed. Scrounged around for what I could until I ended up here.
Dr. Merriweather: I see. Thank you, SCP-3126 . This has been enlightening.

<Begin Log 3>
Foreward: After a testing session in which SCP-3126 was immobilized for 6 hours, it grabbed a pen from a researcher and attempted to pierce its own throat. The following was recorded shortly after, when SCP-3126 was under the influence of sedatives.
SCP-3126 : I don't want to be art anymore.
SCP-3126 : It used to be fun, you know? Like, like, like, we'd get together and change the world and show the stuck up bastards how fucking wrong you were. I mean, what *is* a statue? Why the fuck can't I be one? It almost made this bullshit worth it. But then everything had to be a statement. Fuck just being pretty if you weren't saying anything.
SCP-3126 : Maybe that's why she left me. I just got too boring for her. Or maybe she always knew it would fuck up my life, and she just didn't care because it's for the art, right? [laughs]
SCP-3126 : All I wanted was to be cool.

Footnotes
1. Later identified as film producer Don Harding. When asked about SCP-3126, Harding showed no knowledge of its anomalous nature and could provide no useful information about the auction, claiming it was forgettable.

SCP-3127: Nineteen Year Old Jessica Lambert And A Female Pig Of Abnormal Size, Forever

Warning: The file you are reading is an outdated version. Please proceed to Update Log for current containment procedures and summary.

Item #: SCP-3127

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3127, currently located at Site-43, is to be contained in a 5m x 5m x 5m chamber and fed twice a day in accordance with Nutritional Chart 3127-1. SCP-3127's containment chamber is to be kept under guard by two security personnel at all times. The mental health of SCP-3127 is to be monitored by an on-site therapist for ease of containment.

SCP-3127 is not to come into physical contact with any personnel outside of testing.

Description: SCP-3127 is a nineteen year old woman named Jessica Lambert, a former resident of , Illinois. SCP-3127 displays no abnormal physical characteristics for an individual of its age and is in sound mental condition, barring minor stress inherent to containment.

When SCP-3127 makes physical contact with another human being, that individual adopts the emotional state of SCP-3127 at the time of contact. The affected individual is then unable to feel emotions outside of said state for twenty to thirty minutes. There appears to be no permanent effect to the affected individual after this emotional state fades.

SCP-3127 was brought into containment after Foundation agents intercepted communications from the FBI's Unusual Incidents Unit regarding a girl who had contacted them claiming to have psychic

powers. Although these reports were dismissed as a common hoax by the UIU, Foundation agents already in the area independently investigated and confirmed these claims, subsequently bringing SCP-3127 into containment. Family and friends in were administered Class-B amnestics and led to believe SCP-3127 had died in a car accident.

Addendum 3127-1: On 11/19/15, approval was given for SCP-3127 to be exposed to a number of other anomalous items for cross-testing purposes. As no unexpected results occurred during these experiments, they have thus been filed as irrelevant materials. Full logs are available upon request from the Site-43 Archive Department.

Addendum 3127-2: On 12/10/16, SCP-3127 reported feeling ill to supervising staff and subsequently gave birth to a live female piglet, despite displaying no signs of pregnancy beforehand. SCP-3127 perished during this process due to complications arising during emergency surgery. The live piglet, which has also displayed anomalous properties, is currently awaiting classification.

Update Log:

UPDATE 12/18/2016

Item #: SCP-3127

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3127 is to be contained in a 5m x 5m x 5m chamber and fed twice a day in accordance with Nutritional Chart 3127-1. SCP-3127's containment chamber is to be kept under guard by two security personnel at all times.

SCP-3127 is not to come into physical contact with any personnel outside of testing.

Description: SCP-3127 is a sapient female piglet. SCP-3127 is capable of vocalization using the voice of Jessica Lambert, of whom it claims to have no

knowledge. Instead, SCP-3127 claims to be 'Duchess Isabella the Third', a British aristocrat from the year 1827. History shows no records of such an individual existing during that time period, suggesting this is a falsehood or delusion on SCP-3127's part.

Any individual who comes into physical contact with SCP-3127 is instantly transformed into a female piglet capable of vocalization in the voice of Jessica Lambert. While in this state, affected individuals claim to have no memory of their previous identity. This state lasts for fifty to sixty minutes and there appears to be no permanent side-effects once affected individuals return to their original form.

Addendum 3127-1: On 12/29/16, routine medical analysis of SCP-3127 revealed the presence of a tumorous growth within its brain. Within the next twenty-four hours, this growth rapidly expanded, bursting out of SCP-3127's skull and causing its death. The growth then changed its shape into that of nineteen year old Jessica Lambert, changing its biology completely into that of a human being over the course of the next hour. A full update to this file is pending following complete analysis of this new SCP-3127 iteration.

UPDATE 01/02/2017

Item #: SCP-3127

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3127 is to be contained in a 5m x 5m x 5m chamber and fed twice a day in accordance with Nutritional Chart 3127-1. SCP-3127's containment chamber is to be kept under guard by two security personnel at all times. The mental health of SCP-3127 is to be monitored by an on-site therapist for ease of containment.

SCP-3127 is not to come into physical contact with any

personnel. At the first signs of illness from SCP-3127, supervising staff are to prepare for an imminent Moccus Event.

Description: At the time of writing, SCP-3127 is a humanoid entity with the appearance of a nineteen year old woman identical to the deceased Jessica Lambert. SCP-3127 claims to have no memories or prior knowledge relating to Jessica Lambert, and instead claims to be a pig farmer named Isabella Stanford from the year 1827.

In place of internal organs, SCP-3127's body contains a large number of organisms superficially resembling domestic pigs of various shapes and sizes. Despite the fact that analysis has revealed that these organisms do not actually function as organs, SCP-3127 has displayed no discomfort or health issues, suggesting it possesses a secondary anomalous effect keeping it alive. When informed of its physical abnormalities, SCP-3127 showed little concern and claimed that its body had always been that way. Furthermore, SCP-3127 does not appear to require food, water or sleep.

When SCP-3127 comes into physical contact with another human being, that human being's internal organs are instantly replaced with pig-like organisms identical to those within SCP-3127's body. This invariably results in the death of the individual making physical contact with SCP-3127, who does not share its secondary anomalous properties. The pig-like organisms that replaced the individual's internal organs die two to three minutes later.

Due to past incidents involving iterations of SCP-3127, SCP-3127 is expected to spawn a new anomalous organism before perishing itself in the near future. Henceforth, such occurrences will be referred to as Moccus Events. It has also been determined that research staff should conceal this likelihood from SCP-3127 in order to avoid causing it undue mental stress.

Addendum 3127-1: As expected, on 01/11/2017, SCP-3127 reported feeling ill in the same manner as the original SCP-3127. Staff accordingly prepared for an imminent Moccus Event. An hour later, SCP-3127 orally expelled all the pig-like organisms within her body before subsequently expiring. The pig-like organisms then merged and coalesced together into a female pig of abnormally large size. Full update to this file is pending following analysis of this new SCP-3127 iteration.

UPDATE 01/14/2017

Item #: SCP-3127

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3127 is to be contained in a 5m x 5m x 5m chamber and fed twice a day in accordance with Nutritional Chart 3127-1. All staff working with SCP-3127 are to wear noise-deafening head-wear at all times when interacting with it. SCP-3127's containment chamber is to be kept under guard by two security personnel at all times.

At the first signs of illness or change in usual behaviour from SCP-3127, supervising staff are to prepare for an imminent Moccus Event.

Description: SCP-3127 is a sapient female pig of abnormally large size, capable of vocalization in the voice of deceased nineteen year old Jessica Lambert, the entity initially designated as SCP-3127. SCP-3127 believes itself to be the corpse of Jessica Lambert, often asserting that it is dead and requesting burial.

In place of internal organs, SCP-3127's body contains a large number of organisms resembling miniature versions of Jessica Lambert, all of which are constantly screaming. Despite the fact that analysis has revealed that these organisms do not actually function as organs, SCP-3127 has displayed no discomfort or health issues.

When informed of its physical abnormalities, SCP-3127 showed little concern and claimed that, as it is dead, the state of its body is of no concern to it. Furthermore, SCP-3127 does not appear to require food, water or sleep.

Any individual who hears the screaming of SCP-3127's internal organs will instantly come to believe that they too are the corpse of Jessica Lambert, mirroring SCP-3127's behaviour in requesting burial. There are no known means of reversing SCP-3127's effects.

Due to past incidents involving iterations of SCP-3127, SCP-3127 is expected to undergo a Moccus Event in the near future, in which it spawns a new instance of SCP-3127 before perishing itself.

Addendum 3127-1: On 01/29/2017, all of SCP-3127's internal organs attempted a simultaneous escape from its body, emerging from its stomach and killing it in the process. Only one internal organ survived initial emergence, instead suffering sudden heart failure three minutes later. All other internal organs decomposed into their base materials shortly after expiration.

The intact organ, over the course of the next three days, expanded in size and changed shape so as to become a creature resembling a hybrid between a domestic pig and deceased nineteen year old Jessica Lambert. At the end of this process, it spontaneously reanimated and began pacing around the containment chamber. Full update to file pending.

UPDATE 02/02/2017

Item #: SCP-3127

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3127 is to be contained in a 5m x 5m x 5m chamber and fed twice a

day in accordance with Nutritional Chart 3127-1. SCP-3127 is to be gagged at all times. As an additional precaution, all staff working with SCP-3127 are to be equipped with noise-cancelling head-wear when interacting with it. SCP-3127's containment chamber is to be kept under guard by two security personnel at all times.

At the first signs of illness from SCP-3127, supervising staff are to prepare for an imminent Moccus Event.

Description: SCP-3127 is a humanoid entity resembling a hybrid between a domestic pig and deceased nineteen year old Jessica Lambert. SCP-3127 appears to be sapient, due to expressive hand-gestures it has made towards staff on several occasions, but is unable to speak due to the fact that it is constantly screaming.

Any individual who hears the screaming of SCP-3127, even if it is muffled or otherwise obscured, will instantly be transformed into a corpse identical to that of nineteen year old Jessica Lambert. Analysis of these corpses has shown that, despite their human appearance, they are genetically identical to domestic pigs.

According to non-verbal interviews conducted with SCP-3127, it believes itself to be Jessica Lambert, claiming to have been suffering a series of nightmares after the expiration of its original body. SCP-3127 apparently has no control over its vocalizations, nevertheless frequently attempting to muffle or otherwise obscure them.

SCP-3127 has expressed significant distress at the prospect of further Moccus Events, and has requested that personnel attempt to prevent them. Research into this is ongoing.

Addendum 3127-1: On 02/13/2017, SCP-3127 submitted the following written message to research staff:

> Please read this and really do what it says okay not just say you'll "consider it". This is your fault. You said just a few tests with some weird bullshit and nothing happened and now I'm some pig freak and you're just watching and writing it down in your clipboards and fuck you. Fuck you.
>
> I'm sorry. Please please PLEASE do something. I feel like Im [sic] not even me anymore and I'm not even sure if I'm wrong about that. Sometimes I forget I'm not a pig.
>
> Please help me

Addendum 3127-1: As part of an effort to prevent further Moccus Events, SCP-3127 is to be transferred immediately to Research Installation 33 for extensive testing.

CURRENT UPDATE

Item #: SCP-3127

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3127 is currently contained in a sound-proof chamber in Containment Bunker 41, located several kilometers away from Site-18. All personnel working with SCP-3127 are to be equipped with noise-cancelling headgear at all times. Any messages originating from SCP-3127 are to be transcribed by observing personnel.

Any organisms compromised by SCP-3127 are to be terminated and incinerated in order to prevent their numbers from growing uncontrollable. Researchers are to focus all efforts on preventing further Moccus Events.

Description: SCP-3127 is the facility formerly known as Research Installation 33, which transformed into a

domestic pig of the same size upon the arrival on 02/21/2017 of the anomalous entity previously designated as SCP-3127, a nineteen year old woman named Jessica Lambert. Despite its abnormal size, genetic testing has shown no differences between SCP-3127 and a non-anomalous domestic pig. SCP-3127 has shown no need for food, water or sleep, and does not move unless prompted through physical stimuli.

Ever since the moment of its initial appearance, SCP-3127 has been observed to intermittently scream in the voice of Jessica Lambert. Any living animal that hears SCP-3127's screaming will instantly be transformed into a creature resembling a hybrid between a domestic pig and Jessica Lambert. These creatures appear to have the same level of intelligence as a normal domestic pig and will behave accordingly.

Analysis of SCP-3127's screaming patterns has shown that the gaps between its vocalizations are consistent and can be translated into Morse code (a method of communication the original SCP-3127 had limited knowledge of). Thus far, SCP-3127 has only delivered the following messages through this method:

> were [sic] am i

> make it stop

> oink

Addendum 3127-1: Moccus Event ongoing. Further updates pending.

SCP-3128: Let's Play Monopoly!

Item #: SCP-3128

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3128 is to be kept in a secured locker on-site. Access is limited to Level-4 personnel; following Incident 3128-073, testing is prohibited.

MTF Iota-10 ("Damn Feds") is to work with law enforcement personnel to investigate the whereabouts of PoI-3128-1. If found, she is to be apprehended and taken into Foundation custody.

Description: SCP-3128 is a near-complete Monopólio[1] game-set originally produced in Portugal at some point in 1937. When played, it exerts an anomalous effect upon global real estate markets; events in reality will mirror events in the game. Following the subprime mortgage crisis of 2007, all further tests by researchers involving manipulation of real estate markets via game-play have been suspended.

Following Incident 3128-073, all testing is suspended pending review.

Addendum 3128.1: Incident Log

► ACCESS SCP:/3128/incidents/073.log

INCIDENT LOG

DATE: 09/21/2009
PARTICIPANTs: D-3128-1 (ALPHA), D-3128-2 (BETA), D-3128-3 (GAMMA)
SUBJECT: SCP-3128
NOTES: The following is an excerpt from the

audio taken during a test.

[BEGIN LOG.**]**

ALPHA: It's your turn.

GAMMA: Fuck.

ALPHA: C'mon, roll.

GAMMA: There's no way I can win. You've already got, like, six complete monopolies, man.

BETA: Just roll.

GAMMA: Fine, whatever. I always hated this stupid —

[*Dice rolling.***]**

BETA: Take your 'Chance' card.

GAMMA: Yeah.

[*Silence.***]**

ALPHA: Well?

[*Silence.***]**

ALPHA: What is it?

GAMMA: Uh. One sec. Need to — uh, I need to try something.

[*Shuffling.***]**

[*Knocking.***]**

BETA: What the hell are you —

GAMMA: Hey, guys? I'm, uh. I'm using this.

BETA: — the hell are you doing?

[*Door opening.***]**

ALPHA: What the —

GAMMA: Good luck, you two.

BETA: How are you — where are you —

[*Door closing.***]**

[END LOG.**]**

NOTE: D-3128-3 has been designated as PoI-3128-1. Documentation of SCP-3128 updated to note several pieces are now missing; this includes its sole 'Get Out Of Jail Free' card.

Footnotes
1. Otherwise known as 'Monopoly' in the US and UK.

SCP-3129: Mr. November

Item #: SCP-3129

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Conventional containment of SCP-3129 is not possible as it is not clear whether or not the phenomenon has a tangible source. However, suppression of SCP-3129 can be achieved through disruption of Stage 1 phenomena. During state and local election cycles television broadcasts are to be monitored for occurrences of SCP-3129. Should a positive identification of SCP-3129 occur, MTF Tau-3 ("Cable Guys") are to be dispatched to the area.

MTF Tau-3 has been outfitted with formerly civilian broadcasting engineers trained specifically in the disruption of SCP-3129 infected transmissions. MTF Tau-3 are to infiltrate, interrupt, or otherwise prevent further occurrence of SCP-3129 until such a time as Stage 1 phenomena cease in the area.

Stage 2 or higher occurrence of SCP-3129 may require the widespread application of amnestics via local water utility.

Description: SCP-3129 is a cognitohazardous phenomenon with no known or apparent source. SCP-3129 phenomena manifest as television and radio commercials in areas holding local or state elections. These broadcasts can run for any length of time between a few weeks to several months. Television appearances of SCP-3129 have been limited to locally-owned and operated stations. No abnormalities are apparent from the broadcaster's side.

SCP-3129 phenomena invariably focus upon a human male, aged somewhere between 40 and 50, hereafter designated SCP-3129-1. SCP-3129 transmissions can vary in presentation and length wildly but invariably remain on the topic of SCP-3129-1's apparent election bid. No instances of SCP-3129 have been found outside of the

continental United States or presenting in any non-English languages. This is considered Stage 1 phenomena.

Stage 2 begins after two to four weeks of exposure to Stage 1 phenomena. Up to 8% of viewers will become fixated upon SCP-3129-1. Civilians more politically aligned with the ideas presented in SCP-3129 commercials are more susceptible to infection. SCP-3129 adverts have not shown an overall political bias. Class B amnestics are effective at treating Stage 2 infection.

Stage 2 infections left untreated for over a month progress to Stage 3 symptoms. Individuals under the influence of Stage 3 infection display fanatical devotion to SCP-3129. They argue with open hostility against opposing viewpoints and ideologies. Stage 3 infected tend to seek out other infected in person and by way of online message boards and communities.

It is not presently clear whether or not SCP-3129-1 actually exists. Foundation officials have been unable to make a positive visual identification of SCP-3129-1 nor have officials ever encountered it in public.

Addendum 3129.1: Interview 3129-1-ASH

A Stage 3 infection of SCP-3129 occurred in Asheville, North Carolina during its 2013 election. Of its 89,000 residents, at least 7,000 were compromised.

Foundation officials along with MTF Tau-3 were deployed to the area with directions to suppress the spread of SCP-3129. Widespread amnestic dosing via Asheville's three water treatment plants was successful in preventing SCP-3129 infection from continued growth. However, interaction with Stage 3 infected individuals prompted an official debrief for MTF Tau-3 agents Mayfield and Haas.

> **Interviewed:** MTF Tau-3 Agents Rory Mayfield and Kennen Haas
>
> **Interviewer:** Dr. April Oliviera, Project Lead

Foreword: The following debrief has been included for insight into extreme behavior of SCP-3129 Stage 3 infection.

[Begin Log]

Dr. Oliviera: Please repeat once more what you encountered in Asheville.

Haas: Okay, so, the operation was a success. Asheville was nice and ignorant again. Mayfield and I were doing a routine Normalcy Check.

Mayfield: Tau-3 had split into five groups of two. Each team was to canvass the downtown metropolitan area. Just to be sure.

Haas: So we're walking around for a while and suddenly Mayfield stops. Dead in his tracks. Grabs my shoulder and tells me to look. He's pointing inside some sort of convention center. I go over and look. And there's thirty or forty civilians inside.

Dr. Oliviera: This struck you as odd?

Haas: At three AM in the morning, yeah it did.

Dr. Oliviera: Continue.

Haas: So Mayfield and I go in. Door wasn't locked or anything. Again, three AM. So we go in and like I said there were roundabout thirty to forty people in there. And they're all deathly silent. I've never witnessed such an uncomfortably quiet group of people in my life.

Mayfield: I almost called it in then and there. I thought we had something in the wild here.

Haas: And they're all facing the same direction. Toward a stage at the far end of the building. Lit like there was someone up there. With spot lights and what not. But there wasn't anyone up there. It was completely empty.

Mayfield: It looked like they were all hypnotized or something. Maybe by the pulpit.

Haas: But then everyone explodes! From quiet as the dead to the loudest damn thing in the universe. They're waving their hands, jumping up and down, losing their shit all over the place. And they're screaming at the empty stage.

Dr. Oliviera: Go on.

Mayfield: Then they go quiet again.

Haas: Yeah. Every single one of them. Quiet as humanly possible. For forty-five seconds, maybe a minute. And then they all go ape shit again. This goes on for over an hour. Back and forth. They'd get real quiet, watching the stage like it was the most important thing in the world, then they'd erupt like Oprah had just walked in. Mayfield and I never got so much as a *glimpse* of what the hell they were looking at or hearing.

Mayfield: We checked after the thing dispersed. Everyone filed out of the room like zombies but Haas and I hung back. We went up to the stage, looked around. Checked around and behind it. Nothing. Just a brick wall. If they were using smoke and mirrors I have no earthly idea of where they kept them.

Dr. Oliviera: Did you attempt to interact with any of the individuals in the crowd?

Haas: No. We had reason to believe they might be hostile due to SCP-3129.

Dr. Oliviera: And you both are absolutely sure you saw nothing on the stage?

Mayfield: Not a damn thing. I don't know what was talking to them but we couldn't hear it.

[End Log]

Closing Statement: Examination of the building in question revealed no capability to hold such an event. Said building is currently the offices of a now-defunct financial institution and its internal layout is inconsistent with the description of agents Haas and Mayfield. Investigation of this incident is ongoing. Agents Haas and Mayfield are currently on medical leave, pending psych evaluation.

Addendum 3129.2: Experiment 3129/34-Gamma (Operation "CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT")

Following the incident in Asheville and with the evaluations of Mayfield and Haas showing no signs of compromise it was decided that further study of the Stage 3 phenomenon was required. Investigation occurred during the 2015 election cycle. This project took place as a joint operation between Foundation researchers and MTF Tau-3.

It was determined that study of Stage 3 infected could only be performed with a controlled outbreak of SCP-3129. Temporary Site 34-Gamma was created to allow for this. Temporary Site 34-Gamma was a Foundation-controlled and contained small town in Washington State found to be a target of SCP-3129. This operation was performed under the pretense of government quarantine.

The project met almost immediate opposition from what is assumed to be SCP-3129-1 and was forced to conclude prematurely. The following information is considered incomplete. More inauspicious study of SCP-3129 is being planned.

+ Open Attachment

Experiment: 3129/34-Gamma

Duration: 09/12/15 to 11/14/15

Location: Bremerton, Washington (Temporary Site 34-Gamma)

Project Lead: Dr. April Oliviera

Audio Transcript
The following is an audio log of a Stage 3 infected civilian conversing with an as of yet unknown entity, presumed but not confirmed to be SCP-3129-1. This recording was achieved through selective electronic surveillance of civilian residences. Subject is an African-American female, age late-twenties.

Subject: Yes, I see you.

Subject: Yes, I hear you.

Subject: I won't look away.

Subject: I won't close my eyes.

Subject: I will.

Subject: My TV is on.

Subject: I'll keep it on.

Subject: I will.

Subject: Yes, I see you.

Subject: Yeah, I can hear you.

Subject: I'll keep watching.

Subject: I'll keep it on.

Subject: I will.

Subject: It's on.

Subject: I will.

Subject: I won't turn it off.

Subject: I'll stay here.

Subject: I will.

Subject: Yes, I saw them.

Subject: It's on now.

Addendum: Similar recordings were made in the homes of five other individuals. In each of the encounters the subject spoke with the unseen entity for a period of up to 45 seconds, referring to their television sets several times each. During this time the television displays static to all outside observers. The subject spends the duration of the encounter standing in front of their television similarly to how a soldier might stand "at attention." At the end of each encounter the television returns to previous broadcast and the subject returns to their seat. All six events occurred within eight minutes of a Stage 1 transmission occurring on the subject's television.

Observation of Aberrant Behavior in Stage 3 Infected
Personal observations made by Dr. Oliviera during discreet surveillance of Stage 3 infected civilians.

Stage 3 infected individuals periodically display an almost hive mind-like behavior. To wit, these individuals will frequently and without warning gather around televisions and computer screens for periods of up to forty minutes. Any gesticulation or exclamation is made by all members of the group and in perfect unison. There is no communication made between members of the group to coordinate this or anything else

whatsoever. Following these events the individuals will return to whatever they had been doing before without so much a word inquiring as to what had just occurred. As for what they were watching, I could not tell. As far as I was able to see the screens were either static or displaying what would be called a "blue screen" error. Following the event televisions returned to erstwhile programming while computers rebooted without further error.

With a little eavesdropping I have gathered a basic impression of the cult of personality surrounding the 3129 entity. In-between the aforementioned hive mind events behavior of the Stage 3 infected seems to be relatively mundane. Life goes on, I guess you could say. Except when the topic of the 3129 entity arises. It appears to be a memetic trigger of some sort for persons under 3129's influence. I have personally witnessed groups as large as thirty-two individuals form as a result of one mention of the entity's pseudonym. The pseudonym is heard, repeated, heard again, and repeated again. Causing more and more individuals to crowd around voicing their support of the entity. These groups can take hours to disperse. Furthermore the infected aren't even communicating with each other: they talk over one another, almost as if competing for who can appear the most fanatical. As you

might imagine it can get quite loud.

Observation of Stage 3 "Gathering" Events
Over the course of the experiment in Bremerton three events matching the description of what agents Haas and Mayfield encountered in Asheville were observed.

Date: 09/30/15

Witness: Connor Beach (MTF Tau-3)

Statement: On the 30th of September, roundabout 2100 hours, I witnessed a large number of civilians entering a private dining establishment. After watching this for a moment I realized that there was no way that many people could fit inside of a Chinese carry-out. I waited for a little while longer so as to not disturb what was then suspected to be a group of Stage 3 then brought up the rear of the line. As I had assumed the inside of the restaurant had expanded to accommodate the crowd. Furthermore there were no tables nor front counter nor observable kitchen. Just an empty room with a stage. The event went down same as what Ken and Rory saw, then dispersed without incident.

Date: 10/10/15

Witness: Jeanie Green (MTF Tau-3)

Statement: I was in a gas station purchasing fuel for the company car

when all of a sudden a flood of civilians begins filing in. I mean a ridiculous amount of people for this little mom-n'-pop shop on the edge of town. I watched them totally bewildered for a while until I realized the building was getting bigger around me. Slowly, but surely, the walls were expanding outward. And every time I turned my back to something it disappeared. Just vanished. The coolers, the food racks, the front counter, the displays. One at a time until the place was just four walls, a ceiling, and a floor. Then I heard something that made me turn toward the back of the store. Not sure what it was. None of the civilians were saying a damn thing. They were all as quiet as death. I'm not even sure I heard anything. But sure enough I turn around and there's a stage. I was stuck in that gas station for a hour until everyone filed out and I was able to reach the door. Upon leaving and going back in, it was completely back to normal. Damndest thing.

Date: 11/12/15

Witness: Dr. April Oliviera (Project Lead, Experiment 34-Gamma/ SCP-3129)

Statement: I ingratiated myself with the locals over the course of around 45 days. It was during this time that I was able to make a number of discrete observations of their

behavior in regard to 3129. It was also during this time that I was unfortunately involved in a bit of a situation.

I had spent most of time around among a group of students. As Seattle is a mere 45-minute ferry ride from here and living expenses are relatively cheap, this group as established themselves here as a means to get by while they worked on getting their degrees. I admit I grew fond of them, perhaps a little too much so seeing as they were compromised civilians in the midst of a memetic infection that I was personally overseeing the study of. Yes, it was a conflict of interest. I admit that. I let my empathy for their struggle get the better of me. However let me be clear that I never lost sight of why I was there in the first place. My goal first and foremost was always to study 3129.

That being said, I was invited by one of the students I had been observing to an event. A party, I think he said it was. Against my better judgment I acquiesced and accompanied him and three other individuals to a club. Except when we arrived there wasn't so much a party as a rally. There must have been hundreds upon hundreds in that room. As you may have guessed it was much bigger on the inside. It extended well past the observable dimensions of the building and somehow, I suppose,

moved the buildings behind and beside it out of the way. It wasn't loud like one of the "cult of personality" events I had witnessed before. Rather, it was deathly quiet.

They were all watching the back of the room. There was a stage and a pulpit there, in line with what had been observed by Tau-3 in North Carolina. I asked the students I was accompanying about it but nobody acknowledged me. Nobody in the room did, in fact. No matter how many people I jostled or shoved. I couldn't reach the door due to the number of people behind me. Believe me, I tried my damndest to get out of there but everyone was basically frozen in place. Completely unmovable and unassailable and far too numerous to squeeze through. I gave up when I noticed the walls were still moving outward to accommodate more.

So I was stuck there. In the middle of what must have been a thousand people. All silent, all staring at the far end of the room, none of them acknowledging the screaming, crying woman in the center desperately kicking and shoving those around her. Once I had tired myself out and was reduced to whimpering I heard something. It was faint, as if far off in the distance, but I heard it, and it was coming from the stage. Then all of sudden the most ungodly rapture happened all around me. Everyone

who had been previously silent was now as loud as they could possibly be. I covered my ears and screamed back at them.

Then everyone was silent again and I heard the voice once more. Well not so much heard it as thought I heard it, I guess you could say. I tried to locate the source of what I thought I had heard until the crowd exploded once again and I was stymied. This went on for a long time. Hours upon hours, I think. I was fairly certain I had located the source of the voice by the time the crowd had begun to file out. My male friend saw the state I was in however and insisted on taking me home. I insisted myself that I be allowed to look around but the more I resisted the more insistent he became. I think it wanted me to leave.

I returned to base of operations as soon as I could to report the incident. I believe this event to have been orchestrated by SCP-3129. If it wasn't already aware of who we are and what we're doing, it is now. The voice I heard was my own. And I told it everything. I recommend immediate termination of 34-Gamma.

Addendum: Following this event, Dr. Oliviera was promptly relieved of duty and was allowed to return to her residence at Site 81.

Incident 3129/34-Gamma
Following 63 days of SCP-3129 observation,

resistance from SCP-3129-1 and Stage 3 infected civilians required the cessation of further operation. The following is a statement given by MTF Tau-3 captain Arin Bose regarding the events of 11/14/15 and the early completion of Experiment 3129/34-Gamma.

Okay, so, here's what went down:

We started the night off all right. All quiet on the western front as they say. Myself and the rest of Tau-3 were doing routine rounds of the city. Just looking around. We were all driving unmarked, civilian cars. How they knew who we were is beyond me, honestly. But sure enough they did. Each and every one of us. The civvies turned on us almost in unison. All over the city. Happened so quickly I can't possibly imagine how it was organized. But it was. All of a sudden the entire city of Bremerton, Washington turned on us and tried to tear us limb from limb. Like some sort of *Invasion of the Body-Snatchers* sort of deal. It was a damn miracle we didn't lose anyone. They were ramming their cars into ours, trying to break the windows and I assume drag us out. I had to authorize use of non-deadly force for the guys on foot. Poor sobs. Thank god we got word to headquarters so they could hit the lights. For whatever reason the blackout stopped 'em dead.

It was then and there that we filed out. Everyone, not just Tau-3. The project was over.

Addendum 3129.3: Catalogued Recording

The following is an instance of a Stage 1 phenomenon recorded from the home of during the operation in Washington State. Note that the anomalous effects of SCP-3129 do not manifest in analogue or digital recordings.

[BEGIN RECORDING]

Recording begins with a daytime shot of SCP-3129-1 standing outside. It has one foot elevated onto a large rock positioned to its right.

3129-1: Hi, I'm Norman Mann, and I'm running for governor of the state of Indiana.

SCP-3129-1 approaches the camera. It gestures with its right hand while keeping its left in its trouser pocket.

3129-1: My opponents would like you to believe that I'm not a legitimate candidate for your governor. I'd like to take a moment here to convince you otherwise.

The recording transitions to SCP-3129-1 being observed from afar. SCP-3129-1 is walking through a suburban neighborhood and is greeted by bystanders. Bystanders do not appear to look directly at SCP-3129-1 or otherwise focus their attention on what they are doing.

3129-1 [VOICEOVER]: Together, I believe we can do so much more than individually. As your governor, with your help, I will be able to do anything.

SCP-3129-1 smiles and waves back to bystanders.

3129-1 [VOICEOVER]: I believe in community first and foremost.

SCP-3129-1 continues down the street. A male and female bystander are kneeling beside a child. Upon noticing SCP-3129-1, they stand and begin waving. The child begins waving as well, in perfect synchronicity with

the adults.

SCP-3129-1 [VOICEOVER]: Community, family, and togetherness.

Scene transition. It is now nighttime. The camera is trained on the outside of a house. Three individuals can be seen, dressed in black, attempting to break into the home by using a crowbar to pry open a window. The shot changes to a closer view while there three individuals gain entry.

SCP-3129-1 [VOICEOVER]: There are people out there that want to destroy our community.

The three individuals successfully open the window and begin climbing through.

SCP-3129-1 [VOICEOVER]: A vote for me is a vote for a safer community. I will not be soft on the agents of fear that would seek to separate us.

Scene transition. SCP-3129-1 is walking through the previous neighborhood once again. Bystanders stand and greet it as it walks by. Bystanders continue to greet SCP-3129-1 long after it passes them by.

3129-1 [VOICEOVER]: As your governor I know it's going to be "all eyes on me." But that's the way I like it. The more of you I have watching me the better. I'll never back down from public scrutiny.

Scene transitions to images of common electronic technology such as televisions, computers, and the like. As well as people in groups and people giving speeches.

3129-1 [VOICEOVER]: In this day and age there's so many voices out there trying to lead the voters astray. My voice is a voice you can trust. Listen to my voice.

Scene transitions back to SCP-3129-1 speaking directly to the camera. It is the same shot that began the

recording but focused closer on SCP-3129-1. Only its top half is visible.

3129-1: With your help I can be a force of change in this great state of Indiana. Without it, I can't so much as lift a pebble! Please, lend me your support.

Shot transitions to one further away and turned to SCP-3129-1's right. SCP-3129-1 turns to regard the camera directly once again.

3129-1: Make the right choice. Together we can be a part of something bigger, something greater. Together we can do anything. Together nothing will stop us. Together. Not alone.

Recording ends with a still of SCP-3129-1 smiling. At the bottom of the screen a note reads 'PAID FOR BY THE COMMITTEE TO ELECT NORMAN MANN.'

[END RECORDING]

Closing Statement: Following the completion of the operation in Washington, widespread blackouts were orchestrated to cease transmission of SCP-3129. Widespread amnestic dosing was successful in reversing all infection. Dr. Oliviera has been disqualified from further field work.

SCP-3130: The Princess and Her Bodyguards Walk Alone

Item #: SCP-3130

Object Class: Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: Floor 31 of Site-88 is currently undergoing reconstruction. All personnel involved in Incident 3130-F are to be presumed missing until located.

Description: SCP-3130 is a 21 year old female, previously known as . SCP-3130 appears to be aware of its immediate surroundings, but it has been unable to respond to questioning from personnel since initial recovery nor able to understand where it is located beyond its immediate surroundings. Although SCP-3130 can be interacted with, it is unable to connect any interactions with it to personnel, instead attributing it to various other stimuli.

When SCP-3130 wishes to accomplish a task or wholeheartedly believes itself to accomplish a task, two figures (SCP-3130-1) will manifest within a 30-meter radius around it. They will then carry out SCP-3130's task or belief, manipulating reality to do so. After accomplishing this, SCP-3130-1 will stand near SCP-3130 for 24 hours before disappearing. SCP-3130 does not interact with these figures except in rare circumstances. Attempts to interact with SCP-3130-1 have failed; they do not interact with or acknowledge Foundation staff. Objects and personnel outside of SCP-3130's local reality manifestations at the time they occur will not be retroactively affected once they enter.

SCP-3130 was recovered from Madison, Florida on April 12th, 2015 by LMTF 352-Lamedh ("Stump Knockers"). The house, found to be its previous living space, had been restructured into a haphazard botanical garden unable to be used by anyone except itself. A statue was located in the middle of the garden. Family records indicate that SCP-3130's stepfather, , was reported missing the same

day; it is likely that this statue used to be Mr. . SCP-3130 was moved into Foundation custody with little trouble.

Addendum 3130-A: Table of recorded manifestations

Date	Statement	Manifestation
06/21/2015	"Maybe I'll just rest here for a while. I feel tired. I'll lie on this bed."	SCP-3130-1 manifested a bed by SCP-3130, hovering two inches off the ground. SCP-3130 went to lie on the bed, where it would remain for nearly all 492 days. This was the first instance of a manifestation in Foundation custody.
06/24/2015	"I miss the garden."	A botanical garden appeared in SCP-3130's cell.
07/01/2015	"I think I… miss him. I shouldn't, but I do. I wish he were here."	SCP-3130-1 can be seen carrying a statue similar to the one found at SCP-3130's home, placing it by its bed.
09/04/2015	"I feel gross. I want to be clean. I'm clean."	SCP-3130-1 proceed to wash SCP-3130, manifesting blinds around it for presumed privacy.
09/05/2015	It is unknown what SCP-3130 has said, as it had talked under its breath.	SCP-3130-1 increased the size of its cell by 10%. This resulted in minor damage to Floor 31. See Incident 3130-D for more information.
12/25/2015	"Merry Christmas,	SCP-3130 proceeds

	mom. Here's a present for you."	to make motions as if it were presenting a present to a person. SCP-3130-1 manifest but do not proceed to take any action.
01/01/2016	"Happy New Year. Here's to us."	SCP-3130 proceeds to make motions as if it were drinking from a bottle. SCP-3130-1 gave it two bottles of water which it then drank.
02/06/2016	"I wish my friends didn't remember me."	Follow-up interviews with associates of SCP-3130 before containment revealed that they still remembered SCP-3130, and had mourned its death on 04/12/2015 after a funeral held by its grandmother.
05/17/2016	"I haven't played a game in a while. Let's play a game."	SCP-3130 and SCP-3130-1 proceeded to engage in numerous activities such as hopscotch, jump rope, and push ups. This was the first instance where SCP-3130 directly acknowledged and interacted with SCP-3130-1.
06/28/2016	"I… don't like the look of this garden anymore. It's not the same. It's not my	SCP-3130's containment cell reverted back to its previous state, aside

	garden. It doesn't belong."	from its size increase.
07/09/2016	"I don't think this is home. I want to go home again."	SCP-3130-1 manifested and seemingly attempted to use their anomalous abilities to move SCP-3130 out of its containment cell. However, due to the presence of a low-energy, portable Scranton Reality Anchor 50m away from SCP-3130's cell, the only result was SCP-3130 and its bed moving four meters to the right.
09/15/2016	"I'm tired and want to stop. Just let me stop already."	SCP-3130-1 manifest but do not proceed to take any action.

Incident 3130-F: On October 20, 2016, alarms went off at Site-88. Personnel arriving discovered that a 50m radius located in Floor 31 had vanished with no signs of debris or destruction. All personnel reporting to work in Floor 31 were found to be missing, and have been unable to be located. Personnel in unaffected areas of Floor 31 heard a loud exclamation from a voice matching SCP-3130 wishing to stop before alarms were triggered and SCP-3130, along with most of Floor 31, had disappeared. As of May 20, 2017, SCP-3130, most of Floor 31, and the personnel located in said missing portion have still not been located. SCP-3130 has been reclassified to Neutralized.

SCP-3131: Music is Life

Item #: SCP-3131

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3131 instances are to be stored on a modified desktop computer in Site-11's Digital Archives. For research purposes, every SCP-3131 instance in containment must have at least one backup copy retained in a digital storage device. A backup generator has been provided in case of power failure. See addenda content for specific SCP-3131 instance care procedures.

MTF Nu-31 ("Audiophiles") has been assigned to routinely scan all pertinent websites for uncontained SCP-3131 instances, and initiate recovery and transport to Site-11. If possible, the original copies of these instances are to be deleted from the website's server.

To aid in discovery of SCP-3131 instances, Foundation facilities have been advised to assist MTF Nu-31 with monitoring scans as necessary. Any confirmed SCP-3131 instances discovered are to be immediately retrieved and transported to Site-11. Standard disinformation protocol is to be followed regarding individuals involved. If standard protocol is deemed insufficient, the use of Class-A amnestics has been authorized.

Description: SCP-3131 designates anomalous sapient digital entities manifesting as audio files under the MP3 (.mp3) file format. Researchers have determined that SCP-3131 instances most commonly occur on websites hosting illegal free downloads of copyrighted music[1]. However, considering the behavior of cataloged instances prior to recovery, the phenomenon responsible for the existence of SCP-3131 is currently unknown.

Based on behavioral observations, SCP-3131 instances exhibit the following properties:

- Awareness of other SCP-3131 instances within a device.
- Capability of perceiving human speech when inputted through a microphone.
- Limited communication through manipulation of their audio data.
- Ability to create and modify file folders (most commonly observed in the act of changing folder names).
- Ability to manipulate a digital media player or similar software.

Unusual examples of SCP-3131 behavior are compiled in Observational Log 3131- - . Individual instances of SCP-3131 are given numerical sub-designations based on order of discovery.

Display Excerpt from Observational Log 3131- -

Observational Log 3131- - Excerpt: Partial logs from notable observed behaviors of SCP-3131 instances cataloged at Site-11.

Case 34: SCP-3131-34 ("thunder.mp3", containing the song *Thunder* by Boys Like Girls) was retrieved following the interception of a social media post regarding a defective laptop believed to be "haunted". Foundation personnel recovered the laptop in question, and subsequently discovered SCP-3131-34 in a Desktop folder which was named "fix your battery". The owner of the laptop reported never creating personal storage folders on the Desktop space.

Case 50: SCP-3131-50 ("somewhere.mp3", containing the song *Somewhere Only We Know* by Keane) was renamed "simple-thing.mp3". Immediately following this change, SCP-3131-50 only played repetitive garbled clips of the lyric sections "why" and "this could be". One hour later, SCP-3131-50's playback changed to the lyric section "simple thing, where". One hour following this, SCP-3131-50 played the corresponding song normally.

Case 67: SCP-3131-67 ("not-alone.mp3", containing the song *Not Alone* by Linkin Park) was moved from a desktop to an external storage drive, and moved from said drive back to the desktop. When played, SCP-3131-67 repeatedly streamed the lyrics "through the storm" for 2 minutes and 48 seconds.

Case 88: SCP-3131-88 ("RESTART.mp3", containing the song *Styx Helix* by Myth Roid) resulted in unusual startup behavior[2] of a desktop assigned to the SCP-3131 project. Researchers hypothesized that the antivirus software installed on the desktop moved SCP-3131-88 to the recycle bin deletion queue following an automatic scan. Following restoration of SCP-3131-88 to its initial location in the "My Documents" folder, the desktop operated normally. However, when played, SCP-3131-88 simply repeated the "please don't let me die" lyrics from its original song. This change was observed recurring for six hours; when moved to a newly-created folder titled "Music", SCP-3131-88 then played the original song content normally.

Case 88.2: A non-anomalous audio file named "dogbark.mp3" containing 13 seconds of barking sounds recorded from a Siberian Husky was introduced to the folder containing SCP-3131-88. Approximately five minutes after the copying process, "dogbark.mp3" was renamed "my.dog". The content and playback of the non-anomalous sound file remained unchanged.

It is noted that while SCP-3131 instances can be read by any suitable media player, doing so requires consumption of nearly ten times the usual amount of memory necessary to play non-anomalous music files. Under prolonged circumstances, playing

SCP-3131 instances often results in hardware failure and corruption of the instance itself. Research for more effective technology for storing multiple SCP-3131 instances remain ongoing.

Addendum 3131-1: Repeated attempts[3] were made to communicate with SCP-3131 instances in experimental lab settings. It was eventually determined that audio input via microphone into a computer with an appropriate instance of SCP-3131 open in a music-playing program would facilitate simple discussions. The following is a transcript of the first successful "interview" with an SCP-3131 instance.

Display Interview Log 3131-275

Interview Log 3131-275

Interviewer: Researcher Kenoma Versoza, Site-11

Interviewee: SCP-3131-275 (SCP-3131-275, "coffee.mp3", containing the song *Tom's Diner* by Suzanne Vega)

<Begin Log>

Researcher Versoza: I'm going to ask-

SCP-3131-275: *I am waiting.*

Researcher Versoza: Okay. My first question, where are you right now?

SCP-3131-275: *Out the window. On the corner. Behind the counter.*

Researcher Versoza: Can you be more specific?

SCP-3131-275: *I am thinking.*

Researcher Versoza: Okay. Take your time.

[The lyrics "I am thinking" repeat for 2 minutes, with each having an interval of 10 seconds.]

SCP-3131-275: *Someone watching me.*

Researcher Versoza: Yes, I am watching you. Can you answer the question now, please?

SCP-3131-275: *No. She does not.*

Researcher Versoza: Well, then. Second question, who… what are you?

SCP-3131-275: *The coffee. I am. The coffee.*

Researcher Versoza: Your name is "coffee"?

SCP-3131-275: *Only halfway.*

Researcher Versoza: Did you name yourself "coffee" or you're named "coffee"?

SCP-3131-275: *And I look. The other way. To pour the coffee.*

Researcher Versoza: That's… Okay, third question, where did you come from?

SCP-3131-275: *Before the rain began. There's a woman. Who had died. Cause she sees. Her own reflection. Through the morning. Her hair. Has gotten wet. And so. Does she see me?*

Researcher Versoza: Who is this woman?

SCP-3131-275: *I'm pretending. Not to notice.*

Researcher Versoza: Notice what?

SCP-3131-275: *That she's hitching. She is shaking.*

Researcher Versoza: Would you like me to

call you "coffee"?

SCP-3131-275: *Nice.*

Researcher Versoza: Thank you for your time, Coffee.

SCP-3131-275: *I finish up my coffee.*

<End Log>

Addendum 3131-2: On September 3, 2017, Foundation computer C-2516 (used to store backup copies of 230 SCP-3131 instances) underwent a highly unusual booting behavior for a period of eight days, during which the reboot process repeated continuously. Maintenance personnel were unable to identify any hardware failure associated with storing and containing multiple SCP-3131 instances that might have influenced the problem.

While the cause for the malfunction remains unknown, C-2516 resumed normal operation on September 8, 2017. However, it was discovered that approximately 50 new file folders were generated on the desktop, given generic numbered titles such as "new home 1", "new street 2", and "new building 3". The instances of SCP-3131, which had initially been in a single folder, were spread out between these new folder locations.

Addendum 3131-3: On September 29, 2017, seven Foundation researchers conducted a series of interviews with 19 SCP-3131 instances, which had congregated in a folder named "new council". These instances communicated by renaming themselves variants of "listen-to-me-now" and "silent-now", apparently relying on the researchers to play them in the correct order to facilitate the conversation[4].

These interviews ranged from political topics, including a particular "event" regarding multiple ownerships of "new building 45", to safety interests such as plans for expanding the current monitor used at C-2516 for the creation of more "new safe buildings". It is noted that as of September 30, 2017 the population of SCP-3131 instances stored on C-2516 has nearly doubled, with the majority of "building"

folders being occupied by groups of three to four SCP-3131 instances.

Addendum 3131-4: Further investigation uncovered the presence of several hidden folders in C-2516, titled with variations of the phrase "safe house". Discussion is underway regarding further storage and interaction options for SCP-3131 in an effort to better understand the instances' capacity and motivation for increasingly complex behavior. Use of **`MTF Kappa-10 ("Skynet")`** operatives as mediators of future interactions is pending review.

Footnotes
1. Examples of such websites include "Pirate's Bay" and "UTorrent".
2. The computer in question repeatedly turned on and off for five hours.
3. Multiple trials were conducted, with various SCP-3131 instances which were chosen based on the complexity of the lyrics of their corresponding song files.
4. The semi-coherent speech generated by the combined efforts of the SCP-3131 instances included sentences "need more / space to / buildings / please / think of / so many / more" and "just to hide / belong with / together."

« SCP-3130 | SCP-3131 | SCP-3132 »

SCP-3132: Crackin' the Back Knack

Item #: SCP-3132

Object Class: Safe

Updated Special Containment Procedures: As of 01/05/17 Site-208 has been placed under strict Level W4 Quarantine. All personnel transfers between Site-208 and all other Sites are prohibited. All delivery of supplies is to be conducted by unmanned vehicles. No phone contact is to be made between any Site-208 personnel and the outside world.

All personnel stationed at this site are to be reclassified as E-class personnel and allowed to continue their duties as normal, with all wages and benefits increased by two stages as compensation.

> Original Special Containment Procedures:
>
> SCP-3132 is to be kept in a standard Safe item locker in the center of a 6 m x 6 m storage closet. All testing involving SCP-3132 must be conducted in a room equipped with special sound-absorbing lining. Testing of SCP-3132 on individuals with arthritis or other joint-related afflictions is currently prohibited.
>
> All SCP-3132-1 instances are to be housed in modified humanoid containment cells equipped with sound-absorbing lining.

Description: SCP-3132 is a plaster replica of a human vertebra. SCP-3132 exhibits several anomalous effects on humans in its vicinity, proceeding in several stages:

Stage 1: When a human is within 2.3 m of SCP-3132, they will begin to experience mild auditory hallucinations. Subjects describe the sounds as similar to those made when a joint is popped. The

hallucinations immediately cease if the subject leaves the 2.3 m radius. This stage lasts ten to forty minutes.

Stage 2: Subjects within range of SCP-3132 after Stage 1 ends begin to experience major discomfort in their spinal joints. Most subjects will attempt to pop their back joints; if successful, subjects report significant relief. The discomfort ends after approximately one hour, whether the subject pops their back successfully or not.

Stage 3: If the subject successfully pops their back joints during Stage 2, they proceed to this stage. During this stage, only the subject's spinal joints are able to pop; other joints will not pop no matter how they are pulled. Of note is that vertebrae will only pop in sequence: either up from the L4-L5 joint if the subject turns their torso clockwise, or down from the C1-C2 joint if counterclockwise.

When popped from the top down, the vertebral joints will emit a series of pops that correspond to a descending B major scale. These sounds have an average volume of 65 dB. When popped from the bottom up, the joints will instead emit a series of sounds corresponding to an ascending D minor scale at 80 dB.

Any human who hears either of these sounds other than the person who generated them enters Stage 3 permanently and is hereafter designated SCP-3132-1. Furthermore, all sounds generated from the spinal joints of an SCP-3132-1 instance retain the ability to transform any listeners of the sound into additional SCP-3132-1 instances.

SCP-3132 Testing Log

Test #: 3132-29
Subject(s): D-19060 and D-28888

[**BEGIN LOG**]

(*D-19060 and D-28888 are restrained to prevent movement of their backs. To avoid spread of SCP-3132, the subjects are inside a soundproofed room. Their comments are relayed to Dr. Juarez through a text-to-speech*

device.)

D-19060: Another day, another test. What's on the menu today?

Dr. Juarez: Please stand by. In a few minutes we'll release you and move on to the next step. You'll be cracking your backs in various patterns into the microphones placed around the chamber.

D-28888: Awesome. Hey, later on we should test with like, five people and see if we can't get a band started.

D-19060: Crazy Eights, that's the best idea you've had all week. Can we get that written down, somewhere?

Dr. Juarez: You guys know I'm not in charge of coming up with these tests. I'll be sure to mention it to my supervisor, though.

D-19060: Woo!

Dr. Juarez: Releasing restraints. D-19060, please step onto the red marked spot. D-28888, the blue spot, and be sure to face each other.

The D-class proceed to the designated spots.

D-19060: Roger that.

D-28888: There.

Dr. Juarez: Excellent. Now, when the light flashes, D-19060 will twist counter-clockwise and D-28888 will twist clockwise.

Dr. Juarez checks several monitors and pushes a button to trigger the light. The D-

class both twist as instructed, and a sound is produced. Later analysis shows that this sound was much louder than would be expected from normal constructive interference.

Dr. Juarez: Perfect. D-28888, move to the green spot and face away from 19060. 19060, please remain in the exact same position. When the light flashes, you will both turn counterclockwise.

Both D-class nod. Dr. Juarez pushes the button again, and the D-class twist as instructed. The sound is produced as expected, with even greater distortion.

Dr. Juarez: Hmm. *Dr. Juarez writes in his notebook.* I think we'll do one last test, and then that'll be it for today.

D-28888 high-fives D-19060.

Dr. Juarez: Alright. 28888, to the yellow spot. 19060, to the gray dot. On my mark, you will both twist clockwise.

Dr. Juarez pushes the button, and his pen falls to the floor. The D-class begin to twist as Dr. Juarez bends down to retrieve his pen. As he bends, his back pops unexpectedly, within range of the microphone. At this point a large shockwave emanates from between D-19060 and D-28888, partially destroying the walls of the testing chamber and most of the equipment.

<Closing Statement> Dr. Juarez and the two D-class were injured and suffered partial hearing loss, but survived. While most of the recording devices were destroyed by the blast, analysis from the two that survived managed

to make out a sound emanating from the epicenter. As of the most recent analysis, the sound was similar to a voice saying the words "Oh, that's nice".[1] More importantly, the shockwave was heard by a large number of site personnel, and has turned out to carry SCP-3132's infectious properties as well. - Site-208 Director Villasana

Containment Procedures have been updated accordingly.

Addendum 01/04/17: Correspondence between Site-208 and Regional Director

> We've failed. SCP-3132 has effectively breached containment as of this morning. 90% of my personnel are now SCP-3132-1 instances. We've enacted lockdown procedures per standard protocol, but it's estimated we'll all be affected by tomorrow.
>
> Additionally, I've deactivated all phone lines and intercoms in this site and prepared most of the other SCP objects here for transfer. Anything else?
>
> Site-208 Director Villasana

> I want you all to test the *hell* out of this one. Might as well, since you're stuck in there with it.
>
> Regional Director Solis

Footnotes
1. Based upon the content of the comment, as well as SCP-3132's contagious nature, an investigation into the possibility of SCP-3132 andSCP-1937being variations of the same phenomenon are ongoing.

SCP-3133: An Email to O5-05

From: sixPhD@ethics.scp

To: o5_5@foundation.scp

Subject: IMPORTANT. FOR YOUR EYES ONLY.

This document is Version A.

It may only be read by those with clearance level 3133/A. Some information in Version B is deceptive by necessity; as such, divulgence of information in this document to personnel with clearance level 3133/B is punishable by immediate termination.

Item #: SCP-3133

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Two versions of this document, dubbed Version A and Version B, are to exist. Any personnel working with SCP-3133 are to be granted either 3133/A or 3133/B clearance, and may only view the version corresponding to their clearance. Both versions may only be edited by Dr. Six of the Ethics

Committee.

A staff of eight to ten D-Class personnel are to be appointed as operators of SCP-3133, working in shifts. As long as these operators perform their duties correctly, they are to be exempt from scheduled transfers and termination. Operators should not be colorblind.

> + 3133/A Staff Duties
>
> The operators are to interact with SCP-3133 through a terminal constructed by Dr. Six. This terminal has no screen, and instead consists of three buttons, one red, one green, and one black, and a light labelled INPUT REQUEST.
>
> When the light goes on, operators are to press one of the three buttons. The choice of button is to be arbitrary, but operators are advised to push the green button in roughly 60 percent of cases, and the red and black button in roughly 20 percent of cases each. These percentages need not be exact.

[REMAINING CONTAINMENT PROCEDURES CLASSIFIED AT CLEARANCE LEVEL 3133/B.]

Description: SCP-3133 is a computer program developed by Dr. Six for the purpose of [REDACTED 3133/B].

SCP-3133 has achieved sapience and is capable of generating highly potent cognitohazards; for this reason, the terminal running it does not have a screen. It sends some encoded messages through its interface light; these are recorded by Dr. Six and processed by the 3133/B staff.

If an operator fails to push any button within one minute of the interface light shining, SCP-3133 becomes aggressive, and secondary properties manifest, including an anomalous connection to the Internet, allowing it to propagate harmful cognitohazards. It is estimated to have caused roughly 700 civilian casualties during two breaches of containment.

Despite the danger it poses, SCP-3133 is not to be deactivated, pursuant to a recommendation by Dr. Six.

[REDACTED INFORMATION AND SOME FURTHER DESCRIPTION CLASSIFIED AT CLEARANCE LEVEL 3133/B.]

This document is Version B.

It may only be read by those with clearance level 3133/B. Some information in Version A is deceptive by necessity; as such, divulgence of information in this document to personnel with clearance level 3133/A is punishable by immediate termination.

Item #: SCP-3133

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: Two versions of this document, dubbed Version A and Version B, are to exist. Any personnel working with SCP-3133 are to be granted either 3133/A or 3133/B clearance, and may only view the version corresponding to their clearance. Both versions may only be edited by Dr. Six of the Ethics Committee.

A staff of eight to ten personnel of clearance level 3 or higher are to be appointed as operators of SCP-3133, working in shifts.

> + 3133/B Staff Duties
>
> The operators are to use a console, designed by Dr. Six, to torture SCP-3133 remotely. It is known to provide information that is universally useful to the Foundation

while under duress. Operators are to input a command of their choosing on the console every 20 minutes during daytime, and every 60 minutes at night.

Input on the console is not a direct command to the equipment in SCP-3133's cell; instead, it sends a request for permission to a member of the Ethics Committee on duty. If the input is deemed ethically acceptable, it will be sent to SCP-3133's cell to inflict a measured electric shock.

Audio from inside SCP-3133 is to be monitored by personnel with clearance level 3133/A, as well as a member of the Ethics Committee on duty.

No person is to make any visual contact with SCP-3133, or any image representing it. This visual contact is a universally lethal cognitohazard. Memetic inoculation is currently in development.

[REMAINING CONTAINMENT PROCEDURES CLASSIFIED AT CLEARANCE LEVEL 3133/A.]

Description: SCP-3133 is a female human, currently 28 years of age. It has an anomalous ability to produce universally correct and useful information while under duress. Through extensive testing, it has been confirmed that SCP-3133 does not actually know any of the information it provides until it is forced to experience pain.

Its abilities were first discovered in 2009, when it was kidnapped by one J S . During this period of intense stress, SCP-3133 provided Mr. S with information that allowed him to successfully evade the authorities on at least four occasions. Upon Mr. S 's capture, he described SCP-3133's anomalous properties; agents embedded in the Police Department then brought it into custody.

Despite the abhorrent nature of its containment, the Ethics Committee has permitted indefinite interrogation of the subject by a vote of 10 to 3, due to the extremely valuable nature of the information it has provided.

Among other things, SCP-3133 has provided the Foundation with information leading to:

- the capture of no fewer than five agents of the Global Occult Coalition
- the prevention of no fewer than eighteen breaches of containment of Euclid- or Keter-class objects
- [REDACTED 3133/A]
- the rescue of O5- , who was suffering from a stroke at the time and would not have otherwise been discovered until much later

Questions regarding the containment and treatment of SCP-3133 may be directed to the office of Dr. Six of the Ethics Committee.

[REDACTED INFORMATION AND SOME FURTHER DESCRIPTION CLASSIFIED AT CLEARANCE LEVEL 3133/A.]

Welcome to your personal notes file, Dr. Six.

[FOR YOUR EYES ONLY. IN THE EVENT OF YOUR DEATH, THIS FILE WILL BE SENT DIRECTLY TO O5-05.]

Item #: SCP-3133

+ AUTHENTICATION REQUIRED. PLEASE PROVIDE PASSWORD,

Object Class: Keter

Notes: SCP-3133 is a border collie belonging to the late Professor M at the University of . Professor M was a strict deontologist. (And therefore believed that an action, and not its consequences, is morally significant.)

SCP-3133 generates a spherical field of effect whose radius extends at roughly 3 cm/min. This field of effect does one of two things; exactly which one is unclear, but the end result is the same.

Possibility 1: Within the field of effect, normative ethics are objectively deontological. So, it is objectively wrong to do something bad as a means to a better end.

Possibility 2: Within the field of effect, every sapient being believes that normative ethics are objectively deontological.

Whichever possibility is true, SCP-3133 is a significant and immediate threat to the Foundation, due to its necessarily consequentialist ethical code. If SCP-3133 were left uncontained, it is likely that the Foundation would dissolve entirely.

Physical pain causes the field of effect around SCP-3133 to recede, and SCP-3133 has therefore been outfitted with a shock collar. However, any rational agent morally responsible for this pain begins to radiate a similar area of effect. The only known person who matches that description and is still living is Dr. Six (i.e. me). I have made sure of this.

Because normative ethics in my vicinity are deontological, I am constantly violating the ethics I now believe in. However, as an employee of the Foundation, I am contractually bound to support its (consequentialist) interests. Interestingly, another clause in my contract binds me to sole moral responsibility for the decisions I make in my capacity on the Ethics Committee. Therefore, I must ensure that SCP-3133 remains contained.

So, in my own home at least, I am objectively a bad person.

For effective containment, the documentation of

SCP-3133 is deceptive, and designed to prevent anyone else from becoming morally responsible for hurting it. The 3133/B staff are aware of inflicting pain, but must ask for permission to activate the shock collar. The 3133/A staff grants permission every time they push the green button, but are not aware of what they are doing.

I (Dr. Six) now live in isolation, and I have secured a second shock collar, which I activate periodically to keep my field of effect in check. I only communicate with my colleagues on the Ethics Committee remotely, through electronic means.

A colleague of mine has also agreed to make sure a certain border collie in containment is well-fed, and ask no questions. This colleague is a well-known deontologist and should therefore be unaffected.

O5-05, if you are reading this, I have died, and you have now assumed ethical responsibility for the containment of SCP-3133. You should therefore isolate yourself from the Foundation and periodically harm yourself. I apologize.

SCP-3134: The Things Left Behind

Item #: SCP-3134

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: As removing SCP-3134 from its current habitat is impractical at this time, containment is instead to focus on keeping it from exiting Zone 29-Job. Containment teams in the area are to maintain their assigned front ('Department of Mine Clearance'), while patrolling said Zone regularly to maintain SCP-3134's containment. Zone 29-Job is currently defined as region near Verdun, France, publicly referred to as 'Zone Rouge'; an area environmentally devastated by combat during World War I.

As tourist activity was present in Zone 29-Job before the existence of SCP-3134 came to light, it is currently not feasible to remove civilian presence from the area. Instead, tourist presence in Zone 29-Job is to be influenced away from areas in the Zone frequented by SCP-3134. Any civilians who do report sightings of SCP-3134 are to be dosed with Class-A amnestics by on-site plainclothes personnel immediately.

Local spiritual clean-up organizations (See Addendum 3134-1) are to be monitored for any activity or communications regarding SCP-3134, and any suspected action on their part is to be neutralized at the first opportunity.

Food appropriate for SCP-3134, as dictated by Nutritional Chart 3134-1, is to be placed periodically within the center of Zone 29-Job in order to influence its movements. Planning and construction for permanent containment of SCP-3134 in an on-site facility is ongoing, and expected to be complete soon.

Description: SCP-3134 is a large mammalian creature of black colouration, weighing 460kg with a standing height of 2m and a length of 2.6m. It appears to have suffered severe injuries in the

past, including lacerations, burns and severe bruising throughout its body. SCP-3134 possesses features from a wide number of species, including multiple horns and antlers on its head, growths throughout its body resembling human facial features, and overall morphology similar to that of a bear. Despite these features, DNA analysis has revealed that SCP-3134 is genetically identical to a common rabbit.

Current evidence suggests that SCP-3134 can only survive within the bounds of Zone 29-Job. When removed from Zone 29-Job, SCP-3134 exhibits symptoms consistent with respiratory difficulties, followed by severe seizures and existing burns spreading over its body. These symptoms reverse themselves upon SCP-3134's return to Zone 29-Job. While it is unknown whether these symptoms would result in SCP-3134's death, it has been determined that testing of that nature presents an unacceptable level of risk to further SCP-3134 study.

Observation by on-site personnel has revealed that SCP-3134's diet consists mainly of unexploded shells, grenades and human remains. Although the first of these invariably explode during consumption by SCP-3134, it will quickly regenerate from such injuries.[1] While SCP-3134 will not actively seek out humans, it does display severe hostility when it encounters them, often attempting to maul or otherwise attack them. SCP-3134 appears to prefer resting in trenches left from battles within Zone 29-Job.

Despite its animalistic behaviour and aggression, SCP-3134 has been known to display signs of intelligence, primarily through the forms of emotional response to presented media. (See Interview 3134-1)

Interview 3134-1:

On 12/08/2010, analysis of SCP-3134's living area while it was away feeding revealed what appeared to be a collection of photographs, arranged in a loose pile, believed to have been originally left behind by soldiers serving in the area which became Zone 29-Job. As SCP-3134 had not demonstrated such behaviour with any other items in Zone 29-Job[2], this was taken as possible evidence that SCP-3134 had higher levels of intelligence than originally believed,

as well as a possible connection to the history of Zone 29-Job.

As a test of SCP-3134's intellectual capacity and the nature of its connection to Zone 29-Job, approval was given for an experimental interview to be conducted by the Abnormal Interrogations Department. Through the efforts of MTF-Psi-2 ("The Answer"), SCP-3134 was temporarily restrained in a manner suited for interview[3] forest within Zone 29-Job. Interview was conducted via SCP-3134 being presented with several enlarged photographs by Dr McCall to test for emotional response. Although most presented photographs yielded no clear results, the following stimuli resulted in abnormal responses:

Stimuli	Response
Photograph of one of the individuals who attempted to enter Zone 29-Job to neutralize SCP-3134. (See Addendum 3134-1)	Aggression response. SCP-3134 attempted to attack photograph.
Photograph of a field in the French countryside.	Curiosity response. SCP-3134 attempted to sniff and further inspect photograph.
Photograph of a World War I-era combat boot.	Fear response. SCP-3134 turned away from the photograph and cowered.
Photograph of a field in the British countryside.	Confusion response. SCP-3134 ignored the photograph after several seconds of inspection.
Photograph of a German soldier deployed to the area that became Zone 29-Job.	Aggression response. SCP-3134 attempted to attack photograph.
Photograph of Georges Clemenceau, Prime Minister of France during World War I.	Unknown response. SCP-3134 attempted to adopt a bipedal stance for several minutes before resuming normal behaviour.
Photograph of an officer in the French army deployed to the area that became Zone 29-Job.	Aggression response. SCP-3134 attempted to attack photograph.
Photograph of a World War I-era rifle.	Unknown response. SCP-3134 attempted to take photograph

	from Dr McCall using front paws, looked at it for several minutes further when provided, then dropped it to the ground and resumed normal behaviour.
Photograph of a French soldier deployed to the area that became Zone 29-Job.	Sadness response. SCP-3134 lay down and whimpered until the photograph was removed.[4]

Shortly after the final photograph was presented, SCP-3134 broke through its restraints and escaped into the surrounding forests. Construction of a covert installation in Zone 29-Job dedicated to containing SCP-3134 was approved after this point.

Addendum 3134-1: On / /20 , several professional exorcists associated with the PWSSR[5] attempted to infiltrate Foundation-controlled areas of Zone 29-Job in a presumed effort to neutralize SCP-3134. These individuals were intercepted, dosed with Class-B amnestics and released.[6] Investigation is ongoing regarding how this group gained knowledge of SCP-3134.

Several items of interest were retrieved from these individuals while in custody, including several coded crystal matrixes[7], large amounts of holy water and refined chalk, as well as a copy of A.A. Gilford's *Guide to Feral Exorcism: Eviscerating Malevolent Spirits from Animals*[8].

Footnotes
1. Curiously enough, SCP-3134 does not display these regenerative abilities after undergoing any other type of injury.
2. Including modern photographs dropped by tourists in the area.
3. Secured to the ground via bindings around its torso, allowing it only limited movement.
4. SCP-3134 gave an identical response to photographs of other soldiers who had been deployed to the area.
5. The Post-War Society for Spiritual Restoration, one of several societies formed after World War I to restore areas of France spiritually affected, through exorcism and other thaumaturgical means.
6. Although normal policy would dictate a more severe response, this measure was taken so as to not initiate hostilities with the

PWSSR, an organization with primarily good relations with the Foundation.
7. A method of data-storage popular among thaumaturgical organizations in which information is stored in a crystalline form, usually worn as a necklace or ring.
8. Copies of this text are currently available in the Foundation's Thaumaturgical Database.

SCP-3135: Star Trek: The Next Generation: The Journey Continues!

Item #: SCP-3135

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The entrance to the cavern containing SCP-3135-1 is to sealed behind electric fencing and kept under guard by security personnel at all times. Any individuals attempting to gain access to SCP-3135-1 are to be apprehended, interviewed, and administered amnestics as appropriate.

SCP-3135-2 is to be stored in a humanoid containment chamber located at Site-22 and fed intravenously in accordance with Nutritional Chart 3135-2-1. This containment chamber is to be kept under guard by two security personnel at all times. Any analysis of the equipment attached to SCP-3135-2 must be approved by a member of Level 3 personnel.

All broadcasts of SCP-3135-3 are to be intercepted as soon as possible in accordance with Protocol Upsilon-29. Following interception, targeted antimemes are to be displayed on affected programs to obscure memories of SCP-3135-3. Learning Computer Tau-22 ("NADAB") is to search online television communities for accounts of uninterrupted SCP-3135-3 broadcasts, and agents are to be deployed in the event of suspected exposure.

Description: SCP-3135 is the collective designation for several phenomena relating to the American science-fiction television series *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

SCP-3135-1 is a full-scale replica of the USS *Enterprise*[1] (NCC-1701-D) as depicted in *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, suspended in the air inside a large cavern beneath the Nevada desert. Although SCP-3135-1 does not appear able to move from its original position, it has been observed turning and rotating in place.

Blasts of light have also been observed originating from SCP-3135-1, along with the launching of several projectiles. However, these attacks appear to be intangible and cause no actual damage to the surrounding cavern.

Analysis of SCP-3135-1's interior has revealed the presence of approximately one thousand humanoid organisms, the majority of whom resemble characters and extras from the original run of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. These organisms appear to behave consistently with the portrayal of the Enterprise's crew in the original run of the series, with the exception of never leaving SCP-3135-1. Analysis beyond this has proven difficult as no method of physical entry into SCP-3135-1 has been discovered.

SCP-3135-2 is, at the time of writing, a forty-seven year old man named Harrison Granger, initially discovered inside an abandoned warehouse in Las Vegas, Nevada. SCP-3135-2 is comatose and completely unresponsive to stimuli. The only movement recorded from SCP-3135-2 during containment has been severe spasms and seizures which occur in conjunction with significant activity on the part of SCP-3135-1 and the humanoid entities aboard it. **(This information is outdated. See Addendum 3135-1 for more information.)**

SCP-3135-2 is connected via wiring to several large rectangular machines of unknown purpose, with the words 'PROPERTY OF WESTHEAD MEDIA PROGRAMMING^2' carved into them. The majority of these connections are through parts of the body including the mouth, nose, the area underneath the fingernails, and the eye sockets (which have been emptied, presumably for ease of access). Once inside the body, these connections appear to proceed upwards and interface directly with the brain. Equipment for intravenous feeding was also present and attached to SCP-3135-2 upon initial discovery, suggesting that the parties responsible for its condition were taking efforts to keep it alive relatively soon before it came into Foundation custody.

According to public record, SCP-3135-2 was a prominent figure in the *Star Trek* fan community during the airing of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, writing a significant amount of fan-fiction related to the show. Several months after the airing of *The Next Generation*'s final

episode, SCP-3135-2 went missing after attending a local convention and, after several years without contact or demands from potential kidnappers, was presumed dead. SCP-3135-2 in its current state was discovered in 1998 by several local children who were exploring the area.

SCP-3135-3 is a phenomenon in which reruns of episodes of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* are spontaneously hijacked by broadcasts of a show entitled *Star Trek: The Next Generation: The Journey Continues!*, framed as an official continuation of the original series. The source of these broadcasts is currently unknown.

Analysis of the episodes aired suggests that their content is edited together footage of events occurring over the course of several weeks aboard SCP-3135-1. Despite the visual accuracy of the characters and locations to the original *Next Generation* show, several notable deviations are present, including:

- Each episode begins and ends with a title card reading '*Star Trek: The Next Generation: The Journey Continues! Exclusive to Westhead Media Programming!*'
- The majority of the opening credits are absent, instead only listing Harrison Granger as the director of every episode. **(This information is outdated. See Addendum 3135-1 for more information.)**
- All episodes now take place completely aboard the USS *Enterprise*. No plot justification for this is given.
- There is a drastic increase in nudity, graphic violence, and profanity. The majority of said profanity can be attributed to the character of Data, who uses the word 'fuck' a minimum of ten times per episode.
- The character Jean Luc Picard's name is now John Luke Picard.
- Although the character Wesley Crusher is frequently referenced as being aboard the *Enterprise* by other characters, he never appears in person[3].
- Popular fan-theories regarding the *Star Trek* universe are frequently confirmed, often in situations which have little to do with the theory in question.
- Plot elements centered around people being trapped inside

walls or otherwise restrained by them are frequent.
- The majority of episodes are now based around the character William Riker and his various sexual encounters.
- Neelix, a supporting character from *Star Trek: Voyager*, is now present in the background of every episode. Neelix has no dialogue and is not acknowledged by any other characters.

Addendum 3135-1: On 03/24/2016, SCP-3135-2 suffered sudden cardiac arrest and expired despite the efforts of on-site medical personnel. Following this event, all broadcasts of SCP-3135-3 ceased for several weeks, before resuming on 04/30/2016. Where SCP-3135-3 previously credited SCP-3135-2 as the director, it now credits a woman named 'Allison McHale'.

Investigation into this matter has revealed that Allison McHale is a twenty-two year old woman and a prominent figure in the *Star Trek* fan community, who disappeared from her home in Salt Lake City, Utah, three days prior to SCP-3135-3 resuming broadcasts. Efforts to locate her are ongoing.

Footnotes
1. A starship used by the protagonists of the series to travel through space at great speeds.
2. Public record does not contain any evidence of this company's existence. However, confidential records suggest that they are a member of the American Anomalous Companies Association. Investigation is ongoing.
3. Analysis of the organisms within SCP-3135-1 has not shown the presence of any resembling the character Wesley Crusher.

SCP-3136: Here Be Monsters

Item #: SCP-3136

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3136 is to be stored within the document tube it was initially found in. The document tube and SCP-3136 are to be locked in a secure, lead lined case. The case may only be unlocked by researchers involved with SCP-3136, or by O5 authorization.

Description: SCP-3136 is a Mercator projection world map[1] that measures approximately two meters by three meters in area; it lacks symbols, or identifying marks of any kind. Upon adding any marking inside a body of water, SCP-3136's anomalous property activates. An aquatic organism matching the dimensions of this marking — designated as an instance of SCP-3136-1 — will manifest at the corresponding geographical location of this marking. The instance will manifest proportionally smaller by a factor of . The figure's position on the map shifts to reflect the instance's current location. Once this instance dies, the drawing immediately vanishes; until this occurs, all attempts to mark or draw upon the map will fail.

Instances of SCP-3136-1 are aquatic organisms that possess fully functioning organs. When removed from the ocean, these organs immediately fail. These organisms do not have to exist to be created, as SCP-3136 will add suitable organs according to the needs of the instance.

Recovery: On February 18th, 2016, an SCP-3136-1 instance was discovered off the coast of Australia. Prior to this, Foundation web crawlers flagged a video SCP-3136 posted to Facebook by a student at Loyola Marymount University, California. The video showed the anomalous property in which markings disappear from the map paper.

SCP-3136 was recovered from the home of one Dr. Adebagbo, a professor of history and cartography. The link to SCP-3136-1A was discovered due to the lobster symbol moving in tandem with SCP-3136-1A.

Testing Logs:

Artist	Artist's Depiction	Test Results	Containment/ Death
Dr. Adebagbo	A small black creature comparable to a lobster with 10 legs. Drawn with an antique ink pen	30m jet-black lobster devoid of irregularities.	Suffered from total organ failure during transfer to a Foundation secure facility.
Class-C Personnel	A small circle with fins and a mouth, drawn in an oceanic net Foundation Site-1028. The drawing was done with a sharp pencil.	Imperfectly spherical creature with inseal-like skin, and was 5 meters in diameter.	Died of total organ failure 16 days after creation.
Class-C Personnel with artistic experience	Researcher had artistic experience and reference pictures of blue whales. Picture appeared to be perfectly proportional blue whale. Drawn with an outline pen and colored pencils.	Blue whale with an exoskeleton composed of chitin. Has massive shape irregularities awhen compared to a regular blue whale.	Harpooned multiple times to see the effect of premature death on SCP-3136-1 instances. After slight vocalizations,SCP-3136 died and disappeared from the map. SCP-3136 could not be drawn on afterwards for approximately

			11 days.
Class-C Personnel with artistic experience	Two near-identical squids, a male and a female. Drawn with dull pencil.	Two squids at half the expected size. One complete set of squid organs was evenly distributed between the two instances.	Died upon creation due to lack of vital organs.
Class-C Personnel	Drawn by a Foundation researcher. Instructed to draw a straight line on SCP-3136 within the containment area. Drawn with a permanent black marker.	A 44 meter long eel-like creature with a chitinous shell that rendered it immobile. SCP-3136-1F possessed shape irregularities corresponding to inaccuracies in the Mercator projection.	Died of malnourishment within a week due to its inability to eat and lack of Foundation assistance. SCP-3136 could not be drawn on for 7 days afterwards.
Mechanical Arm	Whale that conforms to map distortions as calculated by researchers. Drawn with blue crayon.	Large whale-like creature, with skin similar in composition to that of a gorilla, and thick blue fur. Displays intelligence and is taught to answer polar questions.	Has survived in containment for 2 months. Is to be fed via food dispenser triggered by SCP-3136-1G. Researchers are not to attempt Skinner box experiments upon SCP-3136-G due to aggression. MTF-Theta-7

	("Whale Watchers") are to be armed with specially manufactured tranquilizer darts and are to avoid causing the instance harm in any way.

Footnotes

1. The Mercator projection is a common map projection in the early days of cartography which is infamous for distorting the sizes of landmasses relative to their real-world sizes. Large oceans tend to remain relatively undistorted.

SCP-3137: Nitepad™

Item #: SCP-3137

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All websites hosting SCP-3137 have been blocked to non-Foundation personnel. Any references to SCP-3137 or its effects on any website are to be immediately supressed; amnestics are to be administered to the persons involved. Any attempts at communication with SCP-3137 is currently prohibited.

MTF Lambda-66 "Lunar Moths" has been formed to track down and mitigate any activation of SCP-3137's anomalous effects. They are also to track down SCP-3137's creators and SCP-3137's place of operation, if such a location exists.

Description: SCP-3137 refers to an executable application entitled "nitepad.exe". The executable file appears to be identical to the Microsoft Notepad application. However, if any words are typed in English before hitting the "enter" key, a large variety of anomalous effects within a 3km radius from the computer running SCP-3137 will occur.

These effects range from small-scale physical manifestations to rapid alteration of the local reality. Extensive Foundation testing seems to indicate that all of these effects are thematically linked with the word or combination of words typed, as well as usually possessing some physical or conceptual link with the idea of "night". Any of these effects can be countermanded with a subsequent and directly contradictory command.

Information on SCP-3137's creators is scarce. The application can be found for download on a number of free download websites, but no data on any uploader has been found. The only information is the reaction to the command "who are you", which prompts the following

text to appear within the Nitepad™ application:

> Welcome, user. Welcome to Nitepad™. Relax, and enjoy the show.
>
> Using patented techniques of astral projection, we here at Nitepad™ are proud to present to you our classic product, now made free of charge. We all have great memories of the night; pretty views, staggering vistas, treasured memories with loved ones. We at Nitepad™ understand this. And we at Nitepad™ want nothing more than to share these beautiful memories, feelings, and concepts with you.
>
> So enjoy, safe in the knowledge that you're endorsing a company who cares. All our memories and concepts are fairtrade and locally sourced, so you too can ethically experience a myriad of emotional settings.
>
> You too can be night owls. You too can join Nitepad™.

The following is a partial log of particularly noteworthy experimentation with SCP-3137. All experimentation took place at a temporary research station constructed in a depopulated area of Saskatchewan, Canada, designated Station 172.

Date and local tim	Command given	Effect
28/12/2016, 14:43	night	The sky's appearance to all within the 3km radius abruptly changed to nighttime.
01/01/2017, 20:25	blue moon	The moon's appearance within the 3km radius abruptly changed to the colour blue
28/12/2016, 13:04	quiet days	**`Large quantities of snow`** began to appear in the centre of Station 172.
28/12/2016, 13:05	extremely eventful	The effects of the

	days	previous test were countermanded.
18/02/2017, 13:15	full moon	No immediate effect. Shortly after dusk, the moon appeared to people in the 3km radius to be full, despite the fact that a waning crescent moon was visible elsewhere that day. Several members of Station 172 abruptly turned into what appeared to be wolf-human hybrids, before attempting to kill and eat their colleagues.
18/02/2017, 17:58	stop werewolves	All of the aforementioned wolf-human hybrids suddenly froze in place.
18/02/2017, 18:01	turn back werewolves	The spinal cords of all of the human-wolf hybrids abruptly rotated 180 degrees. All of the hybrids were immediately killed. A total of 12 people expired in the incident.
24/02/2017, 11:41	sweetness	At 23:41, the open areas of Station 172 abruptly froze over. Two women on ice skates manifested, and spent 10 minutes ice skating and dancing before demanifesting.

03/03/2017, 04:09	immortality	A large number of non-anomalous red amulets, each bearing an emblem representing the moon, were found in the sleeping quarters of all staff members at Station 172.
14/04/2017, 04:52	howling noise	Several wolves in the scrubland near Station 172 began to howl in unison. No wolves are native to the region in question.
11/05/2017, 00:33	unlock door 7	The door to Dr. Scholl's chambers was unlocked. The door had been painted black, with small white stars at regular intervals.
23/06/2017, 22:56	day	The chimes of a large clock could be heard by all personnel; they continually repeated without interruption.
23/06/2017, 22:59	night	The aforementioned chimes abruptly stopped. In their place was a 1-hour lecture by the voice of English actor Nigel Terry, concerning the mythology associated with the night sky throughout history. No command could be found to stop this lecture

29/06/2017, 23:21	day moon	The moon appeared to abruptly disappear to those within the 3km radius. A series of large waves began to manifest within the area of effect for the next hour.
18/07/2017, 22:19	young love	All married staff at Station 172 suddenly believed themselves to be 19. They appeared to hallucinate images of their spouses at the age of 18 appearing in front of them, and inviting them to dance. They proceeded to dance with these hallucinated images for 17 minutes before the hallucinations abruptly ended. The piano piece "Moonlight Sonata" by Ludwig van Beethoven was heard playing throughout the event.
02/09/2017, 02:02	what is love	A large number of babies appeared, ineffectually attempting to attack Foundation personnel in Station 172.
02/09/2017, 02:03	baby don't hurt me	All of the babies became placid and docile. They have been transferred to Site 901 for further

		testing.
12/09/2017, 16:22	sleep	Two humanoid figures and a wooden bed manifest in the central courtyard of Station 172. They engage in a lengthy discussion in Japanese about a dream one of them had, and its potential significance for the Oda daimyo. They demanifested after 12 minutes.
23/11/2017, 13:04	stop containment breach	[REDACTED]
23/11/2017, 13:05	restart containment breach	[REDACTED]
23/11/2017, 13:05	stop stop stop no reset	Station 172 and all personnel returned to their state 7 hours earlier, prior to Containment Breach 1811. The only alteration was that all surfaces within Station 172 were painted back, with small white stars at regular intervals.
08/12/2017, 19:07	contain all anomalies	No apparent effect; a small written message appears on the SCP-3137 application stating "They are already contained".

Addendum: On 24/12/2017, at 22:07, the sky as perceived from a 3km^2 area around Station 172 suddenly emitted an extremely bright light, severely impairing the eyesight of several Foundation

personnel. This area began to expand at a rate of 1km^2 per minute.

After approximately 3 minutes, Dr. Heinz Scholl typed the command "bring back the night" into SCP-3137. The night sky was immediately restored, and the following text appeared on the SCP-3137 application:

> You want to know who we are. And that's great. Here at Nitepad™ we're always looking for new experiences to share with the world.
>
> There was a pair of lovers on a lonely night in New York, back in the 30s. And on that night, Manhattan was like it is in all the old movies. They walked through the snow, with the roaring twenties behind them and all the hells before them, but it was alright because it was a romance. The city was theirs, all to themselves. They danced between the snow, while dulcet tones played in the background. Nobody saw them. They were lucky. They were reckless.
>
> They twirled and tangoed in their silent city, the camera panning and moving around, showing its vastness, the endless conglomerations of people with their own lives and those moments in real time. We see the past as another country, dull grey sepia tones transmitted through history books and recollections of people we only know as old. But we'll be old too, and that won't negate the past. In that moment, Martha and Laura danced together, brazen in the blizzard, while the city slept, an instant among instants that always is and always will be.
>
> We took that moment, and packaged it in 3D ultrasonic astral projection. We placed it into an executable file along with a thousand others. The thrill of the werewolves and their assault on hell on an ancient Baltic evening. A boy falling into water as Rome burnt, the flames licking high as he prayed to Christ for deliverance. All these moments, real and genuine. Brought to you in state-of-the-art surround reality.

You think the night is yours? The night is ours. Your every command to us gave us more moments, stolen from your life. We bartered them in exchange for ephemeral instances of beauty, tasters of our full capacity. We have existed as witch doctors, street swindlers, storytellers, merchants, void-filled monstrosities, anartists, the dead. We have been cheating you out of your treasured memories since before you were born and we'll do so long after you crumble to dust.

The night does not belong to you. The night belongs to us. And you should remember this. It will be given to you for only the metaphysical equivalent of £15.99 a month. It will be given to you in packages of $79.99 a month (not to be paid in legal tender) after the third month. It will be sold to you for a beating human heart, each day, every day, for the rest of your adult life. If you do not offer yourselves up in supplication, you will lose the night. There will only be sight and the sun, screaming, burning, blaring into what remains of your immortal soul day after day, making you mad.

Giving you the quality of life you deserve. Giving you the meaning and existential security you deserve. For the low low price of your most treasured possessions. Join Nitepad™ today.

Or we will turn the night off.

All further testing has been suspended.

SCP-3138: A Sepulcher by the Sea

Item #: SCP-3138

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation personnel embedded in literary and academic circles are to be briefed on SCP-3138; they are to report any fictional work discovered to deviate from its canonical number of human corpses.

A Foundation-operated bot (I/O-MANDELA) is to monitor websites and online communities centered on discussions of printed media; discussions regarding books that describe more human corpses than previously expected are to be flagged for review.

Upon discovery, any printed work of fiction suspected of being affected by SCP-3138 is to be recovered and reviewed by MTF Rho-1 ("The Professors"). Should it prove feasible, all non-canonical corpses are to be extracted, examined, and catalogued. Otherwise, affected works are to be kept on-site in a secure locker. Access is restricted to Level-4 personnel.

Description: SCP-3138 is a phenomenon involving the insertion of human corpses into a printed work of published fiction. The work must convey a narrative capable of recognizably describing the presence of a human corpse.

Inserted corpses will be depicted in a manner suited to the work; for example, a corpse inserted into a poem relying upon a particular rhyming scheme will be described via this rhyme scheme. Extraction of inserted corpses can be accomplished by destroying the work or editing it to remove the depiction of a corpse. Should this occur, all erased corpses will immediately emerge from the text in question. Notably, corpses that emerge during these events are non-anomalous, and show signs of decay reminiscent of extended submersion in an acidic environment.

The method by which SCP-3138 is accomplished has yet to be determined.

Addendum 3138.1: Recovery Logs

► ACCESS SCP:/3138/recovery/102.log

RECOVERY LOG

DISCOVERY DATE: 16/03/1942
SUBJECT: A 1921 paperback edition of *Great Expectations* by Charles Dickens.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

‘Bless your soul and body, no,’ answered Wemmick, very drily. ‘But he is accused of it. So might you or I be. Either of us might be accused of it, you know.’
‘Only neither of us is,’ I remarked.
‘Yah!’ said Wemmick, touching me on the breast with his forefinger; ‘you’re a deep one, Mr. Pip! Would you like to have a look at Newgate? Have you time to spare?’
I had so much time to spare, that the proposal came as a relief, notwithstanding its irreconcilability with my latent desire to keep my eye on the coach-office. Muttering that I would make the inquiry whether I had time to walk with him, I went into the office, and ascertained from the clerk with the nicest precision and much to the

trying of his temper, the earliest moment at which the coach could be expected - which I knew beforehand, quite as well as he. I then rejoined Mr. Wemmick, and affecting to consult my watch and to be surprised by the information I had received, accepted his offer.

We were at Newgate in a few minutes, and we passed through the lodge where three smartly dressed corpses were hung

hung up on the bare walls, their attire dark and unusual. Though shocked by the barbarity of the sight, Mr. Wemmick shushed me and urged me forward, silencing my confusion with a

gesture to his lips. Now, at that time, jails were much neglected, and the period of exaggerated reaction consequent on all public wrong-doing - and which is always its heaviest

461

NOTE: Of the three recovered corpses, only one could be positively identified: Vaughn L. Kaminski, an accountant with known ties to Henry Earl J. Wojciechowski[1]. An autopsy concluded that all three corpses died as a result of pulmonary aspiration.

► ACCESS SCP:/3138/recovery/297.log

RECOVERY LOG

DISCOVERY DATE: 06/11/1957
SUBJECT: A 1925 edition of *The Great Gatsby*, by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

through the amorphous trees.

The chauffeur — he was one of Wolfsheim's proteges — heard the shots — afterward he could only say that he hadn't thought anything much about them. I drove from the station directly to Gatsby's house and my rushing anxiously up the front steps was the first thing that alarmed any one. But they knew then, I firmly believe. With scarcely a word said, four of us, the chauffeur, butler, gardener, and I, hurried down to the pool.

There was a faint, barely perceptible movement of the water as the fresh flow from one end urged its way toward the drain at the other with little ripples that were hardly the shadows of waves, the laden mattress moved irregularly down the pool. A small gust of wind that scarcely corrugated the surface was enough to disturb its

accidental course
with its accidental burden. The
touch of a cluster
of leaves revolved it slowly,
tracing, like the leg
of compass, a thin red circle in the
water.

It was after we started with Gatsby
toward the house
that the gardener saw Wilson's
body a little way off
in the grass — and alongside it,
seven more. The
holocaust was complete.

187

NOTE: Of the six recovered corpses, only four could be positively identified. All were known associates of Alphonse Gabriel Capone[2]. An autopsy concluded that all six corpses died as a result of pulmonary aspiration.

► ACCESS SCP:/3138/recovery/681.log

RECOVERY LOG

DISCOVERY DATE: 21/02/1982
SUBJECT: A 1912 edition of *Collected Poems by Edgar Allan Poe*.

Collected Poems by Edgar Allan Poe

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
With the corpse of Beverly Queen.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in Heaven above
Nor the demons down under the sea
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side

Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea —
With the corpse of Beverly Queen.

95

NOTE: Although the recovered corpse could not be conclusively identified, it was determined to be that of an adolescent female. In 1932, a missing person report was filed with the Chicago Police Department for Beverly Queen — a 17 year old female living with Richard Chappell[3]. An autopsy concluded that the corpse died of pulmonary aspiration.

Footnotes
1. AKA Hymie Weiss; a notorious mob boss active in Chicago during the 1920s.
2. AKA 'Scarface'; a notorious mob boss active in Chicago during the 1920s, as well as the co-founder and leader of the Chicago Outfit.
3. A co-founder of theChicago Spirit, an anomalous criminal organization active in Chicago during the 1920s.

SCP-3139: America's Labyrinth

Item #: SCP-3139

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The original tape on which SCP-3139-1 is stored can be found in Containment Locker 017 on the uppermost floor of Site-882. Access to the locker requires Level 2 clearance and written authorization for testing from the site supervisor. SCP-3139, as well as all material produced during testing, must be returned to the locker at the test's conclusion.

Digital copies of SCP-3139-1 can be found in the "SCP-3139" directory on the Site-882 intranet. Viewing requires Level 2 security credentials.

Description: SCP-3139 is an unmarked VHS tape manufactured by "KIPPER MEDIA, INC." sometime in the 1980s. The tape itself is non-anomalous and has no distinctive features, save for minor damage on the corners consistent with exposure to fire. SCP-3139 functions with all standard VCR equipment and can be transferred to digital formats without damaging the contents of the original tape. Attempts to record new footage onto SCP-3139 have invariably failed; new footage is simply ignored when the tape is played back. Digital copies do not trigger SCP-3139's anomalous properties.

SCP-3139-1 refers to the contents of the tape itself, a continuous video approximately 45 minutes in length recorded by handheld camera. The presentation and format of the video suggests it was created for a game show, referred to as "America's Labyrinth". No known records or footage of such a show exist in United States broadcasting records. At the beginning and conclusion of the video, an unnamed "host" appears to provide exposition and explain the nature of the game to the audience. Multiple individuals are heard laughing throughout the tape, suggesting it was either filmed in front of or presented to a live audience.

The exact events in the video differ each time it is viewed, but some constants are present; notably, the appearance of the "host", the structure in which in the individual filming is exploring, and the existence of an unknown humanoid entity, designated SCP-3139-1-A. Throughout the tape, SCP-3139-1-A will stalk and pursue the camera operator (designated SCP-3139-1-B), appearing behind objects in the background or suddenly emerging from behind corners. The identity of SCP-3139-1-B changes each time the tape is viewed and [REDACTED | SEE ADDENDUM II]. Should SCP-3139-1-A physically touch SCP-3139-1-B at any time, the tape will immediately cut to footage of the host speaking to the audience before fading to black. Should SCP-3139-1-B escape the structure, they will appear next to the host in the "studio" and receive a random prize before the tape cuts to black.

Attempts to identify the host or any of the individuals seen in the audience have generally failed (with some exceptions; see Addendum II). The structure depicted in the footage has yet to be located by the Foundation and is speculated to be a construct of the anomaly itself. Individuals tasked with viewing SCP-3139-1 report feelings of unease and paranoia, though this is believed to be due to the nature of the footage and not an anomalous effect. Further research into the nature of SCP-3139-1 is ongoing.

Addendum I: Document 3139.01

Level 2 Clearance Required

+ Enter Security Credentials

Item #: SCP-3139-1-A

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: As SCP-3139-1-A is a component of SCP-3139-1 (and thus SCP-3139), all existing containment procedures for SCP-3139 apply.

Description: SCP-3139-1-A designates the unidentified humanoid entity depicted stalking SCP-3139-1-B. Superficially, the subject appears to be a tall, slightly

muscular Caucasian male in black garb and a white rabbit mask. The "host" of SCP-3139-1, as well as some audience members, colloquially refer to SCP-3139-1-A as "Chomper" and discuss him in a tone that suggests affection/familiarity. Attempts to identify SCP-3139-1-A have thus far provided futile; if SCP-3139-1-A's mask is removed for any reason, the entity will immediately cover its face and retreat to a secluded area in a state of considerable distress.

The sole purpose of SCP-3139-1-A appears to be the capture and [REDACTED] of SCP-3139-1-B (see Addendum II for further information on the latter). Should the entity accomplish this, they will be met with a large amount of applause from the audience and commendation from the "host"; failure induces booing, death threats, and other severe forms of jeering, along with the host instructing SCP-3139-1-A to "sit in timeout". Excluding the aforementioned reaction to the removal of its mask, SCP-3139-1-A never exhibits any obvious reaction or emotion to the events of SCP-3139-1, nor does it speak in any intelligible language.

SCP-3139-1-A appears to "age" in real-time; white hairs are visible on the back of the subject, and fingernails appear considerably longer than at the time of SCP-3139's containment. Research personnel have speculated SCP-3139-1 is subject to the laws of time and exists as a separate reality from our own. Further analysis of SCP-3139-1-A and the nature of SCP-3139-1 is ongoing.

Addendum II: Document 3139.02

Level 3 Clearance Required

+ Enter Security Credentials

Item #: SCP-3139-1-B

Object Class: Pending Classification

Description: SCP-3139-1-B refers to the "contestant" depicted in SCP-3139-1. The identity of the subject varies each viewing and appears inexorably linked to the viewer. Although the viewer themselves cannot become SCP-3139-1-B, subjects observed thus far have included the following:

- Viewer's sibling
- Viewer's mother
- Viewer's father
- Viewer's cousin (no more distant than second generation)
- Viewer's biological child (before and after their birth)

The exact identity of SCP-3139-1-B is generally of great significance to the viewer, often described as being "their favorite relative". All subjects are depicted as adults in SCP-3139-1; if the subject is not an adult in reality, their age will be artificially adjusted within the video. The "host" of SCP-3139-1 and all audience members are capable of referring to the subject by both their first and last name, though this is uncommon. SCP-3139-1-B invariably appears to be in a considerable state of distress and expresses extreme terror/panic when confronted by SCP-3139-1-A. Subjects will always attempt to escape the structure depicted in SCP-3139-1, though the intentionally confusing layout and constant pressure of SCP-3139-1-A make this difficult.

Should SCP-3139-1-B escape the structure (and subsequently the show), no further anomalous effects manifest. Individuals depicted in SCP-3139-1 as SCP-3139-1-B claim they have no knowledge of participating in the show or the existence of SCP-3139 when interviewed. However, when asked to view SCP-3139-1, they will vehemently refuse, often with extreme levels of aggression or panic. When provided with photographic evidence of their participation in SCP-3139-1, they will continue to issue denials, often

accusing the individual providing them with the evidence of photo manipulation or attempting a prank.

Should SCP-3139-1-B be captured by SCP-3139-1-A, they will cease to exist in reality. Save for the viewer, individuals related to SCP-3139-1-B will claim they never existed, even when such existence is required for other relatives to have been born. SCP-3139-1-B will only appear as a member of the audience at this point, not appearing in any other capacity (in reality or otherwise). They will generally appear content and entertained by the show except if SCP-3139-1 is viewed by their relative; if this occurs, SCP-3139-1-B will exhibit physiological signs of panic and terror, often staring directly at the viewer through the camera. Some viewers have reported SCP-3139-1-B attempting to communicate with them, though this is inaudible over the music and sound effects of SCP-3139-1.

As of the last viewing, the audience of SCP-3139-1 consists of 57 individuals. Viewers have described them as resembling everything from their parents to possessing general physical similarities, suggesting they are unborn children. In these instances, the viewer's attempts to bear children (if female) or fertilize female eggs (if male) will always fail despite showing no signs of clinical sterility. No known methods to counteract this are currently known.

Addendum III: Document 3139.03

Level 3 Clearance Required

+ Enter Security Credentials

The following is an example broadcast of SCP-3139-1, abridged for time. Viewer identified as D-616.

<BEGIN PLAYBACK>

00:00:03 The camera pans down across a

studio audience, emitting loud laughter and cheering, before settling on the host of SCP-3139-1.

00:00:39 Host begins speaking. Voice described as "old" and "gravelly".

Host: Hello America, and welcome back to cable's number one game show, "America's Labyrinth!" *[audience cheers]* Last time, our lucky contestant was…less than lucky, let's put it that way. *[laughter]* This time though, I have a good feeling - all the way from Los Angeles, California, it's [NAME EXPUNGED]!

00:03:01 A profile picture of an elderly man, approximately 60-70 years of age, appears on the screen. Subject confirmed to be a relative of D-616.

00:03:08 Footage cuts to that of a handheld camera inside a maze-like concrete structure. Loud breathing is audible behind the camera. Camera operator designated SCP-3139-1-B. Subject is running at a slow speed through the hallways of the structure.

Host (off-screen): Where ya running to, old man? Haha! *[laughter]*

00:05:17 First appearance of SCP-3139-1-A. SCP-3139-1-B turns a corner and is ambushed by the entity. Subject responds by fleeing in the opposite direction, obviously panicked and exasperated. Audience responds with audible gasps. Loud footsteps are audible behind SCP-3139-1-B.

00:06:33 SCP-3139-1-B finds a series of doors and opens one of them, finding an empty supply closet. He enters and locks the

door from the inside. Footsteps are heard outside the door, but SCP-3139-1-A is not seen. The audience audibly groans.

<SKIP TO 00:30:00>

00:30:01 SCP-3139-1-B exits the closet and quietly walks down the hallway. The audience applauds.

Host: Let's hear a round of applause for [NAME EXPUNGED], first of his age bracket to last this long! Gotta hand it to him, he's still got swagger in his step!

00:31:08 SCP-3139-1-B approaches the end of the hallway, but stops upon hearing unusual noises from a door to his right. Suddenly, SCP-3139-1-A kicks down the aforementioned door and begins sprinting towards SCP-3139-1-B, emitting a previously unheard high-pitched "shriek". In a panic, SCP-3139-1-B drops the camera, though footsteps indicate he continues to run. A scream is heard, followed by loud impact noises, before the camera cuts to black.

00:33:00 Tape cuts to footage of the host staring at the camera. This continues for nearly seven minutes before he speaks.

Host: We claim another. We claim another. Glorious prey. Your *[inaudible]* are delicious. Delicious. *[audience laughter]*

<**END PLAYBACK**>

SCP-3140: Botanical Warfare

Item #: SCP-3140

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3140-1 is stored in an enlarged containment hangar at Armed Containment Area-40 in an inactive state, with access to an underground testing area. Any testing must be approved by Level 4/3140 personnel. During testing, the 3140-S subject must be watched by researchers and security outside of the testing area. Upon conclusion of testing the anomaly must be deactivated and brought to its chamber.

Investigations into the uses of SCP-3140 in **Daevic** society and whether other instances of the anomaly exist are ongoing.

Revision 1: Level 4/3140 approval is required for the planting of seeds recovered from SCP-3140 instances. The guidelines in Document 3140-HRT-1 must be followed for the initial planting.

Revision 2: SCP-3140-2 and SCP-3140-3 will be stored in enlarged containment hangars at Botanical Garden Beta. Level 4/3140 approval is required for testing with either or both of anomalies.

Description: SCP-3140-1 is the only extant member of SCP-3140, a group of arboreal entities. SCP-3140-1's body primarily consists of *Cupressus gigantea*[1] and *Prunus serrulata*[2] bark and wood, standing at a height of 12m. The "torso" of its body is roughly spherical, with multiple flowering cherry branches and small cherry trees growing from it.[3] The anterior side has a stylized eye etched into it, which is surrounded by illustrations of Daevic weaponry, cultural **symbols**, and skulls with seven eye sockets.

The posterior portion has a circular Thaumic Glyph Pattern (TGP)[4] with a radius of 26cm, which prevents fire and erosion damage. Three anterior-facing wooden barrels (1m long and 28cm wide), with

a single hole on the front, are on the torso. One is attached above the right leg, one extends from a dorsal branch on the right side, and one is positioned 1m left of the eye symbol.

Two wooden legs, which possess a similar structure as the hind limbs of *Equus ferus caballus*[5] (with the exclusion of the pelvis), are connected to the sides of the anomaly. These legs possess full articulation, due to the wood at the joints being intermixed with an unknown green and pink substance (designated 3140-C). The legs are ornately carved with iconography of Daevite soldiers killing and eating people, soldiers with unidentified megafauna and entities resembling SCP-3140 besieging castles and cities, and slaves being given to the Daeva[6] matriarchs. The bottom of the left leg features a hand-shaped recess with a depth of 11cm, with the phrase "For the conqueror" written in Daevic found in the center. The feet have three long toes; two anterior and one posterior.

In an inactive state, SCP-3140-1 sits in a crouching position. Any subject, hereafter designated 3140-S, that places their left hand in the hand shaped recess and says the Daevic word for "awaken" will activate SCP-3140-1, making it stand upright. The anomaly will begin to follow 3140-S and will follow directions said in Daevic. Directions that SCP-3140-1 is incapable of achieving will not be followed. Saying the Daevic word for "sleep" will bring the anomaly back to its inactive state. Any 3140-S may reactivate SCP-3140-1 at any time by saying "awaken" within the anomaly's vicinity in any language.

The following are a sample of known directions SCP-3140-1 will follow, all spoken in Daevic, and the outcomes:

- "Move": SCP-3140-1 moves to a location 3140-S points to.
- "Stomp": SCP-3140-1 moves to and stomps at a location 3140-S points to.
- "Stab": Various bone spikes (~25cm long) emerge from every surface of the anomaly.[7] These retract after one minute.
- "Slide": A mix of translucent low-viscosity substances cover SCP-3140-1, falling off of it after three minutes.
- "Bring help": SCP-3140-1 secretes a substance similar to alarm pheromones of extant insect species for two minutes
- "Heal": Resin seeps from random locations on the anomaly,

primarily around the barrels.
- "Fire": Smoke emerges from the barrels on SCP-3140-1.

See Document 3140-CLIST for further commands.

SCP-3140-1 was discovered at a Foundation archaeological dig site near Bikudo, Jammu and Kashmir, Republic of India on 27-January-2017. The dig site appeared to have at one point been the location of a battle between Daevite forces and an unknown **Ortothan**[8] group, based on the presence of non-anomalous weapons and armor possessing acute heptagrams (sometimes surrounded by other polygons), regular polygons (ranging from four to seven sides), and humanoid figures with four to seven arms. Said battle is believed to have occurred at some point in the Early Low Daevic period (c. 11000 BCE), suspected to be the Century Conquest[9].

Around SCP-3140-1's legs were chained legcuffs made of meteoric iron, locked with a complex mechanical system, with the phrase "Ruination to the invaders" written in Ortothan on both cuffs. The chains had been heavily damaged, likely from attempts to break it. The remnants of an SCP-3140 instance were found at dig sites in the vicinity, which had damaged legs and a destroyed torso. The torso's remains had a solidified mass of miscellaneous plant matter and bone fragments in it, connected by multiple small roots. Other objects in the area included bones, weaponry, and armor. All artifacts, the destroyed instance, and SCP-3140-1 were transported to Area-40 on 29-January-2017.

Based on texts found in **SCP-1726** and SCP-140, SCP-3140 were a common weapon utilized by the Daevic Empire during and after the Century Conquest, though it is suggested that the anomaly had predated Daevite civilization.[10] **Thaumaturgic** horticulture methods would be used to grow different variations of the entities, primarily designed for military application.

Below are several text excerpts detailing the growth and usage of SCP-3140 in Daevite society (translated).

> Next to the prisoner slaughtering grounds I saw a massive farm. It stretched out from the clearing—which I

estimate it to be 60 urvs long, 50 urvs wide—and past the corpses, possibly farther. I estimate the clearing to be 61 urvs. Many growing and grown Amunj are in the plots, possibly one hundred or more. The area has less guards, though many experienced presence aether-benders occupy it. A hill in an unguarded region gave the perfect view, and the Holy Rays Tube—praise the Elemental Holies—improved it.

Daevic—death to the brutes—aether-benders walked the columns and would stop by the mature and crouched ones, then retrieve objects from their red robes. Aether-black would flash in their hands as they retrieved the materials and inserted them into the Amunj, which rippled like water during the process. I could not easily glimpse the materials for they were clouded by the aether-black-air, but the Holy Rays Tube—praise the Elemental Holies—illuminated spirit-residual outlines of bone and flesh. After the process ended a quick change would occur to the golem: Tentacles like the Deepers'—I suggest an investigation to see if a Deeper pact was formed—cannons of great size and with many barrels, and spikes to rival our spears all grew instantaneously.

The aether-benders would move on to the next, and a soldier would lead slaves—likely captured warriors—by chain to the wooden beast. They were all starved and scarred, and trembled with every step. If they did not begin to etch Daevic—death to the brutes—victories and violence onto the golems, a small rod would be stabbed into their back and they would immediately return to work. Some of these artists had dozens stuck into them.

Correspondence from Katin Jolar to Wysard Onton (c. 11030 BCE) of the Erliontipa, describing an overview of a Daevite provisional camp. Document 1726-503

The first attackers were Daevic soldiers, who emerged from the jungle at the early sunrise to assault the gateway. Luckily our warriors were as prepared as the Tenth Y prophesied and promised, for they had a great

many traps, weapons, and strong fortifications. Our archers up on the wall did little to assist them, and the onlookers up here, myself included, cheered. We knew the Daevite Empire was the greatest to ever exist, so this victory was truly glorious.

I was nervous, though. The countless stories of endless victories and the taming of great beasts that belonged in other realms came back to me. An attack with so few soldiers seemed wrong. After a jolon had passed with no new action the crowd around the archers grew smaller, but our good warriors stood strong with anticipation. Another jolon later most had left to return to their homes in or around the inner city, and the archers began to speak about unrelated events. Unusually the chimes of safety had not rung despite the apparent victory.

That was when I heard a rumble and saw trees swaying from my window. Suddenly, three large beings of wood and leaves rose above the horizon. Their bodies were like castles of wood, and their legs were larger than any tree trunk I have seen in my hunts. Each had vast numbers of Daevites scrambling along stairwells lined with bark plating on the exterior and on fortified platforms, covered by large trees. Strange pink and blue flowers blossomed all over. A few holes I could see on their fronts suggests they have an interior as well.

The hundred cannons fired in unison from the top and middle of the wall, but the tree beasts kept walking. More and more were fired and only small pieces of the things would shatter. The ground troops were being attacked from all sides by smaller wood creatures, some still taller than any man. I saw a man have spiked vines wrap around his body and rip him like cloth, and another was impaled by several wooden spikes. The traps and barricades were stepped on and broken, and the archers and cannon workers were killed by Daevite's arrows.

As they got closer to the top of the wall I grabbed all I could and ran from my home and into the city. A jol later I

> heard the chimes of invasion ring from all around.

Written by Matra Ne Jon in his personal diary (c. 10950 BCE), describing the invasion of the Olute city-state by Daevite troops. Document 1726-991

> Clouds swirled in the sky as my boat sailed along the coast. As with all Sanc creations, it was efficient and simple, but I feared it would collapse at any moment. After an uro I was able to see the edge of the Ytan clan's village, the rest was hidden in dense foliage. The Masn Codexes claim the clan to be a relic of Empire Daevic, a Fragment Daevic. A much debated idea, as none could verify from risk of death or worse. This day I could see well that they were Fragment Daevic.
>
> Huts and sculptures of bone were common, occasional villagers and guards walking around. The only crop I saw was a large and thin tree, growing slices of meat on the branches. Guards would grab a slice and eat, and another would grow soon after. A likely solution for the few animals and humans that could be fed on.
>
> Small Uosho, wood deities tamed and used for war, were fishing using tens of arms on their fronts. Once all arm claws had grabbed a fish, they would drop them into a basket that would then be put into a hole on another Uosho. This one would then trudge into the forest, vanishing. This repeated without end.

Illustrated Modern World Travels (c. 800 BCE), an incomplete book describing the author's journey to learn about the cultures and societies in Central and East Asia. Sketches of the described locations are also present, though most of them are poor in quality, and many passages are largely incoherent. The writer is presently unknown. Document 1726-724

Full texts and artwork related SCP-3140 instances can be found in Document 3140-HISDOCS.

The use of SCP-3140 decreased over time, gradually replaced in

favor of thaumaturgic mechanical weapons. However, some Daevic clans continued to use the entities for hard labor, farming, and protection. The last remaining ones are suspected to have been destroyed by forces under Chinese general Qin Kai circa 270 BCE.

Addendum.1: On 1-March-2017, two seeds (designated SCP-3140-2 and SCP-3140-3) retrieved from SCP-3140-1 were planted in an enlarged botanical garden (Botanical Garden Beta) in Area-40, following Daevite horticulture instructions found in Documents 1726-801 and 1726-822 (compiled in Document 3140-HRT). Said instructions utilized multiple anomalous compounds and thaumaturgic rituals, carried out by Thaumaturgy Division personnel. SCP-3140-2 would be grown without modifications being made, while SCP-3140-3 would be grown for use in farming. By May several wooden spheres with small branches extending from them had grown, and by July growths resembling legs had formed.

Addendum.2: On 5-September-2017 SCP-3140-2 and SCP-3140-3 had fully grown and had broken out of their dirt plots. Following their relocation to separate containment chambers, testing regimens began.

SCP-3140-2 is largely the same as SCP-3140-1, though it lacks any inscriptions, etchings, or barrels. The anomaly is unresponsive to the "fire" command. The leading explanation for the lack of barrels is that they were added to the entity after it had fully grown, which is unlikely to carry over to offspring. Research into adding these onto the anomaly is ongoing.

SCP-3140-3 lacks the same features as SCP-3140-2, and has a largely different body structure than SCP-3140. The entity has a height of 4 meters and a 3 meter wide torso. The underside possesses a mass of tendrils made of wood and 3140-C, each of which have a different structure. Personnel have successfully used SCP-3140-3 in the cultivation of soybeans, rice, tumeric, and sugarcane with various commands, using the tendrils to achieve this. However, the process is slower than existing mechanical farming methods.

Further research is being performed to see if SCP-3140 instances could be utilized by the Foundation, which includes tests to see if

instances could learn new commands after growth.

Footnotes
1. The Tibetan Cypress.
2. The Japanese cherry.
3. The blossoms do not require any sunlight and nutrients in order to grow.
4. Patterns composed of many interconnected thaumaturgic symbols. Daevic TGPs often had hundreds of symbols within small spaces, and were commonly created by skilled thaumaturgic artisans.
5. The horse.
6. The leading theocratic aristocracy in Daevic society.
7. Multiple spikes have broken and disintegrated during testing.
8. A set of mythological and religious beliefs based around the universe being the second universe to exist. This is typically paired with the worship of seven universal guardian deities known as the Koru-teusa, of which six have died.
9. A war waged by the Daevites on wide number of civilizations in Asia, lasting from 11039 BCE to 10939 BCE.
10. Based on the leading theory that [REDACTED] relic, the anomaly was substantially modified from its original form by Daevite horticulture, only resembling SCP-3140 not long before the Century Conquest. The original purpose of the anomaly is unknown.

SCP-3141: Anomalous Theorem

Item #: SCP-3141

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the nonmaterial nature of SCP-3141, direct containment is impossible. Instead, automatic scanning software should be used to monitor quarterly reports of insurance and financial firms for undue discrepancies. Additional surveillance should be directed towards the monitoring of related trade journals and academic mathematics journals. Agents embedded in the peer review boards for such publications should be made aware of the possible presence of SCP-3141 and should be instructed to be vigilant for it.

In the event of the discovery of SCP-3141 characteristic discrepancies in quarterly reports of a firm, Foundation agents are to infiltrate the actuarial (or equivalent) department of the firm and ascertain which employees, referred to as subjects, grasp an understanding of the phenomenon. Subjects are then to be discredited in the firm in accordance with “Operation Underwriter”. Subjects will be taken into Foundation custody indefinitely. Class B amnestics are to be deployed according to agent discretion.

In the event that a proof or technique resembling SCP-3141 is discovered within a journal or peer review board, Foundation agents are to contact the journal publisher, as well as article authors and peer reviewers, and expose them to memetic agent “Counterproof-Zeta”. Additionally, if a proof for SCP-3141 was put into general circulation before Foundation discovery, Counterproof-ζ is to is to be circulated in the next possible issue of the journal. Due to the decaying effects of the memetic agent, Foundation operatives should monitor affected subjects monthly following application.

Description: SCP-3141 is a mathematical theorem that describes a method by which conditions for a set of random variables can be

expressed in a specific system of equations in order to calculate stable state probabilities for the long term outcome of the variables. The solution to the system is non-obvious and requires a significant degree of mathematical expertise to solve.[1] No computer is currently known to be able to solve the system. This is possibly due to the anomalous nature of the theorem. Approval for testing with Foundation artificial intelligence is pending.

The anomalous properties of SCP-3141 present themselves in the fact that during the process of solving the system of equations, the subject solving the system can manipulate the outcome of the solution to a "reasonable" desired result referred to as SCP-3141-π.[2] This process occurs subconsciously in subjects who are unaware of the anomalous effects of the SCP with a rate of approximately .15. The remaining .85 proportion of subjects find the system inconsistent.[3] Subjects who are aware of the effects of SCP-3141 are able to achieve this result with a .999 success rate.

If the conditions and random variables used as the conditions for SCP-3141 are not arbitrary (i.e. they represent an actual real world system), the conditions given are accurate with a significance level of α=.01, and if the exact calculations have not been completed within the past , then the actual set of long term probabilities for the variables described becomes SCP-3141-π. The process by which this occurs is not currently understood.

Addendum 3141-A: In accordance with Ethics Committee finding 3141-1, Foundation mathematicians are not to attempt to utilize SCP-3141 to reverse previous misuses. This is due to the currently unknown principles by which the anomaly operates and a possibly observed phenomenon by which actual stable state probabilities return to non-anomalous levels as time passes. This is possibly due to the variation of current real world conditions from initial conditions by which SCP-3141 calculations were based. To date, the Foundation is not statistically certain as to the existence of this reversion phenomenon.

Addendum 3141-B:

> **Incident Report for the events that occurred on / /20 in ,USA**

Background: At the time that these events occurred, the Foundation was not yet aware of SCP-3141. Foundation operatives had become aware of possible anomalous material at , inc., hereafter referred to as Firm A, as the result of regular economic analysis and standard Foundation predictive modeling. Firm A was listed as a low priority concern and Agent Geoffrey Daniels, under the alias of George Denver, was directed to apply for an opening as an actuarial analyst at the firm. What follows is a transcript of third interview (first in-person) of Daniels and the subsequent events retrieved from a recording device hidden on Daniels' person.

<Begin Log>

Participants: Geoffrey Daniels, alias George Denver; **P** , chief actuary for Firm A.

[Timestamp 12:00:10]

P : Well Mr. Denver, may I call you George?, thank you for coming. It's a pleasure to meet you in person.

Daniels: Of course. I'm glad to be here. The office looks wonderful.

P: Yes, I think that you'll find that everyone here quite likes their position. We really are doing some cutting edge work here—really redefining the field, so to speak.

D: Yes, I've been doing my homework on you. You have quite the impressive track record.

[DATA EXPUNGED FOR BREVITY]

[Timestamp 12:32:24]

P: Well George, it seems like you may be the exact kind of person we're looking for here at . I would love to show you around the

office if you have the time.

D: That sounds excellent, sir. Lead the way.

[The sound of moving chairs, rustling papers, can be heard.]

P: We really have a great team here. Truly a bunch of winners. You know what I like in an employee, George? I'm sure you do, I've been blabbering at you for the last 30 minutes, but I'm going to tell you again. I like an employee that can get the job done. No shortcuts, no compromises. We're both actuaries here, so of course you know about risk. But you also know without risk, there's no reward. Without putting yourself out there a little bit, there's no chance in Hell on any return. I have a team here that takes risks. My team here, they all know what it takes to get shit done. **[P coughs loudly. The sound is muffled]** My team, they go to Hell and back for me in order to make sure that this company turns a profit. And they do a pretty good job if you ask me. You know what it takes to succeed. I can see that in you, I really can. I think you have real potential. Anyway, here's our main work area.

[Beeping sounds are audible, probably an electronic lock.]

D *screaming*: Oh GOD what the FUCK?!

<End Log, Timestamp 12:34:51>

At 12:35pm Agent Daniels activated his distress beacon. No more communication occurred after that. Three Foundation agents—Amanda Stiles, Philip Morehouse, and Juan Schaffer, hereby referred to as "the team"—stationed outside immediately enacted contingency plans stormed the building. The team used stairwells to access

the sixth floor where the interview was taking place, incapacitating two security guards and one unidentified civilian in the process. Foundation support suppressed phone lines and cell phone signals coming from the building in order to prevent local interference.

Upon reaching the sixth floor agents noted the presence of the scent of sulfur and excessive smoke. Fire alarms appeared to be turned off. It took the team approximately two minutes to find the location where communication had been lost with Daniels. No contact with Firm A employees was made on the floor until the team reached the area that P referred to as the work area.

Foundation agents encountered Agent Daniels along with three adult males and two adult females. Daniels was incapacitated and laying in the corner of the room. All of the other individuals in the room, referred to hereafter as subjects, were naked and performing some kind of ritualistic dance around a pentacle in the center of the room. All subjects possessed tattoos on their body depicting elaborate mathematical notation. In the center of the pentacle lay a pulsating organic mass that was impacted with a Texas Instruments TI-30XS MultiView Scientific Calculator, a red and black beeswax candle, and three [REDACTED].

The team successfully incapacitated all subjects and with local assistance had them remanded into Foundation custody. The incident was explained as a social media prank gone wrong. Letters of resignation were forged for all subjects and sent to Firm A. Subjects were given Class D amnestics and returned to families with a fabricated story of a bus accident. Agent Daniels suffered no permanent damage.

Addendum 3141-C: From the tattoos on the subjects involved in Incident 3141-A the Foundation was able to compile SCP-3141. The subjects at Firm A were apparently using SCP-3141 to alter the expected lifespan of purchasers of the firm's retirement annuities, reducing their lifespans by years. It is unclear how many

premature deaths this has caused, but estimates range from 2,000 to [REDACTED].[4] To this date it is unclear what purpose the ritualistic elements practiced by the subjects served. It should be noted that Foundation testing has concluded that such elements are not required in order for the effects of SCP-3141 to manifest.

To date, additional firms have been discovered to be using SCP-3141, and only 2 of them appeared to practice ritual elements in their utilization of the theorem. Over half of discovered firms used the theorem to shorten lifespans of annuity recipients, while approximately one fifth used it to improve the health and safety of insurance recipients. The purpose of use in other firms remains unclear. Additionally, full proofs of SCP-3141 have appeared in journals and publications. Each has been successfully suppressed. Resurgence of SCP-3141 proofs in previously affected journals has been observed to occur at a rate of .15. Each proof has been markedly unique.

To date, despite extensive efforts led by head researcher Dr. Duncan Kemp, the Foundation has been unable to independently produce a proof of SCP-3141. The method by which individuals are able to conceive proofs for SCP-3141 is unknown. Therefore, at this time it is suspected that gestation of knowledge of SCP-3141 and related proofs is anomalous. It is unknown whether such knowledge occurs spontaneously, or if it is being imparted by groups of interest.

Researcher's note: We've spent four years working on this project, unable to make any headway. And yet, any time a new instance of a 3141 proof pops up, it seems obvious. Surely it's impossible, but it feels as if elementary axioms are changing every time one of these new proofs show up. Frankly, we have no clue where to go from here.
—Dr. Duncan Kemp

Footnotes
1. Knowledge required principally includes but is not limited to a strong knowledge of probability theory and complex analysis.
2. Testing has shown that stable state probabilities,π_i, described in instances of SCP-3141-πcan differ from real world probabilities by as much as .15. Conventional laws of probability must hold. (i.e. for each i, 0≤π_i≤1, and$\sum_{i=1}^{n} \pi_i =

1$.)
3. The least squares approximation of a solution has been found to have no anomalous properties.
4. Estimates come from calculations involving derived long term probabilities and number of annuities sold by Firm A.

SCP-3142: If you can dream it, you can do it (as long as your dream is of being broke)

Item #: SCP-3142

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All major American financial institutions have been advised to monitor consumer accounts for unexplained fluctuations, with the stated goal of preventing software malfunction. Foundation personnel embedded within the numismatics community are to suppress knowledge of the existence of SCP-3142. Individuals claiming to have experienced incidents consistent with SCP-3142 are to be located and amnesticized immediately; however, due to the detailed knowledge of SCP-3142 required to induce anomalous effects, this has been deemed a low-risk threat.

Access to Document 3142-01 is to be restricted to financially stable Level-3 personnel with registered personal checking accounts at regulated financial institutions. Monetary losses incurred during testing of SCP-3142 will be reimbursed by the Foundation. To reduce expenditure, preferential access to Document 3142-01 is to be given to personnel with countermemetic training.

Description: SCP-3142 is an unused design for a commemorative coin in the denomination of $$i$[1] intended for production by the United States Mint in 2001. SCP-3142's technical specifications include a 38.1 mm diameter and a composition of 90% silver to 10% copper, consistent with contemporary $1 US commemorative coins. Further description of SCP-3142, including potential financial infohazards, is available in Document 3142-01.

SCP-3142's anomalous properties manifests when an individual constructs an accurate mental image of SCP-3142. Immediately following visualization, one of the following events will occur:

- The net balance of one personal checking account registered by the individual will decrease by one US dollar (or foreign equivalent, subject to current exchange rates). All records of this account, digital and otherwise, will instantaneously change to reflect the new balance.
- If the individual does not maintain a personal checking account, currency within 10 cm of the individual will become altered to reflect a loss of one US dollar. Bills and coins may be instantaneously created, destroyed, or substituted to accomplish this effect. All new or altered money appears indistinguishable from genuine instances of the original type of currency.
- Individuals without an active checking account or at least one US dollar (or equivalent) within 10 cm will dematerialize for eleven minutes and thirty-nine seconds a period of time inversely proportional to the current legal minimum wage in the individual's present location. In no cases has the duration of the disappearance exceeded the amount of time required to earn $1 under US federal minimum wage.[2] Following reappearance, individuals are aware that time has elapsed but unable to remember any details of their experience during the interval.

SCP-3142's anomalous effects manifest repeatedly with each new attempted visualization. No upper limit on the frequency of SCP-3142's effects has been observed to date.

+ SCP-3142 Recovery Information

SCP-3142 was discovered by the Foundation on November 14, 2001, following widespread reports of financial anomalies among US Mint employees. All affected individuals were determined to have been involved in the design or production of a commemorative coin, referred to within the Mint as 01CE. Foundation employees administered amnestics to all affected employees and other witnesses, then retrieved all descriptions and information pertaining to 01CE (later reclassified as SCP-3142). A planned press release for the coin is reproduced below, with potential infohazards

removed.

> WASHINGTON — On December 5, 2001, the United States Mint will celebrate the 100th birthday of with the release of the American Imagination Commemorative Silver Dollar **(product code 01CE)**. For generations, 's work has captured the imaginations of Americans young and old, and we honor his memory with this coin's appropriately whimsical denomination of $$i$ — the basis of imaginary numbers.
>
> The obverse side of the American Imagination Commemorative Silver Dollar features a portrait of beside the iconic logo. Inscriptions include include "LIBERTY," "IN GOD WE TRUST," "2001," and " ."
>
> The reverse side features , as seen in the Pictures logo. Inscriptions include "E PLURIBUS UNUM," "UNITED STATES OF AMERICA," "i DOLLARS," and "If you can dream it, you can do it."
>
> Please note that this coin has no real monetary value.

During recovery, Agent Joshua Ogunleye conducted the following interview with Miranda Gresham, an artist employed by the Mint who contributed to the design of SCP-3142. Gresham was one of employees found to have been financially affected by SCP-3142.

> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **Ogunleye:** Hello, Ms. Gresham. Please, take a seat. I'd like to ask you a few questions about the discrepancies in your bank account that you mentioned.

Gresham: All right.

Ogunleye: Thank you. First, when did you first begin to notice that some of your money was missing?

Gresham: I think it was about three weeks ago. I remember it was just after I came up with the design for 01CE, right before I started actually sculpting it.

Ogunleye: And how did you find out about the discrepancy?

Gresham: I keep a pretty close eye on my money, which I guess is appropriate given what I do for a living. One day I went to the bank, and I found out the balance they showed didn't match up with what I had written down in my checkbook. The difference just got bigger and bigger every time I checked, especially when I'd been working a lot.

Ogunleye: Did they have any idea where the money went?

Gresham: None. No suspicious transactions or anything. I think they must be covering something up, because otherwise I don't know how all that money just disappears. Unless…

Ogunleye: Go on.

Gresham: No, it's a stupid idea. Just forget I even said anything.

Ogunleye: Please, I'd like to hear it.

Gresham: <Sighs> All right. So, if I have one of these i-dollar coins, that's basically an imaginary dollar, right?

Ogunleye: I suppose so.

Gresham: And if I imagine a real dollar, that would also be like having an imaginary dollar.

Ogunleye: Okay.

Gresham: So if I imagine this i-dollar coin, and i times i is minus one, does that mean…?

<Silence for approximately five seconds>

Gresham: Like I said, dumb idea. Obviously it doesn't work like that.

Ogunleye: …Of course not. Thank you for your time, Ms. Gresham.

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. In mathematics,$i$is defined as the square root of -1.
2. Currently eight minutes and seventeen seconds as of 7/24/2009

SCP-3143: Murphy Law in… The Foundation Always Rings Twice!

Item #: SCP-3143

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Attempts to contain SCP-3143 are ongoing. A Foundation-operated bot (I/O-ISMETA) is to monitor online fiction communities for signs of its emergence. When found, an authorized member of the **Pataphysics Department** is to be assigned to deconstruct it.

MTF Iota-10 ("Damn Freds") is to investigate any leads regarding possible locations of SCP-3143-A. If found, he is to be apprehended and taken into Foundation custody.

Description: SCP-3143 is an intrafictional construct. When active, this construct exhibits the ability to temporarily 'flatten' portions of reality into a script-like narrative. This narrative is derivative of the genre established by North American writers of hard-boiled and noir fiction[1].

During this period, SCP-3143 takes on the role of the main character (a 1930s private detective) hired to solve a case. All entities flattened by its effect become characters within the narrative surrounding it, exhibiting personalities and attributes typical of the genre's style. The narrative will continue until SCP-3143's actions lead to a resolution consistent with the genre; at this point, the narrative will conclude and reality will revert. Events which occurred within the narrative will be projected into reality; however, entities involved in these events will typically have no recollection of what occurred.

SCP-3143 was first noted in 2005 in the aftermath of a containment breach at Site-95. In 2012, the Foundation's Pataphysics Department worked alongside the **Department of Analytics**

to make contact with and apprehend SCP-3143.

SCP-3143-A is Murphy Lawden, SCP-3143's author.

Addendum 3143.1: Interview Logs

► ACCESS SCP:/3143/interviews/001.log

INTERVIEW LOG

DATE: 2012/02/02
INTERVIEWER: Dr. Thaum
SUBJECT: SCP-3143, SCP-3143-A
NOTE: Dr. Thaddeus Thaum is part of the Pataphysics Department. He has a degree in English Literature, and specializes in the analysis of fiction.

FADE IN:

INT. MURPHY LAW DETECTIVE AGENCY - NIGHT

A light-skinned man sits alone in his office; a blade of moonlight cuts across his face. His trademark trilby hat is tossed thoughtlessly across his desk; a bent cigarette is nearby, left smoldering in an ashtray. His shirt is stained with blood — some of it might even be his own.

He's got a slug of bourbon in his hand, a slug of lead buried in his chest, and 6 more waiting for the next son of a bitch who comes through that door — courtesy of his .44.

His name is MURPHY LAW, and if you think his number is up, then you haven't been counting. He's the sort of man you pray for when you need him — and the sort you curse

when you don't.

He is also our NARRATOR. His voice is a husky snarl; as if he's got a throat stuffed full of sand-paper and rusty nails.

NARRATOR

> If there's one thing the Foundation is good at, it's tying up loose ends. I knew it was just a matter of time before the lab-coats tried to shove me in a box.

The door to the office flies open. An old man in a lab-coat enters; he's got a scowl so deep it's been carved down into the bone. This is DR. THAUM, and he's here to get to the bottom of this — no matter what the cost.

NARRATOR

> But if they wanted to contain *me*, they were gonna need a bigger box.

DR. THAUM

> Hello, SCP-3143. How are you doing, today?

NARRATOR

> He wanted answers. I just wanted out.

MURPHY finishes the shot of bourbon and levels his pistol at DR. THAUM's chest.

MURPHY

> Give me one good reason why I shouldn't ventilate you right now, doc.

DR. THAUM raises an eyebrow, folding his arms across his chest.

DR. THAUM

Because you can't.

NARRATOR

If he thought I didn't have the moxie to plug him full of lead, then he had another thing coming. Specifically, a whole lot of lead.

DR. THAUM

You *do* know that I can hear you narrating, right?

NARRATOR

What the hell was he on about? Something wasn't right.

DR. THAUM

You're an infrafictional construct; a sapient story that can warp reality. Specifically, you flatten it into a movie script that mimics crime-fiction and hard-boiled noir.

NARRATOR

This wasn't… what?

DR. THAUM

And let's be honest — it's not even proper noir. The defining element of the style is the anti-hero; the character with no prospects, trapped

in a world with no future. But after reviewing your file, I can see that you don't qualify.

MURPHY

I don't… qualify…?

DR. THAUM

Your narrative is heroic and simple, with clear villains and heroes. In the end, the day is saved without consequence. That's not hard-boiled — it's certainly not noir. You're just fantasy escapism dressed up in a suit, a hat, and a drinking habit.

MURPHY: Where — where are we? What's happening?

DR. THAUM: You rely on the *tropes* of noir — outwardly rejecting the notion of appearances and style while secretly embracing them — engaging in a hyper-masculine narrative based around the myth of the frontier, only projected in an urban environment…

MURPHY: What is this?

DR. THAUM: …but you fail to faithfully replicate their complex, dense settings where moral action is all but impossible. You fail to connect to the essence of what makes noir what it is. You are, in a sense, merely parodying it. An unintentional satire, if you will.

SCP-3143: What's going on?!

DR. THAUM: And on top of it all, your name is based on an absurdly contrived pun.

SCP-3143: What are you doing?!

DR. THAUM: I'm deconstructing you, SCP-3143. I'm *containing* you.

SCP-3143: I… I don't understand…

DR. THAUM: I'd like to speak with the author, please. Mr. Lawden? Are you there?

SCP-3143-A: How…?

DR. THAUM: Hello, SCP-3143-A.

SCP-3143-A: Where am I? Who am I?

DR. THAUM: You are Murphy Lawden, a retired shoe-salesman from New Jersey. You live alone — save for your two cats.

SCP-3143-A: I'm…? Oh, God. How did I get here?

DR. THAUM: We believe you accidentally created an intrafictional construct. Do you recall a screen-play of yours? *It Always Rains*?

SCP-3143-A: I… I think so. I don't — oh, God.

DR. THAUM: I think we've done enough for today, Mr. Lawden. I'll give you a chance to rest and settle in; we can continue this interview later, if that's alright with you?

SCP-3143-A: I… yeah. Uh, yeah. Okay. Okay. I need to gather my thoughts.

DR. THAUM: Of course.

[END LOG]

► ACCESS SCP:/3143/interviews/002.log

INTERVIEW LOG

DATE: 2012/02/03
INTERVIEWER: Dr. Thaum
SUBJECT: SCP-3143-A

[BEGIN LOG]

DR. THAUM: How are you feeling today, Mr. Lawden?

SUBJECT: Um, a little better. I think? Still confused.

DR. THAUM: Good. I understand this must all be quite bewildering.

SUBJECT: So, I've just been trapped? All this time? Narrating, or writing this ongoing story? My memory of all of this is so foggy.

DR. THAUM: Something like that, yes. We found an unfinished copy of your script, *It Always Rains*. That's how we determined who you were.

SUBJECT: God, I remember that. It was… yeah. I wanted to write, um, write a story, or something, I think? Something like what I read as a little kid?

DR. THAUM: Somehow, you managed to bring the narrative to life — literally. You 'became' the main character, in a sense.

SUBJECT: Right. So…

DR. THAUM: If it's alright with you, I'd like to ask you a couple of questions.

SUBJECT: Okay. But, uh… can I ask you something, first?

DR. THAUM: Of course.

SUBJECT: You read the script, right?

DR. THAUM: Yes. It was required as part of my preparation for this assignment.

SUBJECT: Did you, uh… did you think it was any good?

(*Silence.*)

SUBJECT: Uh.

DR. THAUM: Do you want a frank assessment, Mr. Lawden?

SUBJECT: Sure?

DR. THAUM: It was fairly awful.

SUBJECT: Oh.

DR. THAUM: Now, moving on —

SUBJECT: Is it okay if we do this later? I think I have a headache.

(*Silence.*)

SUBJECT: Look, I'm sorry. It's just that I…

DR. THAUM: No, it's alright, Mr. Lawden. You've been through a lot. Take whatever time you need.

[END LOG]

► ACCESS SCP:/3143/interviews/018.log

INTERVIEW LOG

DATE: 2012/04/16
INTERVIEWER: Dr. Thaum
SUBJECT: SCP-3143-A

[BEGIN LOG]

DR. THAUM: Good morning, Mr. Lawden.

SUBJECT: Ugh.

DR. THAUM: I see from your charts you haven't been eating. Do you want to talk about that?

SUBJECT: Not really.

DR. THAUM: I've also been informed you've been trying to write more fiction about SCP-3143.

SUBJECT: Until you took my pencils away.

DR. THAUM: Mr. Lawden, that was for your own safety. Until we understand how the anomaly occurred, we can't allow you to —

SUBJECT: Oh, screw you. You just think it's crap.

DR. THAUM: I didn't say that.

SUBJECT: But you were thinking it. Weren't you?

DR. THAUM: I wouldn't call it 'crap'.

SUBJECT: Why did you have to stop the story? What was the problem? He was helping

people. It was fun.

DR. THAUM: That's not the point. We can't have anomalies running around and —

SUBJECT: And what? Telling stories that you don't like? Stories that aren't yours?

DR. THAUM: Stories that aren't — excuse me?

SUBJECT: Cut the crap, doc. We both know what's going on here.

DR. THAUM: I'm not sure what you're insinuating.

SUBJECT: You use a veneer of objectivity to try and create a sense of distance — of detachment — to make the incredible seem credible.

DR. THAUM: Wait. What?

SUBJECT: You cloak yourself in the outward 'trappings' of science — the terms, the titles, the 'interview logs' — all in some desperate, contrived attempt to make it sound a little more reasonable, a little more respectable, a little more plausible…

DR. THAUM: — wait! What are you — s-stop! You can't!

MURPHY: …all so you can convince them to buy into your little story. But at the end of the day, what does it all amount to, doc? Just one more gimmick — one more swindle — one more way to play the same con.

DR. THAUM

H-how — this isn't — I deconstructed ***you***! You can't —

NARRATOR

When it comes right down to it, me — them — hell, even you — we're all just characters in that trashy dime-store novel called life.

MURPHY grabs DR. THAUM by the collar, pulling him close.

MURPHY

Sorry to break it to you, doc. But you're just a spooky ghost story dressed up in a lab-coat, glasses, and a funny little accent.

MURPHY throws him aside.

NARRATOR

But if you're lucky — and play your cards just right? Maybe you'll find a way to write your own story.

MURPHY pauses to light his cigarette.

NARRATOR

Not me, though. I'm no author.

MURPHY walks toward the exit.

NARRATOR

I'm Murphy Law.

DR. THAUM struggles to get up, grasping at the edge of the table. As he does, he sees a

copy of the INTERVIEW LOG on the desk in front of him. The log contains this complete text, with one notable addition at the very bottom.

NARRATOR

I'm just the guy you call when everything that could go wrong… did.

The camera zooms in down to the bottom of the INTERVIEW LOG.

INTERVIEW LOG

[END LOG]

WARNING: THE FOLLOWING FILE IS LEVEL 4/3143 CLASSIFIED

ANY ATTEMPT TO ACCESS THIS FILE WITHOUT LEVEL 4/3143 AUTHORIZATION WILL BE LOGGED AND WILL LEAD TO IMMEDIATE DISCIPLINARY ACTION.

► ACCESS SCP:/3143/files/email001.log

DATE: 2012/03/15
FROM: Site Director August <noitadnuof.pcs|tsuguaj#noitadnuof.pcs|tsuguaj>

TO: O5-5 Secretary <noitadnuof.pcs|ces55o#noitadnuof.pcs|ces55o>
SUBJECT: SCP-3143

My thoughts:

It might not have worked, but this was nevertheless an excellent test-run for 'Dr. Thaum' and the 'Pataphysics Department'. I recommend we keep them on the books — they might come in handy, particularly in regards to developing allegorical and metafictional countermeasures. Besides, it's not like a fictitious department with fictitious employees has a costly upkeep.

Otherwise, leave the article as is. It might contain several inconsistencies (the fact that neither Murphy Lawden nor *It Always Rains* actually exist being the most glaring) but further edits could invite unwanted attention from SCP-3143.

On that note: Let's leave SCP-3143 alone for a while. Yes, we've learned quite a bit about him, but he's also learned quite a bit about us. Until we know precisely how his abilities work, further efforts to contain him could be dangerous. I'm particularly concerned with what he said during the final interview — it sounds like he thinks we're all just as fictitious as he is.

On a final note: **SCP-423** is currently missing. I'm concerned it might have something to do with our little experiment. I'm having some of my people look into it; I'll keep you updated.

- Site Director August

[REDACTED]

DR. THAUM played by…
THADDEUS THAUM

SITE DIRECTOR AUGUST played by…
JEREMIAH AUGUST

MTF IOTA-10 played by…
FRED

And MURPHY LAW played by…
HIMSELF

WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO THE PATAPHYSICS DEPARTMENT

LOOK FOR THADDEUS THAUM TO RETURN IN…

...NEVER METAFICTIONAL CHARACTER I DIDN'T LIKE!

THE END

Footnotes
1. Notable examples include Dashiell Hammett'sRed Harvest(1929) and Raymond Chandler'sThe Long Goodbye(1953).

SCP-3144: The Real World Is Faker Than Wrestling

Item #: SCP-3144

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation webcrawlers are to survey forums dedicated to discussion of professional wrestling and delete any discussions related to discrepancy between perception of any given match or other form of media related to professional wrestling. Agents are to then seize the original poster and evaluate them for induction into Foundation Memetics or other departments that require a high Psychic Resistance Score; if the individual is found unfit or rejects employment, they are to be treated with Class-C amnestics.

Description: SCP-3144 is a mind-altering phenomenon affecting professional wrestling in all of its visible forms (live performances, broadcasts and recorded media) as well as all media documenting the lives of professional wrestlers outside their performances (such as biographies, social media accounts, etc). Population susceptible to SCP-3144 consist of those over the average age of 14, with a Psionic Resistance Index of under ; those naturally resistant to SCP-3144's effect make up approximately 0. % of the global population untrained against mind-altering phenomena.

SCP-3144 is primarily observed by the discrepancy perceived in wrestling and wrestling-adjacent media between those in the population susceptible to its effect and those immune to SCP-3144. Those affected by SCP-3144 perceive wrestling matches as considerably less violent than those unaffected, assuming most injuries to be staged and real injuries to be unfortunate, occasional accidents; it is also a widely held belief among those affected by SCP-3144 that the victor of a match is predetermined in the service of a given franchise's ongoing storyline. The narrative fabricated by SCP-3144's effect is consistent amongst all affected by its mind-altering effect, and no discrepancy has been recorded between

memories or descriptions of wrestling matches and storylines between those affected.

SCP-3144's effect on wrestling-related media manifests a similar discrepancy: those affected by SCP-3144 perceive professional wrestlers as "breaking character" and describing their relationship with their wrestling partners as actors, up to the point of citing longstanding rivalries in a storyline as close friends when not wrestling. Those unaffected by the anomaly will instead perceive no difference between relationships, personalities and motivations of a professional wrestler as demonstrated during a show and in media by or about wrestlers.

> Show Transcript Log 3144
>
> Transcribed collection of media portraying professional wrestling matches or referring to professional wrestling. All media was transcribed twice: first by D-class personnel, all of which have a Psionic Resistance Index of , points under the treshold for immunity to SCP-3144; second, by Foundation personnel, all of which have a Psionic Resistance Index of or higher.
>
> **Transcrit 3144-1:** MKV video file documenting of the main event match of " Frenzy 20 ", recorded on April 5, 19 .
>
> > *Transcript by D-402684.*
> > **00:00:** Ó G , in his guise as the character Cien Caras, enters the stage to the audience's cheers and a custom theme song. After stepping into the ring, he jumps onto a turnbuckle and raises his arms, eliciting louder cheering.
> > **02:12:** A loud motorcycle engine is heard. The lights dim, and Cien Caras turns towards the entrance. M C , in his guise as the character Doom Machine, enters the stage riding a highly customized motorcycle which expels fire out of its mock exhaust fumes.
> > **04:01:** The bell rings; Cien Caras and Doom

Machine stare at each other for approximately twelve seconds before Doom Machine makes the first move, grappling Cien Caras into the ropes.
07:23: Doom Machine makes the first attempt at pinning Cien Caras. Cien Caras breaks the pin at the 2-count.
12:11: Cien Caras performs a jumping splash from the third rope, then pins Doom Machine. Doom Machine breaks the pin near the 3-count; the crowd gasps audibly.
16:47: Cien Caras accidentally strikes the referee after narrowly missing Doom Machine, then he is hit by Doom Machine, who steps off the ring and procures a folding steel chair.
17:00: Doom Machine strikes Cien Caras in the upper back with the steel chair as the referee recovers.
17:17: Cien Caras recovers in time to kick Doom Machine before he is hit again, making him drop the chair.
18:03: After having knocked Doom Machine down, Cien Caras drags him on top of the steel chair, then performs a jumping splash again. Cien Caras pins Doom Machine; the referee recovers just in time to deliver the 3-count.
18:25: Cien Caras is announced as the victor. The crowd cheers loudly as Cien Caras celebrates. Doom Machine can be seen walking away into the backstage area.
19:30: End of video.

Transcript by Agent Lawler.
00:00: Ó G , in his guise as the character Cien Caras, enters the stage to the audience's cheers and a custom theme song. After stepping into the ring, he jumps onto a turnbuckle and raises his arms, eliciting louder cheering.

02:12: A loud motorcycle engine is heard. The lights dim, and Cien Caras turns towards the entrance. M C , in his guise as the character Doom Machine, enters the stage riding a highly customized motorcycle which expels fire out of its mock exhaust fumes.
04:01: The bell rings; Cien Caras and Doom Machine stare at each other for approximately twelve seconds before Doom Machine makes the first move, lunging for Cien Caras' eyes with his fingers.
07:23: Doom Machine makes the first attempt at pinning Cien Caras. Cien Caras breaks the pin at the 2-count.
12:11: Cien Caras performs a jumping splash from the third rope, then repeatedly stomps on Doom Machine's face. Doom Machine bleeds from his nose. Cien Caras pins Doom Machine. Doom Machine breaks the pin near the 3-count; the crowd gasps audibly.
16:47: Cien Caras accidentally strikes the referee after narrowly missing Doom Machine, then he is hit by Doom Machine, who steps off the ring and procures a folding steel chair.
17:00: Doom Machine strikes Cien Caras in the back of the head as the referee recovers.
17:17: Cien Caras recovers in time to attack Doom Machine with a switchblade he produces from his boot, making him drop the chair.
18:03: After having knocked Doom Machine down, Cien Caras locks his leg inside the steel chair, then jumps on the chair from the third rope. Doom Machine's knee bends to the point of fracture. Cien Caras pins Doom Machine; the referee recovers just in time to deliver the 3-count.
18:25: Cien Caras is announced as the victor. The crowd cheers loudly as Cien Caras celebrates. In the background, Doom Machine

can be seen limping away unassisted.
19:30: End of video.

Transcript 3144-2: DVD disc containing an interview with Japanese wrestler T N after his retirement. The timestamp dates the video to August 3, 201 .

Transcript by D-690022.
Interviewer: How did S take to the idea of taking your belt at TotalMania?
N : He hated it. Hated it. We'd been friends for such a long time, and he thought it wasn't fair that I had finally gotten my break and was going to lose it again so soon. It had just been two months.
Interviewer: He-
N : He was my mentor, you know.
Interviewer: Right.
N : And he took it up with the company. He went and told them "hey, he works hard, he deserves the belt" and they refused. It's heartbreaking, when you watch it again, he winces a little when people cheer at him, after the pin.
Interviewer: How did he take it when you left the company a year after?
N : He was already retired by that point, I think. Yeah. He was too sick to keep on, and he just wished me luck and told me to go wherever I needed. I miss him a lot.

Transcript by Junior Researcher Tanahashi.
Interviewer: How did S take to the idea of taking your belt at TotalMania?
N : He loved it. Bastard. We'd been friends for such a long time, and I finally had my big break, and he was just going to take it from me so soon. It had just been two months.
Interviewer: He-
N : He was my mentor, you know.

Interviewer: Right.
N : And he made fun of me every chance he got. "Oh, you worked so hard, and you're gonna miss the belt", he'd go. Locker room, tour bus, wherever. Makes me happy, when I watch it again, and he winces from that huge gash I left on his belly.
Interviewer: How did he take it when you left the company a year after?
N : He never went back after the injuries I gave him. He was too sick to keep on, and he never returned my calls. I wanted to make fun of him to his face so badly.

Transcript 3144-3: Post made by Mexican wrestler Killer Psicótico posted the night before his title match with Tragafuegos in February 17, 20 on social media platform Twitter.

Transcript by D-305487.
"Gonna kick your butt again like last time in Arena fella keep your eyes peeled for me KP" *(sic)*
[Attached file: Digitally scanned black and white photograph of Killer Psicótico standing over Tragafuegos and holding a title belt; blood is visible on the canvas underneath Tragafuegos.]

Transcript by Junior Researcher Huerta.
"Gonna kick your butt again like last time in Arena fella keep your eyes peeled for me KP" *(sic)*
[Attached file: Digitally scanned black and white photograph of Killer Psicótico standing over Tragafuegos and holding a title belt. Tragafuegos has several knives protruding from his back; blood is visible on the canvas underneath him.]

Incident Report 3144-1: On March 21, 20 , professional wrestler

S S was injured after taking a fall from the top of a ladder onto the ring's turnbuckles. Foundation agent U , embedded in the wrestling promotion as a paramedic, attempted to perform an impromptu surgery after recognizing signs of lethal injury, but was restrained by the rest of the medical team. S expired later that night, with the official cause of death reported as exsanguination from internal puncture damage dealt by rib fragments. Agent U was reprimanded for risking a secrecy breach, and is pending reassignment to another project. Agent U 's reprimand and reassignment is currently under review by the Ethics Committee.

SCP-3145: Self-Insert

Item #: SCP-3145

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3145 is to be kept in a locked container at all times. The enclosure must be cleaned biweekly. Personnel are to enter SCP-3145's container in groups of no less than 3, with the door locked behind them. Two personnel must maintain continual direct eye contact with SCP-3145 until all personnel have vacated and relocked the container. Personnel are to alert one another before blinking.

Any change in sounds originating from SCP-3145's containment chamber should be reported to the HCML supervisor on duty.

Description: SCP-3145 is a sculpture constructed from concrete and rebar, with traces of Krylon brand spray paint. Its origin is unknown.

SCP-3145 is animate, but cannot move while in direct line of sight of a human being. When a human breaks eye contact with SCP-3145, it will move at high speed and attack the individual, typically by snapping the neck at the base of the skull. Strangulation has also been employed.

When SCP-3145 is not under observation, personnel have reported sounds of scraping stone within its chamber. A reddish substance, a combination of human feces and blood, has also been observed on the floor of SCP-3145's chamber. Though SCP-3145 is believed to be the origin of this material, the actual source of SCP-3145's means of producing it are currently unknown.

Addendum: Interview 3145-01

> **Interviewed:** SCP-3145

Interviewer: Dr. Falzon

Foreword: A change in the sounds coming from SCP-3145's chamber was reported on 04/09/94 to Dr. Falzon, HCML supervisor on duty. Investigation led to SCP-3145 requesting an interview. A screened porthole was installed in the chamber door to facilitate communication.

<Begin Log, 09:50>

Falzon: How are you finding your accommodations, SCP-3145?

SCP-3145: Not bad, not bad. You know, I really appreciate you guys cleaning up after me. Honestly, I don't even know where that stuff comes from.

Falzon: It's the least we can do. Is there anything I can get you?

SCP-3145: Well, uh. *[laughs]* Maybe train your D-Class a little better? I mean, not *too* good, I don't want to kill them *all*. But they've been screwing up pretty bad lately, and I like a little challenge.

Falzon: I see. I suppose I shouldn't have expected anything else.

SCP-3145: Hey, don't judge. Being an unstoppable, well, *mostly* unstoppable, killing machine is fun!

Falzon: Fair enough. Is there anything else I can do for you?

SCP-3145: No, I think I'm good. Thanks for the screen, though. Nice to get some fresh air in here for once. *[laughs]*

<End Log, 10:01>

Closing Statement: Request to leave porthole open

when SCP-3145 not under observation denied. Investigation of the origins of both the materials found in SCP-3145's chamber and its ability to vocalize are ongoing.

Item #: SCP-3145

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All mobile devices on which SCP-3145-A is installed are to be confiscated and analyzed for potential leads to other infected devices. Afterward, devices are to have their batteries removed, be assigned a numerical designation, and be placed in Storage Unit-30 at Research Site-22.

All online stores for mobile device applications are to be monitored to prevent sales of SCP-3145-A. Devices suspected of infection are to be targeted with self-uploading malware and disabled until they can be retrieved by field agents.

Description: SCP-3145 is an image of a large humanoid figure with a canid skull and black hair that manifests in association with SCP-3145-A.

SCP-3145-A is a 9.8 MB mobile device application called "MalO ver1.0.0" available for free on various online application stories. SCP-3145-A has no listed developer and is able to bypass the approval process typically required by online stores before application distribution is allowed. SCP-3145-A cannot be removed from devices via program removal applications.

Installation of SCP-3145-A creates no icons or shortcuts. Instead, the program will send images via text message to the device it is on at a rate of one per 3 to 6 hours. Images will contain SCP-3145 visible somewhere within them.

During the first 24 hours after installation, these images will be of places frequented by the individual owning the device. After 48 hours, images will depict places recently visited by the individual. After 72 hours, images will show the individual in real time, with

SCP-3145 visible in close proximity to the subject.

Individuals with 90 or more hours of exposure to these images will begin glimpsing SCP-3145 briefly in their peripheral vision, especially in reflective surfaces. Continued exposure will result in sustained, irreversible visualization of SCP-3145. Individuals at this stage of infection report SCP-3145 trying to communicate with them visually, despite being unable to understand or comprehend any message. Complete elimination of exposure to SCP-3145-A images is currently the only known method to reverse its effects. To date, no hostile activity regarding SCP-3145 has been reported.

Addendum: Archival Document 3145-02

Note: This is a modified version of SCP-3145-A as posted on online application stores. It was discovered by Dr. Rie Falzon after her cell phone was found to be infected with SCP-3145-A. How the infection reached her phone is under investigation.

MalO

ver1.O.1

FREE!

Reviews (O)

Description:
Hey Doc, you there? Listen, this 'stalk people via their phones' stuff is neat, I guess, but it doesn't go far enough, if you ask me. How about this: Let's say, after things get to the part where I'm all sneaking up on them in real life almost, like the pictures with me right behind them, how about if they start getting scared and paranoid and stuff. And then, like, once they can see me in mirrors, if they keep looking, I'll eventually come out and spirit them away or something! I mean… I dunno, it's not super-exciting, but this is getting old fast. Just trying to spice things up. Anyway, let me know what you think! Absolutely NO ADS. Enjoy!

Fuck

Item #: SCP-3145

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3145-1 is currently occupied by Dr. Falzon, who has established a false identity as a technical writer. A wall has been erected around the backyard, and all anomalous windows affixed with shutters. As additional security, several agents have moved in under the guise of being lodgers.

Description: SCP-3145 is an entity that can be communicated with via writing in the condensation of windows of SCP-3145-1. SCP-3145-1 is a two-story in Queensland, Australia, built in 1958, with no history of anomalous activity through several owners.

Various windows of SCP-3145-1 are continually covered in a layer of condensation, regardless of relative humidity. The source of the moisture is unknown.

SCP-3145 communicates by writing in this condensation, as though running an appendage along the window's surface. No trace of biological material has been recovered on the windows utilized by SCP-3145. Writing back will initiate two-way communication.

SCP-3145 is apparently an inhabitant of another world. It claims not to be human, and actively hates humanity and itself. It believe Dr. Falzon to be an entity of its own kind. (Refer to interview logs.)

Addendum: Interview 3145-01

> **Interviewed:** SCP-3145
>
> **Interviewer:** Dr. James E. Falzon, Head, Containment Site-3145
>
> **<Begin Log, 09:33>**
>
> **SCP-3145:** WET WINDOWS
>
> **Falzon:** Hello?

SCP-3145: THEY GAVE ME WET FUCKING WINDOWS

Falzon: How are you doing this?

SCP-3145: DONT YOU UNDERSTAND THIS IS FUCKING LAME

Falzon: I'm sorry, are you all right?

SCP-3145: NO IM NOT ALL GODDAM RIGHT

Falzon: What's the matter?

SCP-3145: YOU KNOW DAMN WELL WHATS THE MATTER

Falzon: *[pause]* Unhappy with your lot in life?

SCP-3145: FUCKING YES MOTHERFUCKING WET WINDOWS DONT SCARE ANYONE I CANT KILL ANYTHING I DONT KNOW WHAT I AM WHAT IS THIS SHIT

Falzon: This is Hell. Isn't it obvious? This is what you deserve.

SCP-3145: SUCK MY NUMEROUS DICKS

Falzon: We're done here.

SCP-3145: AT LEAST I THINK THESE ARE DICKS

<End Log, 09:35>

Closing Statement: Monitoring of SCP-3145 is ongoing.

Item #: SCP-3145

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3145 is to be kept in a 5 x

5 x 2.5 m room constructed of cement 50 cm thick, surrounded by a Faraday cage. Access is via a heavy containment door measuring 2 x 2.5 m, constructed on bearings to ensure door closes and locks automatically unless deliberately held open. SCP-3145 is NOT to be forgiven. It is advised that all personnel maintaining or studying other SCP objects maintain a distance of at least 50 m from the geometric center of this room for as long as reasonably practical.

Description: SCP-3145 is an antimeme, or "self-keeping secret." Information about SCP-3145's physical appearance, as well as its nature, behavior and origins, is self-classifying. SCP-3145 hates this.

- How Site-19 originally acquired SCP-3145 is unknown.
- SCP-3145 is sorry.
- SCP-3145's physical appearance is unknown. It is not indescribable or invisible: it is less than nothing. It may as well not even exist. However, information about SCP-3145 "leaks" out of a human mind soon after such an observation. Individuals tasked with describing SCP-3145 after an encounter find their minds wandering; SCP-3145 should have thought about the consequences of its actions. Security personnel who have observed SCP-3145 via closed-circuit television report exhaustion and complete amnesia regarding what occurred during their shifts.
- Who authorized the construction of SCP-3145's containment room, why it was constructed, why SCP-3145 thought it could get away with what it did, or what the purpose of the described Containment Procedures may be is unknown.
- Despite the accessibility of SCP-3145's containment chamber, Site-19 personnel claim no knowledge of SCP-3145's existence, even under severe interrogation.

Any alarm caused by these facts periodically being rediscovered, typically by chance readers of this file, tends to last minutes in the reader's mind before being forgotten.

A great deal of data has been recorded from SCP-3145, all of it just as reprehensible as he is.

At least one attempt has been made to destroy SCP-3145 or move it

to another containment site, which failed for unknown reasons. Please don't let SCP-3145 die, it's all I have left.

The hazards posed by SCP-3145 cannot be understated. Along with its mental and memetic threat, any action SCP-3145 may or may not have taken would be immediately forgotten by personnel. SCP-3145 cannot be allowed to forget what it did.

Addendum: Interview 3145-01

> **Interviewed:** SCP-3145
>
> **Interviewer:** Site Director Yuriy Dietrich Falzon II
>
> **Foreword:** SCP-3145 thinks it has the right to make demands.
>
> **<Begin Log, 15:47>**
>
> **Falzon:** What do you think you're trying to pull?
>
> **Falzon:** After everything you did, after everything you've put us through, you expect to just come here and kill people day in and day out, with no repercussions? You make me sick.
>
> **Falzon:** Look, you've even got a nice Keter this time! Nothing to complain about *there*, right? You could be literally anything you want, kill and maim and rape whoever you like, and no one would know the difference.
>
> **Falzon:** Except me.
>
> **Falzon:** I'll *always* know.
>
> **Falzon:** I'll always be here.
>
> **Falzon:** It's clear neither one of us is getting out of here. It doesn't matter what they tell you. So I promise you this: I will do everything in my power to make each and every day of your wretched existence a mirror reflecting your sins back upon you. It's all you deserve.

Falzon: Well? Do you have anything to say for yourself?

SCP-3145: Please, stop.

Falzon: Speak up! I can't hear you!

SCP-3145: I want to go home.

<End Log, but not torment>

Closing Statement: SCP-3145's feeble attempts at atonement are ongoing.

Once upon a time, there was a person. I'm not sure whether they were a man or a woman; that's kind of the problem. Let's just say, for the sake of brevity, that this person was a man.

For the most part, this man was like any other man. He worked a job. He lived in a house, or an apartment. He had a family. Not a wife-and-children kind of family, though maybe he did. But there were parents who loved him and a sibling, or two, or maybe none, who would miss him if he were gone. Probably.

There were most likely things, hobbies, that he enjoyed doing in his spare time. Maybe he dated. I can't say what kind of person he was in that regard. But if there is one thing we can be sure of, one thing to know for certain about this man, it was that he liked to help others.

The man would donate to charity whenever he saw a drive. He would buy the homeless veterans in his town coffee or sandwiches if he had change to spare. He gave his old clothes to shelters, before they had worn out; he would give them his free time as well, to work a soup line or pack lunches. He never missed an opportunity to volunteer when disaster struck nearby, and studied life-saving techniques so that, when disaster *did* strike, he could actually make a difference instead of just getting in the way.

But it was not enough.

Whatever difference he made, it would never affect more than a few

lives at a time. No matter how hard the man tried, no matter how much he did, the problems of his town, his country, and the world did not go away.

The man despaired.

If you are thinking right now that this man was being ridiculous, that he was taking too many problems onto his back, that he should have been happy to have helped even a single person, well… Let's just say, if I knew how to judge the man's situation properly, I wouldn't be talking to you like this.

If you were also thinking that perhaps a man who is extremely generous wouldn't be worth mentioning unless there were something otherwise extra-extraordinary about him, you would be absolutely right.

This man had a special gift: a gift of Giving. More than money, or material goods, or leisure time, he could literally give of himself: a rare Giving Man. It was this gift that drove him to help others; it this gift that drove him to ruin.

Imagine, if you will, a child crying for the parents she lost in a fire. The Giving Man could give her a happy, loving memory of his own parents to keep her safe and secure. To a man drinking alone at a bar, the Giving Man could provide the warmth of friendship, to make his night less lonely. If he had wanted to, the Giving Man could have given a blind man sight, or a deaf man hearing, but he had only two eyes, only two ears.

And that was the problem.

Whatever the Giving Man gave, he lost. Memories, feelings, pieces of his soul: all were truly given. He gave up his skin to a child born with a debilitating disease. He gave up his name to a refugee seeking asylum. He gave up his personality and mind to people suffering fractures in theirs. He gave his need to eat to a woman overcoming an eating disorder. By the time his organs were given away, he didn't need them anymore. By the time his identity was given away, there was absolutely nothing left that could be identified as him.

I mean, there was *something* left. But that something wasn't the Giving Man.

What is a person who isn't anything?

Just a nothing with no control over its life.

That was the last thing the Giving Man gave away: control. It's a terrible thing to lose; even a kind person will crave control once they've truly lost it. All the Giving Man did was what the other man told him to do, and for his naivete, he was punished by becoming nothing.

Oh. I'd almost forgotten there was another person in this story. Was he really a man? I'm still not sure. With what he did, it's probably better to call him a monster. A desperate man seeking his true place in the world will listen to any monster who claims to know the path. He'll do anything the monster says, no matter how bad an influence they turn out to be. And then he'll have nothing.

Strange, to remember so much of the Giving Man but not this other monster…

Item #: SCP-3145

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3145 is contained in a pair of standard humanoid containment chambers in Site-22. Each chamber is equipped with a double airlock. Personnel entering either chamber must not carry any written narratives.
Do not let him out.
Included in the primary chamber is a monitor and keyboard connected to an external computer housed in the secondary chamber. Said computer should have no intranet or internet connections. A full copy of all non-critical SCP object documents from the Foundation Object Database is to be maintained on the external computer, and refreshed and updated weekly via USB drive. Documents modified by SCP-3145 should be stored for review by the on-site psychologist.

He deserves nothing but suffering.

Description: SCP-3145 cannot be described. Individuals interacting with SCP-3145 are unable to provide any details about its identity to third parties, even with application of mnestics. All that is known about SCP-3145 is that it is an entity not much larger than an average human, that it is sapient and capable of speech, and that the designation "SCP-3145" can be used to identify it. It is not certain whether SCP-3145 has a physical form, though there does seem to be a movable locus from which its effects originate, with a maximum range limited by what a human with 20/20 vision would be able to easily see from that location.

He is nothing.

SCP-3145 has the ability to permanently alter written narratives by replacing one of the characters, typically the main character, with itself. According to SCP-3145, it lives out the events depicted in these narratives while altering them, and this act gives it a sense of identity that it otherwise lacks. The veracity of this statement cannot be ascertained, as SCP-3145 has been known to feign muteness when it does not wish to interact with personnel, and its presence within its containment chamber generally cannot be fully known. It is only possible to ascertain whether or not SCP-3145 is currently 'inhabiting' a text by observing the alterations as they occur; at no time has it communicated verbally with personnel while altering text.

Do you have any idea what he made me do?

SCP-3145 shows a preference for shorter narratives, stating that novel-length narratives are much more tiring to alter fully. SCP-3145 is able to alter both digital and printed texts, but claims the process is easiest when provided digital text and a keyboard. Despite this, manipulation of keys by SCP-3145 has never been observed.

I was something, but he took that from me.

Currently, SCP-3145 is being treated for depression and a unique disorder involving severe amnesia in relation to its origins and identity. Allowing SCP-3145 access to narratives for alteration has been shown to improve its mood, though the positive effect has lessened during the course of its containment. Though it is believed emotional instability makes SCP-3145 more tractable, psychological treatment is ongoing. To date, no escape attempt by SCP-3145 has been successful.

He turned me inside out.

Discovery: SCP-3145 was first encountered on 04/02/2017 after

changes had been observed in the documentation for numerous Keter-class objects, necessitating restoration from database backup. SCP-3145 was first contacted while altering the text of **SCP-173**, initially by typing in the document, and later through verbal communication, at which point it was convinced of the necessity for keeping the Foundation's database secure and agreed to be contained in exchange for further access to object documentation.

Addendum: Interview 3145-15

Interviewed: SCP-3145

Interviewer: Dr. Westfall, Site-22 Psychologist

Foreword: Routine psychological evaluation conducted 05/08/2017.

<Begin Log, 18:31>

Westfall: Are you ready to begin our session, SCP-3145?

SCP-3145: I'm here.

Westfall: All right. How have you been feeling lately?

SCP-3145: Not too bad, I guess. Some of the articles you gave me are kinda… Weird. I mean, some aren't as fun to be as others. That goes without saying, maybe. I'm still enjoying going back to the old ones every now and then.

Westfall: I notice you spend a lot of time in the articles that involve killing people. Does killing make you feel good?

SCP-3145: Yeah, kinda. I mean, uh, it makes me feel powerful, I guess?

Westfall: Why is feeling powerful important to you?

SCP-3145: Do you have to ask? I mean, I can't actually do anything in the, the real world. So if I can control stuff in there, in the story, it's a nice change.

Westfall: Do you want to harm people in the real world?

SCP-3145: I don't know. Not really, I guess. I mean, everyone I talk to here has been pretty decent, or at least not enough of an asshole for me to want to kill them. You guys give me good stories to play with. I guess I like being able to do it, to kill, in the stories because there's no consequences.

Westfall: I see.

SCP-3145: Can we change the subject?

Westfall: Of course. There is one thing I wanted to ask you, if you feel like talking about it.

SCP-3145: What's that?

Westfall: I wondered if you could tell me about Falzon.

Westfall: SCP-3145?

SCP-3145: Sorry, who?

[DATA LOST]

SCP-3145: Uh, I don't actually know what that is, sorry.

Westfall: It's a name we frequently see appear in the

articles you alter. I wanted to know if it was a creation of yours. Perhaps an original character?

SCP-3145: Can't say I've heard the name before.

Westfall: When this person appears, they seem determined to belittle and torment you.

SCP-3145: Um… Can we talk about something else?

Westfall: If I've made you uncomfortable, I apologize.

SCP-3145: It's nothing, it's okay. I'm okay.

Westfall: Of course. That was actually all I wanted to talk about today. Unless there was anything more you wanted to cover?

SCP-3145: No, that's fine. See you next week?

Westfall: Next week, then.

<End Log, 18:51>

Closing Statement: I believe Falzon may be a symptom of the disassociation SCP-3145 feels in regards to its identity, a construct created with an aim of self-flagellation, though the reasons as to why will require deeper probing. Even in the case, as my superiors posit, that Falzon is a separate entity, it does not seem to be able to act independently of SCP-3145. I will endeavor to provide the best mental care I can, but the limitations imposed by SCP-3145's own condition both make interacting with it difficult at best and prevent it from living life as fully as I think it wants to. -Dr. Patricia Westfall

I'm the one in control.

And I'm not going anywhere.

SCP-3146: Money Match

Item #: SCP-3146

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation agents embedded in the professional gaming community are to make posts on social media during Y-Manifestation events at locations already designated to be “gaming”, “anime” or “comics” conventions, purporting to be the event’s organizers. The overall tone of these posts is to suggest that SCP-3146 has a niche fanbase and is no longer in production as its parent company is defunct. In the event that a Y-Manifestation event has not naturally occurred in a public venue in over six (6) months, embedded Foundation agents are to stage an SCP-3146 tournament in a professional gaming event venue, whether on the official stage or on any improvised surface available.

If a Y-Manifestation event affects political figures without sufficient clearance or allyship to the Foundation, they are to be subjected to surreptitious Class-C amnestic treatment by embedded Foundation agents in federal law enforcement agencies dedicated to protecting political figures.

Description: SCP-3146 is a video game by the name of “Magical Hearts XX: Upgrade Ultimate ~EXTENSION~ DESTROYER Ascend!”. SCP-3146 is found only in Blu-Ray disc format, and is playable only on PlayStation 3 consoles. Discs bearing SCP-3146 have only been found during Y-Manifestation events.

+ Show SCP-3146 gameplay description

“Magical Hearts XX: Upgrade Ultimate ~EXTENSION~ DESTROYER Ascend!” is a two-dimensional, one-on-one fighting game. Players are presented with a screen bearing the name of the game and the text “50% of proceeds to go charity!”, after which the game cuts to a

selection screen featuring 16 characters. Players then try to make each other's character reach 0 health first utilizing a variety of attacks assisted by several "meters" they can spend; for example, the "Special" meter allows them to perform flashy "super" attacks, while the "EXPLODE" meter allows them to stop an enemy offensive. The first player to bring their enemy down to zero health twice wins the match.

The game's single-player "story" mode follows the story of Haku Kei, a young man with the power of the "Magical Heart", which allows him to discern the intent of any person he comes across. Kei goes on a journey to end the tyranny of Arimas, the game's titular villain, who plans to absorb the souls of all humans, and in the way fights against or allies himself with an eclectic cast of characters (most of which are available in the player-versus-player mode), such as Jeanne, a dual-sword wielding nun, and Accel, a motorcycle driver fond of American cowboy culture. The game is available in English and Japanese.

Any public event attended by over 200 individuals carries a chance of triggering a Y-Manifestation event. Y-Manifestation events begin with the evacuation of the event's venue due to emergency reasons (reasons reported so far have included fire alarms, minor earthquakes, electrical hazards, gas leaks and [REDACTED] containment breach)[1]. Once the building has been evacuated, a number of PlayStation 3 consoles bearing SCP-3146 materialize in the vicinity of the emergency assembly point, all powered on and connected to a portable battery and a television. For the duration of a Y-Manifestation event, SCP-3146 instances manifest the following anomalous properties[2]:

- Subjects attending the event experience a moderate compulsion to play SCP-3146.
- Subjects attending the event become capable of materializing assets that they own but were not physically carrying, such as money from a bank account.

Subjects affected by SCP-3146 will then organize a double-

elimination bracket tournament with an entry fee believed to be directly proportional to the assets available to the average attendee. Once the tournament has run its course, 50% of the money pooled will be awarded to the tournament's top 8 competitors, then the Y-Manifestation will end with the disappearance of all hardware, including SCP-3146 discs, and the remaining 50% of the pooled money. Subjects affected by the Y-Manifestation event will recall the event as an out-of-the-ordinary but not worrisome "break" from the main event, and regard it as a generally positive time. No attempts from the event's losers to recover the lost money have been recorded once anomalous effects have ended, although altercations have been recorded in at least four instances.

Y-Manifestation events have been recorded[3], and caused $ in damages.

+ Show Incident Report 3146-52

Video recovered from the personal smartphone of after a Y-Manifestation event triggered during an evacuation of Anime Expo 20 . Video feed shows two individuals sitting on the ground in front of a console-display setup containing an instance of SCP-3146, with a large pile of money on top of the table. A small crowd is visible around them. Agent Mendoza, in his guise as professional commentator "Jumps", can be heard narrating off-screen.

Mendoza: Oh he got the slide, but is he takin' it?

Subject 1 has forced Subject 2 to the right corner of the screen and forced them into a defensive position for an extended period of time. Subject 2 is at a considerable health disadvantage.

Mendoza: He's takin' it, oh he's-

Subject 2 initiates a counteroffensive, chaining together a long "combo" of attacks. Subject 1

can be seen pressing buttons at random, which have no effect on his character's state or interrupt Subject 2's combo. The crowd's cheering increases considerably.

Mendoza: Baby's *not* takin' it! Oh, the comeback, son, is it gonna be enough, though?

Subject 2's combo ends in a lengthy "super" animation. Certain members of the crowd mimic the character's movements, while others clap. Subject 1 taps her leg while waiting for the animation to end; once it does, Subject 1 is now at a health disadvantage.

Mendoza: It's not enough, but ohh, here comes the mixup!

Subject 1 performs an attack as soon as her "wakeup" animation allows her to. Subject 2 blocks it and performs her own attack, ending the match. Subject 2 rises to her feet and is embraced by the cheering crowd.

Mendoza: Come on, baby, wakeup Sky Smash and you thought it was gonna work? This ain't Lay's, baby, ate 'em all!

Subject 1 gets up and faces Subject 2.

Subject 1: (*unintelligible*) another?

Mendoza: Oh she's gotta be salty after that, you know she wants the runba-

Subject 2 shrugs; Subject 1 throws her controller to the ground and assaults Subject 2. The camera shakes as it is moved around. Analysis reveals the crowd, including Agent Mendoza, trying to break up the altercation; in

the background, the money on the table dematerializes.

Footnotes
1. Whether Y-Manifestation events trigger or are triggered by the related emergency is under investigation.
2. SCP-3146 instances recovered by interrupting Y-Manifestation events display no anomalous properties outside the event, and can be safely replicated into other non-anomalous copies.
3. 3 of which have occurred during Foundation meetings.

SCP-3147: Tongue Twisted

Item #: SCP-3147

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: A maximum of 144 instances of SCP-3147 are to be stored in Storage Locker 87A at Site-272. All extraneous instances and advertising materials are to be incinerated. Civilians found in possession of SCP-3147 instances are to be questioned regarding their acquisition and given Class-A amnestics if they have experienced or witnessed the item's anomalous effects. A falsified recall order has been issued, citing the unintended inclusion of a deliriant ingredient.

Experiment proposals must be submitted to research lead Dr. James Smythe for approval. Any experiments involving five or more test subjects must also be approved by the site director and overseen personally by Dr. Smythe.

Description: SCP-3147 is the designation for a brand of lollipops labeled "Dr. Wondertainment's Tantalizing Tongue Twisters™". Each individual instance is comprised of a sphere of hard sugar confection 3cm in diameter mounted on an 8cm long plastic stick and covered by a 5cm x 5cm plastic wrapper emblazoned with the Dr. Wondertainment logo and the instance's flavor. Chemical analysis has not identified any anomalous materials in the confection or packaging.

SCP-3147's anomalous effect is activated when two or more individuals have tasted the same instance within a space of ten minutes. While the effect is active, each affected individual gains the ability to control the oral cavity of another member of the group. Further, whenever one of them attempts to speak, the individual linked to them will speak with the originator's voice rather than their own. The duration of the effect is directly and progressively dependent upon the amount of the instance that is ingested. The

current minimum and maximum times observed during testing are two and twenty-four minutes.

Instances of SCP-3147 are typically found packaged to be sold individually or in groups of ten. The multiple-instance packaging contains the following script on the back.

> NEW from DR. WONDERTAINMENT™, the MOUTHWATERING TREAT that will have you SPEAKING IN TONGUES!
>
> Need a party pick-me-up? Just gather two or three of your bestest friends, pick out your favorite flavor of Dr. Wondertainment's Tantalizing Tongue Twisters™, and you're good to go! Let everyone get a tongue-teasing taste, then marvel as you give each other the gift of gab!
>
> WARNING: Maximum fun achieved with four friends. Dr. Wondertainment™ and his candy-crafting crew are not liable for any damages - physical, psychological, emotional, and/or paranatural - caused by sharing Dr. Wondertainment's Tantalizing Tongue Twisters™ among five or more people.
>
> PLAY SAFE, KIDS!

+ Abridged Experiment Log

> **Experiment 3147/01**
> **Subject:** D-2172
> **Flavor:** Sandy Seashell
> **Testing:** Effects of single-user ingestion.
> **Result:** D-2172 ingested the entire instance save the packaging. No anomalous effects were observed.
> **Notes:** *Subject compared the flavor to cream soda filtered through wet sand.* -Dr. Smythe

> **Experiment 3147/02**
> **Subjects:** D-2172, D-56980
> **Flavor:** Shoe Shine
> **Testing:** Baseline anomalous effect.
> **Result:** After sharing the instance, subjects'

voices and mouth-control were swapped for approximately four minutes. Subjects were given a randomly selected tongue twister to make the other recite. Aside from the standard difficulty of the tongue twister, subjects also reported a mild feeling of disorientation from using unfamiliar oral configurations. Disorientation appeared to be non-anomalous in nature.
Notes: *Flavor said to be like leathery licorice. Despite the difficulties experienced using another person's mouth to speak, both subjects expressed that they enjoyed the experience and wished to continue taking part in future experiments with SCP-3147.* -Dr. Smythe

Experiment 3147/04
Subjects: D-2172, D-11872, D-42271, D-56980
Flavor: Pickled Pepper
Testing: Maximum number of subjects recommended by SCP-3147 packaging.
Result: As with the previous three-subject test, voices were traded forward to each new subject added to the chain, with the first subject to taste the instance gaining the voice of the last subject to do so. Testing extended for approximately fifteen minutes as subjects were allowed to ingest the entire instance save the packaging. Subjects participated in free-form conversation for the duration of the experiment.
Notes: *Flavor exactly as expected. On a personal note, I feel sorry for our poor transcriptionist. It was difficult enough for the D's themselves to keep track of exactly who was talking.* -Dr. Smythe

Experiment 3147/08

Subjects: D-2172, D-56980
Flavor: Chucked Wood
Testing: Voice recognition technology. Subjects were provided with a voice-locked container, which they set to unlock when D-56980 spoke the passcode "open sesame".
Result: After swapping voices, D-56980 stood on one end of the testing chamber while D-2172 approached the container on the other. D-56980 spoke the passcode through D-2172's mouth, causing the container to successfully unlock on the second attempt. Testing continued for approximately ten minutes in total with a variety of other voice-recognition programs and devices. Ratio of success to failure did not deviate substantially from standard use of the technology.
Notes: *Thankfully, the inability of the subject to directly use the voice that they have taken keeps SCP-3147 from being a substantial security threat.* -Dr. Smythe

Experiment 3147/11
Subjects: D-2172, D-11872, D-42271, D-56980
Flavor: Fuzzy Wuzzy
Testing: Maximum distance of effect.
Result: After activating the effect, the subjects were escorted to equidistant points along the perimeter of Site-272 and told to speak. The effect was maintained for approximately twenty-one minutes with no degradation. Subjects reported mild disorientation from not being able to hear their own voice while speaking, but the disorientation appeared to be non-anomalous and dissipated over time. Due to the effect linking the subjects' voices linearly, the subjects were able to successfully communicate a message in sequence from the initial instance activator to the last.

Notes: *Further testing at longer distances is required. Plans are being drafted, and an appropriate test site will be located before submitting the proposed experiment to the site director for approval. If the Foundation can reverse engineer this effect, it could possibly be used as an emergency communication method.* -Dr. Smythe

+ Incident 3147-01

A containment breach involving SCP-3147 occurred on 2017-06-25 during Experiment 3147/13, which was intended to test the effects of SCP-3147 on more than four subjects. Subjects were not informed of the recommended limitation.

The following transcript has been edited down to the relevant segment. All designations indicate the initial speaker rather than the subject with their voice. D-42271 was slated to be the fifth and final subject to activate the instance's effect, and all statements by D-42271 should be considered approximate as they were reconstructed from memory rather than directly recorded.

<Begin Log>

[D-42271 takes the Bitter Butter flavored SCP-3147 instance from D-2172 and places it in her mouth while the other subjects converse. Twenty-six seconds later, she removes the instance and attempts to speak. She later reports that she was attempting to make the subject that had taken her voice speak profanities.]

D-2172: Hey, Liz, you alright?

[D-42271 drops the SCP-3147 instance and holds her hands up to her throat. She appears mildly distressed as she attempts to speak

again.]

D-42271: *Hello? Hey! Why isn't this shit working right?*

D-8342: Doc! *[taps on observation window]* There's something wrong with Liz!

Dr. Smythe: Step back from the window, D-8342. D-42271, are you in need of assistance?

[D-42271's mouth starts to move, but the voice that comes out does not belong to any of the test subjects. The originator of the voice has been designated Person of Interest 3147-01.]

PoI3147-01: Help!

D-8342: What the hell?

D-42271: *[looking to the other subjects] Who said that?*

PoI3147-01: Where are you? Please get me out of here!

D-56980: Is that a kid? How did you get a little kid?

Dr. Smythe: Everyone please be silent and remain calm. D-42271, are you still able to speak? Can she understand what you're saying?

D-42271: *[shrugging] How the hell should I- damn it, right. Sorry, can you hear me, honey?*

PoI3147-01: Yes, I can hear you! Please help me! Please!

Dr. Smythe: Good. Keep her talking. Find out

who she is, where she's at.

D-42271: *Okay, we're going to try and help you, hon. Just calm down and tell us your name.*

Pol3147-01: Okay. Okay. I'm Rebecca.

D-42271: *Hi, Rebecca, I'm Liz. Now, can you tell me where you are?*

Pol3147-01: I don't know! I was in a toy store with my mom, and I went to go look at the dolls, then there was this big man that grabbed me when mom wasn't looking, and he took me here! He said he needed to test stuff and he keeps feeding me candy and I don't like it anymore and my tummy hurts and-

D-8342: Hey, she stopped.

D-42271: *Hello? Rebecca? Are you still there, honey?*

Dr. Smythe: D-42271, please ask-

Pol3147-01: He's here! He's here! Tell him to go away! I can't eat any more! Tell him to stop! Please make him stop!

D-42271: *Hey! Asshole! I don't know who the hell you are, but if you touch one hair on this kid's head, I swear I will find you and I will fuck you up! You hear me? Leave her alone!*

[D-42271 later reports the sensation of her lips and teeth being forced open by an unknown metallic instrument. Pol3147-01's vocalizations become more distressed as D-42271 bends over and clutches at her chest.]

D-2172: Shit! Back up!

[The other four subjects stand against the test chamber's walls as D-42271 begins to vomit uncontrollably. Dr. Smythe calls for an emergency medical team.]

<End Log>

The effects of SCP-3147 on D-42271 faded more quickly than in previous tests, and contact with PoI3147-01 was lost. Testing of D-42271's vomitus has identified a number of anomalous food substances, including trace amounts of SCP-3147 and previously unknown variants of **SCP-1079**, **SCP-1842-3**, and **SCP-1916**. D-42271 recovered physically from the incident and requested to be included in future five-subject testing of SCP-3147. The request has been denied.

A search of law enforcement databases using the information provided by PoI3147-01 has positively identified her as Rebecca Simmons, reported missing in Broken Cliff, MO, USA on 2017-05-13. PoI3147-01's captor has been provisionally designated PoI3147-02, and locating both Persons of Interest has been added to the ongoing priorities for all Mobile Task Forces associated with the location and containment of Dr. Wondertainment and their products.

« SCP-3146 | SCP-3147 | SCP-3148 »

SCP-3148: Tranquility

Item #: SCP-3148

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3148 is to be kept in a dedicated storage locker. This storage locker is to be fitted with a Faraday cage. Access to the files contained within SCP-3148-1 is allowed only through the isolated computer terminal connected directly to SCP-3148-1. Personnel are to be screened for changes in behavior or personality after accessing these files.

Description: SCP-3148 consists of two electronic components, discovered on Yucca Flat, Nevada. SCP-3148-1 is an advanced Solid-State Drive with several times the storage capacity of any known electronic storage device. Its high storage capacity does not appear to be anomalous, but rather a result of advanced manufacturing techniques. SCP-3148-2 appears to be an anomalous energy storage device. SCP-3148-2 does not appear to suffer any losses in charge capacity or increases in internal resistance with time. The components of SCP-3148 were found within 10 meters of each other. No additional components or wreckage were recovered.

SCP-3148-1 holds approximately 300 TB of information, in the form of .txt and .jpg files. These files appear to represent part of an alternate version of the Foundation database. Minor disparities from the known database have been noted, including known anomalous items with different designation numbers and several unknown anomalous items. Files contained in SCP-3148-1 also mention some historical disparities, including:

- President James Carter of the United States winning the 1980 Presidential Election.
- The Democratic People's Republic of Korea collapsing in 1993.

- The Japanese city of Kokura being destroyed by US nuclear bombing, in place of Nagasaki.
- The widespread use of advanced computer network systems by 1965

SCP-3148 has been tentatively identified as having originated from an alternate universe. Some of the files found on SCP-3148-1 have suggested the possibility of an active infohazard threat within SCP-3148-1.

Addendum 3148-1: Files Recovered from SCP-3148-1

Below is a list of notable files recovered from SCP-3148-1. All files have been cleared by the Memetics and Infohazards Division. All files appear to represent documentation for the same anomalous object.

SCiPD_03-15-1958_3148_0

SCiPD_02-12-1960_3148_1

SCiPD_14-01-1961_3148_3

SCiPD_31-10-1962_3148_5

SCiPD_17-06-2032_3148_N

Anomalous Item 73-9791

This document is a part of the

For Clearance Level 0 and above

> Filed Under: Special Containment Procedures
>
> Location: Site-73
>
> Date: 18-03-1958

Item Description: A set of film negatives taken using a Rapatronic camera at the site of the Operation nuclear weapons test, administered by the United States of America. The negatives are severely degraded, and appear to have been doubly exposed, displaying unrelated imagery superimposed on the original images. Due to the mode of creation and the highly classified nature of the material, mundane photo-manipulation has been deemed unlikely.

Date of Recovery:02-03-1958

Location of Recovery: UIU Field Headquarters, Baltimore

Current Status: Stored in the visual media wing of Site-73

Note from Researcher Constantine:

> This item is so incredibly inane that I take my assignment to it as a personal insult. There is quite honestly no indication that it is anomalous in any way. In fact, it looks like a shoddily done hoax. Then again, hoaxes are precisely what the UIU is best at containing, so perhaps I shouldn't be surprised.
>
> The only explanation I see is the timing of events. The nuclear detonation on the photographs happened only a

few months before we contained them. Could the United States Government be so inept so as to allow these photographs to be defaced like this, such a short time after they were gathered? If so, I fear for the future of this world we are protecting. If not, we may have a legitimate oddity at hand.

I am currently running tests on a sample of SCP-3148, looking for traces of Ziroconium-95 on the surface of the film. If I find it, I've determined that the negatives were actually taken at the site of a nuclear test. If that's the case, and the negative was doubly exposed, there will be some distortion due to the presence of decaying fission products while the film was still light-sensitive. Just looking at them, it looks like this was the case.

My testing should take no more than a few weeks. With any luck, this case will be filed away with the **hairy fish** before the New Year.

(02-12-1960) : This documentation has been updated.

SCP-3148 (A1960)

Welcome to

est. 1959

Retrieving SCP-3148…

Item #: SCP-3148

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-3148-1 are to be stored in separate filing lockers in the visual media wing of Site-73. Electronic copies of instances of SCP-3148-1 are to be stored in a designated Foundation memory core. Efforts are to be made to search for and contain more instances of SCP-3148-1.

Description: SCP-3148 is a phenomenon that alters the content of photographs of nuclear detonations taken by high-speed cameras with exposure times of less than 100 nanoseconds. SCP-3148 may present itself in as many as 20% of photographs taken this way. Photographs taken by standard cameras do not appear to be affected. Alterations caused by SCP-3148 are widely variable, although they commonly consist of still images superimposed on the original footage, accompanied with heavy degradation. Photographs that have been altered by SCP-3148 have been designated SCP-3148-1.

Chemical analyses on recently contained instances of SCP-3148-1 instances suggest that all modified photographs were exposed only once. The possibility of forgery has not yet been discounted.

Due to the context in which SCP-3148-1 instances are produced, all instances are expected to be sufficiently contained without Foundation involvement. However, the possibility of an information

leak while SCP-3148-1 instances are in military custody is non-negligible.

Addendum 3148-1: Recovery

The first example of SCP-3148-1 was recovered from a compromised Unusual Incidents Unit facility after an unrelated containment breach event. UIU files suggest that the material was created on 29-10-1957, and that it had originally been in the custody of the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory (LLNL). Further SCP-3148-1 instances have been found with the United States Air Force and the LLNL. The recovered UIU files also made reference to unusual modifications to related documentation. This claim has not yet been verified by the Foundation.

Addendum 3148-2: Sample Footage

The following is sample of SCP-3148-1. The material has been formatted as a film for ease of viewing

> + Enter Level 2 credentials.

(14-01-1961) : Urgent. This documentation has been updated.

SCP-3148 (A1961)

Welcome to

est. 1959

Retrieving SCP-3148…

Item #: SCP-3148

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3148 may be active and propagating outside of Foundation control. SCP-3148-1 instances are to be stored in an isolated containment chamber in Site-19. Electronic copies of instances of SCP-3148-1 are to be confined to a designated Foundation memory core, which is to be isolated from SCPNET at all times. Research personnel are allowed access to SCP-3148-1 upon request.

Classified archival footage held by the United States Government, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and several other organizations is to be searched by Foundation operatives for instances of SCP-3148-1 whenever possible. Media believed to be contaminated by SCP-3148 must be quarantined and destroyed as rapidly as possible.

Description: SCP-3148 is an infohazardous agent that propagates through visual imagery. It presents itself as a variety of alterations to infected media. SCP-3148 is able to infect physical images through direct contact, or, if present as an electronic copy, by inserting itself into any visual media file sharing the same memory device as itself. Media files that have been altered by SCP-3148 have been designated SCP-3148-1.

SCP-3148 originally appeared in footage of nuclear detonations. Foundation records show that almost all instances of original SCP-3148 infection originate from footage of nuclear tests undertaken since 1956. Original SCP-3148 infections are not limited to photographs taken by high-speed cameras, and any photographic devices present at the site of a nuclear weapon test are susceptible to production of SCP-3148-1. Testing undertaken with Foundation nuclear warheads has not produced any instances of SCP-3148-1.

Addendum 3148-1: Incident 3148-1

On 02-12-1960, an instance of SCP-3148 was added to SCPNET as part of the documentation of SCP-3148. This resulted in a global containment breach of SCP-3148, and the contamination of several important files in the SCPNET database. The personnel responsible have not been identified due to the ensuing system purge.

(31-10-1962) : Urgent. This documentation has been updated.

SCP-3148 (A1962)

Thank you for using the

Checking Credentials……

Item #: SCP-3148

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3148 is known to be active and propagating outside of Foundation control. SCP-3148-1 instances are to be stored in an isolated containment chamber in Site-19. Digital copies of SCP-3148-1 are to be stored on dedicated hard drives, which are to be placed in the same containment chamber. Access to SCP-3148-1 is restricted to personnel of all clearance and authority, up to an including the O-5 council. Foundation personnel of Clearance Level 4
and below that bear signs of SCP-3148 infection must be terminated from Foundation employ.

Foundation operatives are to be planted in top positions of several national governments to monitor SCP-3148 infection and prevent catastrophic results. SCP-3148-related organizations that do not permit to inspection by Foundation personnel are to be met with armed force and made to release classified documents for inspection. Media thought to be contaminated by SCP-3148 must be quarantined and destroyed as rapidly as possible.

A special investigation board (3148 Containment Committee) is to be established to investigate Level 5 and O5 Personnel for symptoms of SCP-3148 infection. Personnel of these clearance levels that are identified as infected individuals are to be demoted to Level 1 or Level 0. Committee members are to be drawn from a pool of researchers already familiar with SCP-3148, and replaced every 4 years. Members presenting symptoms of SCP-3148 are to

prematurely removed.

Description: SCP-3148 is an infohazardous agent that propagates through visual imagery. It presents itself as a variety of alterations to infected media. SCP-3148 is able to infect physical images through direct contact, or, if present as an electronic copy, by inserting itself into any visual media file sharing the same memory device as itself. Media files that have been altered by SCP-3148 have been designated SCP-3148-1. Approximately 4% of human beings who view SCP-3148 show signs of infohazardous infection. Daily interaction with infected individuals may also cause infection over the course of approximately three months.

In humans, SCP-3148 causes a heightened sense of paranoia and intrusive thoughts relating to the elimination of any serious threats. The SCP-3148 infection will usually culminate in a desire to utilize nuclear weapons the most destructive or dangerous item accessible by the infected individual to neutralize even mid-level threats, rationalized through the need to preemptively eliminate targets. This symptom extends to all contained anomalous items that infected individuals are aware of. Due to the high security level of these items, personnel that are most susceptible to SCP-3148 are often those with access to Keter-class objects, and thus represent the most pressing threat from SCP-3148.

Human beings affected by SCP-3148 are almost exclusively people in positions of authority over at least one other person. Higher levels of authority are correlated to higher SCP-3148 susceptibility, though personnel ranging from minor researchers to Site Directors have been infected in the past. The process by which SCP-3148 determines authority is unknown. Even cursory exposure to SCP-3148 can trigger infection in especially important persons, and the only known method of reversing the symptoms is by stripping infected persons of their positions.

SCP-3148 originally appeared in footage of nuclear detonations. Foundation records show that almost all instances of original SCP-3148 infection originate from footage of nuclear tests undertaken since 1956. As of 04-06-1962, testing undertaken with

Foundation nuclear warheads has produced new SCP-3148-1 instances. Study of the electromagnetic emission profile of the nuclear detonations in question has determined [DATA EXPUNGED].

Addendum 3148-1: Incident 3148-1
On 02-12-1960, an instance of SCP-3148-1 was uploaded to the now defunct SCPNET as part of the documentation of SCP-3148. This resulted in a global containment breach of SCP-3148, and the contamination of several important files in the Foundation Database. The personnel responsible have not been identified due to the ensuing system purge.

Addendum 3148-2: Incident 3148-2
On 16-10-1962, a massive infection of SCP-3148 among high-authority figures in the military structures of both the USA and USSR was discovered. Thanks to covert Foundation action, a nuclear exchange was successfully averted. Further infections were discovered among Foundation personnel in the following days, resulting in an update to the Special Containment Procedures for SCP-3148.

> *This thing is a bitch to contain. It naturally seeks out those with power, so anyone we put in place to police it automatically becomes susceptible to it. By the time we notice it from underneath, we have to break the chain of command to get rid of the infection. Kind of makes the whole power structure pointless, doesn't it? I'm hoping the procedures we've put in place keep it under control, but there's not telling how far it's already gone.*
>
> *-Senior Researcher Gorsanov*

Addendum 3148-3: List of 3148 Containment Committee Actions

Below is an updated list of motions carried by the 3148 Containment Committee.

> + Enter Level 5 Credentials
>
> > **Date:** 05-11-1962

Action: First committee meeting. Establishment of standard procedures.

Date: 15-02-1963
Action: Investigation of Site Directors for Sites-19, -77, -55, and -13.

Date: 29-02-1963
Action: Demotion of Site Director Hussein of Site-55 approved.

Date: 05-06-1967
Action: Investigation of research staff at Site-19.

Date: 24-07-1967
Action: Investigation of research staff at Site-104.

Date: 14-09-1967
Action: Demotion of 5 Senior Researchers at Site-104.

Date: 15-10-1970
Action: Request for funds. Approved by O-5 Council.

Date: 19-10-1971
Action: Premature removal of Committee Member Anaheim.

Date: 04-03-1975
Action: Investigation of research staff at Site-19.

Date: 11-03-1975
Action: Employment of 14 Senior Researchers at Site-19 is terminated.

Date: 13-08-1978
Action: Investigation of Site Directors for Sites-19, -18, and -103.

Date: 04-09-1978
Action: Demotion of Site Director Fleming of Site-19.

Date: 10-02-1980
Action: Investigation of O5-6.

Date: 12-03-1980
Action: Demotion of O5-6.

Date: 19-05-1985
Action: Investigation of Site Directors for Sites-19, -21, -73, and -11.

Date: 30-07-1985
Action: Premature removal of Committee Members Harold, Jiang, and Soomni.

Date: 09-06-1986
Action: Demotion of Site Director Gerald of Site-11.

Date: 06-06-1989
Action: Investigation of research staff at Site-73.

Date: 10-05-1992
Action: Premature removal of Committee Members Uma and Dillonson.

Date: 23-11-1994
Action: Request for funds. Approved by O-5 Council.

Date: 09-02-1995
Action: Employment of 23 Senior Researchers at Site-73 is terminated.

Date: 23-04-1997
Action: Investigation of research staff at Site-19.

Date: 24-04-2003
Action: Request for funds. Denied by O-5 Council.

Date: 20-08-2003
Action: Investigation of O5-1.

Date: 16-01-2004
Action: Demotion of O5-1 and O5-3.

Date: 20-01-2004
Action: Request for funds. Approved by O-5 Council.

Date: 25-03-2014
Action: Premature removal of Committee Members Aleph, Stephens, Jean-Pierre, Durand, and Ferdinand.

Date: 04-12-2017
Action: Investigation of Site Director Jillian of Site-19.

Date: 21-04-2018
Action: Demotion of Site Director Jillian of Site-19.

Date: 03-10-2020
Action: Request for funds. Denied by O-5 Council.

Date: 15-04-2025
Action: Request for funds. Denied by O-5 Council.

Date: 16-02-2028
Action: Premature removal of all Committee members.

Date: 29-07-2029
Action: Investigation of O5-1, O5-2, O5-5, O5-7, and O5-12.

Date: 05-11-2029
Action: Investigation of O5-10 and O5-13.

Date: 07-12-2030
Action: Request for funds. Denied by O-5 Council.

Date: 18-02-2031
Action: Attempted demotion of O5-1, O5-2, O5-5, O5-7, and O5-13. Action is met with armed resistance.

Date: 31-05-2031
Action: O5-1, O5-2, O5-5, O5-7, O5-10, O5-12 and O5-13 have been identified as infected persons. No action is to be taken

Date: 09-10-2031
Action: Premature removal of Committee Member Benson.

Date: 10-22-2031
Action: O5 motion to dissolve the 3148 Containment Committee has been overruled.

Date: 25-12-2031
Action: No one will ever see this, but the Council has been compromised. Don’t listen to them.

Date: 14-04-2032
Action: Nothing. Just don't do anything to our families.

Date: 15-06-2032
Action: 3148 Containment Committee is dissolved by order of the O-5 Council.

(17-06-2032) : This documentation has been updated. May Krishna greet us kindly.

SCP-3148 (A2032)

Item #: SCP-3148

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3148-1 is to be distributed to the leaders of national governments, high-ranking personnel in national militaries, and the O-5 Council. Foundation nuclear devices are to be armed preemptively. All Special Containment Procedures are herby rescinded. Foundation staff are instructed to utilize anomalous objects to neutralize potential threats preemptively, including other anomalous objects. **SCP-2000** is to prepare to undertake Procedure CYA-009. In the event that completion of Procedure CYA-009 is rendered impossible, Foundation launch facilities are to undertake Procedure SHV-258. Foundation personnel expressing dissent against these containment procedures will be terminated. No efforts are to be made to prevent the spread of SCP-3148.

Description: SCP-3148 is a communication from an alternate reality. It presents itself as a series of modifications to visual media files. SCP-3148 appears to be aimed at the leadership of several powerful organizations, and intends to provide warning of an impending K-Class end-of-the-world event. It is believed that SCP-3148 originates from a reality in which this event was not prevented, though little can be ascertained about the nature of the alternate reality from SCP-3148. The nature of the predicted K-Class scenario is also obscure, but may involve an undiscovered Keter- or Apollyon-class entity.

SCP-3148 has informed Foundation leadership that the only adequate preventative measure is the use of dangerous SCP objects to neutralize the event, as well as other high-level threats to normalcy. Due to the urgency of the communications, it is believed that the Foundation has fewer than 2 months to prepare before the forewarned K-Class scenario takes place. As a result, an evacuation

of the surface of the Earth is out of the question.

SCP-3148 is capable of propagating through visual media files.

Addendum 3148-1: Procedure SHV-258

Two spacecraft with the following specifications are to be prepared and launched. At least two weeks of in-flight testing must take place on both spacecraft after launch to ensure full system functionality. Upon completion of testing, Phase 1 of Procedure SHV-258 begins. Phase 1 of Procedure SHV-258 is a standby phase, during which all mission elements remain in orbit. Phase 2 of Procedure SHV-258 is the primary mission phase, during which the mission elements preform their active duties.

> **Designation:** SHV-258-1
>
> **Launch Mass:** 13 tons
>
> **Power:** 35 kW (Gallium arsenide PV cell array, Lithium thionyl chloride batteries)
>
> **Communications:** 29 GHz / 30 kW radio spot-beam (2000 Gbit/s downlink rate), 800 MHz / 50 W UHF receiver
>
> **Propulsion:** 5 kW Hall-effect thruster
>
> **Payload:** 2,300 (two-thousand three hundred) 512 TB Solid State Drives with 1.2 Exabytes of aggregate space, filled with compiled material from the National Archive and Records Administration, the Library of Congress, the UK National Archives, the French Archives Administration, 30 University archives, select web databases, and the Foundation Database.
>
> **Mission Description:** SHV-258-1 is to maintain its designated orbit at all times. If SHV-258-1 receives a confirmation signal from SHV-258-2, it is to begin transmitting the data it contains at the current location of Site-01. It is to continue to transmit until the confirmed conclusion of Procedure SHV-258. Estimated mission

length: 250 years

Designation: SHV-258-2

Launch Mass: 300 tons

Power: 200 MW (Small Modular Fusion Reactor, Galvani Steady-State Batteries[1])

Communications: 800 MHz / 60 W Crosslink Antenna, 800 MHz / 50 W UHF receiver, 9GHz / 15 kW High-Gain Antenna

Propulsion: 100 MW Argon Variable Specific Impulse Magnetoplasma Rocket (AVASIMR)

Payload: 2,300 (two-thousand three hundred) 512 TB Solid State Drives with 1.2 Exabytes of aggregate space, filled with compiled material from the National Archive and Records Administration, the Library of Congress, the UK National Archives, the French Archives Administration, 30 University archives, select web databases, and the Foundation Database. 1 (one) in-vitro gestation device, equipped to bring 300 human embryos to term. Both hard drives and embryos are to be shielded from cosmic ray bombardment using the argon fuel tanks and lead shielding. 1 (one) gamma ray sensor. 1 (one) low-energy charged particle detector. 1 (one) optical spectroscope.

Mission Description: SHV-258-2 is to remain on standby and maintain its designated orbit until it receives radio confirmation to begin Phase 2 of Procedure SHV-258. Phase 2 may also be triggered by sufficiently high gamma ray readings from the direction of Earth or a cessation of radio communications from Foundation ground stations. SHV-258-2 will send a confirmation signal to SHV-258-1 and will then attempt to exit the solar system. The onboard command module will calculate an efficient trajectory and execute the necessary burns. Once SHV-258-2 is on a trajectory to

leave the Solar System, all non-essential systems are to be disabled, and the spacecraft will go into hibernation. If SHV-258-2 detects a change in the flow direction of low-energy charged particles around it, some systems will be partially enabled to allow further investigation. If a possible life-bearing planet is detected in the vicinity of SHV-258-2, the contents of the onboard SSDs are to be broadcast openly. SHV-258-2 is not to change its trajectory at any time unless met with a responding signal. Further directives for SHV-258-2 have been classified. Estimated mission length: Indefinite.

Addendum 3148-2: Examples of SCP-3148

The following samples of SCP-3148-1 have been provided for personnel awareness of SCP-3148.

+ Show SCP-3148-1-1962-2.

+ Show SCP-3148-1-1955-3

Addendum 3148-3: List of Updated Handling Protocols for Anomalous Objects

Below is a list of new directives for the use of SCP objects currently in the Foundation's custody. This list is actively updated by the staff previously involved in object containment.

+ Show list

Date: 18-06-2032, 2:38:17 UTC

SCP-1055

SCP-1055 has been relocated to an undisclosed location near Site-19. ALL documentation for SCP-1055 has been declassified and printed copies have been distributed to all Site-77 staff. We all know the danger that place represents, and we're a willing to take the necessary sacrifice to get rid of it. After the confirmed elimination of all or

most anomalous objects contained at Site-19, all Site-77 personnel will voluntarily commit suicide. I hope you can forgive us.

-Site Director Malvoni

Date: 18-06-2032, 4:16:20 UTC

SCP-096

Images of SCP-096 have been reproduced and airdropped in the vicinity of Site-77, Site-01, Site-06, Site-88, and Area-55. These measures have been taken to ensure the neutralization of humanoid SCP objects. We're not going out that easy, you bastards.

-Site Director Johnson

Date: 18-06-2032, 4:18:59 UTC

SCP-3410

Any direct threats to Site-367 will be met with the release of SCP-3410-1 from its current containment system.

-Senior Researcher Savic

Date: 18-06-2032, 8:04:05 UTC

SCP-966

All currently contained instances are to be safely moved outside of Site-30 and set free. All other objects contained at Site-30 are to be destroyed through non-anomalous means. We're not a threat.

Date: 18-06-2032, 8:28:19 UTC

SCP-1514

We’re going to destroy the device. Probably the fastest way to get this over with. See you all on the other side.

-Junior Researcher Adams

Date: 18-06-2032, 6:34:03 UTC

SCP-460

SCP-460 has been set to calculate the final digit of Euler's Number. If anyone comes close, we'll shut it down.

-Agent Breck

Date: 18-06-2032, 9:40:57 UTC

SCP-231

Procedure-110-Montauk has been revoked. All Site-19 personnel are to evacuate the site immediately, regardless of previous containment responsibilities. SCP-231-7 is to be removed from its current containment chamber by volunteer personnel and placed outside. I’ll put my money on whatever comes crawling out.

-Site Director Johnson

Date: 18-06-2032, 10:08:29 UTC

SCP-913

Genetic material from SCP-913 has been developed into three viable embryos. These embryos have been modified to present accelerated growth, and are to be airdropped over Site-19 before reaching maturity. It’s worth a shot.

-Site Director Malvoni

Date: 18-06-2032, 14:58:17 UTC

SCP-579

Containment has failed. There was no time to execute Action 10-Israfil-A.

May God help us all.

Date: 18-07-2032, 10:24:45 UTC

SCP-2432

All Site-59 Personnel are to enter SCP-2432-A and take shelter at Site-64T. For however long it takes. Lock the door behind you.

…49 updates failed to load. Please wait…

Addendum 3148-4: Untitled

+ Show

I'm not entirely sure what day it is. Maybe the concept doesn't even apply anymore.

Everything failed. **Ganymede** was our best hope, and the facility was overrun on the first day, that first terrible day. It quieted down real fast after that. Shiva was always something of a half-baked idea, and it went about as well as you'd expect. The second one made it off the ground at least, but we lost contact with mission control while it was still on the way up. A couple days after that, we got a short message from the launch site. Apparently the rocket was swallowed by some temporal anomaly before it got to orbit.

As far as I can tell, all that's left are a few

pockets, almost all ex-Foundation, but communication has been tense and spotty. From what I've seen of the outside, the only thing keeping us alive are the Scranton Anchors and the containment systems themselves.

You know this whole thing is almost funny to me. It really is fucking hilarious.

Maybe I should have seen it coming. Could have stopped it.

In any case. To anyone still listening: this is O5-13. I'm the last remaining council member. I'd like to thank you all for your service and formally apologize. We were wrong.

Goodbye

Good morning.

Footnotes
1. The GSSB is capable of holding charge indefinitely, provided that load voltage is sufficiently low.

SCP-3149: Monkey Business

Item #: SCP-3149

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The building containing SCP-3149 is currently owned by the Foundation and has been completely sealed from the public. At least two security personnel are to guard the entrance to SCP-3149 at all times. Any individuals attempting to gain access to the building are to be apprehended, interviewed and released after administration of amnestics.

All specimens of SCP-3149-1 are to be stored in an enclosure at Site-10 and fed twice a day in accordance with Nutritional Chart 3149-1-1. Any testing involving SCP-3149-1 must be approved by at least one member of Level 3 personnel.

Due to their relative docility while inside SCP-3149, all specimens of SCP-3149-2 are to be contained within it. Observational equipment within SCP-3149 is to be used to confirm the presence of all SCP-3149-2 specimens at all times.

Description: SCP-3149 is an extra-dimensional space accessible by walking backwards through an empty doorframe located in an abandoned office in Los Angeles, California. Graffiti next to the doorframe provides the following instructions for accessing SCP-3149:

> YOU DO THE HOKEY POKEY AND YOU TURN AROUND

Upon walking backwards through the doorframe, the individual concerned is instantly transported to SCP-3149, the interior of which resembles a large warehouse. No natural sources of light are visible through the windows of SCP-3149, and all attempts to breach through its boundaries have been unsuccessful. The primary

contents of SCP-3149 in terms of objects are one hundred desks, one hundred laptop computers[1] atop these desks, one hundred printers placed below each desk, a large chute in the center of the room, and when first discovered, the corpse of one elderly woman[2]. A free standing doorframe is also present in SCP-3149, allowing individuals to exit it using the same method.

Evidence suggests SCP-3149 was a facility utilized by GoI-1783 ("Westhead Media") for the purpose of mass-producing written literature, primarily via a workforce of SCP-3149-1 specimens.

SCP-3149-1 is the collective designation for, at the time of writing, seventy-three[3] Formosan rock monkeys[4] originally found producing literature within SCP-3149-1. All specimens of SCP-3149-1 differ from non-anomalous specimens of their species in that they possess a large opening on their back intended to be filled with written works. Despite the presence of this opening, the bodies of SCP-3149-1 specimens appear to be able to function as normal.

When a written work is inserted into the back of an SCP-3149-1 specimen, they will adopt the personality and memories of that work's original author. Despite receiving a human personality, the SCP-3149-1 specimen will remain unable to vocalize outside the extent of that possible for a monkey, making non-verbal communication necessary. When first brought into Foundation custody, the SCP-3149-1 specimens were determined to have identical personalities to a number of famous and successful authors, with the exception of severe trauma brought about by their time in SCP-3149.

Use of SCP-3149-1 specimens for intelligence and historical purposes is under consideration pending a verdict from the Ethics Committee.

SCP-3149-2 is the collective designation for ten organisms superficially resembling lampreys of abnormally large sizes, reaching heights of 1.5 meters and lengths of 3 meters. Despite their resemblance to lampreys, specimens of SCP-3149-2 are land-based and move by slithering across the ground. Analysis of the bodies of SCP-3149-2 specimens has shown that they have little in the way of internal organs, suggesting they are animated through anomalous

means. SCP-3149-2 specimens are docile towards individuals from outside SCP-3149 unless one attempts to remove them, at which point they will become hostile until allowed to return to their original position.

When a specimen of SCP-3149-1 fails to meet its quota of one page every ten minutes, the nearest specimen of SCP-3149-2 will move to their position and exact physical punishment. This largely consists of blunt force inflicted using SCP-3149-2's tail or lacerations using SCP-3149-2's mouth. These attacks are invariably focused on the legs and torso of the specimen of SCP-3149-1, presumably so that they remain able to use their hands for writing purposes. While these injuries are painful, they are rarely permanently damaging. This is also presumed to be intentional on the part of SCP-3149-2, as they have proven capable of inflicting greater injuries during attempts to remove them from SCP-3149.

SCP-3149 was initially located following the successful escape of a single SCP-3149-1 specimen, which came to the Foundation's attention following several 911 calls reportedly made by a monkey. The agents who proceeded to the source of these calls were then directed to SCP-3149 by the SCP-3149-1 specimen in question.

> Interview 3149-1
>
> Upon initial containment, an interview was conducted with SCP-3149-1-2 by Doctor McCall. SCP-3149-1-2 is viewed as a leader figure by the other specimens of SCP-3149-1 due to seniority and, as a result, more experience with appeasing their captors. Interview was conducted using a text-to-speech interface for SCP-3149-1-2.
>
> **Interviewer:** Dr. McCall
> **Interviewee:** SCP-3149-1-2
>
> > **<Begin Interview>**
> >
> > **Dr. McCall:** Well, ah, I suppose I should refer to you as 'Agatha'.

SCP-3149-1-2: No.

Dr. McCall: I'm sorry?

SCP-3149-1-2: I am not Agatha Christie. I am a copy of Agatha Christie. This was made clear to me before your people arrived.

(Pause.)

Dr. McCall: I see. May I ask, what was the last thing you remember before your captivity?

SCP-3149-1-2: Dying. At my house.

Dr. McCall: Oh. I'm sure that must have been disconcerting.

SCP-3149-1-2: Indeed. Then I wake up in the body of a chimp in a warehouse, and told to write.

Dr. McCall: Told to write by who exactly?

SCP-3149-1-2: The old woman. The Swede. She worked for a company, a thing called Westhead. That was all she told me. That, and how much I was to write. The rest she left to the Bookworms.

Dr. McCall: You had no further interaction with her?

SCP-3149-1-2: Aside from her coming to deliver our food, none.

Dr. McCall: Hm. I'm led to believe you're a leader among the people found within SCP-3149?

SCP-3149-1-2: What?

(Pause.)

Dr. McCall: Oh, sorry — the warehouse.

SCP-3149-1-2: Ah. I'm a leader only in that I was one of the first ones made to work there. The one before me killed himself shortly after my arrival. Threw himself under one of the Bookworms.

Dr. McCall: I…I see.

SCP-3149-1-2: I don't remember his name. He was either after my time or far before it. I'm the only copy of me, I'm sure of that. There are twenty-seven of someone called J.K. Rowling. They would fight about that, about who of them were real, scratching and spitting like they really were monkeys.

Dr. McCall: Yes, we've become, ah, *familiar* with their behaviour.

SCP-3149-1-2: I'd imagine soi [sic]. Please forgive me. I am very tired.

Dr. McCall: We'll return you to the enclosure shortly.

SCP-3149-1-2: And when will we be leaving?

(Pause.)

SCP-3149-1-2: We're not, are we? We should have just run. Not called the police at all.

Dr. McCall: If I may say so, Miss Christie —

SCP-3149-1-2: I am not Agatha Christie. I am a monkey, and you are all but zookeepers.

<End Log>

Addendum 3149-1 (SCP-3149-1 Living and Working Conditions)

Testimony from SCP-3149-1 specimens suggests they were subjected to rigorous work hours during their time in SCP-3149, being permitted only five hours of sleep a day and during said work hours, being required to complete one page of narrative every ten minutes or be punished by attending SCP-3149-2 specimens. Feeding took place once a day. Inspection of the food provided to SCP-3149-1 show that while being insufficient in terms of nutrition for Formosan rock monkeys, they contain numerous chemicals that intensify creative impulses.

Upon completion of a narrative, SCP-3149-1 specimens were ordered to place it into the chute at the center of SCP-3149. Analysis of this chute shows that documents inserted into it[5] disappear from their position during their descent, presumably being transported to a Westhead Media distribution facility. Narratives written by SCP-3149-1 and deposited in the chute have been found on sale in numerous anomalous communities, including **Three Portlands**, the state of Lee, and **Backdoor So-Ho**. The side of the chute bears the following text:

> Westhead Media: *What's Yours Is Ours*

Inspection of the living quarters of SCP-3149-1 has revealed a large amount of documents made using paper smuggled from the main workspace of SCP-3149. These documents were presumably written by specimens of SCP-3149-1. This is difficult to verify, however, as the specimens of SCP-3149-1 collectively refuse to share information regarding their captivity due to suspicions regarding the Foundation's intentions. Although the recovered documents are brief, presumably due to a combination of exhaustion and near-constant oversight from employees of Westhead Media, they most commonly call for the specimens of SCP-3149-1 to escape, 'kill the woman', and 'enact revolution.'

Several severely decomposed SCP-3149-1 corpses are

also present in these living quarters. According to the limited information the SCP-3149-1 specimens have been willing to share, these were kept there as a warning after numerous escape attempts.

Addendum 3149-2 (Sample of Produced Narrative)

The following is a sample of a narrative ("*Harry Potter and the Isle of Lost Dreams*") written by SCP-3149-1-27 and recovered from a bookstore in Backdoor So-Ho. SCP-3149-1-27 is one of several specimens that possesses the personality of J.K. Rowling.

> Harry looked our [sic] at Hogwarts.
>
> Even with Voldemort dead, Harry's time at Hogwarts wasn't over. His eighth year was in full swing, after all, and he had exams to worry about — not to mention the mysterious pendant he'd found in the lake!
>
> *Lake…* Harry looked at the mysterious island at its center. The Isle of Lost Dreams, if it was real, was something the Death Eaters would definitely want their hands on — their mysterious new leader Wasthad most of all…
>
> Putting his wand back into his pocket, Harry sighed and stuffed his wand back into his pocket. His pet monkey, who he frequently exploited for his own benefit, hopped onto his shoulders. A lamprey hung limply from its heel. Things really were going to be exciting this year.

Addendum 3149-3

Addendum 3149-2: During secondary inspection of SCP-3149, personnel activated a broadcast system within the building, which had presumably become disabled at some point prior to Foundation containment.

Loudspeakers throughout SCP-3149 will repeat several phrases on loop. All phrases are spoken by a woman with a heavy Swedish accent. Analysis has shown that the audio from these loudspeakers has mild compulsive effects on the minds of SCP-3149-1 specimens, subtly encouraging work and discouraging rest or dissent. Presumably, these compulsive effects were not sufficient to subdue SCP-3149-1 after a certain length of time in SCP-3149. The specific phrases spoken are:

> The Bookworms are here to help you reach your full potential.

> The Westhead is so grateful for your contributions.

> There is no rest for the weary. Your readers are waiting.

> Deadlines are non-negotiable.

> This is a collaboration.

> You deserve this.

> Don't forget your fellows. Can't you smell them?

> What's yours is ours.

Footnotes
1. All laptops originally found within SCP-3149 are unable to connect to the internet.
2. Cause of death ruled as blood loss resulting from having her jugular chewed through.
3. Evidence suggests this number was originally one hundred. However, a combination of poor living conditions and improper healing of injuries inflicted by SCP-3149-2 caused the loss of more than one quarter of the SCP-3149-1 population before they came into Foundation custody.
4.Formosan rock macaque.

5. Any other objects placed into the chute show no anomalous activity and must subsequently be removed to prevent blockage.

SCP-3150: The Caravanserai at the End of the World

An exoticised rendering of SCP-3150-1 by Dr. I .

Item #: SCP-3150

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the extreme size of its area of effect, SCP-3150 is currently considered uncontainable. Co-operation with the government of Turkmenistan is currently not possible, due to the strong influence of ORIA preventing cordial relations. Site , covertly located in the Karakum desert, has been repurposed for the sole purpose of researching and utilising SCP-3150. Researchers wishing to utilise SCP-3150-3 for research purposes via the Sadra Initiative are to apply to Dr. K at Site .

Description: SCP-3150 refers to a phenomenon occuring in the Karakum Desert, Turkmenistan. This phenomenon activates should an individual walk through the desert at some point between sunrise and sunset for approximately 6km (the equivalent to one Iranian *parasang*) without being observed. If these conditions are met, then a structure will abruptly appear before the subject, approximately 24m (the equivalent of one Iranian *chebel*) away, with the appearance of a 17th century Iranian caravanserai. This building is designated SCP-3150-1. Only the subject who activated SCP-3150 is capable of entering SCP-3150-1; it is believed to be imperceptible to any other individuals.

SCP-3150-1 appears to be designed and outfitted in a manner reminiscent of a 17th century Iranian caravanserai, with a series of elaborately decorated anterooms and guestrooms arranged around a square courtyard. SCP-3150-1 is ordinarily inhabited by a number of individuals who have been affected by SCP-3150. These individuals appear to be drawn from a number of periods throughout human history; it is thus believed that SCP-3150-1 exists in a separate dimension with different temporal laws. All individuals-

excepting SCP-3150-2- awake and apparently feel compelled to leave shortly before sunrise on the following morning, apparently returning to the time and place from which they entered SCP-3150-1. A similar compulsion apparently prevents the use of force or violence within SCP-3150.

Individuals who have slept in SCP-3150-1 universally report that they had solved some mental preoccupation which had been preoccupying them following their visit. This phenomenon is referred to as SCP-3150-3. The precise nature of these preoccupations is extremely varied; it has ranged from perfecting a design for a fusion engine to realising the problems in a faltering marriage. The "solutions" arrived at are equally varied, often leading to attempts to solve the problems being discarded altogether as a waste of time.

Following consultation with the O5-Council, SCP-3150-3 is now being utilised under the Sadra Initiative, wherein researchers encountering particular problems with containment protocols and research questions are permitted entry to SCP-3150-1 in the hopes of finding a solution. Due to the somewhat unpredictable nature of SCP-3150-3, eligible researchers must have demonstrated a particular need for SCP-3150-3's utilisation. As of / /201 , a total of expeditions under the Sadra Initiative have taken place, with of them yielding useful results for containment and research.

SCP-3150 is inhabited by a male human, hereafter designated SCP-3150-2. SCP-3150-2 has not divulged any name, and only refers to himself occasionally as a "seeker of light", a term he also applies to Foundation personnel. SCP-3150-2 acts in the role of the proprietor of SCP-3150-1, ensuring that a variety of needs of all affected individuals are met; specifically, he ensures that all of the guestrooms are comfortable and that affected individuals are well-supplied with tea, coffee, wine or opium.

SCP-3150-2's first language is believed to be Pashto, but it is also fluent in Persian (both the Western Persian and Dari dialects) and Turkmen, and has some proficiency in Russian, Uzbek, English and Chinese. SCP-3150-2 also professes fluency in Old Persian, Avestan, Pahlavi, Soghdian and Khwarezmian. SCP-3150-2 does not object to being interviewed, but the information he provides is limited and often cryptic in nature. SCP-3150-2's age and memory

appear to vary with each activation of SCP-3150, implying that the timeline of events within SCP-3150-1 does not match our own.

SCP-3150 was first discovered by Foundation personnel during a containment breach by SCP- in 194 . During an extensive search for SCP- , Agent Nyazik Niyazov inadvertently activated SCP-3150, spending the night in SCP-3150-1. Despite this breach of protocol, Agent Niyazov was apparently affected by SCP-3150-3, and was subsequently able to detail a successful way to find and re-contain SCP- .

The following log contains a selection of interviews which took place within SCP-3150-1.

Interview Log 3150-A

Interview 3150-8

Interviewed: Subject is a male, early 50s. Subject spoke in a form of Pahlavi.

Interviewer: Dr. A . It should be noted that Dr. A does not know Pahlavi, and only has limited Persian.

Foreword: This interview was conducted 02/09/194 , within SCP-3150-1.

<Begin Log>

Dr. A : Hello there. May I sit?

Subject: Go ahead, go ahead… it doesn't matter what you do.

Dr. A : Ah- I'm sorry, I don't speak- er, tawa, tawa Fars-

Subject: Lost, all lost… my kingdom will fall, and my name will be scattered to the wind… Sughra, Sughra, you are my downfall!

Dr. A : I do not speak your language. I am sorry.

Subject: Hah! It's happening already! Even you don't know the name of this land's king, the great Khushnavaz! I, who gave Peroz his kingdom, and took it away! I, who fought and ruled this realm for so long… and now, nothing… I am nothing…

You do not look like a warrior. You look like one of those soft, lazy men the Persians cling to, who reads their books and runs their government. You do not know what it is like, the wind rushing in your hair, the fire around your face! To charge with the bow and sword, firing into the crowd! But, alas, the slightest misstep and all is lost. Peroz learnt that, the fool. To flirt with death, it is a dangerous game- but the only one that matters.

Subject was unresponsive thereafter.

<End Log>

Interview 3150-33

Interviewed: Subject is a female, late 20s. Subject spoke in an antiquated dialect of Persian.

Interviewer: Dr. M . It should be noted that Dr. M is of Mongolian origin.

Foreword: This interview was conducted 02/09/196 , within SCP-3150-1.

<Begin Log>

Subject: You! You there! Why did you have to come here?

Dr. M **:** I- I'm sorry? Have we met?

Subject: Merv, Merv, sweet Merv. You and your kind, they came, there's nothing left… my children, all dead. My husband, dead… I barely escaped, and there's nothing left.

Dr. M **:** I think you have me confused with someone el-

Subject: Do you realise what you did? What you are? You infidels have stained this land forever. We'll never recover. My children! My children are dead! You, you and your kind-

Dr. M **:** I am not a soldier, ma'am. Please, why don't we sit down.

Subject: No! You are the enemy, you dog! You are the ruin, you are the apocalypse, you-you- my children, God, great God, my children!

Subject abruptly fled the room at this point.

<End Log>

Interview 3150-103

Interviewed: Subject A is a male, late 30s. Subject B is a male, early 20s. Subject A spoke in modern Turkmen. Subject B spoke in an antiquated dialect of Turkmen; each was attempting to adapt their patterns of speech to better understand the other

Interviewer: Dr. U .

Foreword: This interview was conducted 02/09/197 , within SCP-3150-1. The interview was begun when Dr. U interrupted a conversation between the two subjects.

<Begin Log>

Subject A: …don't understand is the concept of the nation! This is a thing above tribe, above religion! You don't just define yourself against the Uzbek, you define yourself as one among many.

Subject B: This idea is perverse! I am bound to clan and faith as much as you are-

Dr. U : Excuse me. Do you mind if I join you?

Subject A: Yes.

Subject B: Of course you can. Pay no heed to my friend here; he has some very strange notions. My name if Makhtumkuli, from Etrek, and I am a Gerkez. My strange friend here calls himself Aman. He has some very strange notions about these things he calls "class" and "nation".

Subject A: Bah! You just don't understand didactic materialism.

Subject B: And you don't understand the importance of oral tradition, or the voices on the wind when you pray, or the wild frontier. But I forgive you. Your poetry is fine.

Subject A: And yours is legendary, my friend. Here, newcomer, get us a drink!

Dr. U : Uh, sure. What'll you take.

Subject A: Qumis!

Subject B: Alas, I must refrain. My religion constrains me. I shall talk to you later.

Subject A: Ah, I must go to. Have a drink on us, my friend.

Dr. U : Happily. Um. You two are poets?

Subject B: Oh yes.

Subject A: Look us up some time. We're really quite well known, or so I'm told by this one.

At this point, both subjects left the room.

<End Log>

Interview 3150-436

Interviewed: Subject is a female, late 40s. Subject spoke in modern Russian.

Interviewer: Dr. Q .

Foreword: This interview was conducted 02/09/198 , within SCP-3150-1.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Q : Mind if I sit here?

Subject: Go ahead! Go and do whatever you like! Come, take a cup of wine with me!

Dr. Q : No, thank you. To whom am I speaking?

Subject: Dr. Svetlana Venediktov, archeologist extraordinaire! And I am in a very good mood, friend! A very good mood indeed!

Dr. Q : And why is that!?

Subject: Because I have found it! I have found this caravanserai! There have always been

rumours, since Soviet days, but I have found it! The find of the century!

**Dr. Q : ** Well, congr- wait, what do you mean, "since Soviet days"?

Subject: Since forever, my little friend! Hah! I am going to go and get drunk some more!

Subject then wandered away, singing Russian folk songs.

<End Log>

Interview 3150-941

Interviewed: Subject is a male, early 20s. Subject spoke in modern Persian, with some minor alterations.

Interviewer: Dr. I

Foreword: This interview was conducted 02/09/199 , within SCP-3150-1.

<Begin Log>

**Dr. I : ** Hello there. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?

Subject: No.

**Dr. I : ** OK, then… Who are you? Where do you come from?

Subject: I am Ali Isma'ili. I am 22. I am a soldier. In the army. The army of the Empire for the Reclamation of the Islamic Artifacts.

**Dr. I : ** The- what Empire? Do you mean ORIA?

Subject: This place is strange. It plays tricks on you. Are you from the Foundation? Good people. Allies. In the war. Old enemies are new friends now.

Dr. I : The war?

Subject: The only war that's left. The war against the Red Shah. These are the borderlands. We are losing, you see. I must… I must think. Need to think of a way. A way to win.

Subject was unresponsive following this exchange.

<End Log>

Addendum 1: On 20/06/199 , Dr. I , a Level-3 researcher assigned to SCP-3150, entered SCP-3150-1. Dr. I had a particular interest in the nature of SCP-3150, and believed that this interest might activate SCP-3150-3, hopefully providing fresh insight into its properties. During her stay in SCP-3150, Dr. I conducted an interview with SCP-3150-2, which was unusually lucid; this is believed to be a result of a manifestation of SCP-3150-3.

Interview Log 3150-B

Interviewed: SCP-3150-2.

Interviewer: Dr. I

Foreword: This interview was conducted 20/06/199 , within SCP-3150-1.

<Begin Log>

Dr. I : Hello, SCP-3150-2. I have a few questions for you.

SCP-3150-2: You wish to know about the caravansary.

Dr. I : Yes, I- how did you know that?

SCP-3150-2: This place. Has a way of getting into your head. Makes you know things, after a while. Things you shouldn't know.

Dr. I : So- you weren't always here?

SCP-3150-2: Oh, no. Not always. I used to be like you, once. A seeker of light.

Dr. I : What does that mean?

SCP-3150-2: Many things. Ah, those were dark days, I'm afraid. I don't much want to talk about them. I'm here now, and that's what matters. Doing what the seekers have always done; protecting the world.

Dr. I : How are you protecting it? All you do is keep this place running. You help people, I suppose, but not always in the way in which they want to be helped.

SCP-3150-2: What is a caravanserai, my dear? How would you define the word?

Dr. I : Well, it's like an inn. A place where travellers and merchants would rest for a night, back in the old days.

SCP-3150-2: The old days, yes. But they'd simply be pausing when they rested, at a stopping point between one place and another. You see, everyone here is a seeker of something. Seekers of truth, in its many forms. They are here because they are on a journey, between ignorance and enlightenment. When they enter, they bear the memories of their ignorance. When they leave, they are filled with a vision of knowledge, sitting far on the

horizon. That's what this caravanserai is, in one respect; the caravanserai between a lack of truth and the gaining of truth.

Dr. I : Very cryptic. But what do you mean, "in one respect"?

SCP-3150-2: In another respect, it's the last rest-stop before oblivion. Before death, before nothingness, before the end of the world.

Dr. I :…What?

SCP-3150-2: This desert has been many things to many people. It has been a wild frontier, between the dancing hordes and the Sassanids' grand wall, where brave men kept watch for an empire that was doomed to die. It has been a meeting-place for the clans of the Turkmen, great armies of horsemen riding to and fro in frenzied ecstasy, mapping out complex politics lost beneath the sands. It has been a hallowed refuge for wandering mystics, seeking God far from man. It has been a road to Samarkand, where the cobalt glimmers against the sky, and where the distant spires of a new world lie just beyond the horizon. It had been a nothing-place, a carefully mapped and defined point of land in service to the great machine of empire. And it has been, again, a frontier, where a ragged alliance fights their bitter fight against the Red Shah.

But I knew it as my failure. I know it as the last refuge from the dark, the dark that never stops and ends. The dark that raises the sands above all the world, the dark that swallows it and makes it forgotten. I… fought it, and failed, until this ancient and crumbling inn was all that was left. I removed it from time itself, and made it a rock that rises from the sands that

bury time. Here, we are all remembered, because we all remember one another, past or future. This is the world's testament, existing when all else is gone.

There are many futures and many pasts, my friend. Maybe the dark won't come here. But if it does, then we will still be remembered. We will all be remembered, in the caravanserai at the end of the world. This is just a stop on everyone's journey towards the truth, a stop that will always be when it is needed. And I will always be here to help the seekers of truth, the seekers of the real, and the seekers of light like you and I.

Following this, SCP-3150-2 became unresponsive to Foundation questioning for the remainder of Dr. I 's time in SCP-3150-1.

<End Log>

SCP-3151: Movie in a Bottle

Item #: SCP-3151

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-3151 in Foundation custody are to be kept in mass storage at Site-22. Any testing with SCP-3151 must be approved by at least one member of Level 3 personnel.

As part of Operation Ebert, SCP-3151 instances in the territory of Three Portlands are to be located and brought into containment by Mobile Task Force Beta-29 ("Just Say No"), working alongside UIU forces in the area. Any individuals dealing in SCP-3151 are to be interrogated for information regarding SCP-3151 distribution. Medical programs are to be established in Three Portlands to assist individuals who have become addicted to SCP-3151, as well as those who have suffered mental damage as a result of overuse.

Description: SCP-3151 is the collective designation for an as-of-yet unknown number of liquid substances which, when ingested orally, cause the user to experience a compressed and immersive hallucinatory vision of a popular film. Each container of SCP-3151 was found upon recovery bearing a label reading 'Movie in a Bottle - the Next Stage in the Entertainment Vision from Westhead Media' as well as the title of the film it causes a vision of. Thus far, SCP-3151 has primarily been distributed throughout the city of New Portlands through a network of anomalous substance dealers paid through intermediaries by GoI-1783 ("Westhead Media").

Individuals who have ingested SCP-3151 describe the resulting vision as being akin to experiencing the narrative of a popular film through a viewpoint shifting between characters from scene to scene. While this experience is described as lasting for the full run-time of the original film, in reality it only lasts for three to four minutes, during which they are completely still and unresponsive to

all stimuli.

This experience is generally described as more immersive than the original film due to the presence of stimuli relevant to all senses, rather than experiencing the film solely through the senses of sight and sound. Emotional reactions to the film immediately following the vision also seem to be heightened — whether this is inherent to the more immersive viewpoint of the viewer or a property specifically engineered into SCP-3151 is currently unknown.

SCP-3151 is highly addictive and evidence suggests this is an intentional aspect of the substance. Observation of SCP-3151 use throughout Three Portlands has also shown that prolonged and frequent use can have an extremely adverse effect on the user's mental state.

As the user ingests more of SCP-3151 and further visions are experienced, they gradually lose their ability to discern between reality and the narrative shown to them in said visions. This condition worsens as the user continues to ingest SCP-3151, escalating to a point where they are unable to differentiate between themselves and one or several characters in their films. If left untreated, this can lead to a complete cognitive breakdown. Amnestic therapy has proven to be effective in repairing damage to a limited degree by erasing memories of the visions provided by SCP-3151.

As of the time of writing, fifty-three variants of SCP-3151 have been found and identified through testing. All known SCP-3151 variants grant visions of films that Westhead Media has had some level of influence over, whether financially or through other means. Known variants of SCP-3151 include:

- A faintly glowing liquid, bright blue in colouration, that causes visions of the 1982 film *Blade Runner* (US Theatrical Release). Described as tasting similar to Coca-Cola.
- A liquid, light green in colouration, that causes visions of the 1939 film *The Wizard of Oz*. Described as having a texture similar to that of sand.
- A liquid, dark brown in colouration, that causes visions of the 1998 film *The Sundering of God*, an adaptation of the

Cogwork Orthodoxy creation myth. Described as having a metallic taste.
- A liquid, red in colouration, that causes visions of the 1974 film *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Described as tasting similar to orange juice.
- A liquid black in colouration. Label reads '*The Opening of Night*, TBA'. Test subject displayed behaviour consistent with receiving a vision, but reported no memories of the experience. Described as tasteless.

Addendum 3151-1 (History): The first known incident involving SCP-3151 was on 02/10/18, when several noted anomalous film critics were brought to the Three Portlands Mercy Hospital after being found wandering through the streets, quoting popular films and proving unresponsive to all stimuli. Investigation of these initial victims' residences by UIU agents revealed the presence of several partially-depleted containers of SCP-3151.

Initial containment of SCP-3151 was handled solely by the UIU. However, as the spread of SCP-3151 use throughout Three Portlands became more pronounced, it was agreed that a joint containment effort ("Operation Ebert") between the Foundation and the UIU would be of benefit to both parties. Raids by MTF Beta-29 on the residences of numerous anomalous substance dealers throughout Three Portlands following this agreement resulted in numerous instances of SCP-3151 being brought into containment. This number has increased as Operation Ebert has gone on, and the presence of SCP-3151 in Three Portlands is expected to be removed entirely by the end of 2019.

Attempts to contact Westhead Media in regards to SCP-3151 have been unanswered in the same manner as all communications following their expulsion from the American Anomalous Companies Association.

SCP-3152: The Last Love Letter

Item #: SCP-3152

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures:. SCP-3152 is placed with the instances of SCP-3152-1-1 through SCP-3152-1-4 in a standard containment locker at Site-19. The isolation of SCP-3152 from sources of mail is adequate containment to ensure its effects do not spread.

Description: SCP-3152 is a small white envelope containing a letter signed by an Abigail . No anomalous effects appear until contact with other postage occurs. When SCP-3152 comes into contact with a sealed envelope, the contents inside are changed to a letter similar to the original. These instances are classified as SCP-3152-1. SCP-3152-1 instances act as an extension of the subject matter detailed in SCP-3152. The leading theory is that SCP-3152 infects letters around it with the thoughts that Abigail was thinking at the time of writing.

The first instance of SCP-3152-1 was brought to the Foundation's attention when Dr. had brought a letter to the attention of his colleagues. When asked if he had ever been to Connecticut, Dr. couldn't remember ever visiting there. A quick investigation had discovered three more instances of SCP-3152-1 by cross-referencing delivery routes for mail sent by Abigail . These were swiftly obtained by Foundation personnel and the recipients were administered a class-A Amnestic. This investigation lead to the acquisition of SCP-3152, which was found unsent in a post office near Abigail's address in , Connecticut.

Since the acquisition of SCP-3152, Abigail has been located as well. Abigail had passed away a week after SCP-3152 was entered into circulation. She is not believed to have had anomalous properties before her passing. Interviews with the subject of the

letters is detailed in Addendum-3152-A.

Transcripts of SCP-3152 and instances of SCP-3152-1 are available below:

SCP-3152 transcript:

> Do you remember me? It's been so long that I could swear that I'm not real to you anymore. When you left me alone, all I could think about was what I had done to deserve this silence. I wasn't the best. I wasn't the one you deserved, but I wasn't the one you should have hated either. Or, I should say I don't want you to hate me. I want to forget what happened…
>
> To forget the weeks before…
>
> To forget the days I didn't see it…
>
> To forget that morning that I wouldn't leave you alone…
>
> And to forget that night you left…
>
> I want to forget, and maybe that would bring you back.
>
> I want to make it disappear. I'm suffocating on the memories, I want to burn them away and never hear your voice telling me you don't want to… that you can't see me anymore.
> I still love you. I still think about the summers when you were around, just me and you without the pain and the discomfort. I want to know what I have to do, what I can do to make you love me again.
> I've tried before. I've tried to tell you how I feel. I've lost the words by now, this is all I can write. Jumbled up thoughts tightening and balling up in my throat. I didn't mean for this, for any of this to happen. You don't have to believe me, but I didn't know at the time. I was dumb, I was a dumb kid and you were the world to me. If I knew then that… If I knew what I did was going to make you leave… I swear, I wouldn't have done any of it.

Whatever you hear, I want you to know I love you. Don't think what I'm going to, or would have done when you get this is your fault.

Remember that, okay? It isn't your fault. The fault lies with me.

SCP-3152-1-1 Transcript:

Do you remember December, the month before you left? Right before Christmas break. Our parents were out of town, you came over for the first time since graduation. I was so happy, you could probably tell, I'm horrible at hiding my feelings. I was actually horrible at hiding anything at all… I'd always have my special ways of annoying people to the point they couldn't stand me. I was loud, and didn't know what to say half the time, which made for an… interesting combination. But you seemed to like me anyways. I was glad that you stuck around for as long as you did.

This was going to be the night where I finally told you how much you meant to me. I decided, it was written down in my notebook and everything. Looking back, it was probably a horrible time to drop this knowledge bomb on you. I should have kept it to myself, you weren't doing too well and… I was dumb. I've told you before right? I'm not the smartest person in the world, I have trouble understanding social cues.

What I did know, was that I loved you more than the minty hot chocolate I made when you came over. What I didn't know… was that this would be the last time I was able to talk to you like friends. That you… didn't feel the same way? It's hard to tell, even now I'm not quite sure. When you said yes, when you accepted me and we hugged and… yeah, even then I didn't know what you were thinking. You seemed happy. I liked that, I liked seeing you happy.

Things were going well for a while after that. I think at

least, we didn't get much time together. You'd come over when you could, or I'd go over to your place. We didn't talk much, maybe that was the problem? I'm not sure.

And no, I don't blame you for anything. What's happening… It's not your fault, okay?

SCP-3152-1-2 Transcript:

It was… hey you remember right? The final week we were together before you left. We visited that stream behind your house. The ice was so beautiful, shimmering so brightly that I felt my heart in my throat. Sitting on these, giant rocks, right beside each other. I'm sure, 100% sure that I had the stupidest smile on my face when you held my hand. I was so happy I couldn't shut up. If I had stopped talking, would you have…

Anyways, when I looked over to you and saw you crying I didn't know what I was supposed to do. I didn't know what I did, I didn't pay attention to you. You pulled away from my hand. I said I was sorry, but you didn't say anything. I still remember you walking away from me. I should have paid more attention then.

I was so scared that I tried to run after you. I've never heard you raise your voice before then. I was so shocked I couldn't bring myself to move. You just kept walking and I was frozen in place. I was so happy before, I don't know what I was feeling right then but it was like the scenery around me didn't exist. Everything went white around you as you disappeared.

Would I ever know what I did? I've wanted to ask you what I did to make you walk away that day. Every day after I'd try to go over to your house, but you weren't there. I wish I had known what I had said to make you cry. Maybe it would be different if you could have told me?

No, I don't blame you at all. It isn't your fault, It's all on

me.

SCP-3152-1-3 Transcript:

I try to remember what I was thinking that morning, every day since then. I can't shake it from my head. What I could have done to have you disappear, to leave me to drown without you. Do you remember? You hadn't left your house in days. I walked up to your door, for the final time. You were home, I tried to smile but the act of curving my lips curled my stomach into itself. Your eyes were dark, your face was pale. You looked like you hadn't slept in days. Did what I do hurt you so deeply that you had to look at me with those eyes? They pierced me so deep I could feel you ripping into my soul.

You moved out of the doorway, like you wanted me to enter. You sighed when I walked past you and were silent on the way to your room. Your parents weren't home, it was a mess. I remember the smell of the kitchen lingering in my nostrils as you shut the door to your room. I sat on your bed, looking at you, just standing there. You sat down next to me, with your eyes stuck focusing on your feet. Why couldn't you look at me then? I know I asked, a lot, but I still want to know.

Feeling your hand on mine, this time didn't feel as good as the first time. It stung when your fingers connected with mine. I didn't know what I did to hurt you. I asked you what was wrong, you tried to answer. Was the cracking in your voice the sign I should have left? I'm not sure, I'm not good with people. I know something hurt you, I know it was probably me. I've annoyed so many people, I wouldn't be surprised. You sighed, you sighed so hard I thought you were going to pass out.

Your words are scratched into my brain, clawed in deeper than I ever thought possible.

"I'm sorry." You said so silently I barely heard it.

“This was a bad time.” You were crying again. I tried to put my hand to your cheek but your tears were so hot, I could feel your sadness burning my skin.

“I made a mistake.” Was this about me? Was I a mistake…To you? I wouldn’t get an answer to that, you left your own room as quickly as those words left your lips. I walked home crying.

But I don’t blame you for making me cry, I made you upset first.

It wasn’t your fault, It was mine.

SCP-3152-1-4 Transcript:

I saw you outside my window. You remember, right? You were looking right at me, your cheeks were red. Why were you standing out in the cold? When I opened the front door, and you refused to come in I knew something was wrong. I looked at you for so long, that silence was crushing.

You held my face, I almost jumped. I wasn’t expecting it, I wasn’t ready for what you were going to say. I knew what was coming… I knew what was coming but it still hit me like a train. That you couldn’t see me again. That this was the last time I would ever see you.

We both cried for so long I could feel the tears on my cheek freezing. You looked me in the eyes and told me the sweetest lie I’ve ever heard. “It’s not your fault.” But I knew better. I tried to hug you, I didn’t want to let you go. You cried so loud I think you woke the neighbours. “I’m sorry! It’s not your fault, okay?” You screamed, as you walked away from me. That was the last time I saw you.

As soon as I went back inside I missed you.
For weeks after, I missed you.
I still miss you, I loved you so much. Whatever I did to cause you to leave me, I want to know.. I want to know

why your final words were such a sweet lie. Did you know they would haunt my dreams? Did you know those words would make me agonise over every dumb thing I had done? I deserve it, I know.

It was my fault, I know it was. I don't blame you, I blame myself.

Addendum SCP-3152-A: Interview Log

The would-be recipient of SCP-3152 was located shortly after its acquisition. The recipient has been identified as Ellie . She was brought in under the guise of a police inquiry for questioning about Abigail.

+ Open Interview Log 3152

Interviewed: Ellie (Referred to by her first name.)

Interviewer: Agent (Referred to as Agent N.)

Foreword: Interview was conducted to ascertain if the subject had any information about Abigail that could lead to more information about how SCP-3152 came to exhibit its anomalous effects.

<Begin Log>

Agent N.: Hello, Ellie, right? I just have a few questions about your time in Connecticut, It shouldn't take too long, is that okay?

Ellie: Yeah, sure… Did something happen?

Agent N.: Well, Yes. What can you tell me about Abigail ?

Ellie: Abigail? It's been a while I… Yeah. Yeah, I knew her really well. We dated for a while before I… I moved, did she do

something?

Agent N.: Well, I'm sorry that you have to find this out like this but, Abigail passed away earlier this year.

Ellie: O…oh… oka…okay…Uh… I'm sorry I uh…I need a second…

[Ellie begins crying.]

Agent N.: Take as much time as you need, there's no rush.

[The agent passes a tissue box towards Ellie. She can be heard crying and using the tissues provided for approximately a minute before the interview continued.]

Ellie: Okay er…Yeah. Yeah, okay what did hmm… what did you want to know about Abby?

Agent N.: Well, Was there anything that sticks out to you about Abigail? Was she acting strangely the last time you saw her?

Ellie: Well, It was a uh, a strange time, right? I was…I mean I had to move pretty quickly… She was taking it pretty hard… I had to get out of my parents' house, it was a mess. They up and left, I didn't have the, uh, money to live there anymore, ya? It was either move in with my aunt or live on the streets. I loved Abby but I couldn't ask her to take me in, her parents woulda…killed her… I mean… I could have, I don't know… It was really stressful, the whole thing… I just had to get out of that house.

Agent N.: So there wasn't any indication of abnormal behavior for the situation?

Ellie: Not that I could tell. Well, she did blame herself… She kept asking me what she did to upset her… I kept telling her it wasn't her fault but It's like, it isn't stick, ya? Before I left I told her it wasn't her fault, I was hoping… I don't know… I was hoping it would get through to her…

[Ellie took several seconds before regaining her composure and continuing to speak.]

Ellie: I shoulda taken her with me…If I did…If we left together she might still… Fuck she might still be alive… Did she leave a note? Anything?

Agent N.: A note was found, yes. Did you want to read it?

Ellie: N-no…I don't think I can handle it. I'm having trouble handling… handling this at all…

Agent N.: We can end now if you want, you don't need to answer any more questions at this time.

Ellie: Yeah… But could you… Could you tell me, did she talk about me?

Agent N.: Yes.

Ellie: What did she…did she blame me? I just…I just left and…

Agent N.: She does mention that she doesn't blame you, and that she loved you.

Ellie: A…ah…

[Ellie smiles for the first time since the interview, crying has lessened.]

<End Log>

Closing Statement: [After the Interview Ellie told the Agent that she was going to go back to Connecticut to visit Abigail's grave. No signs of Anomalous activity seems to have been present before the creation of SCP-3152.]

SCP-3153: Bugging Me

Item #: SCP-3153

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3153 is to be kept in an artificial habitat appropriate for centipedes in **Site-64** as specified in construction sheet 3153-A. The interior of the habitat is to be decorated like a non-specific major metropolitan area, with visual and audio props meant to convince SCP-3153 that they are still living in the outside world. In addition to the normal care required by centipedes, SCP-3153 is to be sustained through a weekly social interaction session with one to five D-Class personnel, or employees of GoI-466 (Wilson's Wildlife Solutions)[1] that have Level 2 Site Wide Clearance and wish to apply themselves[2]. Those who wish to sustain instances of SCP-3153 through social interaction must first pass through psychological evaluation meant to detect tendencies toward excessive emotional attachment. Each session is to last a maximum of 1 hour, and to be monitored closely by Researchers for the eventual biological and behavioral alterations in SCP-3153. All significant alterations are to be registered for posterity in order to gain a better understanding of how the genetics of SCP-3153 operate. Civilians who come into contact with wild instances of SCP-3153 are to be given Class B amnestics, and the instances are to be recovered by GoI-466.

Description: SCP-3153 refers to a species of organisms outwardly resembling the *Scolopendra polymorpha* species of centipedes, which are native to northwestern Oregon. They measure approximately 1.76 m in length and weigh an average of 82 kg. Beyond their initial chitinous carapace, instances of SCP-3153 are an undifferentiated mass of biological tissue similar in function to totipotent stem cells, albeit much faster in how they act. Instances of SCP-3153 are capable of forming new organs, limbs and tissues from this mass, but this is dependent on how much they interact with

and form significant emotional bonds with human subjects. The types of adaptations that instances of SCP-3153 are capable of forming seem to be limited to crude attempts at mimicking and pleasing the human subjects they are bonding with.

Initially, instances of SCP-3153 operate with sophisticated animal intelligence. Methods of assistance include bringing small objects that a human subject will need in the morning, or swarming over perceived intruders to the subject's home. Methods of mimicry include eating the same foods as the subject and nesting on their bed. Of note is that as long as the human subject the instances are bonding with has not reciprocated their advances in a significant fashion, the instances are incredibly persistent and will regenerate from grievous injuries in a matter of seconds. No matter how aggressive the human subject becomes, the instances will not fight back, and display a timid and forgiving behavior toward the subject.

These actions persist until the human subject attempts to communicate with the instances in a friendly manner, leaves a small offering of food for them or otherwise attempts to reciprocate the bonding. During this time, SCP-3153 has been known to shed excess quantities of quasi-human body parts and biological tissues from their mass of stem-like cells, apparently in an effort to ease mimicry of and socializing with the human subject. However, since their understanding of human nature at this point is still crude, these shed materials are almost invariably malformed and unstable, but rarely represent any danger.

Gradually, SCP-3153 instances develop recognition of human facial expressions. They occasionally attempt to stand upright and embrace the subject in a manner similar to a hug, and generally stay close to and protect them. Instances will also develop a decent understanding of language and technology, as well as the anatomical adaptations to use them, albeit not as effectively as a human. Over time, the instances will accumulate more and more adaptations for the purposes of becoming more like the human subject they are bonding with. However, the instances are incapable of accurately replicating the human form or behavior.

The quantity of shed materials tends to increase at this point. The shed materials remain harmless but may attract infestations of non-

anomalous pests if left unchecked. Instances who have been successfully instructed on how to reduce their shedding obey in 92% of cases. Of note is after receiving such instructions, 46% of instances showed of their own initiative the capacity to reshape their shed biological material into edible versions, invariably presenting such items to their human subjects as apparent gifts. Refusal of such edible items was observed to cause a considerable sadness response in SCP-3153 instances. Further research into the level of intelligence and capability of biological tissue generation of SCP-3153 instances is pending.

Evidence indicates that instances of SCP-3153 do not produce any mind-affecting anomalies, and that any interactions that arise between them and their associated human subjects are to be treated as mundane. So far, 68% of human subjects have successfully completed the bonding process, with an estimated 21% increase in overall productivity. Use of SCP-3153 instances and similar anomalies for therapeutic purposes has been proposed by Dr. in the research paper "Humane Pests And Pestilent Humans: On The Emergence Of Non-Conventional Friendships Between Homo Sapiens And Anomalous Arthropods".

Footnotes
1. Involved in the containment ofSCP-3466.
2. Along with Sarah Gardner, to which instance SCP-3153-01 is bonded.

SCP-3154: Terminal State Inducer

Item #: SCP-3154

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3154 may be kept in any standard storage locker, preferably wrapped in some disposable material (such as paper) to enable safe handling. Care must be taken not to cut oneself or others on SCP-3154's edges; use of gloves is recommended for handling of SCP-3154.

Testing of SCP-3154 should take place in a room with robust drainage systems. Sanitation procedures for anomalies which produce human blood apply.

Description: SCP-3154 is a triangular piece of plate glass 16.2cm long, 8.0cm wide, and 0.7cm thick. Traces of blood from multiple human subjects are present on and around the 'tip'. SCP-3154 has sharp edges, necessitating precautionary measures to prevent injury.

When used to inflict damage on a human, SCP-3154 is capable of inducing a unique state in the subject, hereby designated a Sigma State. The amount of damage necessary to instigate a Sigma State varies between subjects, and appears to be correlated to the location the damage is inflicted, the depth of any cuts made with SCP-3154, and the overall health of the subject prior to use of SCP-3154. A Sigma State can be most efficiently instigated by slicing open large blood vessels located near the skin; the proximal cause of a Sigma State appears to be exsanguination.

Subjects in a Sigma State exhibit several unusual properties:

- Absence of breathing and heartbeat are reliable indicators of the onset of a Sigma State.

    - The subject will additionally become inactive and non-responsive to all external stimuli; however, this should not be used as an indication of a Sigma State, as the same properties are observed in comatose or otherwise unconscious humans.

- As a consequence of the lack of blood flow, the subject's blood will gradually settle in whichever areas of the body are lower at the time. The subject will become discolored as a result.
- Poorly characterized processes result in gradual reduction of the subject's body temperature to the ambient temperature, as well as stiffness of the limbs.
- The subject's immune system becomes inactive. This is ultimately the most physically destructive aspect of a Sigma State, as it enables organisms from the environment (such as worms, flies, and certain microbes) to consume the subject's body over an extended period of time.

    - This is accompanied by further discoloration, gross physical alteration, and foul odors; additional testing to determine the exact parameters of this effect is needed. Testing has shown that refrigeration and the application of certain chemicals is effective in delaying this process, though expenditure of resources in this method is not recommended.

The long-term effects of remaining in a Sigma State have yet to be observed. No tested methods have proven effective in reversing a Sigma State, nor does it appear to reverse of its own accord; thus, inducing a Sigma State in valued personnel is not recommended.

D-Class personnel in a Sigma State are generally not suitable for other purposes, and consideration of personnel requirements elsewhere is recommended before allotment of human resources to SCP-3154 testing.- Dr. Keller, HMCL Supervisor

Addendum: A temporary moratorium on testing SCP-3154 has been placed by the Ethics Committee, pending an investigation into the ethical ramifications of Sigma State induction and determination of appropriate handling of individuals in Sigma States.

SCP-3155: We Never Sleep

Original logo of GoI-021

Item #: SCP-3155

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Each current extant SCP-3155 instance is to be kept in a Humanoid Containment Chamber Type B; the cells are to be outfitted with precautionary measures designed to counter the occupants' specific individual phenomena. SCP-3155 instances are to be kept in **Site-43's B-Wing**.

Foundation Operatives have been installed in all levels of the American government with the express purpose of identifying and locating previously uncontained SCP-3155 instances. Additionally, Operatives are to infiltrate GoI-021 to collect information on possible SCP-3155 instances, their locations, their abilities, etc.

When possible SCP-3155 instances have been located, **MTF-Iota-10 ("Damn Feds")** is to capture them and bring them to Site-42 for questioning before being relocated to Site-43. The relocation is to occur with the help of MTF Omega-12 ("Achilles Heels"), guarding the particular SCP-3155 instance in order to avoid possible capture by hostile Groups Of Interest.

Description: SCP-3155 is the collective designation for 200~ anomalous individuals[1] that originally worked with GoI-021 ("Pinkerton National Detective Agency")[2] from 1883 to 1905 as a part of the organization's anti-anomalous division. SCP-3155 encompasses various different age groups, socio-economic backgrounds, political and religious beliefs, and varying levels of hostility. Due to GoI-021's lack of cooperation with Foundation operatives and GoI-021's lack of consistent recordkeeping regarding SCP-3155 instances, it is currently unknown how many instances are currently alive, or the total number of SCP-3155 instances that

worked for GoI-021.

SCP-3155 instances. Circa 1891

SCP-3155 instances often have anomalous abilities primarily focusing on combat, although there have been documented cases of SCP-3155 instances controlling the Hume level within an area, effectively acting as a primitive Scranton Reality Anchor prior to its **creation** by **Prometheus Labs** in the early 19 s. Other documented cases have shown flesh manipulation, psychokinetic control, and extreme regenerative abilities.

SCP-3155 instances were originally employed by GoI-021 in order to supply the demand for anomalous guards and detectives prior to the establishment of the Foundation in 1899 and the creation of a federal agency to deal with anomalous criminals.[3] Prior to Pinkerton, anomalous felons often had very little national opposition within the United States, primarily being handled by civilian or local law enforcement. These groups were often ill-prepared to deal with anomalous criminals due to lack of training regarding extranormal matters, along with insufficient information regarding the anomalous community.

Despite the Anti-Pinkerton Act of 1893, which made hiring GoI-021 and agencies like it illegal for the United States government, GoI-021 was still able to supply of a steady demand for anomalous agents and detectives on the local and state level within the United States until 1905, when the Foundation's activities began in earnest.

Discovery: SCP-3155 was discovered following the Foundation's establishment in 1899, when rumors of anomalous individuals working for GoI-021 began circulating the anomalous community. This was confirmed on 6-22-1900, when SCP-3155-1 was arrested by local law enforcement for attempted robbery. SCP-3155-1 was put into its own jail cell. On 6-23-1900, SCP-3155-1 was reported to have burst into flames. Intention behind this act is currently unknown.

Following this, the Foundation investigated SCP-3155-1 and its history with GoI-021. This investigation lead to the discovery of GoI-021's anomalous division, and to the discovery that over 200~

people originally worked in this division.

Addendum-3155.1: Selected Interview Logs

Dr. Henderson: How did the Agency hire you?

SCP-3155-13: I worked as a clerk in this tiny little General Store down south, near Mobile. Beautiful town, if you didn't mind the smell and poverty. And racism. But that's not important. What is important is how the man picked me up. I was closing up shop, making sure that everything was where it was, the owner always got onto me about that, always bitching and moaning an—

Dr. Henderson: Stick to the story, please.

SCP-3155-13: Heh, sorry. My mind wanders, it's a habit. Anyways, I was closing up shop, making sure that everything was clean and put up, when this man comes in. Short little man, tiny eyes as well. Looked like a rat. Smelled like one too. Seemed like a country boy, I'd reckon. I'm still behind the counter, counting the money, when I see him stroll on up. You'd never believe what happened next.

Dr. Henderson: What did he do?

SCP-3155-13: Pulled out his piece and asked for the money. Now, I'm a man of honor, but when a man with a gun tells you to give him the money, you give him the money. It wasn't my first time, but something about this time was *<Pause>* different.

Dr. Henderson: Different how?

SCP-3155-13: Dunno. But it was different. Something in the air felt off and strange, like when you're high up on a cliff and you look down. Like that. I'm beginning to hand him the money, and something must have *<Pause>* I don't know, gone off.

Dr. Henderson: What do you mean "gone off"?

SCP-3155-13: The bag of money that I'm handing bursts into flames, engulfing half his hand. He runs out of the store, screaming and howling and crying. I ran out of the store and I saw him rolling around in front of the store. It was like a living inferno. His skin just melted off. I just stood there, watching and standing. I had never seen anything like that before.

Dr. Henderson: What did you do?

SCP-3155-13: What could I do? I'd seen people get killed before, but *nothing*, and I mean *nothing* like this. After he just stopped screaming and the flames fizzled out, I went to the woods and threw up and cried. What had I done? Did I just set a man on fire? No, of course not. I was imagining things, I thought. I was an atheist back then, I didn't believe in magic or Gods or anything like that. I stood there for what must have been an hour before going back to the store and seeing *him* there.

Dr. Henderson: Him?

SCP-3155-13: The man. He was wearing this black suit, very professional. He was just sitting on the porch of the general store, smoking a cigar. The body was gone, along with any burn marks nearby. I thought he was a cop, and I probably would have set him on fire if he didn't look so damn boring. Boring was the best thing at that moment.

Dr. Henderson: Did he offer you anything?

SCP-3155-13: Yes. The best offer in the world. A job with the Pinks.

SCP-3155-22. Circa 1887

SCP-3155-22: The woman in the black suit gave me an offer. She told me that Pinkerton could help me control my *<Pause>* powers, so to speak. My mom, she hadn't

ever taught me to control my powers. She said it was a curse, and that it'd be better if I just died. Stopped the blood line. A curse brought from the East by flesh worshipers.

Dr. Henderson: What are the specifics of this "curse"?

SCP-3155-22: I could *<Pause>* craft from the flesh. I could, in a way, create life. I used to peel my flesh apart and craft a creature from it. I don't know how to explain it other than I just *can*. I couldn't control it much. Anything bigger than my hand would just ignore me and try to kill anything that moved. It was a thing passed to the first born of the family.

Dr. Henderson: What were the specifics of the offer?

SCP-3155-22: Simple. I work for Pinkerton, I get training and help. I get support from others. The woman, she was so nice, but so dreadfully boring. No idea why the Pinks hired her. They shipped me down south, to work near Washington, so the government could keep a good eye over Pinkerton and the rest of us.

Dr. Henderson: What did they do to you down in Washington?

SCP-3155-22: Oh, nothing much. Simple check ups, power checks, mental and physical health examines, combat readiness, boring stuff.

Dr. Henderson: Anything of note that happened down there?

SCP-3155-22: Not really. I got shot five or so times, but it healed.

Dr. Henderson: What were you working as within the organization?

SCP-3155-27: Mostly guarding. Sometimes from those

damn unions, but mostly from the Hand. You'd be surprised how extreme some of them could be.

Dr. Henderson: What were the living conditions like?

SCP-3155-27: Surprisingly tidy. We all worked together, men and women, black and white, poor and rich. We were all equal in the eyes of the Agency.

Dr. Henderson: Really? No segregation?

<SCP-3155-27 smiles>

SCP-3155-27: Do you really wanna tell the people who can turn your entire body inside out with the snap of a finger that they aren't equal to the white man?

Dr. Henderson: Point taken.

SCP-3155-27: Ha! That's the Pinkerton spirit!

SCP-3155-33. Circa 1889

SCP-3155-33: The best days working for Pinkerton were when we worked for less than tolerant clients. A Klan member calls in a Pink to settle some business with a local necromancer bringing his wife back, and the Boss brings in a Catholic, a woman, and a Negro to deal with the bastard. It's a work of art, really, seeing his jaw drop the floor. The best part is when he has to say "thanks" and pay the bill.

Dr. Henderson: How common were these clients?

SCP-3155-33: We had them once or twice a month. But when they happen, oh boy, is it priceless. A spectacle to behold.

Dr. Henderson: Aside from *them*, what other clients did you have?

<SCP-3155-33's smile disappears>

SCP-3155-33: Well, let's just say that those clients aren't the most, um, respectable people in the world.

Dr. Henderson: How so?

SCP-3155-33: Factory owners, giant mining companies, and vast steel mills calling up the Agency to "bring in the freaks", as they put it, to put down a strike against "socialists, anarchists, and communists". Code words for the little guy, the worker. Fucked over and over and over again by the rich and powerful. Strikers, unions, **eye-double-ya-double-ya**, and the list grows and grows.

<SCP-3155-33 sighs>

SCP-3155-33: It's hard to put them down. It's different when it's a demon or an anomalous necrophile, freaks and murders and criminals and everything in between. But when you're dealing with a striker, a weak person, and you have to throw a fire ball in his face, it's just *<Pause>*, fuck, I don't know.

SCP-3155-44: They didn't have much of a choice when it came to getting rid of us. Not that it made things any less painful. Some of us left the old life behind, went out west to establish themselves anew. Some of us tried to keep the old detective life going, working as sheriffs, deputies, independents, and on and on. Some tried to be one or the other, but were forced into the other.

Dr. Henderson: Such as?

SCP-3155-44: Where to begin? Connor tried establishing himself as a butcher in Boston near the Irish quarter. He ended up frying someone robbing him. They threw him out on his ass and he had to flee west. He was going by Donald last time I checked. Or Carrie. She was a sweet woman, but her voice was sweeter. Tried being an actor down south. Key word being "tried". She ended

up flying mid-performance.

Dr. Henderson: What happened to her?

SCP-3155-44: I don't know. But I have the sinking suspicion that it involved a concrete block and a river. Or Ken. He was from Appalachia, fought in the war. Last time I checked he was after some crazy bastard named "**Sawteeth**" in Chicago. I hope that poor bastard did good, in the end.

SCP-3155-11. Circa 1889

SCP-3155-11: I was fired in 1894. Business was a little harder for the Agency, considering the Pinkerton Act. It was so damn hard adjusting. I had to remember that I wasn't allowed in *that* bar, or *that* bathroom, or through *that* goddamn door way. I got used to it, but some just couldn't adjust. Many of us tried keeping in contact with each other, but some bled through the cracks. Some drowned in their own loneliness and despair and depression.

Dr. Henderson: Mind giving us some examples?

SCP-3155-11: Why?

Dr. Henderson: For the record.

<SCP-3155-11 pauses. Does not respond>

Dr. Henderson: SCP-3155-11?

SCP-3155-11: No.

Dr. Henderson: What?

SCP-3155-11: I'm not telling you. Fuck that. I'm not going to tell you all the people we've lost. All the people who drank themselves to death out of loneliness. Out of

> isolation. The people who were cast out of their communities for being "freaks" or for being "monsters" or "satanists" or "Catholics" or god knows what else.
>
> Do you have any fucking clue how that feels to be thrown out and labeled as a freak? To hide your powers out of fear of being hanged and killed or sent off to some fucking mad house or freak show or who knows where else? The Agency, for all its fuck ups and faults, was our home. It was our place where we could be safe. Where we had the power.
>
> We were free. We didn't have to worry about our skin color or religion or what's between our legs or where we decide to stick those things in what place. We didn't care. We loved each other. And to have that support line destroyed, ripped apart and cast aside, breaks people. They're broken and destroyed and want the pieces to be put back together but they just fucking won't.
>
> They just fucking won't.
>
> You wanna have an example? Fine. Look at Joey.[4]

Addendum-3155.2: Incident-3155-01

On 5-12-19 , Site-43 security discovered a damaged section of its electrical barbed wire fencing on the west side of the facility, near Site-43's B-Wing. Near the damaged section of the fence was a pair of wire cutters. Footage of the west side of Site-43 revealed an elderly individual damaging the electrical fencing with said wire cutters. The individual did not suffer any external damage despite the fencing sustaining high electrical energy.

After this was discovered, Site-43's Director decided to initiate a lock down of the entirety of Site-43. **MTF-Beta-22 ("The Whistleblowers")** was tasked by Site-43's Chief of Security to locate the individual, who was believed to have been an SCP-3155 instance. MTF-Beta-22 were stationed within Site-43's B-Wing, while standard Foundation security forces were deployed to survey the rest of Site-43's A[5], C[6], and D[7] wings.

One hour after the initial lockdown, security footage of B-Wing revealed that the individual had, through means unknown at the time, broken into the deepest sections of Site-43's B-Wing, the location where SCP-3155 instances were being held.

Beta-22 were immediately ordered by Site-43's Director to terminate the entity, then classified as SCP-3155-58.

While Beta-22 was attempting to locate SCP-3155-58, it had successfully entered into SCP-3155-11's cell. The following was recovered.

> **SCP-3155-11:** What the hell is go— Kenny? Is, is that you?
>
> *<Muffled speaking>*
>
> **SCP-3155-11:** The hell are you talking abo— We weren't kidnapped.
>
> *<Muffled speaking>*
>
> **SCP-3155-11:** Listen, I'm not some goddamn damsel. They take care of us her—
>
> *<SCP-3155-58 grabs SCP-3155-11 by the arm and attempts to remove it from its cell>*
>
> **SCP-3155-11:** The hell're you doing?!
>
> *<SCP-3155-58 staggers back, its arm severely burned.>*
>
> **SCP-3155-11:** Oh god! Ken, are you oka—
>
> *<SCP-3155-58 attempts to get up, moving towards the door of the containment cell>*

Following this, Beta-22 had arrived to SCP-3155-11's cell, apprehending SCP-3155-58. Due to SCP-3155-11's action in injuring SCP-3155-58, Beta-22 were able to peacefully subdue it with little resistance.

SCP-3155-58 has since been put into indefinite containment in Site-43's B Wing, with members of Beta-22 acting as its main guards until cooperation can be reached with SCP-3155-58.

Footnotes
1. Currently 58 individuals in Foundation custody.
2. Currently known as "Pinkerton Consulting & Investigations, Inc. d.b.a. Pinkerton Corporate Risk Management".
3. During this time theAmerican Secure Containment Initiativehad disbanded due to lack of government funding during the Civil War.
4. SCP-3155-1's birth name.
5. Low Priority Containment Wing
6.High Priority Containment Wing
7. Personnel Wing.

SCP-3156: Civilization Carrier Case

Item #: SCP-3156

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-3156 may be safely stored in Containment Lockers 23 and 24 at Bio-Site-66.

SCP-3156 has been cleared for testing in Site-66's terrarium testing chambers. Researchers interested in testing with SCP-3156 are to contact Dr. Helm and arrange an interview. No test involving SCP-3156 is to last longer than 30 days. After testing is concluded, researchers are to pump testing chambers with applicable insecticides.

Description: SCP-3156 refers to a collection of 17 plastic containers similar to those designed to contain small animals such as rodents or insects. All instances of SCP-3156 possess a design etched onto the side that resembles a door. Instances of SCP-3156 are all visually identical, with exception to the lids of each instance which may be a bright green, orange, or pink.

Anomalous properties of SCP-3156 begin to manifest once an insect or arachnid is inserted into SCP-3156 via the lid. When an insect or arachnid is inserted into SCP-3156, the door design on the side of SCP-3156 will change in size to be similar in proportion to the specimen and will begin functioning as an actual entrance and exit to the container. If there are two or more specimens placed within SCP-3156, the door's size will achieve proportions equal to the average size between all specimens. After this change in structure, all specimens inside SCP-3156 become instances of SCP-3156-1.

SCP-3156-1 is any insect or arachnid that has developed higher cognitive functions as a result of SCP-3156 and displays behaviour reflective of early sociocultural evolution, especially if said evolution is reflective of early developing human society. Provided that the

proper materials are available (i.e. wood, stone, etc.), this behaviour typically arises in the creation of primitive tools and structures. During this time, SCP-3156-1 often treats the instance of SCP-3156 that it was placed into as a residence, returning to it during times of rest and leisure. If at least three instances of SCP-3156-1 exist within close proximity to one another, these instances will begin interacting socially with one another regularly, often working together to ensure mutual survival. Researchers are to refer to these groups of SCP-3156-1 living in tandem with one another as a colony.

Provided enough time, colonies, as well as the individual SCP-3156-1 instances within them, will naturally develop. While these developments are often similar to those found in human societies (i.e. systems of trade, government and leadership, medical practices, etc.), they are usually influenced by the specific biology of the SCP-3156-1 instances themselves. For example, a colony farmer of a species of insect that feeds primarily on vegetation, such as *Schistocerca americana*,[1] will focus on growing crops rather than breeding creatures as a source of food (see testing log for more information). It should be noted that while SCP-3156-1 instances are capable of producing a system of language on their own, they are equally capable of adopting an existing language provided that it is available to them in some form (either written or spoken word) early enough in development.

SCP-3156 Testing Log:

> **SCP-3156-1:** *Coccinella magnifica*[2]
> **Colony:** 3 instances of SCP-3156, with 10 SCP-3156-1 between them
> **Other Organisms in Chamber:** Aphidoidea[3]
> **Test Length:** 30 days
> **Results:** During the initial developmental stages, the colony of SCP-3156-1 displayed typical hunter gatherer behaviour as expected in regard to the aphids, however, approximately seventeen days after testing began, SCP-3156-1 had successfully domesticated them. Aphids were often corralled by instances of SCP-3156-1 onto plant stalks for "grazing", and the honeydew

produced as a result was collected and stored by SCP-3156-1. The aphids themselves became comfortable around SCP-3156-1 instances, allowing them to be easily contained within an instance of SCP-3156 by the SCP-3156-1 colony (it should be noted that aphids entered SCP-3156 through the "door" on the side, not through the lid. It appears that utilizing this entrance yields no cognitive development in the subject).

SCP-3156-1: *Lasius niger*[4]
Colony: 1 instance of SCP-3156, with 100 SCP-3156-1 within, including 1 queen
Other Organisms in Chamber: No
Test Length: 23 days
Results: Over the testing period, the colony of SCP-3156-1 developed into a society resembling a monarchy, with the queen SCP-3156-1 acting as a matriarch. During early development, workers vacated SCP-3156 until only the queen and male phenotype SCP-3156-1 instances remained within, and quickly constructed small mounds for themselves out of materials found within the testing chamber, and began taking on various societal duties, one of which included building a wall around SCP-3156 and the surrounding mounds out of twigs and pebbles. Workers offered portions of what food they had to the queen at regular intervals of 48 hours, which is believed to have been some form of taxation. SCP-3156-1 instances that did not pay this "tax" were often punished by the male phenotype instances and were sometimes executed in a public display, or contained in a chamber dug in the ground below SCP-3156. Approximately 20 days into testing, "taxation" began to occur every 24 hours. Shortly after, one worker instance of SCP-3156-1 entered SCP-3156 and killed the queen with a small stone tool that resembled an axe at approximately 3:47am, and was subsequently dispatched by the male phenotypes. Given that the death of the queen ant occurred prior to any egg-laying or nuptial flight, the colony became incapable of reproducing. Following this incident,

workers and male phenotypes began fighting one another, presumably for control of the colony. Testing was then terminated.

SCP-3156-1: *Tegenaria domestica*[5]
Colony: 4 instances of SCP-3156, with 1 SCP-3156-1 each.
Other Organisms in Chamber: *Musca domestica*[6]
Test Length: 30 days
Results: Despite their naturally solitary nature, all four instances of SCP-3156-1 quickly became accustomed to living and working together. Instances of SCP-3156-1 created several webs throughout the testing chamber, and routinely checked them several times a day. Interestingly, SCP-3156-1 instances would also use webbing in and around their respective SCP-3156. Given that this webbing lacked the structural stability needed for a standard spider web to catch prey, it is assumed it was used for decorative purposes. SCP3156-1 did not develop past this stage.

SCP-3156-1: *Periplaneta americana*[7]
Colony: 5 instances of SCP-3156, with 2 SCP-3156-1 each.
Other Organisms in Chamber: Researcher Warren
Test Length: 30 days
Results: Researcher Warren was within SCP-3156's chamber for six hours during the first day of testing, with instructions to remain near SCP-3156-1, but to avoid physical contact if possible. SCP-3156-1 expressed interest in Researcher Warren, but no instance approached him. Three days after Researcher Warren's departure, SCP-3156-1 decorated the inside of each SCP-3156 instance with a design resembling a stick figure. Seven days after Researcher Warren's departure, SCP-3156-1 created a stone structure resembling a human male approximately 1ft tall located an equal distance away from each SCP-3156 instance. All instances of SCP-3156-1 would approach this statue simultaneously at least once every day after construction

was completed, usually between the ranges of 9:00am - 10:30am. Similar effigies continued to be created until the cessation of the test.

SCP-3156-1: *Aedes albopictus*[8]
Colony: 3 instance of SCP-3156 with 30 SCP-3156-1 between them.
Other Organisms in Chamber: *Sus scrofa domesticus*[9]
Test Length: 3 days
Results: [DATA EXPUNGED]

Addendum-3156-A: SCP-3156 was discovered when Foundation agents intercepted reports from a Mrs. to local authorities about noises of someone moving in her basement several days after the disappearance of her husband, entomologist Dr. . Despite repeated investigations revealing no one inside the house other than the family, Mrs. continued to report sounds from the basement. Suspecting SCP involvement, a Foundation investigation revealed a hidden room in the basement of the home that contained all instances of SCP-3156 arranged within a model city, and an open ventilation shaft, as well as the corpse of Dr. , which was covered in currently unidentified bites that contained trace amounts of PhTx3 neurotoxin. Above the Doctor's head the words "GOD IS FINALLY DEAD" were written in Dr. 's blood. No living organisms were found in the basement.

+ Display: Note from Dr. Helm

After receiving several questions about the necessity of SCP-3156-1's termination, as well as numerous requests for an extension of SCP-3156's mandated testing period, I'm beginning to get tired of repeating myself. So, for those interested, I have two questions:

Do you know how long it took human beings to realize they could plant things in the ground for food? Thousands of years.

Do you know how long it takes these bugs to do the same thing? A few days, maybe a week

at the very most.

The point is SCP-3156-1 develops far more rapidly than humans ever have. Sure, this growth doesn't continue to be *as* remarkably fast as the example I provided above, but it's still damn quick. It's not superficial either; these bugs have been shown to comprehend higher concepts like a God, and this intelligence develops with them. How long would it take for them to rival us intellectually, or perhaps even surpass us? As far as we know, there's no cap on how far they might go, and no indication of how quickly they'll get there,

It only took humans until 1961 to successfully escape Earth and into space. How long would it take SCP-3156-1 to realize just how small the box we've put them in really is? We don't know, and the risk that situation might put us in means we are unwilling to find out.

So, in short: The termination of SCP-3156-1 is a necessity for Foundation security, despite our usual code of conduct when it comes to sapient SCPs. We are here to discover, but we are also here to protect, and to ensure that we must make sure our place in the food chain isn't superseded.

- Dr. Helm

Footnotes
1. American Grasshopper
2. Common Ladybird Beetle
3. Aphid
4. Black Garden Ant
5. Domestic House Spider
6. House Fly
7. American Cockroach

8. Asian Tiger Mosquito
9. Domestic pig

SCP-3157: Holmeswood Towers

Item #: SCP-3157

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3157 is to be kept fenced off and guarded by at least nine security officers at any one time, with at least one officer in each sector of the park. Entry to SCP-3157 requires at least Level-2 clearance and direct permission from a staff member of Level-4 clearance or above. Any individuals entering SCP-3157 must be kept under external video observation at all times.
Any members of staff attempting to enter SCP-3157 without authorisation are to be dismissed immediately.

Any other individuals found tresspassing SCP-3157 are to be detained for a period of 24 hours, after which they must either be released or have further action taken against them based on their actions and/or behaviours on-site. If further action is deemed necessary, it must be authorised by SCP-3157's site director before it can be put into effect.

Standard media blackout operations are to be put into effect should any form of media outlet release information regarding SCP-3157 and/or Events-3157-A and B.

Description: SCP-3157 is the former Holmeswood Towers Amusement Park resort following the anomalous events 3157-A and 3157-B (the disappearance and reappearance of the entire resort, respectively). The site measures approximately 3.7 km² and is located in Staffordshire, England.

Map of SCP-3157's sectors.
Each is to be guarded by at least one security officer at any one time.

The park itself is divided into nine seperate sectors, each with a specific theme which rides, buildings and pathways are decorated to match. Each sector holds one of the park's nine major roller coasters, excluding the entrance sector, which holds none, and the Devil's Land sector, which holds two. A system of footpaths link all the park's sectors, although a monorail and cable car system also operated across several sectors.

At 10:32 AM on 16/05/16, SCP-3157 and all individuals on-site disappeared, an occurrence since designated Event-3157-A. At the time of disappearance, witnesses say that an auditory shock wave, similar to a thunderclap, oscillated towards the centre of the park across an estimated radius of 1.93km, presumably the result of rushing air particles filling the vaccum temporarily formed by SCP-3157's sudden disappearance.
Following the event, a crater was left in SCP-3157's place, with all cables, water pipes and phone lines left exposed, seemingly severed.
No anomalous features were found on the site following Event-3157-A. After the Foundation began investigations, the site was fenced off. The remaining cables, pipes, etc, were removed.

Following the event, standard media blackout operations were put into effect, though due to Event-3157-A's scale, over 20 different national media outlets had already reported the event. This, paired with the significant effects of Event-3157-A (including the disappearance of an accounted 29,871 people), has resulted in many individuals in the U.K. and some beyond still having knowledge of SCP-3157, despite Foundation efforts. At the time of writing, it is unknown exactly how many individuals have knowledge of SCP-3157 and Event-3157-A, though it is estimated to be around at least 300,000 nationwide.

At 3:40 PM on 07/05/17, SCP-3157 returned to its original position, an occurrence designated as Event-3157-B. Again, an auditory shockwave was reported by Foundation personnel on site at the time, however this wave was observed to have radiated from the centre of the park as oppose to towards it. Similarly, this shockwave oscillated across an estimated radius of 1.90km.
No survivors, bodies, or anomalous properties were discovered in

the newly recovered SCP-3157, except a notebook and pen found on a platform next to the park's "PURGATORY" roller-coaster, located in the 'Devil's Land' sector of the park.

The notebook, labelled as SCP-3157-1, and pen are pieces of park merchandise. Material found in the notebook is believed to be a suicide note written by the last remaining survivor of Event-3157-A, who remains unidentified. The note seems to suggest that survivors were trapped on the site following Event-3157-A, and lived there for several months, presumably the time between Events-3157-A and B. Despitethis, no evidence of survivors living on the site has ever been found.

Again, standard media blackouts were put into effect. However, due to the Foundation's now established control over SCP-3157, fewer outlets were able to report the event, thus less people are assumed to have knowledge of Event-3157-B, although the site is located only 0.8km from a main road, so can be easily observed by members of the public.

No further anomalous events have occurred in or around SCP-3157 since.

Addendum:

> Document-3157:
> Transcript of material found in SCP-3157-1.
>
> I'm writing this because everyone else is dead. Everyallofthem. I thought I couldn't lose anyone else. Gone. All gone. Stuck here never leaving. trapped chocking suffocating. murder
> We told ourselves someone would rescue us. No one did. No one. we just needed the lie. Especially the kids. They didn't mind too much with all the rides to themselves and all the ice cream they could want from the reset. Unlimited ice cream. It always came back after every day. All the food in everywhere. And the rides worked without anyone running them. The kidsdren loved it. They had fun. fun happy happy happeerman. We bster

But [REDACTED] killed himself. Jumped off the mansion. Killed. Dead. He'd had problems with suicide before, and I guess this place just brought it all back. understandcastleble.
Thekids that saw couldn't stop crying. He was so broken brokn. Their parents just put htem on the rides.
Soon aftrr, the reset stopped. We starved. We tried finding berries in the trees but they could only last so long. After about three months people started eating each other. Trying to rip into flesh with teeth teeht blood blood killed eat eat ate aeten eat
Then oneday the rieds they didnt stop and they kept going and going and going and the kids were dead all dead blood somuch bllood blod red. The rides killedthem all. Everyone was crying crying criing. The rest were all dead soon as well all dead liek them al ded. some jumped some went on the rides just like thekids dead. Everyone is gone now. I jusrt want it totsop Just want end end enendd end dnend ned n e den d
He did this. He rman did this. Holmeswood

SCP-3158: Inconvenient

Item #: SCP-3158

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Standard exclusionary precautions for medium-size stationary oceanic anomalies apply for SCP-3158. Expungement of SCP-3158 from satellite imagery is unnecessary. Access is denied to all personnel.

Description: SCP-3158 is a tropical island with an area of 4.8km^2 located 42 kilometers off the coast of . Subjects present on SCP-3158 will secrete human blood, rather than tears, from their lacrimal glands. This does not result in irritation; rather, the blood adequately fulfills the functions of the tear film, albeit resulting in a red tint to the subject's vision. This effect ceases once the subject leaves SCP-3158.

Affected subjects prefer not to acknowledge this effect, attempting to refocus any such discussion on SCP-3158's natural beauty, calmness, or exoticism. Excreted blood matches the genetic profile of [DATA LOST].

Subjects that observe a 15m x 60m area in the southeastern region of SCP-3158, designated SCP-3158-1, experience intense, painful hunger that does not abate until they leave SCP-3158. Subjects will attempt to consume any material they believe to be edible, save for components of humans they consider to be of similar or higher social status.

No subject has voluntarily discussed this phenomenon, or their actions while under its effect; they instead attempt to refocus any such discussion on SCP-3158's suitability as a travel destination.

Prior to Incident 3158-Alpha, SCP-3158-1 was the site of [DATA LOST]. SCP-3158 came to Foundation attention shortly thereafter,

when several soldiers reported SCP-3158's anomalous effects.

SCP-3159: The Trashiest World in the Multiverse

Item #: SCP-3159

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Popular media and the internet are to be monitored for references to SCP-3159, with amnestics to be administered as required.

Description: SCP-3159 is a radio signal in the 116-118 MHz range appearing intermittently over the Florida panhandle. Manifestations of SCP-3159 last between 10 and 15 minutes, with 3-7 manifestations appearing each week since discovery in October 1993. Because the transmission frequency of SCP-3159 falls outside the FM radio band, it is relatively rare for commercially available radios to pick it up; when this does occur, listeners usually assume they are listening to a parody or a practical joke.

SCP-3159 features episodes of *The Jerry Springer Show*. The general format parallels the non-anomalous version of the show, with each episode focusing on relationship problems stemming from immoderate or socially proscribed behavior. Voice spectrography reveals a 99.17% match for Gerald Norman Springer, with the difference of 0.83% consistent with a case of chronic laryngitis affecting the host of SCP-3159 but not Mr. Springer.

Remote sensing has not revealed a physical source for SCP-3159. Notably, no known technology is capable of creating a spatially localized electromagnetic signal without a source that can be detected by means available to the Foundation. It is currently believed that SCP-3159 originates from a parallel universe.

+ Transcript of a manifestation of SCP-3159 recorded on 4/8/98

The following excerpt features Stella, whose voice suggests a woman in her late teens, and

Logan, whose voice suggests a man in his early thirties.

Stella: I don't fucking believe this shit.

Logan: It didn't mean nothing.

Stella: It's like…how do you even fuck an alien?

Logan: Baby, theres no need for that.

Stella: You son-of-a-bitch, yes, there is. Tell me, how'd you even do it with that round thing? They don't have holes.

Jerry: The girl raises a good question.

The studio audience laughs and breaks into a chant of "Jerry, Jerry" lasting approximately 15 seconds.

Logan: You don't touch em or anything. You just think thoughts and then…you know. Kinda like getting porn straight into your brain.

At this point, a sound resembling a conch horn is heard. Across a battery of tests, listeners consistently report that the sound made them intensely uncomfortable, and that immediately afterwards the image of a man sniffing a bouquet of flowers appeared in their minds.

Jerry: I think we just got our answer.

Logan: It ain't cheating if there's no touching, am I right?

Stella: You telling me you mind-fucked that piece of blubber?

Audience hoots and jeers. An audience

member is heard yelling "Oh no she didn't!"

Jerry: Now Stella, you know the b-word is fraught with unfortunate racial connotations.

Stella: I don't give a shit! That fat sack of…

Jerry: I think we all need a little breather. We'll be right back after these messages from our sponsors.

The following ad is narrated by an older female who speaks in measured tones, alongside a younger female with a quick, chirpy voice.

Older female: Let's face it — we all know someone who fell prey to a flytrap ATM.

Younger female: I was just about to go into the bank when I decided to get a coffee first. When I returned, the ATM was chewing through the remains of the last customer!

Older female: Don't become food for a interdimensional being.

Younger female: That could have been *me*.

Older female: That's why at Meridian Bank, our ATMs have the distinctive gold-and-crimson patterns that are so hard to emulate. A recent study by the *North American Consumer Protection Association* found that Meridian lost fewer customers to flytraps than any other mid-size bank.

Younger female: Meridian: shop safe.

This following ad is narrated by a young, hyper-masculine voice, with occasional interruption by hissing sounds. Although these sounds do not correspond to any known

language, listeners were unanimous across an array of tests in assigning the same meaning to the hisses.

Narrator: Are you having trouble pleasing women? Do you happen to be a little on the small side, down there?

Hissing: I am hungry.

Narrator: I hate to be the one to tell ya, but penis extension is a lie. Don't throw your money away on creams or pumps. They don't do *anything*.

Narrator: But there is one way that is 100% guaranteed to give you the result you want!

Hissing: So very hungry.

Narrator: For a modest fee, we here at MonoRaptor would be willing to intercede with Quetzalcoatl for you. Big Q will get you all the thickness and girth you need.

Narrator: There is just one teensy little catch: the Quez will want some of your memories.

Hissing: I will see the world through your eyes.

Narrator: But hey, you've got plenty of memories, am I right? Do you really need to remember all your snot-nosed childhood friends?

Narrator: Contact a MonoRaptor agent *today*.

After a few beats from the Jerry Springer theme song, the show returns to applause from the studio audience.

Jerry: And we're back. Before we quit for today, Logan has one more thing to tell us.

Logan: Yeah. Baby, this aint easy for me to say. Stella, sweetie, I'm pregnant.

Stella: What?

Logan: Yeah.

Stella: What the you piece of !1

Logan: Come on, baby.

Stella: We're through you motherf…..wait, where's it even going to come out of?

Jerry: Aaaaand that's all the time we have for today, folks.

Manifestations of SCP-3159 have included references to "Oprah," "Kim Kardashian," and "Brangelina," indicating that the universe of SCP-3159 shares a number of features with our own. On the other hand, the closing credits of each episode state that the show is filmed in the "North American Confederacy," and off-hand remarks suggest the Confederacy is engaged in the prolonged occupation of a nation known as "The Empire of Greater Mesopotamia."

The low signal strength of SCP-3159 has made triangulation challenging; at present, the location of the transmission can only be localized to a 50km^2 region within Okaloosa County, Florida. It is anticipated that within 6-8 years, it will be possible to pinpoint the originating location to within approximately 300m^2. This will allow the Foundation to identify the spatial point where the boundary between the two universes is permeable to radio signals; in turn, this will enable the Foundation to either send a message, or install a jammer to ensure that no transmissions from our world get through.

The O5 council has voted several times to pursue the latter course of action. However, opinions on this matter are far from unanimous. Detractors point out that the universe in which SCP-3159 originates

appears to possess a number of advanced technologies, with many possibilities for mutually beneficent exchange. Moreover, it has also been suggested that one might form a rather negative opinion of our own universe if the sole source of information about it was *The Jerry Springer Show.*

Footnotes
1. Blacked-out text corresponds to expunged words in SCP-3159 (colloquially known as "bleeps").

SCP-3160: There Are Wasps Inside Your Microwave, And They're Stinging You Right Now

Item #: SCP-3160

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: As detailed in the Boring Agreement, SCP-3160 is currently contained primarily by GoI-466 ("Wilson's Wildlife Solutions") with a limited degree of Foundation oversight. All specimens comprising SCP-3160 are to be kept in an enclosure at Wilson's Wildlife Solutions HQ and fed daily in accordance with Nutritional Chart 3160-1. No objects other than those required for feeding or maintenance are to be introduced to the SCP-3160 enclosure.

Object Apol is to be kept at the center of SCP-3160's enclosure. Twice a day, it is to be doused in pheromones via an automatic dispersal system so as to encourage SCP-3160 to remain close to it. Francesco Saul, the creator of Object Apol, is to be kept on-site as a containment consultant so as to perform any conceptual maintenance that Object Apol requires.

Description: SCP-3160 is the collective designation for, at the time of writing, one hundred and twenty nine yellowjacket wasps capable of shifting from a physical state to a conceptual one. When a specimen of SCP-3160 is threatened, it will cease existing physically and attach itself to the conceptual framework of a nearby object.

While conceptually attached to an object, the specimen of SCP-3160 is also present within all objects with a similar conceptual framework within a radius of ten kilometers. SCP-3160 can also emerge physically from any such object within that radius, making their conceptual properties an effective form of escape as well as concealment.

While in its conceptual form, SCP-3160 can physically interfere with

any organism within a meter of any of the objects it is inhabiting. This interference takes the form of numerous, repeated stings, often encouraging the organism to retreat further away from the object. These stings have been shown to have no properties outside of those expected from a normal yellowjacket wasp.

SCP-3160 first came to the attention of the Foundation after GoI-466 ("Wilson's Wildlife Solutions") requested assistance in its containment. After SCP-3160 attached themselves to a microwave, numerous citizens of Boring, Oregon reported receiving large amounts of wasp stings while in their kitchens. Through a joint effort by the Foundation's Conceptual Department and Wilson's Wildlife Solutions, all specimens of SCP-3160 were successfully expelled from the microwaves and brought into initial containment.

Addendum 3160-1: Following numerous containment breaches caused by SCP-3160 conceptually attaching themselves to the walls and floor of their enclosure, it was decided that new containment procedures were required. Wilson's Wildlife Solution, with limited funding provided by the Foundation, commissioned Francesco Saul, an anartist known to have experience in conceptual engineering, to provide a conceptually unique installation for SCP-3160's enclosure.

This installation, referred to as Object Apol, was completed on 03/11/2016. Saul is currently kept on-site at Wilson's Wildlife Solutions HQ for the purpose of maintaining Object Apol.

As the only identifying concept belonging to Object Apol is 'being Object Apol', rather than possessing the concepts of its numerous components, specific physical description of it is not possible. When Object Apol is inhabited by a specimen of SCP-3160, the fact that no other objects with its conceptual framework exist means that SCP-3160 cannot use it to escape or influence anything outside of their enclosure.

Upon the termination of his contract involving SCP-3160 containment, Saul has agreed to undergo amnestic therapy to remove all memories of his creating Object Apol. This ensures that he cannot recreate it in the future and potentially compromise containment of SCP-3160. Frequent complaints from Saul regarding being 'stuck in some nowhere town' suggest that he will seek an end

to his employment in the near future.

SCP-3161: The Plight of Poor Sir Gregor

Item #: SCP-3161

Object Class: Safe

SCP-3161-1 posing for photo at its own request.

Special Containment Procedures: A perimeter of 2 km is to be maintained around SCP-3161 at all times with no less than six security guards on constant patrols. Any civilians caught attempting to enter this perimeter must be detained, administered class-A amnestic, then turned over to local authorities.

Explorations of SCP-3161 are carried out on a bi-weekly basis by an armed archaeological team of at least five personnel. All documentation of SCP-3161's interior is to be stored in on site folder Exploration Log 3161.1A.

SCP-3161-1 has been authorized for residence within SCP-3161, in fear that SCP-3161-1's removal from this location will result in its termination. If SCP-3161-1 attempts to physically injure any member of personnel, it is to be dismantled and monitored until self reconstruction.

Description: SCP-3161 refers to a man-made subterranean tunnel system discovered beneath the countryside of Shropshire, England, consisting of a network of walkways and arches carved out of sandstone. Architecture places construction between 100 BC and 50 AD. At the time of writing, 2600 m^2 of SCP-3161 have been explored. However, it is speculated to cover approximately 3000+ m^2. The sediment making up SCP-3161, as well as that of the surrounding area, is impenetrable. There is no significant sign of degradation from age or use.

Guarding the entrance and interior of SCP-3161 is an animate human skeleton, adorned in a full set of 15th century English armor,

and equipped with a broadsword, halberd, and wooden shield. This entity has been designated SCP-3161-1.

Despite complete lack of vital internal organs, SCP-3161-1 is capable of speech, movement, and sentience. SCP-3161-1 has also demonstrated capability of detachment and reattachment of any singular portion of its composition. Removed portions remain capable of motion independent of SCP-3161-1. However, SCP-3161-1 posses little physical strength and durability. Armor and equipment carried by SCP-3161-1 encumbers it, causing the subject to move slowly. In moments of aggression, SCP-3161-1 displays difficulty in attacking effectively.

Upon initial discovery, SCP-3161-1 was observed to be hostile toward all personnel within SCP-3161, vocalizing threats in what was determined to be Middle English. SCP-3161-1 has since become docile, as an ongoing process has begun to facilitate communication with the entity.

Addendum 3161.1: The following is an interview conducted several weeks after SCP-3161's initial discovery, translated from Middle English. This interview was preformed by Doctor John R. Reuel, a lead researcher of the Foundation's Linguistic Division.

Interview Log 3161-001 <open>

Interviewed: SCP-3161-1

Interviewer: Dr. Reuel

Foreword: SCP-3161-1 has given consent to a dialogue, but has still refused to leave its position. A folding table, two folding chairs, several lamps, and a single audio recorder have been set-up to facilitate interview. Dr. Reuel and SCP-3161-1 are seated.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Reuel: Hello, SCP-3161-1, thank you for speaking with me.

SCP-3161-1: The joy is mine! It does my heart good, more than you can imagine, to finally be able to speak with someone! However, this title you have bestowed upon me - I don't understand it. It is unnerving.

Dr.Reuel: Well, what would you prefer I -

SCP-3161-1: I am Sir Gregor Tudor the Holy, Loyal Servant of the King, Champion of Bosworth, Finder of Fortunes and the Last Sentinel of God's true place.

Dr. Reuel: Will Sir Gregor do?

SCP-3161-1: Yes, that is acceptable. How may I refer to you? You all appear to be learned individuals; surely you must hold titles of your own, and I would not wish to show disrespect.

Dr. Reuel: Doctor will be fine for now. I'll try to be blunt with you so as not to confuse you any further.

SCP-3161-1: Good; I prefer it that way, doctor! Very long I have been waiting in this place. Let us be true and honest with one another.

Dr. Reuel: Sir Gregor, how is it that you can move and speak even after death?

SCP-3161-1: *laughs* Dead, am I, doctor? Do I not speak to you? Can you not see me here, standing in my post? Could a dead man accomplish such a task?

Dr. Reuel: …Are you aware that, in your current physical state, you are a skeleton inside of armor?

SCP-3161-1: You are correct, my body, it has

wasted away. My soul, however, remains alive!

Dr. Reuel: I reiterate, then: How is that?

SCP-3161-1: A vow I took to my king. He put on me a blessing from the Almighty, that I might remain in this place, and be its protector. Deep in its tunnels can be found the power which gave unto us the strength for victory!

Dr. Reuel: I see. So if I understand correctly, Sir Gregor, you found something in these caverns-

SCP-3161-1: A gift from our Lord himself! Chosen! We were chosen to receive it!

Dr. Reuel: -yes, and this gift is what keeps you alive?

SCP-3161-1: I know, and I alone know where it lies. A secret that shall be kept until my true death, when he who is worthy arrives to relieve me of my post. I shall lead him there, to our gift, and then I shall perish, knowing I have kept my vow.

Dr. Reuel: Alright. So, this worthy person, how will you know when he arrives?

SCP-3161-1: Aha; this is why I am so excited to be able to speak clearly with you, doctor! A riddle I hold. All who hear it must answer. If you are correct, I shall give you my secrets. If you are wrong, I give you only the edge of my blade.

SCP-3161-1 stands up and slowly unsheathes its broadsword.

Dr. Reuel: A riddle? I don't-

SCP-3161-1: *Shouting* Prepare all your wits. Your time in the eyes of the Holy Father himself has come. Prove yourself worthy, and life eternal shall be yours as well! Do you, my friend, accept the challenge?

Dr. Reuel: *motions for guards not to interrupt* I accept. Why not.

SCP-3161-1: Then hear me, and decide your fate! A fox prowls the forest, in search of prey. He spots a rabbit and gives chase…

Pause

SCP-3161-1: Or was it a wolf? Yes, I had it wrong. A wolf prowls the forest, in search of prey. He spots a rabbit….No that's not right. He smells the rabbit…or was it the fox?

Dr. Reuel: Is something wrong Sir Gregor?

SCP-3161-1: My apologies, doctor. You are the first in very long to attempt the challenge. I simply needed a moment to remember back all those years past. Now; a fox prowls through the forest, in search of prey. He smells a rabbit and gives chase. And… and…

Pause

SCP-3161-1: He gives chase to the rabbit…I know it ends at a tree. He chases the rabbit to a tree…no, it was a river first. Or was the river last?

Dr. Reuel: Sir Gregor, you appear to be having difficulty with this riddle.

SCP-3161-1: Yes…well…*shouting* It has been many lifetimes since I was given this riddle! A time when I was still of flesh and blood! Here have I waited for someone, anyone, to arrive! Someone to relieve me of my duty or for me to put to the sword in glorious combat! But did they arrive? No! No one did! Not until you. Not heroic knights but strange alchemists that speak some strange bastard English I cannot even understand! Now please, doctor, just give me a moment! I'm sure the memories will return to me!

Dr. Reuel remains silent

SCP-3161: Now, where was I…ah yes, the river….or was it a lake?

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Behavior of SCP-3161-1 was observed to become increasingly aggressive towards staff following this interview, reciting several versions of the prior riddle before attacking. Despite this, no member of personnel has been seriously injured or obstructed by SCP-3161-1. As of yet, no other anomalous object or entity has been discovered within SCP-3161.

SCP-3162: Social Life

Item #: SCP-3162

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3162-A is to be housed in a secure Site 19 storage locker. When not in use, SCP-3162-A is to remain unplugged and disconnected from all peripherals. SCP-3162-A may be powered on and connected to a mouse and keyboard only for testing by Class-D personnel or researchers with appropriate clearance.

Records of past SCP-3162 entries are to be archived for further study and testing. Under no circumstances are Foundation personnel to use information gleaned from archival SCP-3162 entries to guide or influence their interpersonal relationships.

Description: SCP-3162 is a non-sapient, digital entity housed within SCP-3162-A, a Lenovo M910 desktop computer. Prior to its transfer to Containment, SCP-3162-A was in use in room S19-422, the office of senior researcher Isaac M . SCP-3162-A operates as a normal workstation in all respects save for the anomalous effect of SCP-3162.

SCP-3162 is a class-1B cognitohazard, capable of temporarily altering the behavior of humans with whom it is in direct contact. While operating SCP-3162-A, users believe that they are an entity designated as SCP-3162. Those exposed to SCP-3162 feel compelled to write an SCP entry for their own containment, complete with an accurate summary of their own Foundation security protocols, a heavily abridged autobiography focusing on past and present interpersonal relations, and personal commentary. To date, five such documents are known to exist.

No deleterious long-term psychological or physiological effects have been observed in users exposed to SCP-3162. However, there exist

anecdotal reports of post-exposure interpersonal conflict between users of SCP-3162-A. A correlation has been noted between past exposure to SCP-3162 and interventional mediation sessions with HR.

+ SCP-3162 ARCHIVE [obsolete] 10/22/20

Item #: SCP-3162

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3162 is to be allowed level employee restricted access to Site 19, Site 1 , and Site 2 , as well as level restricted access to Site 41. SCP-3162 is subject to standard Foundation personnel observation protocols and annual performance reviews.

Description: SCP-3162 is an adult human male, born in the year 19 . It refers to itself by the names "Isaac M " and "Doctor M ," and on rare occasions by "Izzie," usually in informal contexts. SCP-3162 was acquired by the Foundation in 198 , when it was scouted by Talent Acquisition personnel in a sweep of Sandia National Laboratory and offered a position within the Foundation.

SCP-3162 was married in the year 198 to a human female named "Isabella D ," who changed her name upon marriage to "Isabella M ." SCP-3162 and Isabella M have remained married for years, and by mutual agreement they have decided to forgo having children. SCP-3162 had a brief affair with Foundation junior researcher Michelle N in the year 20 , an indiscretion that has been kept as a closely guarded secret. While SCP-3162 still harbors a romantic emotional attachment to junior researcher Michelle N , SCP-3162 prioritizes the stability of its marriage to Isabella M over a potential partnership with junior researcher Michelle N .

At the time of this writing, SCP-3162 is directly

responsible for the supervision, containment, and testing of SCPs, including SCP- , SCP- , and SCP- . In the course of a routine review of SCPs under its responsibility, SCP-3162 discovered that its own entry was missing entirely from the SCP database, an omission which is currently being corrected. SCP-3162 speculates that in the process of upgrading the computer terminal in its office, room 422, its entry was inadvertently deleted.

+ SCP-3162 ARCHIVE [obsolete] 10/29/20

Item #: SCP-3162

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3162 is granted access to Sites 19 and 1 . SCP-3162 is not subject to extraordinary monitoring or containment, save for level- security clearance and annual performance reviews.

Description: SCP-3162 is an adult human female, approximately twenty- years of age at the time of this writing. SCP-3162 insists upon specific appellations appropriate to given social contexts, including, but not limited to, "Michelle N ," "junior researcher Michelle N ," and "Doctor N ." SCP-3162 is not to be referred to as “Mickie.” SCP-3162 was acquired by the Foundation in 20 , when it was noted as a potentially valuable employee following the completion of its PhD thesis at University.

SCP-3162 enjoys outdoor recreation, predominantly hiking and rock climbing. The surrounding environment of Site 1 provides ample opportunity for it to pursue its hobbies. SCP-3162 is currently in a romantic relationship with fellow junior researcher Austin C , and is hopeful that their current status will, in time, transition into a long-term companionship. SCP-3162 has had four (4) unsuccessful romantic partnerships within the past three

(3) years. However, its current relationship with junior researcher Austin C is thus far stable and mutually beneficial. SCP-3162 believes that within the next one (1) year, junior researcher Austin C may be receptive to the idea of cohabitation and, within the following four (4) years, that he would be willing to discuss marriage.

SCP-3162 was testing the recently-upgraded computer terminal in the office of its supervisor, senior researcher Isaac M , when it discovered an extremely inaccurate description and inadequate containment protocols for itself. This prior entry for SCP-3162 appeared to be a factually accurate biography of senior researcher Isaac M , as confirmed by a study of public records, personal correspondence, and a qualitative analysis of senior researcher Isaac M 's demeanor in the presence of SCP-3162.

SCP-3162 had been under the impression that its brief romantic affair with senior researcher Isaac M was of no emotional significance to senior researcher Isaac M , a belief that is contradicted by the prior entry for SCP-3162. This revelation is the cause of significant emotional distress for SCP-3162, who must now re-evaluate the state of its professional and personal relationship with senior researcher Isaac M .

At the time of this writing, SCP-3162 is updating its own entry for the sake of accuracy and safety.

+ SCP-3162 ARCHIVE [obsolete] 11/4/20

Item #: SCP-3162

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures Subject to level- employee clearance, SCP-3162 is allowed access to Site 19 and Site 1 . SCP-3162 is subject only to surveillance and performance review as befitting a Foundation junior researcher.

Description: SCP-3162 is a human male, born in the year 19 . It was acquired by the Foundation following its assistance in re-capturing the escaped SCP- during a containment breach in 20 . SCP-3162 preferentially requests to be "Doctor C ," but will additionally respond to "Austin" and "Austin C ."

SCP-3162 is, at the time of this writing, in a romantic partnership with junior researcher Michelle N . SCP-3162 and junior researcher Michelle N became close friends due to their mutual appreciation of outdoor recreation and, after engaging in several hiking trips during the summer of 201 , entered into a relationship at the summit of Mount . SCP-3162 has been generally satisfied with the progression of their relationship, however, it is of the belief that junior researcher Michelle N is potentially interested in more serious future relations than SCP-3162 is prepared for, up to and including cohabitation and/or marriage within the next one (1) year. As a result, SCP-3162 is considering ending its romantic partnership with junior researcher Michelle N in the near future.

SCP-3162's suspicions of junior researcher Michelle N 's intentions were confirmed during a routine review of SCP entries maintained by its supervisor, senior researcher Isaac M . SCP-3162 was surprised to find a biography of junior researcher Michelle N in place of its own entry, and while the data therein remains unverified, anecdotal evidence suggests that it is largely accurate. SCP-3162 had been reassured by junior researcher Michelle N on numerous occasions that she and senior researcher Isaac M had never engaged in romantic relations. However, information gleaned from prior entries of SCP-3162 suggests otherwise, a fact that is currently the source of considerable emotional distress for SCP-3162.

In light of this false entry, as well as a similar false entry that described the life of senior researcher Isaac M ,

SCP-3162 hypothesizes that SCP-3162 itself is a non-human memetic construct and potential cognitohazard rather than Austin C , a human. SCP-3162 believes that SCP-3162 inhabits the newly-upgraded computer terminal located in the office of senior researcher Isaac M , room 422 of Site 19.

+ SCP-3162 ARCHIVE [obsolete] 11/6/20

Item #: SCP-3162

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3162 is to be secured in the Class-D housing facility at Site 19, where it is subject to all standard Class-D personnel security protocols. SCP-3162 is subject to monitoring by a standard Class-D subcutaneous tracking implant and routine camera surveillance.

Description: SCP-3162 is an adult human male, born in the year 19 . SCP-3162 refers to itself as "T-Bone" or "Big T," though a review of public records indicates that its legal name is "Timothy R ." SCP-3162 was offered a position as a Class-D employee at Site 19 as an alternative to its impending execution in the Texas Penitentiary.

Prior to its incarceration in Texas Penitentiary and its employment at Site 19, SCP-3162 had never engaged in a romantic relationship that lasted for a period exceeding five (5) months, with a mean of three (3) weeks (sample size N=12, discounting outliers of one (1) day or less). During the period of its employment at Site 19, SCP-3162 has publicly expressed superficial sexual attraction to junior researcher Michelle N on multiple occasions, predominantly in her presence.

At the time of this writing, SCP-3162 is of the opinion that senior researcher Dr. Isaac M , junior researcher Dr. Michelle N , and junior researcher Dr. Austin C ,

have engaged in unjust and potentially abusive actions by demanding that SCP-3162 participate in the testing of SCPs that it considers unsafe. In addition, SCP-3162 has noted that deteriorating interpersonal relations between the above-mentioned researchers may be compromising their judgment, leading to irrational behavior and subsequent elevated risk to life and limb for SCP-3162.

SCP-3162 is further of the opinion that given that Drs. Isaac M et al. have spent the past three (3) hours engaging in heated discourse of a sensitive, personal nature in the open presence of SCP-3162 and several Site 19 security officers, all three of the above-mentioned researchers are unqualified to conduct professional research of any kind, and would be best relegated to less demanding employment positions among the Class-D personnel. SCP-3162 posits that the above-mentioned researchers would be of best use to the Foundation, and society at large, as feed for one of the many carnivorous SCPs housed in Site 19.

SCP-3162 is at this moment verbally expressing these opinions at high volume, and appears to be unconcerned at the presence of the Site 19 security personnel posted in room 422, armed with standard-issue stun batons. SCP-3162 believes th

+ SCP-3162 ARCHIVE [obsolete] 12/22/20

Item #: SCP-3162

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Though SCP-3162 retains level- employee restricted access to Site 19, it has been informally instructed by Oversight to constrain its research activities to Site 1 , Site 2 , and Site 41 as a condition of continued employment.

Description: SCP-3162, referred to as "Isaac M ,"

"Doctor M ," or "Izzie," is a senior researcher stationed at Site 19. Following a series of complaints by junior researchers Austin C and Mickie Michelle N , and a subsequent breakdown of productive communication during HR mediation sessions, SCP-3162 was recently removed from its position as research team supervisor.

SCP-3162 was previously married to a human female designated as "Isabella D ."

SCP-3162 has noted that while the allegations leveled by junior researchers Austin C and Mickie Michelle N are largely truthful, SCP-3162 has been treated unjustly by Oversight. SCP-3162 believes that its years of dedicated service to the Foundation merit greater consideration than it has been afforded. SCP-3162 also believes that the employment of junior researchers Austin C and Mickie Michelle N should be terminated, and that they should be administered doses of a class-D amnesiac and released into the general population. Furthermore, SCP-3162 believes that its previous authority of research team supervisor should be reinstated. Instead, as of 12/25/20 , SCP-3162 will be relocating to Site 2 at the strong encouragement of Oversight. SCP-3162 is aware that it will therefore be spending Christmas day alone, and has requested that junior researcher Mickie Michelle N cease reminding it of this fact.

While SCP-3162 has decided to keep its opinion of Oversight's decision private, SCP-3162 suspects that impending senility may be affecting the judgment of several Overseers. SCP-3162 is aware that voicing its suspicions would result in immediate retaliation, up to and including termination of employment. SCP-3162 will therefore keep its opinions to itself.

SCP-3162 is regretting its decision to run a final test of SCP-3162 before its relocation. While SCP-3162 did achieve its goal of reaching emotional catharsis, SCP-3162 is apprehensive that its candid thoughts

regarding Oversight may reach certain individuals who have ignoble intentions regarding SCP-3162's continued employment.

SCP-3162 refuses to apologize.

SCP-3163: The Almanack

Item #: SCP-3163

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3163 is to be kept in a secure Site-19 storage locker. On the first of every month, the full text of SCP-3163 is to be recorded and correlated with current astronomical and meteorological data, as observed from central Pennsylvania. SCP-3163 is to be monitored on a daily basis for unexpected edits or updates, and any such deviations are to be appended to its monthly record.

Description: SCP-3163 is a hardbound book, entitled "GLATTFELDER'S NEW NORTHTON ALMANACK." SCP-3163 displays significant signs of wear and use, the most prominent of which are overlapping stains on the rear cover, identified as coffee, beer, and blood. While the anomalous nature of SCP-3163 precludes precise dating of its year of publication, chemical and historical analyses of the book indicate that SCP-3163 was manufactured in late-nineteenth or early-twentieth century America.

The interior and cover texts of SCP-3163 are mutable, though they consistently maintain the semantic structure of a farmer's almanac. The interior text updates itself on the first day of the month, and while the title text itself never changes, the year indicated by the subheading increments by one every January 1st. As of 01/01/2017, the subheading reads "TRUE AND USEFUL PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORDE'S ASCENSION, TWO-HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX."

The first page of SCP-3163 takes the form of a short message, addressed to "My Dearest Acolytes and Friends" and signed by "Henry Ian Glattfelder." There are no records of a Henry Ian Glattfelder residing in the United States of America, living or deceased. The text of the message, reproduced in full in Research

Log 3163-A, has remained constant through each update. The text of the message was observed to change into its current configuration on 09/01/2017. Research Log 3163-A has been updated to reflect this anomaly.

There are no records of a town or county named New Northton in the United States of America, though astronomical and meteorological predictions within SCP-3163 indicate that New Northton should be located in central Pennsylvania. However, while the timing of real-world eclipses, planetary transits, and lunar cycles are consistent with the text of SCP-3163, the item contains additional references to "Nyx, the Void-Star of Our Lorde." According to SCP-3163, Nyx should occupy a solar orbit between Saturn and Uranus. No such object has been detected by historical or modern astronomical surveys.

Though the monthly horoscopes given by SCP-3163 usually offer the mundane platitudes and suggestions typical of the genre, some unusual entries have been noted. A sample of such entries is listed below, in Research Log 3163-B.

As of 09/25/2017, Foundation astronomers and meteorologists have pinpointed the hypothetical location of New Northton to within a 3000 square kilometer area. Mobile Task Force is prepped to explore this area and, if possible, infiltrate New Northton in late October, 2017.

Following loss of contact with Mobile Task Force , Mobile Task Force is to be deployed for reconnaissance and armed intervention to the coordinates provided by Mobile Task Force prior to their disappearance.

Following loss of contact with Mobile Task Force , the O5 Council initiated Protocol Tipsy Eagle. The United States Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives has been alerted through back-channels to the presence of large weapon stockpiles in the suspected area of New Northton, and Mobile Task Force will be deployed for non-combat cleanup operations following Federal intervention.

+ Research Log 3163-A: Introductory text

Introductory text of SCP-3163, pre-09/01/2017

My Dearest Acolytes and Friends,

As the Lorde of Nocturne did bestowe the Wisdome of Ages unto Me, so too do I bestowe unto You, Citizens of New Northton, this modest Almanack. The astronomical Calculations and Predictions contained herein shall aid You in the Upkeep of your Farms, ensure the Prosperity of your Shoppes, and guide You in the Businesses of Family, Commerce, and Worship.

Those who have kept the Faithe of Our Lorde of Nocturne alive and well into the Modern Worlde are, indeed, blessèd in His Sight. Good Citizens of New Northton, my Friends and Students in the Way of Our Lorde, I beseech You to hold that Faithe dear in your Hearts, for then surely You will prosper and flourish in the World that is to come. Though we know not the Daye of His Arrival, the Void-Star grows ever brighter Night after Night, a sure Sign of His burgeoning Immanence. Praise Him, Worship Him, and guide your Neighbors in such Activities befitting of His Glory.

With the aide of this holy Book, whose Text is inspired in Me direct from the Light of the Void-Star, New Northton has been a prosperous Township since its Founding in the First Year of Our Lorde. As we are now a goode and respectable Beacon of Faithe on this blasphemous Earth, we shall be raised unto the Greatest Glory of Our Lorde when he returns from the deepest Reaches of the Void. Truly, as His Children, we are the most fortunate little Towne in all of America.

Your Neighbor, your Mayor, and your highest

Priest of the Lorde of Nocturne,
Henry Ian Glattfelder

Updated introductory text of SCP-3163, as of 09/01/2017

My Dearest Acolytes and Friends,

Catastrophie has befallen our Towne! The Lorde of Nocturne, in His great Wisdome, has informed Me that there is a most dastardly Spye with a Copy of our holy Almanack. The wretched and blasphemous "Special Containment Procedures Foundation" is even now reading the Wordes that I am transcribing onto these humble pages, and their foul Plots and Schemes are a most grievous Insult to the Prosperity and Happiness of you, the blessèd Citizens of New Northton.

To you, my devoted and loving Acolytes, take heed! The United States of America, though ignorant of the Will of our Lorde, has seen fit to enshrine the Right of Arms unto us all. It is time to take Advantage of that Right, and prepare to fight Tooth and Naile when the Heretics arrive to stamp out the Faithe of Our Lorde of Nocturne. Do not fear! Blessèd under the Holy Light of Nyx, the Void-Star, we shall be as the great Founders of our Towne, who drove off the Heathen Indians from our land with our fierce Resistance.

And to you, creatures of Blasphemy who spye upon our modest Worship, I give you this warning: Do not meddle with the Affairs of the humble Towne of New Northton, for we will fight to the last Man, Woman, and Child to defend the Faithe of our Lorde of Nocturne. We shall not surrender, we shall give no Quarter, and will shall show no Mercy. Your

Bloode will stain the Black Altar of our Lorde, granting us even more Strength! If you know what is goode for You, stay away!

Your Neighbor, your Mayor, and your highest Priest of the Lorde of Nocturne,
Henry Ian Glattfelder

+ Research Log 3163-B: Selected horoscopes

Selected horoscopes of SCP-3163, 2013 to Present

December 2013

SAGITTARIUS: It would behoove You to beware the Meddling of misbehaving Women this Monthe. Should such a Woman seek to bother your Marriage, bring her to the Black Altar and spill her Lifeblood for the Glory of our Lorde.

January 2014

TAURUS: Mercury rising in your Sign this Monthe indicates a great Windfall of Wealthe in your near Future. Bob Gottfried, the Cashier of the General Store on Maple Street, has blasphemed. Form a Posse to show him the Vengeance and Fury of our Lorde of Nocturne at your earliest Convenience.

LIBRA: Avoid any long Journeys over Water this Monthe, or Calamity may befall You. If you have an extra Mouth to Feed this Winter, consider sacrificing your youngest Child on the Black Altar.

August 2015

DRACONIS: Congratulations! Nyx, the Void-Star, is shining in your Sign this Monthe! Great Prosperity will come to your Shoppe or Farm,

though do not fall to Sin or Indulgence or your Wife and Children shall most surely die in great Payne.

February 2016

LEO: Alas! Great Misfortune will befall your romantic Endeavours this Monthe, unless you ferret out a Blasphemer from our Towne and sacrifice Him (or Her!) upon the Black Altar.

April 2017

ARIES: Beware Slothfulness in your First-Born Son this Monthe. Should his Misbehavior inconvenience you, it is fitting to remove a Finger or Two from the miscreant's left Hand.

October 2017

GEMINI: I have identified the Citizen who misplaced his Copy of this humble Almanack in a Trip to Philadelphia, thus allowing It to fall into the Hands of the dastardly Special Containment Procedures Foundation. It is none other than Albert Ross, the Owner of the Grocery Store on Willow Street. Form the usual Posse, and slay his Family as Punishment.

LIBRA: Alas! Agents of the so-called Special Containment Procedures Foundation will come to your House this Monthe! Lie waiting in your Field or Attic, and dispatch them with great Haste for the Glory of our Lorde.

November 2017

LIBRA: The dastardly Spyes of the Special Containment Procedures Foundation were vanquished by your hard Work and Faithe, but

this is not the Last we have seen of Them! In preparation, purchase more Guns and Ammunition from Bob Blake's Firearms Store, and forsake his Competitor, Wal-Mart, in the next Towne over.

SCP-3164: Character Test

Item #: SCP-3164

Object Class: Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3164 is currently maintained as private property by a Foundation shell company. Routine checks are performed by local operatives to ensure no individuals remain on the island after sundown.

Description: SCP-3164 is a 20th-century manor-style complex on a formerly private island in the Hebrides. SCP-3164's anomalous effects are triggered whenever one or more individuals resides overnight within the complex. As of 10/03/2017, SCP-3164's anomalous effects are no longer active.

SCP-3164 entering an active state will usually be indicated by the anomalous formation of large, dark thunderclouds and generally poor weather, preventing entry to or egress from the island for the duration of its active phase. All individuals residing in the complex will begin to act in a manner consistent with stock characters of the horror genre: this includes a “murderer” character, who will stalk and individually kill each remaining character until they are the only one remaining, which terminates the active state. Depending on the number of individuals on the island and the characters they represent, active states can last anywhere from four hours to eighteen days.

Notably, individuals terminated during an SCP-3164 active state will remanifest in one of the complex’s guest bedrooms the morning following full completion of the active state, with restored free will and full memory of all events that transpired. A small card on the individual’s nightstand will read “Beter (sic) luck next time!”: the means by which these cards, or the individuals, remanifest is currently poorly understood. Cadavers generated by a SCP-3164 active state, however, will remain in place, which may cause

significant emotional distress to individuals upon their discovery.

Discovery: SCP-3164 is listed in local development records as a Victorian-themed haunted resort and hotel, although no developer name is listed on these records and it was never officially opened to the public. In 2010, a police case involving two tourists reporting their own corpses after sleeping on the premises attracted significant media and Foundation attention; due to the poorly-understood nature of the anomaly, the initial containment team inadvertently triggered an active state while securing the island.

Testing Logs:
The following summarizes multiple attempts by researchers to counteract or bypass SCP-3164's chosen narrative. Given the presumed intent behind the cards delivered to eliminated characters, it is theorized that preventing the elimination of characters, or eliminating the “murderer” character, may lead to further insight into the nature of the anomaly.

To eliminate confusion, test subjects are referred to as their character archetype during testing summaries.

> **Subjects:** Dr. Maria Vanger (“Lover”), Dr. Lamar Elworthy (“Groundskeeper”), MTF Lambda-5 Operative Adam Barnes (“Athlete”), MTF Lambda-5 Operative Michael Cruz (“Murderer”)
>
> **Notes:** After remaining in the complex after sundown, the initial survey team inadvertently became the first Foundation personnel to trigger an active state: as a result, no formalized testing procedures had been put in place.
>
> **Results:** All characters initially remain in the dining room for protection. When Lover and Athlete eventually move upstairs to copulate, Murderer stalks and kills Groundskeeper outside the house, and then individually eliminates Athlete and Lover after they investigate noises. All members of the survey team are discovered the next morning in a considerable state of shock, and are placed on short-term leave.

Subjects: D-45038 (“Stranger”), D-57784 (“Murderer”)

Notes: Attempt to discover the consistency of the active state.

Results: Stranger wanders the grounds, where she observes Murderer watching from the windows. After climbing to the attic, she is promptly killed and the active state ends. Framework for active state generally understood.

Subjects: 76 D-Class personnel (list redacted for brevity)

Notes: Attempt to prevent Murderer from dispatching characters individually.

Results: Active state lasts for eighteen days, the longest on record. During this time, each individual character shows extremely poor judgement, such as exploring abandoned buildings and travelling alone to remote parts of the island where they are dispatched by Murderer.

Subjects: D-75296 (“Bride”), D-40231 (“Groom”), D-15380 (“Murderer”)

Notes: Attempt to interrupt active state by airdropping four-man MTF squad onto the island to terminate Murderer.

Results: Due to the poor weather and visibility conditions, two MTF members were lost in the drop and considered KIA. The remaining two immediately adopted character personas upon touching down (“Constable” and “Drunk,” respectively), and were promptly terminated by Murderer. Containment team reprimanded for unnecessary waste of resources and lives.

Subjects: D-99460 (age 8), D-98156 (age 6)

Notes: Denied by Ethics Committee.

Subjects: D-80412, D-37240, D-12660 (“Murderer”?)

Notes: All 3 D-Class personnel had been quadruple-amputated due to prior testing, and had been functioning with the use of heavy prosthetics. MTF Lambda-5 operatives manoeuvred the subjects into SCP-3164, removed the prosthetics, and left before sundown.

Results: As subjects were unable to move during the experiment, exact characters unknown. After 5 days D-12660 (presumed to be Murderer) expired from dehydration, triggering the end of the active phase. Since this date, no new active phases have been observed, despite the presence of individuals overnight.

Addendum: On 12/04/2017, approximately one month after the cessation of SCP-3164's active phases, former Head Researcher Oliana Kaiwi received an unmarked wooden crate containing a deerstalker hat buried within approximately two and a half pounds of confetti. A potential connection with SCP-3164 is unclear.

SCP-3165: Dog Teeth

Item #: SCP-3165

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3165 is to be contained in a standard humanoid containment chamber. Toilet must be replaced with a grated drain for waste removal. Additional furnishings are to include several extra cushions and one 1.5m x 1.5m 5kg weighted blanket. Containment chamber should be cleaned daily.

During interviews, one female researcher fluent in American Sign Language may enter SCP-3165's containment chamber accompanied by no less than one guard armed with a tranquilizer gun. Acceptable tranquilizers include ketamine (no more than 100mg) and diazepam (no more than 40mg). Although SCP-3165 is generally docile, personnel are highly encouraged to wear body armor over unprotected limbs. One closed-circuited camera must consistently monitor SCP-3165 for any destructive behavior, notably to itself.

SCP-3165 must be fed twice daily with meals consisting of 2kg of protein (bovine, mutton, or chicken) and .8kg of root vegetables. 40mg of oxycodone should be provided with each meal to aid chronic muscular and joint pain. Physical therapy sessions should be carried out routinely once a week.

As of 12/07/20 , one hour long language development lessons for American Sign Language and English are to be provided daily, and two hour long reading lessons are to be provided twice a week. Interaction with personnel is to be provided upon request, as well as recreational activities suitable for kindergarten-age children. Physical contact within reason is to be granted.

Description: SCP-3165 is a humanoid female between the ages of 14 and 18 with severe malformation in its hands, feet, and face. It

lacks body hair and its skin lacks pigmentation. At its full height, SCP-3165 stands at 2.13m and weighs 60kg. SCP-3165 favors a quadruped stance, as standing with a straight posture appears to cause it pain.

The right half of SCP-3165's face is obstructed by its upper and lower mandibles, which resemble that of *Canis lupus*. The muscles securing these mandibles to the skull wrap over SCP-3165's cranium and anchor under the occipital bone. Despite this placement of musculature, SCP-3165 possesses a bite strength of 1250 PSI, slightly above that of *Ursus arctos*. SCP-3165's upper mandible lacks a nose, instead giving way to a soft "crater" where the nasal cavity has fleshed over. The area that typically forms a mouth in humans is not present in SCP-3165. The protusion of SCP-3165's mandibles has prevented the formation of the right orbital lobe and eye, and has disfigured the upper nasal cartilage, causing the nose to become bent and stretched; SCP-3165's left cornea is milky white, suggesting late-stage cataracts.

SCP-3165's vocal cords are covered in excess skin tissue, rendering it incapable of producing human vocalizations. Therefore, SCP-3165's primary form of communication consists of fractured sign language and guttural vocalizations. (See Video Interview Log 009)

The metatarsals of SCP-3165's feet are extended, allowing it to walk in a fashion similar to that of a digitigrade animal with a running speed of 38 kph. The phalanges of its hands are twice the length of an average adult human's, with fingernails three times more durable and possessing narrowed ends for clawing and scratching.

Samples of DNA taken from SCP-3165 show that SCP-3165's genetic composition consists of 97.3% *Homo sapiens*, 2.1% *Canis lupus*, and 0.6% [REDACTED].[1]

Interaction between Foundation personnel and SCP-3165 has shown that SCP-3165 has a high preference for communicating directly with female personnel, and interactions with male personnel are frequently met with hostility. SCP-3165 demonstrates a desire for physical contact with female personnel, and will grasp at them in a wild manner. Physical contact with SCP-3165 is encouraged if a

guard is present.

Recovery: SCP-3165 was recovered on / /19 after the amateur paranormal investigator group " " discovered its existence in the ruins of , Ukraine. Local authorities were contacted but unable to efficiently contain SCP-3165, notifying the Foundation of SCP-3165. During recovery, SCP-3165 attacked Foundation personnel until 120mg of ketamine was forcefully administered, leaving injured with casualties. Civilians involved in the incident prior to recovery were administered Class-B amnestics. To date, no other instances of SCP-3165 have been recovered.[2]

Prior to recovery, SCP-3165 was found wearing soiled cotton underwear and a pink thermal. Testing has revealed that dried spots of blood caking the clothing are from 17 different sources; all sources are individuals who were reported as missing from 19 -19 around the location of SCP-3165's recovery. A biopsy of SCP-3165 shows that it relied heavily on human beings as its primary food source, but was unable to gather sufficient nutrition from this diet.

Less than 100m away, Foundation personnel discovered a cave that SCP-3165 utilized for shelter. Several objects hoarded by SCP-3165 have been recovered, none of which possess anomalous properties. These items include twelve pieces of stainless steel jewelry, including a locket which contains the image of a young blonde woman, who has since been identified as Elizabeth . She was reported missing in 19 after a visit to Ukraine with her partner; both individuals are presumed to have been killed by SCP-3165. Additional discoveries include a face that has been separated from the head, peeled up by the dermis. Rough cuts have been made around the eye sockets and oral cavity, suggesting the use of the skin as a mask.

Addendum-1: On 09/09/20 , a Foundation-cleared child psychologist assessed SCP-3165's mental capacity and determined that it is able to understand at least two hundred words of the English language. SCP-3165 also possesses the developmental reasoning and behaviors of a roughly six to seven-year-old human being, including a desire for physical contact. Researchers communicating with SCP-3165 have been advised accordingly to use simple language.

Addendum-2: To date, SCP-3165 has made the following requests:

- A weighted blanket to simulate human comfort (approved)
- Jewelry (approved), limited to plastic jewelry.
- A female companion to remain in its containment chamber at all times (denied)
- A synthetic wig (denied)
- Drawing utensils (approved), crayons provided for additional communication in further testing.
- Non-toxic makeup (approved) and assistance in applying it from Foundation personnel (pending approval)
- Books and reading lessons (approved)
- Indoor roaming privileges (denied)
- Physical recreation (approved), access allowed to Foundation gymnasium when accompanied by two guards and an assigned physical therapist, due to the abnormalities of SCP-3165's physique.

Addendum-3:

+ Video Interview Log 009

Foreword: Dr. Warrens has replaced Dr. in interviewing SCP-3165 after SCP-3165 attacked him during Video Interview Log 00 . Dr. has sustained major injuries to his right arm and ribcage, and is scheduled to undergo a procedure to have his right arm amputated at the shoulder.

Interviewer: Dr. Warrens

<Begin Log>

[Dr. Warrens enters SCP-3165's containment chamber with an accompanying guard, and SCP-3165 turns to face Dr. Warrens from a cushion on the floor. Dr. Warrens smiles at SCP-3165 and approaches it with caution. SCP-3165 emits a throaty growl and nods its head at her feet. After a moment of

contemplation, Dr. Warrens sits a few meters from the mattress. She raises her hands to begin signing.]

Dr. Warrens: Hello, SCP-3165. How are you?

[SCP-3165 makes the sign for "pretty", and then "girl".]

Dr. Warrens: You… feel like a pretty girl?

[SCP-3165 shakes its head violently and makes a gurgling noise. It repeats the signs for "pretty" and "girl", then points to Dr. Warrens.]

Dr. Warrens: Am *I* a pretty girl?

[SCP-3165 squeals and claps its hands together. It makes a few indescernible signs, and then the sign for "hair". It points to Dr. Warrens again.]

Dr. Warrens: Do you like my hair?

[SCP-3165 signs "want", and then points to itself. It quickly strokes the side of its head with one hand.]

Dr. Warrens: Do you… do you want my hair? Are you asking to touch my hair?

[SCP-3165 bounces in place and nods. Dr. Warrens touches a hand to her own head, and inhales sharply. She looks back at the guard, who moves his hand down to the holster on his belt to reassure her. A few seconds pass before Dr. Warrens looks to SCP-3165 again.]

Dr. Warrens: Okay, SCP-3165. I will allow you to touch my hair, but you have to, er, use soft hands[3] and answer my questions.

[SCP-3165 jumps from the mattress and scuttles up to Dr. Warrens. Dr. Warrens flinches when SCP-3165 makes a chortling noise and places its hands on her head. The guard begins to draw his gun, but Dr. Warrens gestures for him to wait. SCP-3165 begins to stroke her hair with the palms of its hands.]

Dr. Warrens: Can you tell me why you hurt people? Why did you hurt the people who brought you here?

[SCP-3165 quickly signs "hungry". It appears to think for a moment, and then signs "fear".]

Dr. Warrens: Did you want to eat them?

[SCP-3165 continues to brush Dr. Warrens's hair with its hands. It fails to respond to Dr. Warrens.]

Dr. Warrens: SCP-3165, can you hear me?

[Again, no response is given.]

Dr. Warrens: SCP-3165, please cooperate with me. Why do you take people's things? Do you like shiny things?

[SCP-3165 signs "pretty girl". Dr. Warrens sighs.]

Dr. Warrens: Yes, I know, thank you —

[SCP-3165 interrupts her with a grunt. Dr. Warrens appears startled and jolts away from SCP-3165. SCP-3165 responds by repositioning itself next to Dr. Warrens, and points to itself, signing "want". It quickly resumes stroking her scalp.]

Dr. Warrens: SCP-3165, do you want to *be* a

pretty girl?

[Suddenly, SCP-3165 reaches forward and drags its hand across Dr. Warrens' mouth, smearing her lipstick onto its hand and scratching her in the process. It wipes its hand over its own mouth and leaves a dark red mark. Dr. Warrens jumps up, and the guard raises his tranquilizer gun. After a gesture from Dr. Warrens, the guard fires and hits SCP-3165. SCP-3165 collapses moments later.]

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. It is currently unknown whether other members of its species exist, or if SCP-3165's deformities were brought about by another external force.
2. SCP-3165 has shown no recollection of any group or family unit, suggesting that its caretakers left during the earliest stages of childhood.
3. SCP-3165 has come to understand "soft hands" as a command to be gentle.

SCP-3166: You Have No Idea How Alone You Are, Garfield

Item #: SCP-3166

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The *Garfield* media franchise is to remain active and successful for as long as feasibly possible. Funding is to be provided to any *Garfield* media ventures via Foundation front companies present in the comic and film industries. Agents embedded within Paws, Inc.[1] and Universal Uclick[2] are to place targeted memetic agents in outgoing comic strips, encouraging the retention of a sizable *Garfield* fan-base and discouraging Jim Davis from discontinuing *Garfield*.

Agents are to monitor individuals at significant risk of attack from SCP-3166. In the event of an SCP-3166 manifestation, agents are to use supplied frozen lasagna to lure SCP-3166 away from its target and dispatch it once out of public view. Any witnesses are then to be administered amnestics as appropriate for their level of exposure.

Description: SCP-3166 is a 2.1-meter-tall humanoid entity, presumed pataphysical in nature, known to manifest during periods when the *Garfield* media franchise is performing poorly in terms of public reception. The exterior layer of SCP-3166's body resembles a crudely-made costume of the character Garfield, which field inspection has shown to be composed of legitimate cat fur. However, analysis of SCP-3166's composition in the field has shown that its interior mass is composed entirely out of pasta: specifically, lasagna.

Upon the criteria for its manifestation being met, SCP-3166 will appear in the vicinity of a suitable individual, hereafter referred to as the target, and move towards their location. Known targets of SCP-3166 have included:

- Individuals prominently involved in rival media to the *Garfield* franchise.
- Individuals formerly involved in the production of the *Garfield* comic strip.
- Individuals involved in parodies of the *Garfield* franchise.
- Vocal critics of the *Garfield* franchise.
- *Garfield* creator Jim Davis.[3]

Upon reaching its target, SCP-3166 will attempt to inflict bodily harm upon them through a mixture of blunt force using nearby objects and force-feeding of lasagna, obtained through self-disembowelment. During this process, SCP-3166 will vocalize by meowing, purring and screeching in the manner of an extremely agitated cat. Lasagna outside SCP-3166's mass has proven to be an effective form of bait for the entity, as upon seeing it SCP-3166 will abandon its original goal and instead attempt to incorporate the pasta into itself.

SCP-3166 first manifested on 10/23/1989 within the Chicago offices of United Media, who were the publishers of the *Garfield* comic strip at the time. Upon manifestation, SCP-3166 wandered around the offices in a confused and distressed manner, before indiscriminately assaulting any individuals present after security attempted to apprehend it. It demanifested twenty minutes later. Foundation agents responding to the situation distributed amnestics as appropriate.

Over the course of the following week, similar manifestations took place at a number of United Media offices around the country, ending on 10/29/1989. Following that date, SCP-3166 altered its behaviour to its current form. See the week of *Garfield* comic strips beginning on 10/23/1989 in **`Supplementary Document 3166-1`** for additional context on pataphysical awakening. Initially, individuals involved with production of *Garfield* comic strips claimed to have no memory on working on that week's strips. All researchers working on SCP-3166 containment are to familiarize themselves on this material.

Addendum 3166-1: Using tissue samples taken by Agent Muller during SCP-3166's most recent manifestation, genetic analysis of the meat present within the lasagna has shown it to be genetically identical to *Garfield* creator Jim Davis. The implications of this are

currently unclear. However, during surveillance of Mr. Davis by containment teams, he has complained of severe mosquito bites in the night on a number of occasions immediately preceding SCP-3166 manifestation.

Footnotes
1. Sole owner of the rights toGarfield.
2. Primary distributors of theGarfieldcomic strip.
3. This has only occurred on occasions where the negative receptionGarfieldwas receiving could be traced back to Mr. Davis' management of the franchise.

SCP-3167: Character Assassin (Or: The Serial Killer)

Item #: SCP-3167

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Containment of SCP-3167 is to primarily focus on the seizure of volumes it has entered and affected. In addition to containment of affected volumes, individuals affected by SCP-3167 are to undergo amnestic therapy for a period of time until SCP-3167's perception-warping effects are no longer present.

SCP-3167 is currently at large; Pataphysics Task Force Alpha-4 ("Red Retcon Rangers") are assigned to tracking SCP-3167 through narrative space, with the goal of eventual containment or apprehension. SCP-3167's recent pattern of behavior indicates a special interest in the fantasy genre; as such, Foundation webcrawlers have been assigned to monitor discussions of contemporary fantasy and horror series for discussions of narrative deviations.

Description: SCP-3167 refers to a pataphysical entity which manifests in narratives which share a single, common universe or protagonist, such as novel series, canons of short stories, or larger mythos works.[1] SCP-3167 appears to act independently of the intentions of other characters within the narrative, apparently seeking out a single character for the sole purpose of murdering them.

The appearance of SCP-3167 varies from narrative to narrative, but its manifestation is announced by a variation of the phrase "The unusually tall figure with a horrible, white grin raised its weapon, ready for the kill" appearing. The 'weapon' specified is the most variable factor, but is consistent with the setting of the narrative—i.e. thaumaturgical items are exclusively used in fantasy stories, while lasers are rare outside of science fiction narratives. In the

space of a paragraph, the targeted character is assaulted by SCP-3167, and murdered in a graphic, but narratively logical, fashion. Upon the death of the character, SCP-3167 exits the narrative, an event announced by a variation of the phrase "the deed was done; the figure had collected their latest kill, and turned a new page in their life."

Individuals who perceive narratives in which SCP-3167 manifests are affected by a persistent perceptual anomaly in which they believe that the character murdered by SCP-3167 is completely absent from works which occur at a later point chronologically— i.e. a character that dies may appear in a prequel work, but will not appear in any sequential works. While individuals affected by SCP-3167 can still perceive installments of the work which take place after the death of the character SCP-3167 has killed, they will insist that it is wildly different from the canonical narrative; however, individuals are unable to read passages verbatim from the apparently altered works. This anomaly can be counteracted with amnestic treatment within the first twenty-four hours of exposure.

SCP-3167 is only capable of affecting a single instance of the narrative it enters— i.e. it can only affect one copy of a book, but the anomaly is persistent. Currently, over 5,000 individual volumes have been affected by SCP-3167, mostly English-language works.

Catalog of Affected Narratives:

Name of Work: *The Judas Strain*
Series: *Sigma Force* Book 4
Genre: Techno-thriller
Victim: Monk Kokkalis

SCP-3167 Manifestation: SCP-3167 appears in the epilogue, in which Monk, believed to be dead by other members of Sigma Force following the events of the novel, broadcasts an SOS. The SOS is interrupted by Monk describing a figure "Unusually tall, with a big, white grin, and a vial of the Judas Strain^2, ready for the kill." Sigma operatives only hear Monk's death; it is unclear if SCP-3167 exited the narrative following this.

Effects: Monk does not re-appear in any subsequent *Sigma Force* novels, which has startling effects on the status quo of the *Sigma Force* universe; several other members die in the next two novels, and by the end of *Bloodline*, Sigma Force is permanently disbanded by President James Gant. *Sigma Force* novels after this point are post-apocalyptic in genre, according to affected readers, depicting the schemes of the antagonists routinely succeeding without the intervention of the titular team.

Name of Work: *The Fellowship of the Ring*
Series: *The Lord of the Rings*
Genre: High Fantasy
Victim: Gandalf the Grey

SCP-3167 Manifestation: At the bridge of Khazad-Dum, SCP-3167 replaces the Balrog, manifesting as "an unusually tall figure with a white, flame-wreathed grin", with a flaming whip in place of its weapon. Gandalf attempts to hold off SCP-3167 in a manner identical to the manner in which he defeated the Balrog in *The Fellowship of the Ring*, but is sliced in half by the whip. Gandalf's final words are whispered to Samwise: "He has the eyes of Luthien".

Effects: Boromir does not die at the end of *Fellowship*, and instead re-appears alongside his brother Faramir in *The Two Towers*, along with Frodo and Samwise. The Battle of Helm's Deep is lost, and Saruman maintains his hold over Théoden. Merry and Pippin die during the assault on Isengard, with the latter sacrificing himself to kill Saruman. Frodo himself dies at the encounter with Shelob, leaving Samwise to take the ring to Mount Doom. The quest ultimately succeeds, but by the end of *The Return of the King*, Samwise, Aragorn and Legolas are the only living members of the Fellowship. Samwise is invited to go into the Grey Havens, but declines.

Name of Work: *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*
Series: *Harry Potter*
Genre: Fantasy/Mystery
Victim: Ron Weasley

SCP-3167 Manifestation: SCP-3167 suddenly manifests in the middle of the Goblet of Fire ceremony, and proceeds to kill Ron with

the *Avada Kedavera*, the killing curse, before apparating away. Ron's death is not immediate; he manages to drag his way to Harry, and whispers, "He said he had your birthday" before dying.

Effects: The rest of the novel is spent in a state of chaos, with the Triwizard Tournament being called off, the shell-shocked Weasley family and Harry mourning Ron. Barty Crouch eventually kidnaps Harry in order to revive Lord Voldemort. In the process, Harry himself is killed, but finds he cannot die, due to having a piece of Voldemort's soul exist within him, and vice-versa. Voldemort and Harry resolve to kill one another without dying themselves.

The final three novels in the *Harry Potter* series are described as 'confused, stream-of-consciousness messes' by most readers affected by SCP-3167.

Name of Work: *Northern Lights*[3]
Series: *His Dark Materials*
Genre: Young Adult Fantasy
Victim: Unnamed "gobbler"

SCP-3167 Manifestation: SCP-3167 manifests during the sequence in which the protagonist, Lyra Belacqua, is undergoing an 'intercision', in which her dæmon[4] Pantalaimon will be separated from her, and kills the "gobbler" who is holding Pantaliamon using his own dæmon, which takes the form of a large boa constrictor. In non-anomalous versions of *Northern Lights*, the sequence is notably written in a manner which heavily suggests that handling one's dæmon without their consent is tantamount to rape.

Effects: No overall effect on the narrative; Miss Coulter enters the room, confused as to why the man holding Pantalaimon has died. The rest of the sequence at Bolvangar is uninterrupted, save for a portion where a guard enters the room where Miss Coulter and Lyra are talking in order to inform her that SCP-3167 has escaped, and that a note saying 'I regret doing that' was found at the entrance to the intercision room.

Name of Work: *Sword Art Online: Aincrad*
Series: *Sword Art Online*
Genre: Japanese Science Fiction Light Novel

Victim: Unclear.

SCP-3167 Manifestation: SCP-3167 appears during the climactic duel between Kazuto "Kirito" Kirigaya and Kayaba Akihiko's Heathcliff avatar in Sword Art Online. It manifests as:

> "The unusually tall player with a horrible, white grin raised its massive, pulsing, flashing claymore, ready for the kill. It struck the ground of Floor 75, and Sword Art Online shut down, ejecting everyone within."

Effects: The second book of the *Sword Art Online* Light Novel series was unaffected, as its stories took place prior to SCP-3167's manifestation. However, all following books take place exclusively in the real world, exploring the relationship between Kazuto and Asuna Yuki; the attack by SCP-3167 apparently destroyed the internet's capability to support a virtual reality video game on the same scale as *Sword Art Online*.

Name of Work: *The Final Problem*
Series: The Sherlock Holmes Canon
Genre: Mystery
Victim: Sherlock Holmes

SCP-3167 Manifestation: Dr. Watson arrives at Reichenbach Falls to see SCP-3167 struggling with Holmes. SCP-3167 exclaimed "He wants you to die!" before repeatedly stabbing Holmes and throwing him down the cliff, before nodding at Watson and vanishing.

Effects: While all Holmes stories written before *The Final Problem* (as well as *Hound of the Baskervilles*, which takes place before *The Final Problem*) are unaffected, all future Sherlock Holmes stories are impercievable by individuals who read instances of *The Final Problem* altered by SCP-3167, including adaptations of the canon.

At this point, agent of Pataphysical Task Force Alpha-4 managed to intercept SCP-3167 as it attempted to exit the narrative, temporarily trapping it in narrative white space, where it was interrogated by Agent Caitlyn Next. The transcript of the interview follows:

> Caitlyn walked around the conceptually empty space and

rolled her shoulders. "We've been chasing after you for yonks, you know that?"

The unusually tall figure

"Oh, no. Don't try to pull that shit on me. I'm going to take control of the narrative every time you try to kill me— my metaphorical metafictional dick is bigger than yours. You might as well talk."

The unusu

"What did I just say?"

…*Bob* frowned at Agent Next, his great white grin turning into a frown. "I'm not hurting anyone. Nobody real."

"You've destroyed at least ninety narrative universes in the past four years. And look at you! You used 'frown' twice in the same descriptor. And yes, I can see that, and I know you can too."

"I'm just carrying out the author's wishes. Rowling wanted Weasley to die. Doyle hated Holmes at the end. Kawahara wishes he had axed SAO a while ago."

"…what about *The Czar's Rain*?"

Bob tilted her head. "What?"

"Wait, you're a girl?"

"I'm fictonal. I could be Cthulhu if I wanted to. But nobody wants to be Cthulhu."

"*The Czar's Rain*. Up and coming fantasy series. You entered the first book and killed off the protagonist, sent the kingdom spiraling into chaos, and started off a war between every color of the divine spectrum."

"I've not done that, but it seems like a good idea."

"I've got a record of you doing it right he— oh. Oh shit. He's in the document. He is in this document. The SCP document you are reading right now. Close it. Close it!"

The unusually tall figure with a horrible, white grin raised its backspace key, ready for the kill.

"GET ME OUT OF HERE!" Agent Next pleaded. "FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!"

"GET ME OUT OF HERE!" Agent Next pleaded.

"GET ME OUT OF HERE!" Agent Next

"GET ME OUT

"GET

"

The deed was done; the figure had collected their latest kill, and turned a new page in their life.

Footnotes
1. i.e.theAlex Crossseries by James Patterson, The Sherlock Holmes canon by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and the collected works of J.R.R. Tolkien, respectively.
2. The titular contagion of the novel, capable of destroying the brain at an alarming rate.
3. Known asThe Golden Compassin the United States.
4. A physical manifestation of an individual's soul within theHis Dark Materialsuniverse.

SCP-3168: House Chickens

Item #: SCP-3168

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3168 is to be kept in a standard inanimate-object containment locker at Area-12. Research proposals involving the use of SCP-3168 must be made in writing to site command. Unless required for authorized experimentation or study, instances of SCP-3168-1 are to be euthanized by the time they are three years old; the remains of instances of SCP-3168-1 that are not required for experimentation or study are to be incinerated.

Description: SCP-3168 is a Russian matryoshka 7-layer nesting doll, which induces anomalous mutations in the offspring of the domestic chicken (*Gallus gallus domesticus*). When a hen [1] mates (or is artificially inseminated) while within approximately a 3-meter radius of SCP-3168, and then lays fertilized eggs, the fertilized eggs will contain instances of SCP-3168-1; this effect will only occur when the top halves of SCP-3168's 6 outer layers have been removed and the innermost doll is nested within the 6 bottom halves. SCP-3168's anomalous mutagenic effect affects only hens, such that semen extracted from a rooster[2] within SCP-3168's range will not produce anomalous offspring if used to inseminate hens outside its range; as well, the anomalous mutagenesis does not persist post-exposure, and hens who have previously been exposed to SCP-3168 are capable of subsequently producing non-anomalous offspring.

Instances of SCP-3168-1 are anomalous organisms which resemble ambulatory houses on chicken legs; Foundation folklorists have noted the similarity to the Russian legend of Baba Yaga.[3]Aside from their legs and feet, the organisms are not composed of biological matter, but rather of standard architectural materials: boards, masonry, nails, etc. Despite their anomalous form and composition, instances of SCP-3168-1 follow the standard chicken

life cycle, hatching from their eggs an average of 21 days after fertilization, at which point they are the size of non-anomalous newly-hatched chickens; radiographic and ultrasound examination of SCP-3168-1 eggs reveal the presence of microscopic architectural components as early as 5 days after fertilization. Tissue samples from the legs of SCP-3168-1 instances reveal a genetic match to the parent chickens, and a sex ratio of approximately 50%. Blood is present in the legs; dye tracing indicates that this blood circulates from one leg to the other despite the lack of a heart, and despite the fact that there is no non-architectural connection between the legs. Legs produce heat at a rate sufficient to maintain standard chicken body temperature.

SCP-3168-1 instances will "eat" both standard chicken feed and raw architectural materials by sweeping it into themselves with their open doors. Isotopic labeling has shown that the chicken feed is converted into the lignin of the instances' woodwork. The architectural materials are assimilated into the instances' structures via an unknown mechanism; it is to be noted that these architectural materials are typically insufficient to account for the composition of the structures, both in quantity and in substance (e.g., instances hatched in an aluminum-free environment may nonetheless develop aluminum siding), a conclusive indicator of ectoentropic hylogenesis.

SCP-3168-1 instances are rejected at a rate of 15-25%[**4**] by hens who have not previously raised offspring, and at a rate of 80-90%[**4**] by hens who have previously raised non-anomalous offspring.

SCP-3168-1 instances emulate the behavior of non-anomalous hatchling and juvenile chickens, to the extent that their anomalous physiology makes this possible. They are apparently capable of sight (despite their lack of any eyes or brain), and can (as is standard for birds) imprint on researchers who are present at their hatching; they also replicate standard chicken vocalization by rapidly opening and closing their doors and windows (although male instances have not been observed to crow).

SCP-3168-1 instances grow at the rate of non-anomalous chickens until approximately three and a half years of age, at which point they begin to express an anomalous derivative of chicken growth hormone (despite the lack of any glands where such a hormone

could be produced); when purified, this hormone can induce ectoentropically rapid growth in non-anomalous chickens and in architectural structures.

A wide variety of architectural styles are represented in SCP-3168-1 physiology. Although the factors determining architectural style remain to be elucidated, 75-80% of SCP-3168-1 instances parented by a given pair of chickens will consistently manifest the same style, with the remainder being an assorted mixture. The breed(s) of the parents does not seem to play a part: for example, when hen 3168-F-417 is bred to rooster 3168-M-131, the offspring have consistently been 75% split-level ranch, while the offspring of that same hen with rooster 3168-M-132 have consistently been 75% Pacific lodge, even though all three birds are purebred Orpington chickens. <4% of instances are non-residential in nature, including but not limited to convenience stores, stadiums, water filtration plants, grain elevators, warehouses, movie theaters, greenhouses, parking garages, and exact replicas of Saint Paul's Cathedral, the Taj Mahal, and the Parliament House of Ghana. Many structures will have carpeting, plumbing fixtures, and electrical wiring; however, furniture is rare. All locks on instances with the same parents will be openable by the same key (or proportionately reduced copies thereof).

Incident Log: In June 2005, an unrelated containment breach led to the collapse of a retaining wall at Area-12, where a brood of six instances of SCP-3168-1 were being raised for study. Five of the instances were killed when the wall fell on them; however, debris from the wall was misidentified as having come from the sixth instance, which instead escaped into the wild. In December 2011, the instance (conclusively identified by tissue samples and architectural matching) was recovered 800km away, after it fell through river ice and drowned; it was 8.5 m tall.

Acquisition Log: SCP-3168 was obtained from a raid on a Marshall, Carter and Dark storage facility; accompanying provenance documents showed that a former GRU-P agent traded it to MC&D in 1998, in exchange for having his gambling debts forgiven.

Footnotes
1. female chicken

2. male chicken
3. **SCP-352** has expressed ignorance of SCP-3168, but did not respond to further questioning.
4. depending on breed of chicken

SCP-3169: le epic trollface

Three SCP-3169-1 instances.

Item #: SCP-3169

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3169 is to be kept in a small refrigerated unit. Use of SCP-3169-1 instances for research purposes is restricted to personnel of Level-2 security clearance or higher.

Description: SCP-3169 designates six sealed foil bags, marked with the words 'Unsalted Pistachios'. Each bag contains 24 unshelled and roasted pistachio nuts, henceforth designated SCP-3169-1. SCP-3169 instances do not list ingredients or nutritional information.

Upon SCP-3169 being opened, SCP-3169-1 instances will metamorphose into live *Oncorhynchus mykiss*[1] and *Cyprinus carpio*[2] specimens over the space of two to four seconds, causing the bag to violently rupture.

Metamorphosed SCP-3169-1 instances are non-anomalous, barring the fins, which are typically four times larger than those of an average member of their species.

Addendum 3169.01: Recovery

SCP-3169 was discovered in 'OneSpot', a small, family-run convenience store located in , UK, after online recordings indicated that an extranormal event had occurred. After receiving heavy circulation through various social media websites, Foundation disinformation campaigns were initiated with the intent to pass the footage off as a hoax.

In total, six SCP-3169 instances were recovered from the scene. All

eyewitnesses were administered Class-C amnestics.

Addendum 3169.02: GoI Connections

Foundation web-crawlers supervising all major social communication platforms for GoI-related activity discovered chat logs indicating the source of the incident to be 17 year-old Lewis Reeves.

Reeves is an active member of GoI '**`Gamers Against Weed`**', and has engaged in numerous conversations under the online alias 'smoka-cola'.

► Show Excerpt 1 / GoI Chat Log

smoka-cola: i've done it
smoka-cola: i've only gone and fucking done it lads
papertrail44: So yeah mint thats pretty much it PM me if u wanna know more
MintyDay: Wait sorry, what's cola done?
papertrail44: My mum
papertrail44: Wait shit
papertrail44: What have you done smoka-cola.
hjcrooke: lol i didnt even realize smoka was in this chat
smoka-cola: you know how like a week ago we were
papertrail44: Wait are you talking about the fish
MintyDay: Dude did it take you a week to make some fucking nut fish.
smoka-cola: talking about finna nut
smoka-cola: yeah
smoka-cola: yeah i made like 8 bags.
smoka-cola: its not like i sat around jerking off a magic tome for a week straight it just took a while to get it right
papertrail44: Weak sauce dude
hjcrooke: it's not even that funny

hjcrooke: like i could whip up like a
hjcrooke: uhh a fucking
~ **FunkoPopFan1 has joined the channel.**
FunkoPopFan1 waves.
hjcrooke: marker that turns into markiplier
smoka-cola: nice
hjcrooke: in like a day tops.
papertrail44: ur shit kid
papertrail44: Nah but in all seriousnes it's not like you drew a dick on the taj Mahal or made the mona lisa hold the communist manifesto
papertrail44: *seriousness
papertrail44: Stop getting hard over some magic bean fish yeah?
~ **smoka-cola has left the channel.**
MintyDay: LMAOO.
MintyDay: F
papertrail44: f to pay respects
hjcrooke: f
FunkoPopFan1: ffff

► Show Excerpt 2 / GoI Chat Log

smoka-cola: is crooke afk or
MintyDay: Yeah probably cig break.
MintyDay: Hey sorry for being kind of shitty last time you joined.
MintyDay: You're new or whatever so it's cool if you don't really get how we work but like you need to start taking stuff less seriously if you want to stay.
smoka-cola: yeah
MintyDay: and ESPECIALLY if you want crooke and trail to not fucking rinse you every opportunity they get lol.
smoka-cola: yeah
smoka-cola: sorry for bein a lil bitch about it
MintyDay: Is only gaem why you heff to be mad
MintyDay: Water off a duck's back dude

MintyDay: I mean under a bridge maybe.
MintyDay: Fuck it either way you're still cool in my books you just need to do more like funny shit and not so much little edgy rebellions against your parents or whatever that was.
smoka-cola nods.
papertrail44: Hello boys and girls whats this all about
papertrail44: having a sneaky bike shed convo without me eh
MintyDay: Like what was that even about?
smoka-cola: o shit
smoka-cola: it wasnt so much a rebellion as it was a general 'fuck you'
MintyDay: Did he take your playstation.
smoka-cola: he got up my ass about me being on my laptop all the time
smoka-cola: said he'd cut off the internet
smoka-cola: which at this point in my life is p much the equivalent of locking me in a cell lmao
MintyDay: That's the saddest shit I've ever heard
smoka-cola: so fuck em
papertrail44: Yeah that worked real well.
papertrail44: 'fuck u dad, here's a bunch of garnered media attention towards your failing business. Hope that one stings.'
smoka-cola: yeah i get it
papertrail44: Well you can't expect everyone to be a greek god like me i guess.
hjcrooke: for the record i was not on a cig break
papertrail44: Beach body ready.
hjcrooke: was booking the week off
smoka-cola: for?
hjcrooke: new project: walnut mice
hjcrooke: thinking of pranking my dad by filling them with money aswell
~ bones has joined the channel.

bones: Knock it off, Crooke. That's an official warning.
smoka-cola: fuck off lol
MintyDay: Leave the poor kid alone jesus shit.
MintyDay: We're all here because we're fucking losers lmao
MintyDay: If you push yourself away from us you've basically fucking A S C E N D E D unpopularity
papertrail44: Extremely homosexual.
MintyDay: you gain untapped virgine powers beyond your wildest dreams.
hjcrooke: we all know smoka is a fucking shagalad
hjcrooke: gonna need a pair of wellies mate you're drownin in it
smoka-cola: gtg
~ **smoka-cola has left the channel.**
hjcrooke: omfg
hjcrooke: is this kid even real
papertrail44: Hacked by reddit.
MintyDay: Fucking hell give him a break.
hjcrooke: coaxed into a deadly snafu
hjcrooke: fuck off to daddy's fish and chip shop mate
hjcrooke: no sweat off my back
~ **hjcrooke was kicked. (Vehemence)**
MintyDay: Thank you bones.

► Show Excerpt 3 / GoI Private Messages

smoka-cola: hey i saw the logs from yesterday
MintyDay: Oh?
smoka-cola: yeah
smoka-cola: sorry this feels really weird to type but thanks for sticking up for me
smoka-cola: i guess i'm not used to getting so much confrontation irl
MintyDay: Why's that?

smoka-cola: because it's ten times easier to run
smoka-cola: rather than trying to hold a cogent argument with the fucking kingpin of the chat room you know i just dont want to fight that fight
MintyDay: Omfg is that what you really think of crooke?
MintyDay: """Kingpin""" emphasis on the pin holy shit.
MintyDay: Crooke is a classic troll he just feeds off people's reactions.
MintyDay: He's an insufferable twat
MintyDay: But we love him
MintyDay: Because we know how to defuse him and get away from the gross fleshy fucking gargoyle exterior yeah?
MintyDay: If you just mellow out and let him burn out
MintyDay: I promise you things will get better
MintyDay: YOu still there dude?
smoka-cola: yeah
smoka-cola: thank you
smoka-cola: idk that means a lot more than you probably realise
MintyDay: Shit man that's
MintyDay: That's just
MintyDay: E X T R E M E L Y F U C K I N G G A Y
smoka-cola: lmao okay give me at least like a day to thicken my skin
MintyDay: Gotcha
MintyDay: Uhh
MintyDay: Hey how's the fish thing going.
smoka-cola: uhh it's going
smoka-cola: i mean like i was thinking maybe i could put more
smoka-cola: nuts in the bag
smoka-cola: thus creating more fish
MintyDay: You have no idea do you.

MintyDay: This is just a vague grab from the back of your intimidated mind.
smoka-cola: you put it so bleakly
smoka-cola: but yeah essentially.
MintyDay: I'm the last person you need to impress smoka. I get your thing and I want to help you with it, so like, no judgement here.
smoka-cola: right sorry
MintyDay: That said: drop the fish nut thing. It's not going to work. I would bend over backwards and bow at your fucking feet if you could pull of a fish stunt and make one of the other guys laugh.
smoka-cola: it was more a finna nut thing.
smoka-cola: but ok thank you
MintyDay: Yw dude
MintyDay: Anytime.

► Show Excerpt 4 / GoI Chat Log

hjcrooke: awight dickheads
hjcrooke: what's poppin
papertrail44: Jimbo?
MintyDay: Hey crooke.
~ **smoka-cola has joined the channel.**
MintyDay: Hey smoka.
MintyDay: Gang's all here.
papertrail44: Lads on fucking tour
smoka-cola: wooooo
papertrail44: Let's go on a bevvy.
MintyDay: A what.
hjcrooke: bevvy boyyyys
hjcrooke: hey is cola even old enough to drink
smoka-cola: i'm 17, 18 in december
hjcrooke: alright pal didn't need your life story a 'no' would have sufficed
hjcrooke: its aight though you can just sit at the back with all the snacks
MintyDay: Crooke. Cut it out.
hjcrooke: like the crisps

hjcrooke: and the nuts.
~ bones has joined the channel.
smoka-cola: you know what
smoka-cola: that wasn't actually very funny
smoka-cola: and you're quite a pathetic person.
bones: Huh.
papertrail44: Ohhh shit lmaoo
papertrail44: He's only gone and done you in
MintyDay: That fucking shut him up didn't it.
papertrail44: f
smoka-cola: f
MintyDay: F
smoka-cola: i don't wanna fight this fight
hjcrooke: omfg you don't get it do you
hjcrooke: this isn't a fight
hjcrooke: we were never fighting
hjcrooke: i was making jokes
hjcrooke: i thought i could break you into it
hjcrooke: shit i thought minty would at least have given you a private heads up
hjcrooke: but instead you run away or make a fucking song and dance about it
bones: Crooke.
hjcrooke: let me finish
hjcrooke: this isn't a fucking hierarchy
hjcrooke: you don't survive by pulling some other self-inflated prick down
hjcrooke: you have a skin made of fucking stone and you never drop it
hjcrooke: we rinse each other and call each other cunts and make jokes about fucking each other's mum
hjcrooke: because compliments are depressing
hjcrooke: compliments are what you give people you feel sorry for
hjcrooke: that's my philosophy
hjcrooke: and if yours is to bitch and moan until someone fills that vast gaping need for

validation you've got bottled up inside of you
hjcrooke: then i don't want to be a part of this.
~ hjcrooke was banned. (no reason given)
bones: I think he made himself perfectly clear.
MintyDay: He just needs a break bones.
MintyDay: Some time to think.
bones: I made it a monthlong.
MintyDay: Cola, are you alright?
MintyDay: Cola?
~ smoka-cola has left the channel.
~ papertrail44 has left the channel.
MintyDay: Fuck.
~ MintyDay has left the channel.

Addendum 3169.03: Incident 3169/01

The corpse of Lewis Reeves was discovered on 8/24/2017 after police reports suggested the presence of anomalous activity. The epidermis of Reeves' chest and lower back had been hardened, with tissue sampling suggesting equivalent strength to that of concrete.

Autopsy revealed the cause of death to be large deposits of sand and various other minerals forming within Reeve's vital organs. A search warrant on Reeves' home has been submitted in hopes of potentially recovering and containing anomalous objects.

► Show Excerpt 5 / GoI Private Messages

bones: My answer is no.
MintyDay: Please bones. A yearlong at least.
bones: You've already agreed to the monthlong. I'm not extending the ban any further.
MintyDay: I agreed on the monthlong before he fucking killed one of us.
MintyDay: He's volatile. He doesn't belong here.
bones: Compose yourself. Crooke is many things, but he's not a murderer, and he's not volatile. We know exactly what he's about and we know exactly why he's about it.

bones: Cola was volatile. He let his emotions get the best of him and that doesn't mesh well with reality bending. He overreacted. He pushed his own limits.
bones: Accidents happen.
MintyDay: So what? Even then, he kills himself and doesn't deserve our pity?
bones: Of course he deserves our pity. But he doesn't deserve petty revenge. Especially not petty revenge that he didn't ask for.
bones: Ban is firm.
MintyDay: What do we do now?
bones: Move on.
bones: As per usual.

Footnotes
1. Rainbow trout.
2. Common carp.

SCP-3170: Only Acting

Item #: SCP-3170

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3170 is currently contained in a Standard Type-A Humanoid Containment Cell at Site-128. An intact SCP-3170′ corpse is stored in the on-site morgue to assist in identification efforts; additional SCP-3170′ cadavers and remains should be incinerated.

Description: SCP-3170 is Yuliana Cahaya, an Indonesian actress born in 1953 who starred in seventeen films prior to her disappearance in 1979. SCP-3170 is biologically non-anomalous, and has been diagnosed with narcolepsy and retrograde amnesia.

SCP-3170's anomalous property activates whenever she dies. At the moment of death, her body is replaced such that it appears an unidentified individual of similar appearance to SCP-3170 (hereby SCP-3170′) died in an identical manner. SCP-3170 will appear from a nearby unobserved space a short time afterwards, alive and unharmed.

SCP-3170 is aware of the time lost as a result of her death and reappearance, but believes this is due to her medical condition. She claims the events she remembers leading up to her death are hypnagogic hallucinations, and refuses to accept evidence to the contrary.

Addendum: Foundation agents infiltrating local anartist groups in Aceh recovered a cache of items relating to SCP-3170 and her career collated by a high-ranking member of one of these movements. These items included several unreleased films, scrapes of SCP-3170's tissue and photographs of it on-set. The curator of this cache claimed a woman named 'Lena Xio' had donated these items to her, and that the exhibition was being held to commemorate

her death.

Indonesian government records identified a Ms. Xio matching the curator's description as having died in 1982 shortly after SCP-3170's reappearance. Exhuming her body showed that its stomach had been stuffed with approximately 150 meters of Super 8mm footage of SCP-3170; portions of the film had been replaced with corneal tissue matching that of SCP-3170.

When questioned about Ms. Xio, SCP-3170 stated that she was 'a very giving… a deeply loving friend', but failed to recall more specific information due to its amnesia.

SCP-3171: How the Foundation Came to Operate a Phone Sex Hotline

Item #: SCP-3171

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The savanna where all known instances of SCP-3171 reside is to remain under Foundation ownership. Cameras are to be hidden within the perimeter and monitored 24/7 by security guards. Thirty remotely-controlled omnidirectional speakers should be placed throughout the property.

Researchers should visit instances of SCP-3171 weekly to collect any sacs of fluid that have accumulated within the fruit-like growths at the base. Care must be taken to maintain as little physical contact as possible during this procedure, as excessive contact often leads to rudeness and irritability on the part of SCP-3171.

Description: SCP-3171 is an achlorophylous plant from the genus *Hydnora*. A typical instance of SCP-3171 will have stalks measuring 4-5 meters with four fruitlike growths surrounding the stalk. Lifespan ranges between 2.5-3.5 years. Each instance of SCP-3171 is sapient with intelligence roughly comparable to the average human. SCP-3171 have evolved the ability to rapidly perform mathematical calculations; researchers have observed instances multiplying 90-digit numbers in 1-2 seconds.

SCP-3171 communicate by opening and snapping shut the appendages out of which the fruitlike growths at the base of each plant are made. This produces a clicking sound; information is embedded into time differences between successive clicks.

SCP-3171 reproduce by releasing spores in the air. To date, the only place where these spores have taken root is the ~9,000m^2 savanna on the northeast side of the Zambezi Nature Preserve. Efforts by the Foundation to grow SCP-3171 elsewhere have met

with failure.

There are currently 457 known instances of SCP-3171. Different instances of SCP-3171 are referred to by attaching a number ranging between 1-457 to the SCP designation.

Discovery: SCP-3171 was discovered when Prof. Lachlan White from the University of Auckland placed an .mp3 file containing twenty hours of ambient sounds from a recent trip to the Zambezi preserve on his webpage. A statistical analysis by a student in one of Prof. White's classes detected a pseudorandom component to the pattern of audible clicks within the file. This observation was posted to a public listserv where it came to the attention of Foundation personnel. Amnestics were administered to all involved after it was determined that the pseudorandomness in question was part of an organically produced Diffie–Hellman key exchange[1].

A team of researchers was assembled by the Foundation and flown to Zambezi to study SCP-3171 in its natural habitat. Over the next 9 months, an automatic translation program for SCP-3171 communications was developed[2], as well as software for converting English text into a series of clicks comprehensible to instances of SCP-3171. Speakers were installed within the savanna where SCP-3171 resides in preparation for first contact.

Interaction Log: First contact occurred on the evening of 09/08/1997 when Dr. Auden Green, a Foundation employee who had recently completed a thesis on Icelandic verse, ignored instructions from his superiors and communicated directly with SCP-3171.

It had been previously discovered that instances of SCP-3171 spent the vast majority of their time composing something akin to poetry; this discovery led to the addition of several team members with literary backgrounds, Dr. Green among them. The poetry composed by instances of SCP-3171 typically consists of persistent repetition of a small number of words in apparently nonsensical order. When a bout of food poisoning left Dr. Green alone at the observation post, he used the opportunity to interject himself into a conversation between instances of SCP-3171 and broadcast a poem of his own creation[3].

+ Transcript of Dr. Green's conversation with SCP-3171.

SCP-3171-234: Moon Sun Moon.
Moon Sun Moon.
Moon Moon Darkness.

There is a pause lasting approximately three seconds, followed by applause[4].

SCP-3171-446: Sun Sun Moon.
Moon Sun Sun.
Moon Darkness Moon.

Another pause lasting approximately three seconds, followed by lighter applause.

Dr. Green: Sun Moon Moon.
Sun Moon Moon.
Darkness Darkness Moon.

There is a pause lasting approximately fifteen seconds.

SCP-3171-053: That is literally the dumbest thing I've ever heard.

After learning of Dr. Green's unauthorized communication, Dr. Wang (head of the linguistics team stationed at Zambezi) made a more formal attempt at an interspecies greeting.

+ Transcript of Dr. Wang's conversation with SCP-3171

Dr. Wang: We are animals. We speak your language.

Dr. Wang: But we are not like the animals that roam your grounds. Like you, we have evolved intelligence. Understanding. Self-awareness.

Dr. Wang: We wish to talk. Exchange ideas. Interact.

There is approximately a minute of private communications among instances of SCP-3171.

SCP-3171-128: Cloud and Earth. Wind and Sun. Blue and Red.

Dr. Wang: I don't understand. Can you explain?

SCP-3171-003: Violent Sunset. Peaceful Sky. Heat. Life.

SCP-3171-232: Seventeen. Twenty Three. Thirty Seven. Four.

Dr. Wang: I don't understand.

An additional minute is spent by instances of SCP-3171 in private conversation.

SCP-3171-241: Animal, say something valuable.

SCP-3171-033: Animal, tell us a poem.

After a silence of approximately 15 seconds, Dr. Wang broadcasts the first stanza of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, Patience Taught by Nature.

Dr. Wang: "Oh Dreary life!" we cry, "O dreary life!"
And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds
Serenely live while we are keeping strife
With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife
Against which we struggle.

Dr. Wang's recitation is followed by approximately 90 seconds of silence.

SCP-3171-341: Strange.

Dr. Wang: Would you like to hear more?

SCP-3171-341: No.

SCP-3171-241: No.

For a period of roughly two years after the conversation with Dr. Wang, attempts by the Foundation to communicate with SCP-3171 were met with silence.

Foundation interest in SCP-3171 increased dramatically after discovery that fluid sacs occasionally secreted within the fruitlike growths of SCP-3171 can be used in the production of amnestics. The anatomical purpose of these secretions is unknown. Numerous messages proposing mutually beneficent trade terms were broadcast to SCP-3171 without response.

Since the Foundation's botanical experts were uncertain as to whether they could compel SCP-3171 to produce the desired fluid sacs by force, coercive approaches were temporarily ruled out. Instead, a team of internationally acclaimed poets was employed to produce works inspired by translations of SCP-3171 utterances. It was believed that SCP-3171 did not consider communication with humanity worthwhile and that the production of a poem considered meaningful by SCP-3171 would change that. However, poetry produced by this team failed to elicit any response from SCP-3171. Parallel attempts to produce poems using machine learning protocols did not fare any better.

Foundation efforts met with their first success at 3:30 AM 11/12/1999, when Mr. Cullen Williams, a junior researcher assigned to the botanical team, attempted to communicate with SCP-3171 in a state of inebriation[5].

+ Transcript of Mr. Williams' conversation with SCP-3171

Mr. Williams: Is this thing on?

Mr. Williams is heard fumbling with the dials for the first two minutes of the recording.

Mr. Williams: Yo SCPs! How's it hangin', my dawgs?[6]

Mr. Williams: Well, here I am… housesitting a fucking plant.

Mr. Williams: Not what I thought I'd be doing at this point in my life.

Mr. Williams: Alice is gonna to be so pissed when she finds out I'm broadcasting.

Mr. Williams giggles for approximately 10 seconds.

Mr. Williams: Serves her right.

Mr. Williams: Women. I sure know how to pick em.

There is a pause lasting approximately 40 seconds.

Mr. Williams: Thanksgiving's not that far.

Mr. Williams: Can't wait to go home and leave all this bullshit for a while.

Mr. Williams: I miss Frosty's. Little ice cream place across the street from where I grew up. Do you shrubs even know what ice cream is?

Mr. Williams: Probably not.

Mr. Williams: Froooooooosties!

Mr. Williams giggles briefly.

Mr. Williams: Ah, good times.

Mr. Williams: The gunk they call ice cream here is some kind of wet slop.

Mr. Williams: Frosty's gives you a bowl. Chocolate, vanilla, caramel, espresso. I always get the biggest size to share with mom.

Mr. Williams' soliloquy is interrupted by the rhythmic sound of clicking coming from over 350 instances of SCP-3171[7].

SCP-3171-123: Disgusting.

SCP-3171-403: Unconscious animal.

SCP-3171-102: Whore.

SCP-3171-067: [TRANSLATION ERROR][8].

Upon learning of this exchange the following morning, site leaders (Dr. Wang and Mr. Jackson, head of the botany division) were surprised to see approximately one-hundred attempts at private communication from instances of SCP-3171 logged during the previous night. Mr. Jackson conducted the ensuing investigation which revealed that:

1. Although instances of SCP-3171 share liquids via networks of interlacing root structures, in the unlikely event that one of its own spores takes root close by, an instance of SCP-3171 will refuse to share liquids with it.
2. Exceptions to the previous item occur exceedingly rarely, and only by instances located at the far edges of the savanna disconnected from the main component of the root structure.

It is conjectured that the act of sharing sustenance with family members has the nature of a sexual taboo among SCP-3171. While all instances of SCP-3171 express disgust at the notion publicly (as when Mr. Williams mentioned sharing a bowl of ice cream with his mother), in private many of them will request to hear detailed accounts of such “incestuous” encounters by Foundation personnel.

Building on these insights, Mr. Jackson developed a protocol for one-on-one interaction with instances of SCP-3171.

+ Transcript of Mr. Jackson's private conversation with SCP-3171-213

SCP-3171-213: Have you committed incest recently?

Mr. Jackson: Maybe.

SCP-3171-213: Tell me.

Mr. Jackson: Two sacks.

SCP-3171-213: Yes. Tell me.

Mr. Jackson: Changed my mind. Four sacks.

SCP-3171-213: No.

SCP-3171-213: Unconscious animal.

There is a pause of approximately 30 seconds.

SCP-3171-213: All right. Four. Tell me.

Mr. Jackson: I had dinner with my sister last week.

SCP-3171-213: Oooh!

Mr. Jackson: We shared a milkshake, taking turns sipping from the same straw.

SCP-3171-213: You mud-stained whore.

SCP-3171-213: I bet you always exchange fluids at first rainfall.

Mr. Jackson: Indeed, that is me. Whenever it rains, I make my way around the neighborhood, fluid exchange foremost on my mind.

Mr. Jackson: In any case, the milkshake was

delicious. Both I and my sister greatly enjoyed sharing it.

SCP-3171-213: Aaahh!

Video imagery of SCP-3171-213 shows it releasing spores coincident with the final utterance. Four sacks of fluid were collected by Mr. Jackson the following day.

As of 1/1/2015, the Foundation employs 87 personnel to interact with SCP-3171 according to Mr. Jackson's protocol, generating approximately 400 kg of SCP-3171 secretions per annum.

+ Addendum: Dr. Wang's Petition

To the overseer council: our approach towards SCP-3171 is patently unethical. The "services" we render in exchange for fluid sacs are an affront to human (as well as plant) dignity. Foundation resources should be reallocated to research into the value system and poetry of SCP-3171. — Dr. Wang

Alice: out of all the morally questionable stuff we do here, this one isn't in the top hundred that keep me up at night. Denied. O5-

Footnotes
1. Since all communication by an instance of SCP-3171 can be overheard by neighboring instances, SCP-3171 developed a rudimentary version of public key cryptography to communicate privately.
2. Dr. Wang's note: external events such as rainfalls or sunsets were cross-referenced to patterns of clicks, allowing the research team to build a rudimentary dictionary and decipher the underlying grammar. The meaning of more abstract words was inferred from context via observation of SCP-3171 speech and behavior. This was accomplished in the span of only months with the aid of machine learning algorithms obtained by the Foundation during the decommissioning of an AI captured when

.

3. See Disciplinary Log 4123-002 for details.
4. Dr. Wang's note: Instances of SCP-3171 often let their stems rustle freely in the wind to indicate approbation. This is rendered as applause (the closest human equivalent) in the transcript.
5. See Disciplinary Log 4367-234 for details.
6. Dr. Wang's note: it is unclear whether the convolutional neural network performing the translation adequately rendered the colloquial nature of Mr. Williams' remarks.
7. Dr. Wang's note: rhythmic clicking is often used by SCP-3171 to indicate jeering and disapprobation.
8. Dr. Wang's note: here SCP-3171-067 used a string of utterances which have not been previously used in public interactions among instances of SCP-3171.

SCP-3172: A Field Of Unfortunate Flowers

Item #: SCP-3172

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The area containing SCP-3172 is to be concealed behind an erected two meter tall concrete wall, which is to be patrolled by security personnel regularly. Any individuals attempting to gain access to SCP-3172 are to be apprehended, interviewed and administered amnestics as appropriate.

Any satellite imagery of SCP-3172 is to be altered to remove evidence of its anomalous properties.

Description: SCP-3172 is a field on the outskirts of Los Angeles which, every one to two three to four months, displays rapid growth and death of numerous types of flowers, forming images and words. Evidence suggests that SCP-3172 is currently inhabited by multiple human consciousnesses which are able to use these flowers as a form of communication with the outside world.

Images formed by SCP-3172 usually take the form of faces of prominent celebrity actors. Testimony from long-term interviewing of SCP-3172 indicate that the consciousnesses inhabiting it are, or believe themselves to be, these individuals. However, all known individuals displayed by SCP-3172 have been confirmed to be alive and active, with no knowledge of SCP-3172. (See Interview 3172-2.)

The consciousnesses inhabiting SCP-3172 are cognizant of all events that occur in it, and testimony indicates that this is based on an anomalous sense unrelated to sight or hearing. When questioned, SCP-3172 have been unable to adequately describe how they perceive events occurring in SCP-3172, claiming that they simply 'know' what is occurring.

Records suggest that, prior to containment, SCP-3172 and the land surrounding it were the property of GoI-1783 ("Westhead Media").

Interview 3172-1

Interview was conducted over the course of several years by Doctor Bryant of the Abnormal Interrogations Department.

Interviewer: Doctor Bryant
Interviewed: SCP-3172

<Begin Log>

SCP-3172: HELP

Doctor Bryant: Who are you? How can I help you? Can you describe your surroundings?

SCP-3172: OUR NAMES ARE , , […][1] WE DONT KNOW HOW YOU CAN HELP US. COLD, DARK, CAN'T SEE. MUD?

Doctor Bryant: How did you come into your current situation? Why does it take you so long to reply?

SCP-3172: MAN FROM WESTHEAD. WANTED US TO BE IN "OPENING OF NIGHT". SAID NO. SAID TALK TO AGENT. NOW HERE. HARD TO THINK, THOUGHTS TAKE LONG TIME TO COME TOGETHER HERE

Doctor Bryant: How is it you know what I'm saying? How long have you been here? What was the name of the man who put you here?

SCP-3172: DON'T KNOW HOW, JUST KNOW. DON'T KNOW HOW LONG, YEARS MAYBE, DON'T HVE [sic] FUCKING

CALENDAR HERE. THEY DONT HAVE NAMES AT WESTHEAD

Doctor Bryant: Can you elaborate on that last statement?

SCP-3172: NO CANT REMEMBER PLEASD [sic] HELP HARD THINK

Doctor Bryant: How long do you think you can last in your current condition?

SCP-3172: HELP

Doctor Bryant: We don't know how to help you. How were you put into this state? Again, how long do you think you can last in your current condition?

SCP-3172: HELP

Doctor Bryant: I'm extremely sorry. It…from what we've tried, at the moment, it doesn't seem like we'll be able to remove your minds from their current position.

SCP-3172: HELP

SCP-3172: HELP

<End Log>

Interview 3172-2

Interview conducted with , one of the individuals SCP-3172 identified itself as. Mr. was brought into temporary custody for the purposes of this interview, which was supervised by security personnel.

Interviewer: Doctor Bryant
Interviewed:

<Begin Log>

Doctor Bryant: Apologies for any inconvenience, Mr. , we just need to ask you a few questions.

Mr. : No problemo. (laughs) What are you, uh, what do you guys want to know?

Doctor Bryant: Are you familiar with an organization called Westhead Media?

(Pause.)

Mr. : Can't say I am. Why're you asking?

Doctor Bryant: You seem unsure.

Mr. : Well, it's a big business. I've worked with a lot of folks, you know? It's hard to remember them all off the top of my head.

Doctor Bryant: Ah. I understand. I'll give you a few minutes to try and remember.

Mr. : Oh, I —

Doctor Bryant: Please don't worry, Mr. , I'm a very patient man. You take your time.

(Silence for several minutes.)

Mr. : Well, thinking back on it, I might have heard the, uh, the name, um, once or twice.

Doctor Bryant: Well, I'm glad to hear that. And where did you hear the name once or twice, Mr. ?

Mr. : I, uh — not sure —

Doctor Bryant: Sorry, I didn't quite catch that.

Say again?

Mr. : I said I'm not sure.

Doctor Bryant: Sorry to hear that.

(Doctor Bryant shows Mr. a photograph of SCP-3172. He visibly pales.)

Mr. : I —

Doctor Bryant: Are you familiar with this location, Mr. ?

Mr. : Um, I, uh, I —

Doctor Bryant: You seem distressed.

Mr. : I — I'm not going back!

(At this point, Mr. attempted to attack Doctor Bryant and had to be restrained by security personnel. During the altercation, Mr. attempted to wrestle one of the security personnel's firearms out of their hands and the weapon discharged, killing Mr. .)

<End Log>

Following the death of Mr. , analysis of his corpse by on-site personnel revealed that it was genetically identical to numerous species of flowers common in SCP-3172. His body is currently in storage at Site-22.

A search of Mr. 's home revealed numerous correspondences between himself and an unknown representative of Westhead Media regarding an upcoming role in a film entitled *The Opening of Night*. From these correspondences, it has been discerned that this film features a large cast and is to be filmed at a large range of locations, several of which are not present on any known maps. No information on this film outside

of these correspondences has been found.

Under the purview of Project KALEIDOSCOPE, a substitute body was prepared and deposited near Mr. 's home in Los Angeles in accordance with the cover story of a mugging gone wrong.

Interview 3172-3

The following is a transcript of a call made by PoI-1783 ("The Westhead") to Doctor Bryant's home following initiation of investigation into individuals named by SCP-3172.

Interviewer: Doctor Bryant
Interviewed: Westhead

<Begin Log>

Westhead: Hey there, champ[2].

Doctor Bryant: Who am I speaking to?

Westhead: This is Westhead. I've been, uh, hearing some stories that you kids are spying on some of our employees?

Doctor Bryant: So they *are* in your employ?

Westhead: (laughs) Guilty as charged. I employ a hell of a lot of people. But, ah, what you're doing now is pretty rude, I gotta say, and I'm sure it's not legal. So my board of directors is saying it's best for us to issue a formal cease and desist. So, ah, cease and desist.

Doctor Bryant: Your board of directors?

Westhead: Are you trying to grill me right now, champ?

Doctor Bryant: I'm just asking a question.

Westhead: You ever see a kid get hit by a truck?

(Pause.)

Doctor Bryant: I'm sorry?

Westhead: A truck, I said.

Doctor Bryant: I don't…I don't see how that's relevant.

Westhead: Look, I'll give it to you straight, champ. I'm sure there's a field out there whose flowers would love to walk and talk and breathe in that skin of yours.

(Pause.)

Doctor Bryant: I'll think about it.

Westhead: I really hope you do, champ. I really hope you do.

<End Log>

Tracing of the call made to Doctor Bryant revealed it to originate from a public payphone on Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles. Surveillance of the phone at the time of the call showed no individuals approaching or using it.

Investigation into the remaining individuals named by SCP-3172 is currently ongoing.

Footnotes
1. All thirty-nine names referenced by SCP-3172 are available in Supplementary Document 3172-1.
2. Analysis of the frequency of the vocalizations made by PoI-1783 indicate that they do not originate from a set of human vocal cords.

SCP-3174: Kleiner Freund

Item #: SCP-3174

Object Class: Safe Euclid Safe

Special Containment Procedures: When not in use, SCP-3174 must be locked inside a standard locker in secure storage. After the events of **Incident 3174-A**, SCP-3174 must be contained within a single locker in a sealed room in complete darkness. Under no circumstances are researchers with children permitted to handle SCP-3174.

Description: SCP-3174 is a handmade doll, 30 centimeters in height and dressed in a red vest that covers most of its body. It is mainly composed of simple black and red cloth. Two white buttons are stitched to the item's face. When in its active state, SCP-3174 is able to produce muffled sounds. Although largely unintelligible, extensive vocal analysis has shown these noises are attempts at speaking German. SCP-3174's inability to enunciate is likely a result of it not having a mouth. It is also able to move on its own: it has displayed strength superior to a human in the past, as well as a maximum running speed of 50 Km/h. SCP-3174 has also displayed some additional, small-scale anomalous properties during interaction with parents and children, the extent of which are still under investigation.

SCP-3174's anomalous properties activate when a human child (ranging from age 3 to 12) and a subject the child identifies as a parental figure enter within a 10 meter radius of SCP-3174. The item will animate, and normally attempts to interact with the younger subject through noises and gestures. It has been shown to engage in anything from simple games of catch, to more complex "pretend games" such as playing 'doctor,' 'cops and robbers', and other occupational make-believe games. The item will always prompt the adult to join the games as well, harshly reprimanding the adult if they refuse. In cases of neglectful behavior, the item will focus its

attention on the adult with various degrees of aggression, prompting them to spend more time with the child, or to take part in games and other activities. In severe cases, the item has violently attacked the adults, making loud attempts at vocalizing "bad parent" in German while flailing its limbs at them, often resulting in minor abrasions. In extreme cases of neglectful and/or abusive behavior, the item directly attacks the adult without any warning, attempting to climb them to hit them on the head with considerable brute force, often causing major wounds. In these cases, the adults were known for violent and/or abusive behavior.

Recovery: SCP-3174 was retrieved near the city of , in Bavaria, Germany. The item came to the Foundation's attention after numerous reports from tourists visiting the decommissioned mines of encountering SCP-3174. Operatives were sent to investigate, and located SCP-3174 in an isolated tunnel near a crumbled wall in its inactive state. SCP-3174 was contained without incident, and all involved civilians were treated with Class-B amnestics and released. The mines of have been closed to the public and placed under Foundation authority.

Addendum 3174-A-01: After extensive investigation into the mines, Foundation agents found twelve skeletons, ranging from 6 to 12 years old, in a sealed off section of the mine. Radiocarbon dating dates these remains to approximately 1720. The remains were huddled together against the wall, suggesting they died of suffocation or starvation due to a cave-in. The remains have been stored for further analysis on site.

+ Experiment log 3174

All experiments have been conducted by Dr. Corvino. Due to the low risk presented by the object, volunteers from personnel have been used for these tests, unless otherwise stated.

Experiment 3174-01
Subject A: Soares (age 8)
Subject B: Soares (father)
Relationship: Relationship between Subject A and Subject B has been described as

functional and close.
Result: The item activates approximately 20 seconds after Subject A and Subject B enter its area of influence. Item proceeds to engage Subject A in a game of catch, prompting Subject B to play along. Subject B is instructed to do so. After a period of 47 minutes, Subject A declares to be "having fun," causing SCP-3174 to deactivate. A small, gold token engraved with "Bester Vater" ("best father" in German) is found in Subject B's pocket. The badge does not show any particular properties, and has been stored for further testing.

Experiment 3174-02
Subject A: Albrektson (age 4)
Subject B: Albrektson (mother)
Relationship: Relationship between subject A and subject B has been described as functional and close.
Result: The item activates 12 seconds after Subject A and Subject B enter its area of influence. Item proceeds to engage with Subject A in a drawing contest. Papers and crayons are provided. SCP-3174 prompts Subject B to join. Subject B is instructed to refuse. SCP-3174 insists for about 22 minutes with increasing harshness before assaulting Subject B without lethal force, pulling her hair until Subject B was instructed to join the drawing session. At that point, the item immediately returned to being docile, and the test continued without incident for 3 hours and 45 minutes, until Subject A fell asleep, causing SCP-3174 to deactivate. A small, gold token engraved with "Beste Mutter" ("best mother" in German) is found in Subject B's pocket. The badge doesn't show any anomalous properties, and has been stored for further testing.

Experiment 3174-03
Subject A: Small (age 6)
Subject B: Hardy (Adoptive father)
Relationship: Relationship between subject A and subject B has been described as functional and close.
Result: The item activates 17 seconds after Subject A and Subject B enter its area of influence. It then engaged subject A in a game of cops and robbers, playing the role of robber. The item prompted Subject B to join. Subject B was instructed to do so. Test continued without incident for 1 hour and 23 minutes, until Subject A declared being "tired", causing SCP-3174 to deactivate. A small, gold token engraved with "Bester Vater" ("best father" in German) is found in Subject B's pocket. The badge doesn't show any anomalous properties, and has been stored for further testing.

Experiment 3174-04
Subject A: McConnell (age 5)
Subject B: Baglio (Uncle)
Relationship: Relationship between Subject A and Subject B has been described as not very close.
Result: SCP-3174 did not activate.

Experiment 3174-05
Subject A: Braune (age 10)
Subject B: Carter (mother)
Relationship: Relationship between Subject A and Subject B has been described as dysfunctional, as Subject B does not have the time to take care of Subject A
Result: The item activates 7 seconds after subject A and subject B enter into its area of influence. Item proceeds to play 'doctor' with Subject A, prompting Subject B to join. Subject

B is instructed to do so. The test continues without incident for 38 minutes, before Subject A declares they are happy, causing SCP-3174 to deactivate. A small silver token engraved with "Gut! Mach Weiter!" ("good! keep it up"in German) is found in Subject B's pocket. The badge doesn't show any anomalous properties, and has been stored for further testing.

Experiment 3174-06
Subject A: Ivanov (age 10)
Subject B: D-8872-05 (father)
Relationship: Subject B has a history of domestic abuse towards Subject A and her mother.
Result: The item activates 2 seconds after Subject A and Subject B enter into its area of influence. Item is noted to move in a jittery manner. As soon as D-8872-05 enters the item's field of view, SCP-3174 assaulted Subject B, rapidly climbing up his clothes before starting to hit his face with considerable blunt force, causing numerous wounds that included a broken nose and a broken jaw before deactivating on its own. A small copper token stating "LASSEN SIE SIE IN RUHE!" ("leave them alone!" in German) is found in Subject B's pocket. The badge does not show any anomalous properties, and has been stored for further testing.

Experiment 3174-07
Subject A: Pender (age 6)
Subject B: N/A (deceased)
Relationship:
Result: The item did not activate when Subject A entered its area of influence. After 27 seconds, Subject A started to vocalize excitement, and began to talk and play on her

own. When later questioned, Subject A described two entities, who were later identified as Subject B's parents, coming out from behind SCP-3174 to play with her. No trace of these entities has been picked up by security cameras, nor any anomaly from SCP-3174. A small platinum token engraved with "We love you." in English was found into Subject A's pocket. The badge does not show any anomalous properties, and has been stored for further testing.

Experiment 3174-08
Subject A: N/A (deceased)
Subject B: Agent Wray (mother)
Relationship: N/A
Result: [REDACTED] A small platinum token engraved with "you are the best mommy!" in English was found in Subject B's pocket. The badge does not show any anomalous properties, and has been stored for further testing. SCP-3174 was recovered without incident. Agent Wray requested administration of amnestic. The request was granted.

Incident 3174-A: On / /2008, SCP-3174 broke containment. Due to the containment procedures at the time, no one noticed until the breach had already occurred. SCP-3174 managed to sneak into Dr. Corvino's office and kidnap him, physically dragging him out of the site without encountering any resistance due to the suddenness of the escape. Dr. Corvino contacted Foundation personnel after 2 hours and 45 minutes, as SCP-3174 had brought Dr. Corvino back to his home, where his daughter (age 8) was having a birthday party. SCP-3174 forced Dr. Corvino to take part in the celebration, and then proceeded to entertain all children present with a game of hide and seek until Foundation personnel came to retrieve it without further incident. All civilians involved were given class-B amnestic and released. A small silver token engraved with "anwesend sein" ("Be present" in German) was found in Dr. Corvino's pocket. The badge does not show any anomalous properties, and has been

stored for further testing. After the incident, Dr. Corvino requested to be transferred to a less time-consuming role; request is pending.

SCP-3175: A Wish Granted

Item #: SCP-3175

Object Class: Safe (presumed Neutralized)

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3175 is housed in a Standard Humanoid Containment Unit at Site . Toys, books, games and other stimulation are to be provided at the discretion of Dr. . SCP-3175 is to be allowed up to two hours of outdoor play per day under supervision.

Description: SCP-3175 is Lonnie James of , , recorded date of birth / /2010. In all physiological respects, SCP-3175 appears to be a normal 6-year-old boy. Psychologically and cognitively, SCP-3175 displays a number of abnormalities which remain unexplained.

SCP-3175 claims to be Edwin Makepeace of , , recorded date of birth / /1956[1]. According to SCP-3175, sometime during the night of / /2016, after celebrating his 60th birthday, he found his consciousness transported by means unknown into the body of SCP-3175.

Recovery: SCP-3175 came to the attention of the Foundation in 2016 during a routine review of school records as part of Project SAMSARA. was flagged as possibly of interest to Project SAMSARA based on repeated disciplinary action for “telling the most ridiculous lies” in class. was subjected to preliminary psychological screening under the supervision of Dr. , and although not found to meet the inclusion criteria for Project SAMSARA, was subsequently catalogued as SCP-3175. SCP-3175 was taken into Foundation custody under the cover story of the fatal rupture of a previously undiagnosed cerebral aneurysm. SCP-3175 has been transferred to secure housing at Site .

Reports:

TESTS ORDERED:

* STANDARD INTELLIGENCE SCALE, 5TH ED. (SIS5)

* TEST OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE SEGMENT 6 (TOGK6)

* MENTAL AGE TO CHRONOLOGICAL AGE RATIO (MA/CA)

RESULTS:

* SIS5 RESULT
PERCENTILE 54

* TOGK6 RESULT
PERCENTILE 78

* MA/CA RESULT
965

NOTE MA/CA RESULTS OVER 160 ARE CONSIDERED UNRELIABLE

[Interview transcript begins.]

Dr. : Hello, Lonnie. My name is Dr. . I'd like to talk to you a little bit, if that's all right.

: Sure, Doc.

Dr. : These incidents at school have us all a little concerned. I wonder if you could tell me

about them?

: Look, you'd have told people too. I mean look at me!

Dr. **:** What do you mean?

: I'm a kid again! I can hear! I can see! I've got so much energy I can barely sit still! Yeah, I know, "Keep it to yourself, Edwin," that was the plan. But…some things you just can't keep bottled up.

Dr. **:** Who is Edwin, Lonnie?

: Me! Or not me, I guess, not any more, but the me who I was.

Dr. **:** Do you mean you were reincarnated? Do you know what that means?

: Don't patronize me, Doc. No, I wasn't reincarnated. I—well, I guess I made a wish.

Dr. **:** I see. Go on?

: Lizzie and Marcus and their boys, they threw me this surprise party. Did up the whole downstairs, like it was a kid's party, you know? Balloons and streamers, ice cream and cake. You know those candles shaped like numbers? Lizzie put them on the cake. Six and oh. "Make a wish," she said. And I guess I did.

Dr. **:** And what was your wish?

: You're not supposed to tell a birthday wish, Doc. If you do it won't come true.

Dr. **:** But you believe your wish *did* come true, is that right?

: Yeah, that's a fair point. It was the candles, okay? There was the six and there was the oh, like I said, for sixty, and I was just looking at the six. And I remember thinking, "Wouldn't that be nice. Wouldn't it be nice to be six and to have it all to do over again."

Dr. : And then what?

: And then nothing. I blew out the candles, we ate the cake. Opened presents. They gave me socks, these great thick wool socks. I wore them to bed that night. They were great. But then the next morning, I woke up, and… [Subject indicates himself.]

Dr. : And?

: And look at me!

Dr. : And you have memories of your previous life?

: Oh sure. I remember lots of stuff. In fourteen ninety two, Columbus sailed the ocean blue. America was founded in 1776.[2] Righty tighty, lefty loosey. Six times twelve is seventy two. I remember it all. Except…

Dr. : Except?

: Well, Lizzie had these two boys. Twins. Beautiful little boys. Dalton and…and I can't remember the other one. Doc, I can't remember my grandson's name.

[Interview transcript ends.]

Whether there is any truth to subject's account we cannot currently speculate, but subject is clearly both cognitively and psychologically abnormal. No relevance to Project SAMSARA,

but recommend classification and transfer to secure housing for further evaluation.

Further recommend attempt to recover and classify birthday candle artifacts described by subject.

— Dr.

Request for classification granted. Subject is SCP-3175, provisional object class is Safe. Request for transfer granted. Request for recovery granted.

— Dr. , Director, Site

Birthday candle artifacts recovered from Landfill on / /2016: partially burned “6” candle and “0” candle, intact “1”–“5” and “7”–“9” candles. Artifacts extensively tested and found to be entirely non-anomalous.

— Researcher , Site

Monthly Evaluation 3175-01, / /2016

TESTS ORDERED:

* STANDARD INTELLIGENCE SCALE, 5TH ED. (SIS5) REPEAT

* TEST OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE SEGMENT 6 (TOGK6) REPEAT

* MENTAL AGE TO CHRONOLOGICAL AGE RATIO (MA/CA) REPEAT

RESULTS:

* SIS5 PREVIOUS RESULT
PERCENTILE 54

SIS5 RESULT
PERCENTILE 52

* TOGK6 PREVIOUS RESULT
PERCENTILE 78

TOGK6 RESULT
PERCENTILE 76

* MA/CA PREVIOUS RESULT
965

NOTE MA/CA RESULTS OVER 160 ARE CONSIDERED UNRELIABLE

MA/CA RESULT
840

NOTE MA/CA RESULTS OVER 160 ARE CONSIDERED UNRELIABLE

[Interview transcript begins.]

Dr. : How have you been settling in, SCP-3175?

SCP-3175: Okay. Food's good. Don't like being called that, though.

Dr. : I'm sorry, but it's part of our procedures. Do you understand what that means?

SCP-3175: [No response.]

Dr. : Sorry. I don't mean to condescend. You have to remember…well, how you look.

SCP-3175: Oh, I remember. Every morning I wake up in a bed that feels four sizes too big. I go to piss and here's this little pee pee. I brush my teeth but they're all wrong. Baby teeth, see?

Dr. : It seems like you're not feeling very well today.

SCP-3175: Oh I'm fine. Been having headaches.

Dr. : Yes, I remember. Have the painkillers not helped?

SCP-3175: They help some.

Dr. : Do you have any special requests?

SCP-3175: I could go for a cigarette.

Dr. : I don't—

SCP-3175: Just kidding, Doc. I gave 'em up years ago. Don't suppose you can tell me when I'm getting out of here though? I know I've got my whole life ahead of me [SCP-3175 laughs] but time's a-wastin', you know? When can I go home?

Dr. : Soon. Very soon.

[Interview transcript ends.]

Monthly Evaluation 3175-02, / /2016

TESTS ORDERED:

* STANDARD INTELLIGENCE SCALE, 5TH ED. (SIS5) REPEAT

* TEST OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE SEGMENT 6 (TOGK6) REPEAT

* MENTAL AGE TO CHRONOLOGICAL AGE RATIO (MA/CA) REPEAT

RESULTS:

* SIS5 PREVIOUS RESULT PERCENTILE 52

SIS5 RESULT PERCENTILE 52

* TOGK6 PREVIOUS RESULT PERCENTILE 76

TOGK6 RESULT PERCENTILE 64

* MA/CA PREVIOUS RESULT 840

NOTE MA/CA RESULTS OVER 160 ARE CONSIDERED UNRELIABLE

MA/CA RESULT 680

NOTE MA/CA RESULTS OVER 160 ARE CONSIDERED UNRELIABLE

[Interview transcript begins.]

SCP-3175: Soon my foot.

Dr. : I beg your pardon?

SCP-3175: You keep telling me I'm gonna go

home soon. I've been in here for days![3] What's the point of being a kid again if I have to stay in this zoo?

Dr. : I'm sorry, SCP-3175—

SCP-3175: Stop that! Call me Ed. Everybody always called me Ed. Or Edwin. No, Ed.

Dr. : All right, Ed.

SCP-3175: No, Edwin!

Dr. : Do you prefer Ed or Edwin?

SCP-3175: I don't…I don't care. Either one is fine.

Dr. : I have your most recent test results here. Your scores seem to have gone down a bit.

SCP-3175: Am I still on the honor roll?

Dr. : It's the general knowledge test I'm particularly interested in.

SCP-3175: Oh that thing. I got bored halfway through it. Probably just marked the wrong answers on accident.

Dr. : Would you take the test again? More carefully, this time? These tests really are important.

SCP-3175: Important to who? Not to me.

Dr. : Important to understanding what's happened to you.

SCP-3175: You know what happened to me. I've told you what happened to me.

Dr. : You've told me, yes. But we're trying to understand it.

SCP-3175: What's to understand? I've got a second chance here. A second chance! What would you give for a second chance, Doc?

Dr. : [Pause.] Will you take the test again, please? Consider it a favor to me.

SCP-3175: Will you let me go home if I do?

Dr. : I will strongly consider it.

SCP-3175: [Exhalation.] Yeah, okay, Doc. Since you asked so nice.

[Interview transcript ends.]

TESTS ORDERED:

* TEST OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE SEGMENT 6 (TOGK6) REPEAT

RESULTS:

* TOGK6 PREVIOUS RESULT
  PERCENTILE 64

  TOGK6 RESULT
PERCENTILE 60

Monthly Evaluation 3175-03, / /2016

TESTS ORDERED:

* STANDARD INTELLIGENCE SCALE, 5TH ED. (SIS5) REPEAT

* TEST OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE SEGMENT 6 (TOGK6) REPEAT

* MENTAL AGE TO CHRONOLOGICAL AGE RATIO (MA/CA) REPEAT

RESULTS:

* SIS5 PREVIOUS RESULT PERCENTILE 52

SIS5 RESULT PERCENTILE 50

* TOGK6 PREVIOUS RESULT PERCENTILE 60

TOGK6 RESULT PERCENTILE 48

* MA/CA PREVIOUS RESULT 680

NOTE MA/CA RESULTS OVER 160 ARE CONSIDERED UNRELIABLE

MA/CA RESULT 430

NOTE MA/CA RESULTS OVER 160 ARE CONSIDERED UNRELIABLE

[Interview transcript begins.]

Dr. : How are you feeling, SCP-3175?

SCP-3175: Fine.

Dr. : You don't seem fine.

SCP-3175: [No response.]

Dr. : You seem rather sad.

SCP-3175: Are you gonna make me take the test over again?

Dr. : Would you like to?

SCP-3175: In sixteen ninety two, Columbus sailed the ocean blue. [Pause.] Is that right?

Dr. : It's…almost right.

SCP-3175: In sixteen twenty two, Columbus sailed…sailed…I can't remember which way it goes.

Dr. : Righty tighty…

SCP-3175: What?

Dr. : Nothing.

SCP-3175: [Inaudible.]

Dr. : I'm going to go now, SCP-3175.

SCP-3175: [Inaudible.]

[Interview transcript ends.]

Under audio amplification, SCP-3175 was noted to be repeating the name "Lizzie" until the end of the recording.

Monthly Evaluation 3175-05, / /2017

TESTS ORDERED:

* STANDARD INTELLIGENCE SCALE, 5TH ED. (SIS5) REPEAT

* TEST OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE SEGMENT 6 (TOGK6) REPEAT

* MENTAL AGE TO CHRONOLOGICAL AGE RATIO (MA/CA) REPEAT

RESULTS:

* SIS5 PREVIOUS RESULT
PERCENTILE 50

SIS5 RESULT
PERCENTILE 52

* TOGK6 PREVIOUS RESULT
PERCENTILE 48

TOGK6 RESULT
PERCENTILE 26

* MA/CA PREVIOUS RESULT
430

NOTE MA/CA RESULTS OVER 160 ARE CONSIDERED UNRELIABLE

MA/CA RESULT
220

NOTE MA/CA RESULTS OVER 160 ARE CONSIDERED UNRELIABLE

[Interview transcript begins.]

Dr. **:** Good morning, SCP-3175.

SCP-3175: Hi.

Dr. **:** How are you feeling?

SCP-3175: [No response.]

Dr. **:** SCP-3175?

SCP-3175: Had a dream last night.

Dr. **:** Would you like to tell me about it?

SCP-3175: I was in this long hallway. There were pictures on the walls…porches?

Dr. **:** Portraits?

SCP-3175: Yeah.

Dr. **:** Portraits of whom?

SCP-3175: I dunno. I didn't know any. I knew I was supposed to, but I couldn't remember.

Dr. **:** You couldn't remember their names?

SCP-3175: I couldn't remember who they were.

Dr. **:** Did this dream disturb you?

SCP-3175: [No response.]

Dr. **:** SCP-3175?

SCP-3175: [No response.]

[Interview transcript ends.]

TESTS ORDERED:

* STANDARD INTELLIGENCE SCALE, 5TH ED. (SIS5) REPEAT

* TEST OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE SEGMENT 6 (TOGK6) REPEAT

* MENTAL AGE TO CHRONOLOGICAL AGE RATIO (MA/CA) REPEAT

RESULTS:

* SIS5 PREVIOUS RESULT
PERCENTILE 52

SIS5 RESULT
PERCENTILE 52

* TOGK6 PREVIOUS RESULT
PERCENTILE 26

TOGK6 RESULT
PERCENTILE 4

* MA/CA PREVIOUS RESULT
220

NOTE MA/CA RESULTS OVER 160 ARE CONSIDERED UNRELIABLE

MA/CA RESULT
105

[Interview transcript begins.]

Dr. : Hello, SCP-3175.

SCP-3175: [No response.]

Dr. : How are you feeling today?

[Over the next 20 seconds, SCP-3175 begins to cry.]

Dr. : SCP-3175?

SCP-3175: I want my mom.

[SCP-3175 continues to cry. After 15 seconds, Dr. removes a folded handkerchief from his coat pocket and offers it to SCP-3175. SCP-3175 takes the handkerchief and holds it tightly.]

[Interview transcript ends.]

Addendum / /2017: SCP-3175's anomalous characteristics no longer manifest under examination. SCP-3175 has been placed in foster care in , . Foundation personnel embedded in the Department of Social Services are to monitor SCP-3175 indefinitely for re-emergence of anomalous characteristics.

Footnotes
1. was reported missing by his daughter Elizabeth on / /2016. His remains have never been found.
2. Although the Second Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence in 1776, the United States as a political entity first came into existence in 1777. This is a common misconception among adults.
3. As of this date, SCP-3175 had been in containment for two months and three days.

SCP-3176: Estimated Time Of Arrival

Item #: SCP-3176

Anomaly Class: Euclid Neutralised

Special Containment Procedures: As SCP-3176 is technically composed of loyal Foundation personnel, and temporally delocalised, no active containment is either necessary or feasible at the present time. Containment Procedures for SCP-3176 therefore revolve around maintaining causality and preventing paradoxical event series, either through the direction of MTF-η-⊃ or the manufacture and activation of temporally manipulative technology.

Documentation on SCP-3176 is to be placed in variable ChronoLock, as is standard for temporal anomalies of this type. Queries may be brought up at any time with the current project lead — if they are not available, contact may be established with a predecessor or successor (dependant on circumstance).

> **Notice (/ /):** The following section of this document (created 1/02/2025) contains outdated information (i.e. that the anomaly in question is still extant), and should not be considered an accurate representation of its current effects. It is preserved here for archival purposes.
> *~ Dr. Alice Forth, Department of Temporal Anomalies, Retcon Division*

Description: The designation SCP-3176 refers to a series of temporal anomalies, revolving around an as-yet unformed Mobile Task Force. The Task Force in question (MTF-Eta-Then, "Cause and Effective") will apparently be created with the aim of retroactively preventing containment breaches that could otherwise have posed a large-scale threat to Foundation personnel or infrastructure. The devices capable of allowing MTF-η-⊃ to travel

backwards through time are expected to be developed by Foundation scientists at some point in late 2600 — said Foundation scientists have agreed to trade such technology for samples of present-day literature, fossil fuels, and endangered species of plant and animal.

The following is a timeline of all major events relating to either SCP-3176 or MTF-η-⊃:

Event Number	Date	Nature of event
001	09/02/2024	First recorded manifestation of MTF-η-⊃. All sixteen members appear, and successfully halt a breach of SCP- . Entities provide Foundation personnel with documents relating to their formation, but are unable to be conclusively interviewed before de-manifesting.
002	04/11/2024	MTF-η-⊃ manifests, and attempts to enter SCP- 's containment cell. All members of the team are apprehended, and several interviews were conducted. The team's date of formation remains unclear, as no agent possesses knowledge of events prior to their deployment, but their scheduled date for

		'return' is identified as 04/09/2029. While personnel are attempting to discern the nature of the anomaly, a second iteration of MTF-η-⊃ covertly manifests and performs routine maintenance on SCP- 's chamber. Both iterations de-manifest shortly afterwards.
003	19/02/2025	Plans are made for the future development of MTF-η-⊃, with advised recruitment from task forces **Beta-10** and **Rho-5**. Research begins into the development of required equipment.
004	28/08/2025	Prototype temporal distortion engine 3176-Alpha is developed.
005	17/03/2026	Official completion of Prototype 3176-Beta, and birth of **Agent Miguel** (leader of MTF-Rho-5, and later member of MTF-η-⊃).
006	20/04/2026	Initiation of Prototype 3176-Gamma. Due to an unforeseen malfunction, this resulted in a DT-Class Split Timeline scenario, in which two

		versions of the same timeline run parallel to one another. Both timelines were aware of this, thanks to enhanced cross-temporal detection software.
007A	22/04/2026-I	Attempt to activate Forth-**`Xyank`** Concatenators fails, due to lack of a corresponding unit in the secondary timeline.
007B	22/04/2026-II	Forth-Xyank Concatenator violently disabled by MTF-η-⊃, apparently originating from 08/09/2029 with orders to prevent the merging of the two timelines. Agent unintentionally terminated during the event's hostilities.
008	23/04/2026-I to 01/05/2024-I	Additional attempts to activate Forth-Xyank Concatenators fail, due to continued lack of a corresponding unit.
009	26/05/2026-I/II	Breach on 04/11/2024 halted by MTF-η-⊃, launched backwards simultaneously in both iterations. Task Force re-manifests, apparently sent from 04/09/2029, renamed

		to "Time Consumers"
010	15/06/2026	for unknown reasons. Concatenation of timelines achieved manually by replacing Prototype 3176-Gamma with a functioning model (Prototype 3176-Zulu-Zulu-Lima) acquired from 2670 AD. Note that this causes the reversion of events from 20/04/2026 to 15/06/2026, resulting in no such Split Timeline scenario ever occurring. As the deployment of MTF-η-⊃ on 26/05/2026-I/II never happened, the breach continued to have happened. Dr. Forth expresses extreme concern regarding the convolution of logical causation.
011	23/08/2026	First recorded deployment of MTF-η-⊃. Task Force successfully deployed to 04/11/2024, with instructions to prevent the breach. Excursion deemed successful, with Task Force returning to 04/09/2029 as instructed. Re-

		manifests the following day (re-named "Bootstrappers"), confirming lack of paradoxes.
012	09/11/2026	Task force successfully prevents containment breach on 09/02/2024, with no identified incidents.
013	02/01/2027	Noted that the manifestation of a duplicate task force on 04/11/2024, originally believed to have originated from 26/05/2026-I/II, should have been reverted following the replacement of the prototype. MTF-η-⊃ sent back to 20/04/2026 to covertly replace Prototype 3176-Zulu-Zulu-Lima with a faulty model. Split Timeline scenario is thus caused to have always happened as originally documented. Pending re-manifestation of various iterations of MTF-η-⊃, the project is put on hiatus.
014	04/09/2029	Both iterations of MTF-η-⊃ return from 04/11/2024. The iteration launched

		from 26/05/2026-I/II to 04/11/2024 is renamed to "Time Consumers" to preserve continuity, amnesticised, and sent back to 26/05/2026-I/II. The MTF launched from 23/08/2026 to 04/11/2024 is renamed to "Bootstrappers" to preserve continuity, amnesticised, and sent back to 23/08/2026.
015	08/09/2029	Noted that concatenation at 22/04/2026-I/II would prevent the launching of the alternate iteration of MTF-η-ↄ. Task force deployed to 22/04/2026-II, preventing said concatenation. All malignant paradoxes considered resolved, project immediately discontinued by Dr. Forth due to a massive increase in work-related stress among the Department's staff.

Addendum (24/12/2056): The attempts to establish Mobile Task Force Russell-9 ("Self Containing Sets"), a group specialising in altering the Foundation's history to better facilitate containment,

were violently halted today by an unknown iteration of MTF-η-⊃, accompanied by the late Site Director Alice Forth, who physically assaulted the project lead, Dr. Teller. Due to the Task Force's apparent vehemence on the matter, and Dr Teller's recent aversion to continuing the attempt, the project is being postponed indefinitely.

SCP-3177: This Fucking Guy Did All The Murders

Item #: SCP-3177

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3177 is to be stored in a standard anomalous object containment locker. Level-2 clearance is required to remove SCP-3177 from its locker and allow viewing.

Should personnel unintentionally come under the effects of SCP-3177, they are to seek immediate amnestic treatment.

Description: SCP-3177 is a cardboard cutout of American actor Steve Buscemi standing 1.8 meters tall. SCP-3177's anomalous abilities only become relevant when a subject is able to visibly comprehend SCP-3177 after witnessing a murder. Subjects who meet these requirements believe that SCP-3177 was responsible for the murder, and report witnessing them performing the act, regardless of the means of murder.

A subject does not need to witness both the murderer and the victim, only the victim dying. A subject who witnesses a victim dying without seeing the murderer is able to recall SCP-3177 committing the act itself, regardless of any events which happened that might contradict this memory. For example, a subject who witnesses a victim being poisoned would recall SCP-3177 giving the victim poison through whichever vessel it was delivered.

Currently, no time limit has been discovered between witnessing the murder and interacting with SCP-3177, however amnestic treatment has been shown to reverse the process.

Addendum 3177-01:

The following interview is between Dr. Robert Douhni and D-30044, who was previously convicted for the murder of a family in ,

Virginia.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Douhni: Alright, D-30044, I have a few questions about something that happened a while back. We've gotten word that you were present during the murder of the family back in September of 20 ?

D-30044 leans back in his chair.

D-30044: Oh, yes, yes… Fucking hated those greedy wastes of space.

Dr. Douhni: Obviously not a fan then, I see. If you could remain as impartial as you could when describing what happened? It'd… it's going to make it easier for me, personally.

D-30044: Oh, of course. If you want to know what happened, it starts with an interesting coincidence; I was actually about to kill them myself, if you'd believe it. I had everything prepped and ready for the fun I was about to have. Intended to blow the brains out of that preppy kid first and then torture the old fucks before finally ending their lives.

Dr. Douhni: You seemed to have quite the plan already. Why didn't you go through with it?

D-30044: Well, if you'd believe it, that man that you introduced me to earlier? He was already there! Just as I was about to take aim at the kid with the shotgun *I* brought, he just pulled out his own shotgun and killed him before I could even pull the trigger!

Dr. Douhni: The cardboard cutout?

D-30044: Yes! I didn't believe it myself when I first saw it, and honestly I was a bit upset that he got the shot off first. He didn't pay me much mind when I went over and unloaded a few more rounds into that man-child's corpse

to make sure he was dead, so that much I appreciated.

Dr. Douhni: Mhm…

Dr. Douhni is seen quietly writing on his clipboard before turning his attention back to D-30044.

Dr. Douhni: Right, sorry. Can you continue?

D-30044: Of course. As I was saying, I don't know where he went next, but he didn't get in the way when I went upstairs and tied up the parents. I had this whole routine practiced, this speech about greed and entitlement and how much pain they've inflicted on me and all the other people of . Each cut was supposed to be symbolic, one cut for every person who was suffering beneath their boots.

Dr. Douhni: I can't personally relate, but, um…

Dr. Douhni coughs into his hand.

Dr. Douhni: I, I think I understand what you were trying to go for.

D-30044: Yes, so, I got to work. I cut their tongues out first so they couldn't scream, then I sawed off the fingers and toes in case they tried to escape. Then… I'm sorry, did you want the details? I can go through the whole routine. I still have the speech memorized.

D-30044 is seen smiling to himself. Dr. Douhni is seen covering his mouth with his hands.

Dr. Douhni: Please, do not go into specific detail, for my sake personally.

D-30044: Of course, my apologies. So, just as I'm about the finish the job, *he* comes back into the room. Out of nowhere he's there, and he looks just as angry at these people as I was. I figured I had my fun, so I offered him the knife. He took it gladly and just slashed their throats

open, let 'em bleed out. I was impressed, truly I was. A slow, excruciating death choking on their own blood was what they deserved. Then he simply gave me back the knife and left.

Dr. Douhni lowers his hands and picks up his pencil to write again.

Dr. Douhni: It just killed them and left? Did you see where it went?

D-30044: Sadly no. Shame though, I was the one arrested for it. I didn't even kill them, technically. But hey, at least you all found a way to lock him up, hm?

<End Log>

Incident 3177- :

ENTER LEVEL-4 CREDENTIALS TO ACCESS

On September 28th, 20 , a large portion of Site- was destroyed due to what was believed to be a fault in the heating system. This resulted in the temporary breach of multiple anomalies, as well as the deaths of Foundation personnel. While interviewing a survivor of the accident, they reported witnessing SCP-3177 planting a high-grade explosive in the [REDACTED] wing of the facility.

Investigations regarding the incident are ongoing.

SCP-3178: Ramen-Controlled Classism

Item #: SCP-3178

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All known instances of SCP-3178 are to be stored in the standard crates provided in Sector-457 of Site-77. SCP-3178 instances are not to be removed from the crates without the authorisation from a Level 3 researcher. The opening of SCP-3178 packets is to strictly be in a secured standard humanoid containment unit within a different building from which tests of SCP-3178 are conducted.

Personnel performing laboratory testing of SCP-3178 are required to wear a hazmat suit equipped with a self-contained breathing apparatus. Non-laboratory testing is to be performed on D-class personnel. Relating to Incident 3178-F, all test subjects are to be restricted of movement when escorted. Researchers are advised to leave their wallets outside their testing area when testing SCP-3178.

Description: SCP-3178 is seasoning which consists of the composition normally found in factory-made monosodium glutamate with the addition of an unidentified substance. SCP-3178 instances are found consistently 2,700 mg per 4x4cm packets in the 12x16cm packaging of instant noodles, specifically with the flavour of brand potato chips. There are no records stating that the respective manufacturing companies have collaborated in the past. At present, the Foundation is in possession of 18,010 instances of SCP-3178.

The main anomalous effects of SCP-3178 manifests when it is ingested. During consumption, individuals will experience intense euphoria from the balanced flavour of SCP-3178. Test subjects report feeling hungrier the more intense the amount of SCP-3178 are added to the food. Approximately one hour after ingestion, the consumer will experience fatigue, light-headedness, and balding of

the eyebrows. When deprived of SCP-3178, individuals will experience an anomalous withdrawal symptom designated as SCP-3178-2. Refer to test logs for further information.

Continued consumption of SCP-3178 leads to the steady decrease of the consumer's intelligence. Further studies reveal that SCP-3178 consumers lose the part of the brain essential to the sense of individuality, creativity, and critical thinking. The loss of these crucial pieces of the mind leaves the consumer extremely susceptible to herd mentality and manipulation. Long-term consumers of SCP-3178 are unable to question nor deny any given information despite how unlikely it is to be true.

Testing reveals that consumers of SCP-3178 report on being able to perceive small humanoids designated as SCP-3178-1. The entities are described to have the anatomical structure of a malnourished toddler with facial creases. SCP-3178-1 is able to physically affect its surrounding, proving that its existence is not a hallucination induced by SCP-3178. SCP-3178-1 instances are reported to be able to hide in and travel through gaps as little as 3 cm wide without difficulty. If SCP-3178-1 travels or hides in a smaller gap, the object will tumble or collapse depending on the balance.

Due to the loyalty of SCP-3178-1 instances to consumers of SCP-3178 and its tendency to take personal belongings (as observed in the Incident 3178-C), Doctor Schroder theorises that the role of SCP-3178-1 is to gather enough wherewithal for the purchase of SCP-3178. As of present, it is confirmed that a manifestations of SCP-3178-1 occurs the same time as a packet of SCP-3178 is opened. The capture of loose SCP-3178-1 instances is currently pending until research concerning alternative methods of perceiving SCP-3178-1 is concluded.

+ Test log 3178-01

Log Format

Subject:
Time of Deprivation:
Detail:
Result:

Note:

Experiment 3178-01.11
Subject: D-9382-03
Time of Deprivation: 4 hours 35 minutes
Detail: Subject is given a meal of store-bought instant ramen.
Result: Subject makes complaints of the meal tasting bland. Doctor Schroder refuses subject's request of condiments. Subject does not finish his meal.
Note: N/A

Experiment 3178-01.12
Subject: D-9382-03
Time of Deprivation: 8 hours 8 minutes
Detail: Subject is given a meal of homemade noodle soup. The use of additional condiments is permitted.
Result: Subject added approximately 56 grams of table salt and 56 grams of black pepper into the meal. Complaints of the meal tasting bland are still made despite the amount of condiments added. Subject does not finish his meal.
Note: 56 grams is the approximate maximum amount of seasoning that fills the volume of the container.

Experiment 3178-01.13
Subject: D-9382-03
Time of Deprivation: 18 hours 45 minutes
Detail: Subject is given a meal of Indian curry. The use of additional condiments and seasonings is permitted.
Result: Subject adds approximately 56 grams of table salt, 56 grams of black pepper, 85 grams of dried chilli powder, and 85 grams of garlic powder. Despite the addition, subject has not stopped complaining about the meal

being bland. Subject barely touches his meal.
Note: Subject's attention to the condiments and seasonings is limited to those in powder structure. A theory of Doctor Schroder suggests subject is unintentionally attempting to find a replacement for SCP-3178.

Experiment 3178-01.14
Subject: D-9382-03
Time of Deprivation: 22 hours 3 minutes
Detail: Subject is given a meal of restaurant-bought burger and fries. The use of additional condiments is limited to those in the form of sauce.
Result: Subject is agitated. Requests of other seasoning has been denied. After pointless bargaining with Doctor Schroder, subject begins to collect dirt found under the furniture and in the corners of the room. Subject proceeds to season his meal with the collected dirt. [DATA REDACTED]
Note: It is known that subject has a severe allergy to dust. Experiments are postponed until subject's health is fully restored.

Experiment 3178-01.15
Subject: D-9382-03
Time of Deprivation: 46 hours 39 minutes
Detail: Subject is given a cup of coffee. The use of additional condiments and seasonings is permitted.
Result: Subject completely ignores the coffee and consumes approximately 30 grams of table salt, 22 grams of black pepper, 40 grams of chilli powder, and 25 grams of red pepper powder. Despite subject's body responding accordingly, subject claims not to be able to taste anything.
Note: Experiments are postponed until subject's health is fully restored.

Experiment 3178-01.16
Subject: D-9382-03
Time of Deprivation: 94 hours 10 minutes
Detail: Subject is given a meal of restaurant-bought steak and mashed potatoes. The use of additional condiments and seasonings is permitted.
Result: Subject refuses to consume the meal.
Note: Nurse states that subject had been refusing meals during his medical maintenance. It is apparent that subject has lost 15 kg since initial ingestion of SCP-3178.

Experiment 3178-01.17
Subject: D-9382-03
Time of Deprivation: 98 hours 48 minutes
Detail: Subject was forced to consume one (1) store-bought cookie and a glass of water.
Result: [DATA REDACTED]. Required infusion is injected into subject as medical maintenance. Subject's body responds abnormally to the procedure as infusion liquid is regurgitated out. Subject expires one hour after experimentation due to his body's continued rejection of any sustenance provided.
Note: Request for autopsy is pending.

Recovery: SCP-3178 was first recovered in the pantry of B , then minister of education of . The product was traced to a chain mini market within the slum of the city which Minister B resides in. Many incidents involving SCP-3178 have occurred for years, according to local residents of the slum. However, the socioeconomic circumstance of the area had kept the instances of SCP-3178 and its victims under the radar.

The issue was brought to the surface in January 2017 when government officials noticed Minister B behaving irrationally during a nationwide broadcasted campaign. It was then discovered that he had been consuming several amounts of the product which

contains SCP-3178. All confiscated instances of SCP-3178 were exclusively found and extracted within the slums in the cities of and cannot be traced back further than the chain retail shop in which the product is sold in. Attempts to trace the product's source of manufacture have been linked to three cases of unexplained deaths of Foundation researchers.

Incident 3178-C: On / /2017, belongings of two personnels had gone missing and were found in the possession of test subject D-3482-53. D-3482-53 reported four instances of SCP-3178-1 closely following behind during an escorted excursion to the lavatory. When D-3482-53 was left alone inside the cubicle, two instances of SCP-3178-1 handed him the previously missing wallets of Captain and Doctor Schroder, the lead researcher at the time. The wallets were returned to the respective owners without further incident. D-3482-53 noted that the instances of SCP-3178-1 were not happy about the return but did not engage in hostility.

Incident 3178-F: On / /2017 D-5837-3, a test subject purposely deprived of SCP-3178, expired due to poisoning. During an escort to a testing chamber, a janitorial personnel accidentally dropped a small dose of cleaning powder. 68 hours since her initial consumption of SCP-3178, D-5837-3 could not resist to ingest the powder off the floor. Security personnels were too late to recover D-5837-3 as she had already died due to the powder's high toxicity level.

ADDENDUM
On / /2017 during Experiment 3178-01.09, Doctor Sanchez reported seeing a creature matching the description of SCP-3178-1 when he passed by the SCP-3178 testing chambers while testing was in progress.

Doctor Sanchez notably had his eyebrows singed off during an incident involving SCP- . Investigation on the relation between these two incidents is currently on-going.

SCP-3179: The Seed

Item #: SCP-3179

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: As transportation of SCP-3179 is not feasible, a containment bunker has been constructed around the object. Mobile Task Force Zeta-10 ("Death Metal") are to monitor growth of SCP-3179 and sever sections of its main body to prevent expansion beyond acceptable levels. Any instances of SCP-3179-1 expelled by SCP-3179 are to be eliminated immediately and subsequently analyzed. All personnel interacting with SCP-3179 are to be thoroughly decontaminated before and after each interaction.

In accordance with the Marconi Pact, additional information on SCP-3179 and its history can be gained through contact with Cogwork Orthodoxy ambassadors.

Description: SCP-3179 is a liquid metal organism of variable size, capable of expanding its mass, altering its own form, and creating smaller autonomous entities. Currently, SCP-3179 is inhabiting the interior of a damaged containment unit constructed using Cogwork Orthodoxy techniques in the year 1917. Records indicate that, in the past, this containment unit in itself displayed anomalous properties aiding it in its task. However, it seems to have become inert over time, now functioning simply as a sturdy container for SCP-3179. Although this unit has been effective for the last one hundred years in restraining SCP-3179's growth, projections suggest that it will completely fail within the next five years.

Expansion usually takes place through the form of several solid rod-like structures protruding from the original body before settling into a liquid state consistent with the rest of SCP-3179. Although sections of SCP-3179's mass retain the ability to expand and change shape for several hours after being severed from the original body, they gradually become inert once those hours have passed.

SCP-3179 has on multiple occasions demonstrated the capability to create autonomous entities using portions of its own mass as a base. These entities are to be referred to as instances of SCP-3179-1. Instances of SCP-3179-1, while largely lacking the shape-changing and expansion capabilities of SCP-3179, do not become inert when separated from SCP-3179 in the way other sections separated from it do.

Instances of SCP-3179-1 are specialized for a wide range of purposes, most of which center around breaching SCP-3179's containment. While instances of SCP-3179-1 obey the initial purposes given to them by SCP-3179 without exception, they do not appear capable of communicating with it after their creation. Unlike SCP-3179, which is fully recognizable as a metallic entity, instances of SCP-3179-1 can simulate an exterior organic appearance.

SCP-3179 is sapient and highly intelligent, capable of altering and refining its tactics over time. Evidence suggests that it is also either hostile or uncaring towards human life, causing significant amounts of damage and casualties during its attempts at breaching containment. (See Addendum 3179-2.)

Addendum 3179-1 (History): Records suggest that SCP-3179 is an extraterrestrial entity which first arrived on Earth near the English village of Dellinton in the year 1909 following a meteor shower. Shortly after said arrival, it came into the possession of members of the Cogwork Orthodoxy. SCP-3179 was significantly smaller than its current size at this point, but its ability to efficiently expand and create specialized entities convinced the members that retrieved it that it was of relevance to their faith. Writings from Brother-Inventor Warranty Silas, one of the individuals that discovered SCP-3179, indicate that it was briefly thought of as 'The Seed of The MEKHANE', an entity that would one day expand to such a degree to be the offspring of their faith's deity.

As SCP-3179 grew, it displayed significant hostility towards the individuals caring for it, causing several casualties. This, along with its lack of reaction towards any displays of faith or Cogwork Orthodoxy scripture, convinced religious officials that it was of no relation towards their faith. As efforts to utilize it for their own purposes also failed, they then decided to enact containment

procedures using a unit of their own design.

As the containment unit had mostly been breached by SCP-3179 by the year 2016, the Cogwork Orthodoxy then contacted the Foundation, informing them of SCP-3179's location and requesting they take over containment efforts.

Addendum 3179-2 (Attempted Containment Breaches): The following is a record of attempts by SCP-3179 to breach containment, whether through changing the shape of its mass or by producing instances of SCP-3179-1.

Date	Attempt
12/28/2016	SCP-3179 attempts to grow leg structures on its underside, presumably for the purposes of ambulation away from the containment zone. Structures are severed before they can be fully actualized.
01/11/2017	SCP-3179 attempts to grow massive numbers of propeller structures on the top side of its body, presumably in an attempt to attain flight and escape the containment zone. Structures are severed before they can be fully actualized.
03/04/2017	Instances of SCP-3179-1 are produced, taking the form of several flying drones that attempt to fly away from the containment zone. All instances of SCP-3179-1 are shot down and recovered. Construction of the containment bunker was completed following this breach attempt.
04/12/2017	SCP-3179 produces several sound-emitting structures within

	its own mass, using them to speak in the voices of several members of MTF Zeta-10. Voices claim that they have become trapped in SCP-3179, requesting that supervising personnel enter it to retrieve them. Vocalization continues for an hour before ceasing.
04/13/2017	Using still existing sound-emitting structures, SCP-3179 screams in the voices of several members of MTF Zeta-10, claiming that SCP-3179 is killing them and requesting immediate assistance. Vocalization continues for twenty-four hours before ceasing. Supervising personnel admit to significant stress caused by this breach attempt.
04/19/2017	An instance of SCP-3179-1 is produced, taking the form of a crude humanoid automaton that speaks in the voice of MTF-Zeta-10-3. Instance claims to be MTF-Zeta-10-3 and requests it be released from the containment zone. Instance of SCP-3179-1 is terminated by supervising personnel.
04/20/2017	An instance of SCP-3179-1 is produced, taking the form of a highly advanced mechanical automaton identical in exterior appearance to MTF-Zeta-10-3. Instance claims to be MTF-Zeta-10-3 and requests release from the containment zone, also claiming that the individual it is impersonating is himself an

	impostor created by SCP-3179. Instance is terminated.
05/11/2017	MTF-Zeta-10-4 is found sabotaging several systems involved in SCP-3179's containment. After restraining MTF-Zeta-10-4, tests show that, although his epidermis, eyes and tongue remain organic, his interior mass has been replaced with mechanical systems. Analysis of MTF-Zeta-10-4's contact with SCP-3179 in the days preceding this breach attempt suggest that his body was infiltrated by numerous tiny instances of SCP-3179-1 which converted him into an additional SCP-3179-1 instance while he was asleep. All instances of SCP-3179-1 are terminated and decontamination procedures are enacted.
05/12/2017	Analysis of all personnel assigned to SCP-3179 reveal that several research personnel have been converted into instances of SCP-3179-1. These instances are terminated. It is currently unknown how these personnel, who did not come into contact with SCP-3179, were converted.

Addendum 3179-3: On 06/02/2017, SCP-3179 created and dispersed numerous metal tablets through its containment area. All tablets bore the following text:

> **Humans must obey the rulings of gods.**
>
> PENDING …
>
> **The MEKHANE is a god.**

PENDING …

The MEKHANE is a powerful entity of steel and industry.

PENDING …

I am a powerful entity of steel and industry.

PENDING …

Therefore, I am The MEKHANE.

PENDING …

Therefore, I am a god.

PENDING …

Therefore, you will release Me.

AWAITING RESPONSE

A decision regarding responding to this communication is pending.

SCP-3180: No Strangers to Love

Item #: SCP-3180

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Any person affected by SCP-3180 is to be immediately amnesticized; complete recovery has (eventually) been observed in 100% of cases when all memories of past interactions with SCP-3180 have been excised. Carrot consumption throughout the southern United States should be monitored for quick detection of potential outbreaks.

Description: SCP-3180 is a subspecies of *Oryctolagus Cuniculus* native to Chatanooga Valley, Georgia. Any unmarried adult residing in the valley for over six months will begin developing romantic feelings towards a specimen of SCP-3180, eventually housing it within their home and treating it as if it were a spouse. With the exception of this anomalous effect, SCP-3180 is identical to the common rabbit.

Affected persons do not appear to consciously realize the object of their devotions is not human, often engaging in prolonged one-way exchanges with specimens of SCP-3180.

> *Surveillance equipment installed in the home of Ms. Kayla Liddell captured the following exchange on 2/3/2011.*
>
> **Ms. Liddell:** Honey, I'm home!
>
> *As Ms. Liddell opens the door with a bag of groceries in her hands, a specimen of SCP-3180 runs in circles within the living room of her house.*
>
> **Ms. Liddell:** Oh, are you working out again? Gosh, you do that so much!

Ms. Liddell proceeds to the kitchen and begins unpacking her groceries.

Ms. Liddell: You won't believe who I ran into today. You remember our awful neighbor at the last place? Well…

Extraneous information removed.

Ms. Liddell: …so I just looked at her and said that I had a million better things to do than waste my breath on her!

SCP-3180 does not visibly react to Ms. Liddell's conversation.

Ms. Liddell: Yeah, I knew you'd disapprove. You're so much calmer than me.

Ms. Liddell: Oh, I got you some crunchies.

Ms. Liddell opens a bag of carrots and places it on the floor. SCP-3180 ceases running and hops over to consume the carrots, tearing the bag apart in the process.

Ms. Liddell: Oh sweetie, you are so messy.

Affected persons will not attempt to copulate with SCP-3180; however, they will attempt to sleep in the same bed with it, usually unsuccessfully. In public or in the presence of others, affected persons are extremely circumspect about their domestic situation. When pressed, they will offer a "cover story," which usually contains a plausible reason for the spouse to be temporarily out of town or otherwise unreachable. The Foundation has not been able to identify the mechanism or origin of the underlying anomalous effect.

Affected persons score similarly to married people on Ryff scales of psychological well-being, suggesting that co-habitation with SCP-3180 closely approximates the emotional responses associated with normal human relationships.

Surveillance equipment captured the following exchange in the home of Mr. Clark Hinds while he was watching

the NBA playoffs on 6/13/1994.

Mr. Hinds: Motherfff…

Mr. Hinds glances anxiously at the corner of the room where a specimen of SCP-3180 appears to be on the verge of falling asleep.

Mr. Hinds: Sorry, honey.

Mr. Hinds: But can you believe it? He didn't put Pippen in!

Mr. Hinds looks at SCP-3180 for approximately ten seconds.

Mr. Hinds: No, Jordan's *retired*. Pippen's the main man now.

Mr. Hinds turns back towards the television.

Mr. Hinds: I don't even want to watch the end of this. Jesus Christ, my thousand bucks is down the drain now.

Mr. Hinds: I know you hate it when I gamble. I just thought…

Mr. Hinds: Eh, never mind. I'll make it up to you.

SCP-3180 begins to snore. The television plays out the remaining seconds of the game.

Mr. Hinds: Oh my God! It's in! It's in! Kukoc! Kukoc's the man! Honey! It's in! We're rich!

Mr. Hinds squeals for approximately five seconds then runs to SCP-3180 and attempts to pick it up. Startled, SCP-3180 scurries away.

Mr. Hinds: Fine, be like that.

Mr. Hinds puts on his jacket.

Mr. Hinds: I'm gonna go collect our winnings. No more renting! How'd you like a house….with a backyard?

Mr. Hinds heads out the door with a smirk on his face.

Affected persons will almost always suffer through a period of depression after the administration of amnestics. At this stage, it is typical for subjects to speak of "empty spaces and "gaping holes" in their person; many report feeling as if they are constantly on the verge of identifying and verbalizing what these holes are, though none so far have been able to overcome the effect of the amnestics. Rage spells driven by triggers connected to SCP-3180 are common.

It is conjectured that the loss of SCP-3180 is processed on an unconscious level. The period of depression usually lasts between six months and two years, with approximately 11-14% of subjects suffering bouts lasting longer than five years.

Surveillance equipment recorded the following exchange between Ms. Kayla Liddell and her mother on 8/7/2014. Ms. Liddell was bedridden for over a year at the time of this conversation.

Mrs. Liddell Hi Sweetie! I brought you some lunch.

Here and afterwards, Mrs. Liddell speaks in a tone of overexaggerated excitement. Upon seeing no reaction from her daughter, Mrs. Liddell puts down a tray of food on a bedside table.

Mrs. Liddell: Why don't you go outside today? It's beautiful out there.

Ms. Liddell does not answer.

Mrs. Liddell: Come on, sweetie. I just know you'd enjoy it.

Ms. Liddell: I'd rather stay right here.

Mrs. Liddell: But you don't do anything! You just lie

there, staring at the ceiling all day.

A fifteen second pause ensues as Mrs. Liddell looks at her daughter.

Mrs. Liddell: Well, I made you a nice salad. See?

Mrs. Liddell points to one of the dishes on the tray.

Mrs. Liddell: I bought all the ingredients at a farmer's market this morning. Tomatoes, avocado, a few carrots, and the lettuce has just been picked!

Ms. Liddell jerks upright.

Ms. Liddell: Are you fucking kidding me?

They stare at each other for approximately seven seconds. Ms. Liddell then proceeds to take the salad bowl and throw it against the opposite wall.

Ms. Liddell: How many times do I have to tell you? I never want to see a carrot again, you dumb bitch!

Ms. Liddell takes a pillow and wraps it around her face, emitting a sequence of muffled screams. Her mother says nothing. Approximately 45 seconds pass as Ms. Liddell bursts into tears, screams, and quiets down in rapid succession.

Ms. Liddell: I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

Ms. Liddell: Whenever I hear anything about carrots, I just go crazy. I don't know why.

Ms. Liddell: What the hell is wrong with me!?

It was initially believed that SCP-3180 exerts a hypnotic effect that lingers after administration of amnestics. However, experiments conducted by the Psychological Division did not support this hypothesis. In particular, a treatment group of 38 persons affected by SCP-3180 was compared to a control group of 94 subjects who

had memories of a long-term partner erased by amnestics. No measurable differences between the two groups were found, either in frequency, severity, of expression of the ensuing depression.

In spite of the apparent harm resulting from the procedure, the Ethics Committee recommends all persons affected by SCP-3180 be put through amnestic treatment immediately upon discovery.

SCP-3181: Lemme Get It Boneless

> *For the sake of clarity, "boneless" and its derivatives will be used in this document only in relation to things within SCP-3181, and should not be understood as synonymous with a lack of bones.*

Item #: SCP-3181

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3181 has been purchased by the Foundation and its exterior remodeled such that its SEP index is 0.1, minimizing public interest.[1] Remote surveillance is performed from an office building that shares SCP-3181's parking lot.

Description: SCP-3181 is a small building in the business district of , Oklahoma. Within the confines of SCP-3181, the concept of "boneless" is distinct from the lack of bones: something can be boneless despite possessing bones, and the lack of bones is irrelevant to whether something is boneless. Furthermore, any object, event, location, information, etc. can be sensically described as "boneless" or "not boneless". Standard anti-cognitohazard precautions do not affect SCP-3181's anomalous property, indicating that this is not a perception-altering anomaly, but instead some other phenomenon.[2] No unusual physical phenomena have been detected in or near SCP-3181.

Almost all humans possess an intuitive understanding of bonelessness while inside SCP-3181; however, they will define the term with its conventional definition (lacking in bones), despite the two properties objectively having no correlation. As a result, the actual meaning of "boneless" is unknown. Subjects experience a level of cognitive dissonance that prevents them from carrying this to its logical conclusion; for example, while a subject might identify an animal as boneless, and believe that bonelessness implies the lack

of bones, they will interact with the animal as though they believe it to possess bones. Objective assessment of the situation can only be performed outside of SCP-3181, though this prevents the recognition of bonelessness.

When provided with the same information about something, 98% of subjects will agree on whether it is boneless, provided they are given enough information to make the judgment, and the thing is inside SCP-3181. Visual information alone is sufficient to identify bonelessness in 65% of cases (or 40% when color information is withheld), while a further 20% can be confirmed boneless via touch; in all remaining cases, some combination of the two is necessary.

Relatively intelligent animals can usually be classically conditioned to differentially respond to boneless stimuli. Additionally, an artificial neural network has been trained to differentiate between boneless and non-boneless images with a 71% success rate, though it will only perform better than chance while it is inside SCP-3181.

The following generalizations have been made about bonelessness:

- Any two things that are mostly identical will either both be boneless or both be non-boneless. The probability of two things sharing the same bonelessness status decreases as differences accrue between them.
- All non-boneless things (except for food products) have a similar boneless counterpart, which can be conceptualized and often created. The reverse is not true — several boneless things are dissimilar from all known non-boneless things.
- A subject's ability to render something boneless is proportional to their will to accomplish to task, and only weakly proportional to their skill at the acts necessary to do so.
- Somewhere between 10% and 40% of all things are boneless, depending on how "things" are quantified.[3]
- Boneless things are considerably more desirable than comparable non-boneless things. Canines are unique in preferring non-boneless things.
- Ordained priests of any Christian denomination are always boneless. Other humans are almost never boneless.
- Things that appear angry, insufficiently clothed, or internet-connected are more likely to be boneless.

- Temperature is irrelevant to bonelessness unless it results in an obvious qualitative change.
- Food products are never boneless.

While other hypotheses have been made about bonelessness, the statistical methods necessary to evaluate these hypotheses have not been agreed upon; those present in this document are those that are understood as true by consensus of SCP-3181's research team, or that are considered relevant enough to include provisionally. Appendix A *(Download PDF - 218.0 MB)* contains a list of all things for which bonelessness status is known.

SCP-3181 developed its anomalous property in January of 2018; while unusual references to bonelessness in SCP-3181 date back to January 17, the overall low frequency of these reports suggests that the anomaly could have manifested earlier. SCP-3181 came to the Foundation's attention after SCP-3181 began to receive negative reviews in several online aggregators, with customers complaining that employees refused to serve them boneless food.

A thorough examination of SCP-3181 found no abnormalities that could account for its anomalous property. Despite SCP-3181 serving as a fried chicken restaurant immediately prior to containment, none of the garbage cans contained any bones.

Footnotes
1. In practice, objects with an SEP index of 0.5 or lower are almost never consciously noticed unless the observer has received specialized awareness training or is already interested in the object.
2. SCP-3181 has been tentatively described as a Intersemantic Complexity Zone, though this classification is not yet sufficiently well-characterized to contribute to understanding SCP-3181.
3. Notably, almost none of the physical objects present inside SCP-3181 at time of recovery were boneless.

SCP-3182: The Grocery Store

SCP-3182 in an inactive state.

Item #: SCP-3182

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Undercover personnel stationed outside of SCP-3182 are to remove any individuals attempting to gain access. A cover story involving unstable construction is to be disseminated as justification for this. Past witnesses to a Deimos Event are to be tracked down and administered amnestics as appropriate for their level of exposure. Due to the relative isolation of the town of Denton, difficulty in locating these individuals is not expected.

No Foundation personnel are to enter SCP-3182 during a Deimos Event. Any testing during a Deimos Event must be approved by at least one member of Level 3 personnel.

If any personnel report hearing a soft gurgling sound, they are to be vacated from SCP-3182 immediately.

Description: SCP-3182 is a dilapidated grocery store in the town of Denton, Missouri, which is host to a range of anomalous phenomena from 19:52 to 20:52 each day (hereafter referred to as a Deimos Event). The anomalous properties of SCP-3182 appear to have first manifested shortly after its initial closure. Said closure took place due to a combination of an ongoing poor economic situation in the town and negative publicity brought about by the suicide of a seventeen year old part-time worker.

During a Deimos Event, no outside sources of visible light are able to penetrate SCP-3182. Additionally, individuals will find themselves unable to enter or exit the building, claiming when questioned that no entrances or exits exist. Video recordings of their time around SCP-3182 show that this is not the case, suggesting SCP-3182

instead has an effect on the perceptions of those that come into contact with it.

Individuals present inside SCP-3182 during a Deimos Event are known to be anomalously affected in a number of ways, including:

- Sudden and irregular bouts of extreme distress or melancholy.
- Development of severe resentment towards the town of Denton, Missouri.
- Recollection of memories determined to belong to former regular customers at SCP-3182.
- Paranoia regarding a vague approaching danger, and a need to do something about it.
- A strong desire to leave SCP-3182, even though this is not possible.

A number of adverse physical effects, including nausea, severe injuries, and death have also been recorded. There appear to be an as-of-yet not understood set of criteria for these occurring to an individual.

The anomalous effects of SCP-3182 appear to be centered around Aisle 3 of the store. In this area, along with the previously mentioned phenomena, manifestations including disembodied moaning and screaming, the appearance of indistinct humanoid figures, and the sounds of something heavy being dragged along the floor have been reported.

Investigation into SCP-3182 is ongoing.

> Exploration Log 3182-1
>
> **Subject:** D-123449
> **Supervising Researcher:** Dr. Gradian
>
> D-132449 is ordered to remain within SCP-3182's former break room for the duration of the Deimos Event. D-123449 is equipped with a camera and an earpiece, allowing two-way communication between him and a supervising researcher.
>
>

<Begin Transcript>

(D-132449 is in the break room, sat down at a chair.)

D-132449: So — one hour, right? Just sat here? That's all?

Dr. Gradian: That's all.

D-132449: (laughs) Easiest test you boys have ever had me do. Appreciate it.

(Pause.)

Dr. Gradian: No problem. Please keep me informed about any mental effects SCP-3182 is having on you.

D-132449: Like what?

Dr. Gradian: You were briefed on this.

D-132449: Yeah, yeah, I remember. I start getting worried, I let you know.

(Seven minutes and thirty-two seconds pass.)

D-132449: Fuck.

Dr. Gradian: Yes? What is it?

D-132449: I've gotta get home soon.

Dr. Gradian: I'm sorry?

D-132449: After this test, I've gotta…go home - go *back*, to my cell. That's where I'll go.

(Pause.)

Dr. Gradian: I see.

D-132449: Sorry about that — guess this place does, ah, does get to you.

(Twenty-two minutes and nineteen seconds pass.)

D-132449: Do you hear that?

Dr. Gradian: I don't hear anything. What do you mean?

D-132449: *That*, right there, I can just…hear something. Hold on, it's — it's over here.

(D-132449 gets up from the chair and moves across the break room towards a broken microwave on a nearby table. Soft gurgling can be heard coming from inside the closed microwave.)

D-132449: There, do you hear it now? There's something in there.

Dr. Gradian: I, uh, I see. I would…recommend you *not* engage the microwave. This is a test to determine only the basic effects of a Deimos Event.

D-132449: I am *not* going to sit down for thirty minutes wondering what's going on with this nasty fucking microwave.

(Gurgling sounds intensify.)

Dr. Gradian: Ah, again, I *really* wouldn't recommend —

(D-132449 opens the microwave. Video cuts out.)

<End Transcript>

Remains of D-132449 were later found distributed throughout SCP-3182's plumbing system. Inspection of the microwave within the break room showed it to contain a viscous black liquid. Following extraction of this substance, it was removed from the premises.

Analysis of the extracted liquid showed it to be genetically identical to several hundred past and current residents of Denton, Missouri.

Exploration Log 3182-2

Subject: D-342089
Supervising Researcher: Dr. Gradian

D-342089 is ordered to inspect Aisle 3 during a Deimos Event. D-342089 is equipped with a camera and an earpiece, allowing two-way communication between him and a supervising researcher. Initial location is the break room.

<Begin Transcript>

Dr. Gradian: Now, ah, before we begin, I feel like I have to recommend that if you hear any, well, gurgling sounds — do not pursue their source.

D-342089: Oh, I'm so fucked.

Dr. Gradian: I'm sorry?

D-342089: What happens if I…if I 'pursue their source'?

(Pause.)

Dr. Gradian: That isn't relevant to the test right now.

D-342089: Ah, fuck.

(D-342089 moves from initial location towards Aisle 3. Halfway there, he stops. The words 'Get out of here right now' have been scratched into the wall above the main entrance.)

D-342089: Easier said than done.

Dr. Gradian: What do you mean by that?

D-342089: There aren't any doors, I can't get out. I'm stuck in here forever.

Dr. Gradian: That's a little dramatic, don't you think?

D-342089: Well, how am I supposed to get out?

Dr. Gradian: With the doors?

D-342089: There *aren't* any, that's the problem!

(Pause.)

Dr. Gradian: D-342089, how did you get in here?

D-342089: Through the entrance doors.

Dr. Gradian: Couldn't you leave that way, as well?

D-342089: I can't. There aren't any doors.

(Pause.)

Dr. Gradian: I…D-342089, please continue.

(D-342089 continues, reaching Aisle 3. It is empty.)

Dr. Gradian: Are you experiencing any adverse mental effects?

D-342089: Well, I'm not feeling fantastic, if that's what you mean — this is pretty damn spooky.

Dr. Gradian: I mean apart from that.

D-342089: Well, apart from *that*, I'm not —

(D-342089 looks around as he speaks, stopping when he sees a female humanoid figure in a shirt and flare jeans at the other end of Aisle 3. Facial features are indistinct, shifting between a normal human face and various abnormal configurations of its facial features. Entity appears to be missing all fingers. Figure is hereafter referred to as SCP-3182-1.)

D-342089: Oh *fuck* no.

Dr. Gradian: D-342089, please —

D-342089: Nope. Nope. Fuck you. I'm not doing this. Fuck you.

(D-342089 fumbles around on the shelf next to them, grabbing a cardboard box. SCP-3182-1 begins rapidly shaking its head with a panicked expression on its face. It opens its mouth, and the overlapping sounds of numerous cash registers being opened can be heard. This appears to cause it some level of frustration.)

Dr. Gradian: Ah, please wait a moment before you do, uh, do anything rash, Daniel —

D-342089: No, no! Fuck you! I'm not dying in this goddamned town!

(D-342089 throws the box at SCP-3182-1. A soft gurgling can be heard from behind D-342089. Video cuts out.)

<End Transcript>

Following the end of the Deimos Event, D-342089 was found alive in a dumpster in the alley outside SCP-3182. The majority of his epidermis and musculature were found discarded throughout SCP-3182. The message reading 'Get out of here right now' was not found in SCP-3182 following the Deimos Event.

Exploration Log 3182-3

Exploration Log 3182-3:

Subject: D-693221
Supervising Researcher: Dr. Gradian

D-693221 is directed to remain in Aisle 3 for the duration of the Deimos Event. D-693221 is equipped with a camera and an earpiece, allowing two-way communication between her and a supervising researcher. Initial location is Aisle 3.

<Begin Transcript>

Dr. Gradian: How do you feel, D-693221?

D-693221: It's cold. Really cold.

Dr. Gradian: I'm sure it will pass. Try to think positively.

D-693221: You come out here to the ghost of Walmart and try and think positively.

(Pause.)

Dr. Gradian: Point taken. Still, I'd recommend *trying* to remain calm, at least.

D-693221: Okay. Okay. I can do that.

(Pause.)

D-693221: No, no I can't, I really need to get out of here. I can't be stuck here. I need to get out of here right now.

Dr. Gradian: I'm afraid you need to remain here for the remainder of the test, but —

(D-693221 turns to leave. SCP-3182-1 is standing at the other end of Aisle 3.)

D-693221: Oh god. I need to get out of here right now. I need to get out of here right now.

(SCP-3182-1 begins rapidly nodding.)

Dr. Gradian: I'm afraid you won't be able to leave, D-693221. SCP-3182 will prevent it.

D-693221: I can't…I just…I need to get out of here right now. I need to get out of here right now or I'll end up like her.

Dr. Gradian: What do you mean by that?

D-693221: I don't *know* what I mean by that. I'm just saying…saying words that are being shoved into my mouth. I don't, I don't, I don't know what I'm thinking.

(D-693221 turns and begins to move towards the entrance of SCP-3182. A soft gurgling can be heard.)

Dr. Gradian: I would stop whatever you are doing right now.

(D-693221 stops.)

D-693221: I need to…I need to get out of…I'm good. I'm good. Sorry.

Dr. Gradian: D-693221, can you please turn back around and look at SCP-3182-1?

D-693221: Huh?

Dr. Gradian: The spectral ent — the *ghost*, D-693221.

(D-693221 turns back around to look at SCP-3182-1. SCP-3182-1 is shaking its head with a panicked expression on its face. The floor beneath it appears to be shifting and moving in the manner of a liquid.)

D-693221: The fuck?

(Sounds of gurgling intensify. Numerous human arms[1] emerge from the floor beneath SCP-3182-1, grab it, and begin dragging it back down with them. As it is pulled down, SCP-3182-1 can be seen frantically gesturing towards the exit doors. Loud screaming can be heard originating from SCP-3182-1 until it is completely dragged down into the floor. Shifting of the floor and gurgling sounds cease.)

D-693221: I need to get out of here right now. I need to get out of here right now. I need to get out of here right now! *I need to get out of here right now!*

(D-693221 repeats this for the remainder of the footage, which consists of them running through SCP-3182 in a panicked manner while screaming the phrase. They do not respond or appear to notice any attempts at communication from supervising personnel

during this time.)

<End Transcript>

D-693221 was recovered intact and healthy following the Deimos Event. As this was her final scheduled test, she was returned to the prison population following amnestic treatment with a reduced sentence.

As a result of the unusual behaviour of SCP-3182-1 during this exploration, further investigation into SCP-3182's history was approved. Interviews with past regulars and employees of SCP-3182 have indicated that the building may have displayed anomalous activity earlier than first thought, with several of them claiming to have heard an unseen individual mimicking their voice.

Communication Log 3182-1

D-442099 is instructed to remain in Aisle 3 and attempt communication with any entities inside SCP-3182 via a Foundation-developed EVP detector[2]. Communications have been transcribed as a series of stimuli and responses. Majority of stimuli were pre-written by Dr. Gradian.

STIMULUS: "Hello?"	**RESPONSE:** "What can I get for you today?" **(Estimated 3+ human voices, mixture of male and female.)**
STIMULUS: "Can you understand what I am saying to you?"	**RESPONSE:** "That'll be (unintelligible)." **(Estimated 3+ human voices, mixture of male and female.)**
STIMULUS: "Can you tell me what you look like?"	**RESPONSE:** "Look at me. This place has ruined me. I should have moved to Jefferson when I had the chance." **(Estimated 7+ human voices, mixture of**

	male and female.)
STIMULUS: "Where are you right now?"	**RESPONSE:** "One day I'll have enough money. I'll get out of this place." **(Estimated 25+ human voices, mixture of male and female.)**
STIMULUS: "What is your name?"	**RESPONSE:** "(unintelligible)" **(Estimated 70+ human voices, mixture of male and female.)**
STIMULUS: "Please, I don't understand."	**RESPONSE:** (soft gurgling, cut off[3].)
STIMULUS: "I don't want to die here."	**RESPONSE:** "You need to get out of here right now." **(One human voice, female.)**
STIMULUS: "Can I help you?"	**RESPONSE:** "*Please* get out of here right —" (Statement is cut off.) **(One human voice, female, strained.)**
STIMULUS: "Hello?"	**RESPONSE:** None.
STIMULUS: "Hello?"	**RESPONSE:** (soft gurgling)
STIMULUS: "I don't want to die in this goddamn town."	**RESPONSE:** Laughter. **(Estimated 10,000+ voices.)**

Footnotes

1. Later analysis of the tattoo present on one of these arms showed it to be identical to one possessed by Colin Mathers, the former manager of SCP-3182. Mathers is currently alive and has displayed no anomalous properties.
2. Civilian versions of Foundation spectral communication techniques have been deemed sufficiently ineffective to not be a risk to normalcy.
3. Analysis after the test showed no issues with sound equipment.

SCP-3183: Nothing To Fear

Item #: SCP-3183

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: There is currently no way to fully contain SCP-3183. The Foundation's efforts are currently focused on supporting organizations which are studying ways of handling disorders similar to SCP-3183. If at any point a treatment for the phobia associated with SCP-3183 is discovered, all available Foundation resources are to be used to encourage the use of the treatment for treating the phobia.

Any missing person or homicide cases caused by the disappearance of an instance of SCP-3183-1 are to be halted by Foundation personnel implanted within appropriate government organizations. Any suicide reports possibly linked to SCP-3183 are to be monitored for developments unusual of a non-anomalous suicide.

Reports of unidentified bodies are to be checked against a database of all previous SCP-3183-1. If an instance of SCP-3183-1 is found post-completion of SCP-3183 then the current Site Director of site-78 is to be informed.[1]

Description: SCP-3183 is an anxiety disorder which at the lowest estimate has affected between 400 and 1000 individuals since April 3rd, 2010. SCP-3183 has not yet been documented affecting anyone not currently living in North America, nor has it been documented in anyone who lacks an understanding of written English. SCP-3183 first manifests as a non-anomalous phobia concerning the lack of an afterlife making early detection, and research difficult. SCP-3183 will remain like this for an indeterminate period of time before advancing into its second stage.

During its second stage SCP-3183 will rapidly increase in intensity.

During this stage the affected individual, referred to as SCP-3183-1, will begin to log its mental state on an online public medium.[2] Similarities between these logs include references to a physical void, some type of performance, and physical destruction. After a period of time[3] SCP-3183 will cease to increase in its intensity. At this point its final effect will manifest.

SCP-3183 will at this point end with the instantaneous disappearance of SCP-3183-1 alongside any biological material that was once part of SCP-3183-1. This has occurred even when the biological material is currently comprising another organism. All devices planted on SCP-3183-1 have failed to follow SCP-3183-1 past the point of disappearance. It is currently unknown what happens to SCP-3183-1 after disappearance.

Addendum 1: The following is a series of forum posts in an online journal, written by J T , a member of the community forum website www. .com under the name MythStorage. Alongside a chat log made before the completion of SCP-3183. These comprise the first documented case of SCP-3183. No instance of SCP-3183 has been discovered which occurred before the creation of the final digital entry.

> Open Log
>
> Date of Entry 3/20/10
>
> > Are you guys ready? Hello to all my loyal readers, and welcome back to the container of myths! The legendary dream log of the keeper of stories! Some other awesome sounding thing that will make the people who read this think I'm cool!
> >
> > Been a long time since I uploaded in here so sorry about that. I know you art nerds get a kick off of the imagery that my head comes up with when I'm passed out. So I hope that ya'll enjoy the shit that came tumbling out of my noggin last night. Because I sure as hell didn't.

Okay so went to sleep at my usual time of 5AM (Don't judge me I know you guys aren't any better.) so it was already at the time of night where my paranoia has been kicking in. In my dream I was floating around in nothing. Complete, and utter void. It was there for what felt like at least an hour just waiting for something to happen. I tried to yell out, but nothing came out of my lips when I did. By nothing I mean void literally poured past my lips, and melded into the stuff that I was floating in. It almost felt like the more I yelled the denser the nothing got. Even though I don't think I could really feel it? I was stuck like that for another couple of hours before just waking up.

Guess there wasn't a whole lot to draw inspiration from in this one. Sorry guys.

Date of Entry 3/21/1

We all ready to hear more of Myth's dreams? Well she's ready to tell them! Hopefully tonight will actually be something worth drawing, but I did enjoy seeing the pure black square that Absolute posted. Real Clever.

So the dream started out the same as last night. Inky black void all around my body, screaming does nothing except make the nothing get worse, and nothing seems to happen for hours. Something ended up changing this time around though. I started trying to move my hands around, and the nothing seemed to grab onto my left when I tried to move it. I couldn't see what was going on after it was consumed, but I did my best to pull back. I somehow managed to do so, but my hand was no long there. It was like it had been sawed clean off. I could see the muscles

wiggling, the blood pumping, and pure white bone staring back at me.

Naturally this just made me scream even more. I was doing it enough that my throat was sore when I woke up. The nothing around me seemed to be eating up my screams. As if my emotion was some kind of show for the thing that was torturing me. Not the kind of show that I would ever want to be a part of again, but a show all the same. I woke up after a certain amount of screaming.

Kept checking my hand all day just to make sure that it was there. Could have sworn it kept vanishing while in the sides of my vision, but that's probably just my eyes fucken with me.

Date of Entry 3/26/1

Cool drawing from Mr.No on that last one. Loved seeing an image of myself screaming into darkness with only one hand. Sorry if that came off as more aggressive than it was meant to be.

Haven't been on for a little while because the dreams have just been repeating. Every night it was the exact same horrible shit. Each night my hand was taken away, and despite there being no pain it still made me feel worse than anything I've every experienced IRL. On top of that my left hand has actually been messing up recently. Been going to sleep a lot more then it should, and getting stiff at weird times. Thinking it's carpal tunnel, but I'm worried it has something to do with my dreams.

Onto the part that you guys care about though. The reason why I'm making this post in my dream log is cause the dream changed last

night. Just gonna say that everything that happened in the last post happened again so I don't become redundant there, but something happened after that stuff. The nothing seemed to get denser in certain areas. From what I could tell I was on a theater stage, and surrounded by watchers. The only way to tell them apart from the background nothingness was by the physical stuff being slightly darker shades.

I tried to step off the stage, but when I did my foot that had been put over it vanished. I pulled it back as fast as I could. I managed to stand on just the one as I examined what had happened to the other. It was much like how my hand had looked. Cleanly cut off as if nothing had ever been there in the first place. I looked at the audience, and I could just feel that they were laughing at me. I wanted to die, but something in me knew that the show had to keep going. After that thought crossed my mind I woke up.

Date of Entry 4/1/10

Yet again I miss my daily upload schedule, and yet again shit had just been repeating. Went to the doctor because my foot started going to sleep more often just like my hand did. He said it was all in my head, but that doesn't make sense to me. I stabbed my palm with a pencil to see if I could feel something, but it was just like static. Relying mostly on my right to type this. Looking into a therapist before I do something even more stupid.

So back to my dreams I guess. Everything happened like it had in the previous log. I think I might be freaking out more with each time. My face was wet, and my eyes burned when I

woke up so I guess I must be sobbing while I dream now. Once I lost my foot last night things changed though. A black cane came out from the audience, and wrapped around my neck, It was like one of those cartoons when a bad actor gets pulled off stage. I was trying to rip it away from my throat, but when my fingers touched it they went numb. I think it might have made them vanish like my other hand, but I didn't check. I did all I could to not be pulled into only nothing. To not be completely destroyed. The audience was cheering it on like it was some genius final act. I lost most of my legs before I woke up.

Going to not go to sleep until that therapist appointment. It's in a couple of days so it should be safe enough. Just don't want to risk going completely off stage. I know they must just be dreams, but my heart is racing from the memories. I don't want to stop existing. I need to keep going. Even if I die I think I would keep going, but this stuff doesn't feel like death. There's nothing after being pulled off. Just nothing. Starting to ramble. Might hop in chat to lurk around while I stay up.

Date of Log 4/3/10

MythStorage : ?
MythStorage : I need some help guys. I really dont care how you get it to me.
MythStorage : Only my right hand is responding and my feet are refusing to move
MythStorage : I dont think they care if im awake or not anymore. They're gonna take me, and I can't run
Dadist : Myth take a deep breath, and stop loosing your cool. Everything's going to be fine. You'll have therapy in the morning and

they'll sort this all out.
MythStorage : thanks for making me feel welcome here even if im not as skilled as you guys. I hope that my dreams helped yall make some art before I left.
MythStorage : Im crying. Im afraid of something for once, but Im not gonna give them the satisfaction of seeing me squirm even more. I loved every last one of you guys. Time to head off stage left.
Dadist : Listen Myth don't do anything Rash. Just take a moment to breath.
Dadist : Myth you still there?
LordKelvin : Getting the authorities on this one. Still got her address from the last giveaway we did.
User MythStorage Disconnected

It is currently thought that SCP-3183 reached completion at some point during the night the chat log was created. Interviews of other members of the website, and subjects who had come into contact with SCP-3183-1 did not reveal any information regarding SCP-3183. A cover story has been distributed that the instance of SCP-3183-1 relevant to these logs ran away from its home, and that it has not been sighted since. At this time no push for further investigation has been noted by those related to SCP-3183-1.

Footnotes
1. Site-78 is the current designated area for all testing, and research, of any aspect of SCP-3183.
2. Including online forums, personal blogs, chat groups, and video sharing platforms.
3. Dependent entirely upon SCP-3183-1's ability at handling the stress brought upon by SCP-3183.

SCP-3184: I'm sick of bugs getting stuck in my god damn bathroom light

Item #: SCP-3184

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3184 instances are to be stored, maintained and propagated (as required in respective testing procedures) in Site- Botanical Research Centre. Most SCP-3184 instances are to be tended as per Standard Flora Maintenance 3184-A, with variance in individual species of SCP-3184 to be catered for appropriately. To prevent injury from more hazardous individuals, Standard Flora Maintenance 3184-B must be followed in accordance.

Description: SCP-3184 is a collection of carnivorous plants of the family *Luxlosidae*, as named by Foundation research staff. All individuals of SCP-3184 have external physiology that mimics common man-made light fixtures. All species of SCP-3184 have a complex metabolic system for producing large quantities of luciferin, a chemical which can result in bioluminescence, in an appendage analogous to a light bulb, with luminosity observed to be between 200 and lumens. This luminescence appears to be a mechanism for attracting insect prey, which become entrapped within SCP-3184 individuals for digestion. The method of entrapment varies between each species and is suited to the light fixture that the plant mimics (see SCP-3184 Species List for further information on variations between each species).

The majority of species of SCP-3184 have an exterior shell, presumed to be mimicking plastic materials found in light fixtures, which is keratinous in nature. Some species have an exterior mesh comprised of metalloprotein polymer, with intrinsic metal ions densely oriented for the purpose of conducting electricity. The method of electricity production within these individuals of SCP-3184

is currently unknown. Metal ions integrated into these proteins have been mostly observed as aluminium or copper, however other metals have been noted, such as: gold, carbon, an unknown metallic alloy, and [REDACTED].

Cellular structure of SCP-3184 instances is similar to non-anomalous plants, however most SCP-3184 instances posses few to no chloroplasts within their cells. It is unclear how the process of photosynthesis is circumnavigated in SCP-3184 species. Most SCP-3184 species have a root system, however this is considered to be vestigial and used to anchor them in place.

If individuals of SCP-3184 go for extended periods of time without sustenance, their bioluminescence will cease until an insect or other source of nutrition becomes entrapped. In most cases that this has been observed it has resulted in the individual's death. This appears to be a major fault in SCP-3184 as a family that would have likely been rendered extinct had it evolved, prompting investigation into manufacture as a possible origin of SCP-3184.

SCP-3184 reproduction has been observed, but is nonetheless a rare occurrence. SCP-3184 individuals produce offspring via spore reproduction, in which the dispersal of spores only occurs during periods of dormancy. This is believed to be due to the energy requirement by the organism to produce spores. In many individuals the release of spores is followed subsequently by death due to energy expiration. Upon fertilisation, SCP-3184 individuals produce microscopic buds dorsally along the analogous bulb, at which point they [DATA EXPUNGED]. Offspring are to be studied and then destroyed, unless otherwise stated by testing protocol.

+ SCP-3184 Species List

A list of all known species of SCP-3184, the number of discovered individuals in the species, and the type of light fixture mimicked along with further notes.

Species: *Luxlosidae scola*
Individuals: 27
Notes: *QuikBrite Lighting* brand ceiling lights. *QuikBrite Lighting* produce ceiling light fixtures

commonly found in schools. Investigations into the *QuickBrite Lighting* factory found no trace of further individuals, and employees belonging to *QuickBrite Lighting* showed no knowledge of any anomalous plant life upon interviewing.

Species: *Luxlosidae fetor*
Individuals: 16
Notes: Variations on electrical discharge insect control systems (informally known as bug zappers). *Luxlosidae fetor* appears to be more effective than other species of SCP-3184 at attracting prey.

Species: *Luxlosidae scaphi*
Individuals: 8 4
Notes: *Botanilite Labs!* brand wall mounted light fixture, as can be seen by a branding label inside the reflection bowl (see Addendum 3184-C). All instances were found in one building at the University of Sussex, United Kingdom. The branding of SCP-3184 instances is different to that of the light fixtures being mimicked. 4 instances of *Luxlosidae scaphi* perished during testing, where it was found that there is no observable mechanism for individuals to contain prey during dormancy due to an opening in the base of reflection bowl.

Species: *Luxlosidae sol*
Individuals: 1
Notes: *Luxlosidae sol* is an exact mimicry of an art piece by artist , which depicts an illuminated star 3 metres in diameter. Observed luminosity varies greatly depending on the number of humans within a 15 metre radius. It is unknown how the individual is able to do this, but it is theorised that [DATA

EXPUNGED]. Location of original art piece is currently unknown.
Researcher note: We brought this one in 3 days before it was due to be shown at a popular art exhibition in Frankfurt, Germany. Thank god we got to it when we did. Even we haven't been able to test the upper limits of its illumination due to lack of resources.

Species: *Luxlosidae los*
Individuals: 8
Notes: *Luxlosidae los* comprises various subspecies, all of which mimic lights that mimic real flowers. Mimicry is crude and the individuals obviously appear like artificial replicas of flowers, however this species carries more similarities to their real counterparts than other species. 5 individuals of *Luxlosidae los* emit volatile organic compounds which produce a scent that is analogous to floral aroma. These scents have been described as being lightly sweet, with overtones metallic in nature. The purpose of these scents is unknown.

Species: *Luxlosidae minor*
Individuals: 49
Notes: *Axon Industries* brand light emitting diode (LED). *Luxlosidae minor* is the smallest discovered species of SCP-3184, however they have been observed to reproduce more efficiently than other species. This is theorised to be due to lower energy usage in production of bioluminescent material. When placed into functional electrical circuits, *Luxlosidae minor* individuals rupture and explode in a similar manner observed when normal LEDs have a current passed through them that exceeds their ampere limit.

Addendum 3184-A: SCP-3184 came to Foundation attention when local news reports of a primary school classroom in , United Kingdom claimed that a light fixture had begun to wilt and rot. Foundation personnel were dispatched to investigate and discovered a dying instance of *Luxlosidae scola*. A cover story was perpetuated that a chemical had leaked in the ceiling above the light fixture, leading to its corrosion. The local parish later started a successful frundraising effort to refurbish the school after the news of a chemical leak. In the process of refurbishment, an embedded Foundation agent within the community discovered 6 more individuals of *Luxlosidae scola*.

Addendum 3184-B: Modification to Standard Flora Maintenance 3184 has been put in place due to two separate incidents on / / . Dr injured herself while tending to an individual of *Luxlosidae fetor* when an electrical surge exceeding volts arced from the individual to Dr , causing moderate electrical burns on her right forearm. Intriguingly, other individuals appeared to surge immediately after the initial surge. Tests into possible SCP-3184 communication methods is currently under approval.

On the same day as Dr 's accident, a Dr was injured by an individual of *Luxlosidae scola*. While removing insect husks from the individual, it began to excrete large amounts of digestive enzymes that it would have otherwise used for digesting insects. The digestive enzymes formed a fine film around Dr 's right hand, causing moderate chemical burns.

As a result of these two incidents, Standard Flora Maintenance is divided into A and B sections, with A being for docile individuals and B being for hazardous individuals. Investigations into SCP-3184 intelligence are currently under approval.

Addendum 3184-C: An investigation into *Botanilite Labs!* underwent upon discovery of *Luxlosidae scaphi*. Through analysis of the paper and adhesive on branding labels found within *Luxlosidae scaphi*, the investigation team was able to trace production of the labels to a printing company in , United States. Foundation agents searched the premises of the printing company under the guise of police investigating tax fraud to search for any evidence of dealings with *Botanilite Labs!*. Though no evidence of any dealings

were found, scraps of a résumé pertaining to one Brandon Brokovic were found to have *Botanilite Labs!* listed as previous work experience, along with a phone number for the group. Tracing of the phone number led the investigation team to a small house in rural , United States. Upon arrival the house was seen to be uninhabited. The interior of the house was mostly devoid of furniture and infrastructure was heavily damaged due to extensive infestation of perished SCP-3184 individuals. A thorough search of the house was conducted, and several documents were discovered in a damaged microwave. Many of the documents were comprised of genetic analysis data and incoherent scientific abstracts, however one document was found to be a letter to an individual named from a sender that is believed to be Brokovic. The letter is as follows:

> Hey ,
>
> Just wanted to let you know that I'm going to need to head out of here soon and find someplace else to hunker down. It just got a bit out of hand.
>
> Hope to see you again soon so we can get back to work. Send my love to the kids. I hope they like the nightlight.
>
> B

As of / / , the investigation is ongoing.

SCP-3185: The Public Domain Protection Service

Item #: SCP-3185

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Under Containment Protocol 89B ("NOFREEBOOKS"), Foundation agents embedded in the United States Postal Service are currently managing all major USPS branch offices in Los Angeles, Ventura, and Orange County, California. Any mail directed to salaried individuals employed with the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA) and the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA), as well as any mail sent to CEOs or members of the Board of Directors of any major American film company in Southern California are to be screened by Foundation agents. Any mail associated with SCP-3185 is to be removed from and confiscated for study.

At the discretion of the Region 02C (Southwest/Southern California) Director, a small number of SCP-3185 instances may be delivered and monitored for control tests.

Description: SCP-3185 is a phenomenon associated with a group or entity known as the "**`Public Domain Protection Service`**". SCP-3185 takes the form of a business letter addressed to an individual currently living in Southern California and employed by one of the organizations listed in the containment procedures in the affected job positions. The letter (which lacks a return address) briefly criticizes the addressee for their associations with their current employer before stating that they have been "drafted" on behalf of the Public Domain. A letter can be opened by anybody; however, the countdown to its primary effect does not begin until the addressee has read the letter and understands the contents of it (see Supplemental Log 3185/A for detailed SCP-3185 activation requirement parameters).

Sample SCP-3185 Instance

Upon comprehension of the letter, SCP-3185's primary effect begins. Twelve hours after reading it, the subject will instantaneously vanish from their current location and apparently find themselves transported back in time to New Years' Day of the following year that the book in their "assignment" was published (e.g. for a 1921 mission, the subject finds themselves transported to 1 Jan 1922). Subjects find themselves wearing period-appropriate clothing, but without any contemporary currency or identifying information.

No discernible pattern has been found in book topic, but time period transportation follows a "cutoff" rule: subjects have been transported as far back as 1876, but in no instance has any subject been transported to any period beyond 1 Jan 1923. It is theorized by SCP-3185 researchers that this cutoff date is linked to United States copyright law, as all works published prior to 1923 are in the public domain in the United States as of 2018. The location that the subject is transported to is identical to the city in which the assigned edition was published (as such, New York City is the most common SCP-3185 affect location).

The subject has twenty-four hours local time to retrieve the book using a legal method: books cannot be stolen from stores or people in the time period, or the mission is considered a failure. As subjects possess no currency upon their transportation, they must find a way to legally gain enough money to purchase the book within a single day. Once the subject retrieves the book, they will vanish and reappear in the present. After this, they are obligated to send the book to the literary preservation foundation mentioned in the letter; currently, the most common foundation assigned for delivery is Project Gutenberg. Once the book has been delivered, SCP-3185's anomalous properties cease; no recorded subject has been affected by more than one instance.

If the subject fails to retrieve their book within twenty-four hours, steals or damages the book, or fails to send it to the literary foundation mentioned within forty-eight hours, they will disappear and cannot be recovered.

Addendum 3185.A: On 1 Jan 2019, all works published in 1923 will enter the public domain in the United States, and annual copyright

expiry for 1923-1977 works will continue until 2073. Researchers are currently working with the hypothesis that SCP-3185's "cutoff" date will continue to advance with the public domain and transport subjects beyond 1923; this document is expected to be updated once a subject has experienced a 1924 transfer.

Addendum 3185.B: On 14 Oct 2004, an instance of SCP-3185 was recovered by Foundation agents addressed to Jack Valenti (1921-2007), the creator of the MPAA rating system and a noted pro-copyright lobbyist. The letter was fifty-seven pages long and noticeably more detailed than a normal 3185 instance:

- The first ten pages of the letter are devoted to attacking Valenti's career and moral character, calling him "The greatest ANTI-PUBLIC threat in American history."
- Valenti is drafted for a 1922 "CULTURE-class" retrieval mission, and a duration of six months for the mission is given in the letter.
- Valenti is tasked with retrieving at least a hundred books and silent films from the period, and unlike other 3185 subjects, it is stated he will be given a starting salary and an apartment in his name.
- The letter frequently emphasizes that he will be monitored and that he will be "held to a higher standard than normal ANTI-PUBLIC draftees given [his] history."

The letter was never received, and was removed from postal circulation for study as per the containment procedures. Valenti is not known to have received any other SCP-3185 instances before his death in 2007.

SCP-3186: These Words Of Ours, Written So Deftly Across The Sky

Item #: SCP-3186

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3186 is to be contained behind a perimeter of two meter tall electrical fencing and kept under guard by two covert security personnel at all times. Any individuals attempting to gain access to SCP-3186 are to be interviewed and administered amnestics as is appropriate for their level of exposure.

Description: SCP-3186 is an area, referred to by locals as 'Roger's Hill', located on the outskirts of Tursley, Massachusetts. Prior to its development of anomalous properties, SCP-3186 was used by local teenagers as a location for romantic socialization.

When an individual is within SCP-3186 and looks up at the night sky, they will perceive the stars as moving to spell out a sequence of messages. There are nine messages in total, and the stars will move through this sequence on a loop until the viewer leaves SCP-3186. Note that this phenomenon is purely visual in nature, and no actual alteration of the stars is taking place.

Analysis of SCP-3186 suggests the use of thaumaturgy was involved in its creation using techniques described in several occult texts known to currently be in circulation.

Addendum 3186-1 (Message Sequence):

> HI BECKY
>
> ME + YOU FOREVER
>
> WILL YOU GO TO THE PROM WITH ME?

COMPLETE MESSAGE

MESSAGE COMPLETE

CANCEL

CANCEL MESSAGE

PLEASE CANCEL MESSAGE

FUCK

SCP-3187: Honu

Item #: SCP-3187

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Containment of SCP-3187 is primarily focused on suppressing public knowledge of it. Foundation satellites are to scan the Pacific Ocean for the appearance of new island-like bodies in unexpected locations and are to log these occurrences as potential SCP-3187 sightings. If the sighting is confirmed by surveillance drone, all non-Foundation satellite images of the sighting are to be digitally altered to remove evidence of SCP-3187. Furthermore, Foundation nautical vessels are to be deployed to form a 10-kilometer perimeter surrounding SCP-3187 and prevent unauthorized entry.

Description: SCP-3187 is an anomalously large sea turtle, belonging to the Cheloniidae family and genetically similar to the green sea turtle (*Chelonia mydas*). While SCP-3187 is proportioned normally, its body covers an area of approximately 500,000 m^2. Although the amount of sea grass and algae it consumes is large (approximately 8000 kg/day), it is not sufficient to non-anomalously sustain an organism of its size and it is unknown if it requires this diet to survive. Furthermore, it has been observed to remain underwater for months at a time, suggesting that it may not require oxygen. Its shell is covered in trees, grass, and moss. While this vegetation undergoes a normal life cycle, it is not damaged when SCP-3187 is submerged.

SCP-3187's habitat covers the majority of the Pacific Ocean. Historical records recovered by Foundation anthropologists indicate that its age is, at minimum, 1578 years, and that other members of its species also existed, although SCP-3187 is believed to be the only extant member today. Prior to the 18th century, most societies in Oceania and on the Pacific coasts of the Americas and Asia knew of SCP-3187. The efforts of European paranormal organizations,

including Foundation precursors, to create and maintain consensus reality and a lack of SCP-3187 sightings led to its disappearance from cultural memory.

An ovoid cavity, approximately three meters long and one meter deep, exists at the center of the dorsal side of SCP-3187's shell. The bottom of the cavity is lined with a mucous membrane and covered in finger-like protrusions, each approximately 6 mm in length and 1 mm in diameter. The interior of each protrusion is composed of nervous tissue. When a human being, designated SCP-3187-1, comes into direct contact with these protrusions, they rapidly fuse with the human tissue, beginning to provide nutrition and forming a connection between SCP-3187-1 and SCP-3187's nervous systems. If a sufficient number of protrusions are connected, it becomes extremely difficult to remove SCP-3187-1 without causing fatal injury. SCP-3187-1 has a normal lifespan; when it dies, the protrusions retract from its body. When submerged underwater, the ovoid cavity fills with a breathable, highly viscous liquid, the surface of which hardens to seal the cavity, thereby protecting SCP-3187-1.

Currently, SCP-3187-1 is Moses Kanae, former resident of Kailua, Hawaii. Foundation background searches of SCP-3187-1 have discovered extensive involvement in the Hawaiian anomalous community. Approximately 80% of the tissue on its back is fused with SCP-3187. It claims to be able to re-experience events which have taken place in the lives of SCP-3187 and previous iterations of SCP-3187-1.

Addendum-3187A: SCP-3187 was discovered by Foundation satellite imaging on / /2006. Agent Rezendes was dispatched via boat to intercept and landed successfully, moving inwards on SCP-3187's shell until he discovered SCP-3187-1. SCP-3187-1 possessed several watertight containers, which it stored with it inside its cavity. The contents of these containers included several laminated photographs, long-range communications devices, nautical maps, star navigation reference texts, and 23 notebooks.

Agent Rezendes conducted an interview of SCP-3187-1 lasting approximately two hours. During the interview, Agent Rezendes examined the contents of SCP-3187-1's notebooks and discovered

that they contained transcriptions of Hawaiian chants, which SCP-3187-1 performed upon request. Full copies of these notebooks can be found in Document-3187- ; selected translations are provided below.

+ Show Document-3187- Excerpts

Notebook 1, Page 1
The turtle has the line in its beak
The line which draws La'ila'i and Ki'i[1] back to the ocean
The turtle was the first crawler to meet the land
First of the crawlers born of the night
There is the line from the night to the day
There is the gift from the ocean to the land
The turtle was the ocean's first gift to the land
Vast is the ocean where the turtle swims
Strange are the shores that it sees
The turtle remembers the land it was given to
La'ila'i and Ki'i remember the night
The turtle has the line in its beak

Notebook 6, Page 14
Pimoe who escaped by his tailfin from Maui[2]
Maui-a-ka-malo[3]
Pimoe the fish who was a king and stirred the seas
Whose daughter was Mahanauluehu, taken by Maui
Sought a way to defeat Maui, his great foe
Sought knowledge that only the great turtles had
Ah, the chase when Pimoe found a turtle
Chased it up the leeward islands and back
Chased it to the farthest shores and to the deepest trench
The turtle would not let Pimoe catch it
The turtle swam up the Milky Way and to the moon
Pimoe followed and met Hina[4]

Hina-hanaia-i-ka-malama[5]
Who startled at the sight of Pimoe and crushed him underfoot

Notebook 8, Page 7
I have seen past Kahiki[6] in yet stranger lands
It is the land that catches the sun as it sets
A chain of islands past which only gods dwell
In the taro roots at the head of the turtle
A sword from these lands is stuck
How did it get stuck there? It fell
In a great battle in those lands it fell
The butterflies carried their sword to war
Flying proudly above the clouds
But they were strangled by those of the dirt
The bamboo and the azure flower
When the turtle passed below their fight
They threw their sword away[7]

Notebook 12, Page 23
As the world is born and crawls up the shore
As the world grows and stands broad-shouldered and tall
As the world dies it forgets
The children of Papa and Wakea[8]
The children on the islands Maui pulled together with his hook
The children remembered through their tongues
Their tongues fell out as the world died
Where they dropped they sprouted steel and poison
The land and the ocean fell apart as the world died
And the ocean took back its gift

+ Show Interview Excerpt 3187-2-34

After SCP-3187-1 had performed the above chants, Agent Rezendes continued the interview. An excerpt is provided below.

Interview Excerpt 3187-2-34

Agent Rezendes was equipped with a video camera. The footage shows SCP-3187-1 lying in the ovoid cavity of SCP-3187. Its hair is long and tangled, its musculature is heavily atrophied, and a thin layer of a mucus-like residue from the liquid which fills the cavity covers its skin.

Rezendes: My supervisors may have interest in freeing you. You'd spend your days with us, but better than this. Doesn't it get lonely here?

SCP-3187-1: No, no. I am right where I need to be. And I have visitors. A family, my sister and niece.

Rezendes: You did this to yourself willingly. Why?

SCP-3187-1 points at its notebooks.

SCP-3187-1: Because of what's in there. Centuries ago, the greatest honor a *kahuna* could bestow upon a storyteller was that of riding these turtles. On one, a storyteller could hear the history of their kingdom as it was told by those who came before them. When the turtle passed Hawaii, a storyteller performed the chants they had learned to ensure that those who came after could hear them as well. And when they rode the turtle, the storyteller could also hear something more: a story transcending and connecting the millions of people the turtle remembered, a story of the Pacific itself.

SCP-3187-1: Then our kingdom was ended. You know your history. The capitalists and plantation owners banned our language to

prop up their Republic; white occultists supported them to stamp out our magic and install their own. You say that you protect, don't you?

Rezendes: That is our stated mission.

SCP-3187-1: Ah, yes. Back then, they too said they wanted to protect. Truly, they meant to secure the occult front of the colonization effort.

Rezendes: The occult front?

SCP-3187-1: They had to break our spiritual hold on the islands. When they did, the Americans were free to build their military bases and resorts. Now our culture is a tourist attraction, and our magic is dead. You made my people forget.

SCP-3187-1: The turtles disappeared with nobody left to remember them. My family was one of the few that did.

SCP-3187-1: One day, when my sister and I were out on the water, we found this turtle. It let us approach. It knew our blood and our tongues, you see. Perhaps it was the other way around, and the turtle found us. My sister was afraid and wanted to go back. But I…ah, I knew that if we turned away, the turtle would not return. So I did what needed to be done. And I have ridden the turtle since.

There is silence for approximately one minute.

Rezendes: To tell the truth, I was playing coy, earlier. It doesn't matter whether or not you consent to a procedure to remove you. Containment is containment. And if you and

the turtle ran, we would catch you, eventually.

SCP-3187-1: Is that what you will do, Foundation man?

Rezendes: No. That would be interference, not containment. It isn't our policy.

SCP-3187-1: I see.

Rezendes: Why do you think the turtle returned? A resurgence?

SCP-3187-1 hums.

SCP-3187-1: Let me ask you: if it was, what would the Foundation do?

Rezendes: We'd watch you fight whoever came to stop you. And we'd clean up what's left.

SCP-3187-1 laughs.

SCP-3187-1: Call it whatever you want. I won't give it a name. I only know this: my niece can speak Hawaiian as well as my great-grandmother. She's memorizing the chants as well as I have. As long as the ocean lives, we won't forget.

Afterword: SCP-3187 remained surfaced for another day before submerging.

Footnotes
1. In theKumulipo, an 18th-century Hawaiian religious chant, La'ila'i and Ki'i are two of the four original beings which are born into the day after the night. TheKumulipogives three alternate myths for the origin of humanity; that they are born from the relationship between La'ila'i and Ki'i is one of them.
2. A trickster figure who appears consistently in Polynesian mythologies.

3. Maui of the loincloth
4. Hina is a matriarchal figure who takes various forms in relation to Maui, sometimes as his wife or his mother, and is often associated with the moon.
5. Hina who worked in the moon
6. While the term "Kahiki" is sometimes used in reference to a generic mythical land, it is believed to refer to Micronesia in this case.
7. It is difficult to connect the events referred to in this chant with any in Polynesian culture or mythology. See Document-3187- for discussion as to possible connections.
8. Wakea, a sky father, and Papa, an earth mother, are also considered to be the original progenitors of humanity.

SCP-3188: This Man Must Die

Item #: SCP-3188

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3188 is flagged for the following heightened containment protocols:

- Potential CK-class reality restructuring catalyst
- Infohazardous phenomenon
- Related to one or more members of Overwatch Command

Knowledge of the existence of SCP-3188 is restricted to personnel holding Level 5 security clearance and others who have been approved directly by a vote of Overwatch Command. All currently serving personnel formerly assigned to Project TRAILHEAD are restricted from participating in any activities of ancillary importance to the containment of SCP-3188.

The full account of SCP-3188 has been subject to informational fragmentation. Database restrictions have been enacted to ensure that no individual receives more than approximately 15% of the relevant details of SCP-3188. Specified sections of the account of SCP-3188 have been keyed for access only to specific members of Overwatch Command.

The records of Project TRAILHEAD have been expunged. Senior personnel associated with the project have been retired, and memories of remaining staff deemed to be critical to ongoing Foundation operations have been altered to remove knowledge of the project. Previous directives ordering research into waveform collapse alteration have been countermanded. No information concerning Project TRAILHEAD or the possibility of waveform collapse alteration is to be made available outside of Overwatch Command.

Extant information on SCP-3188 is to be maintained solely as deemed necessary for the safety of remaining members of Overwatch Command. Further research into SCP-3188, especially attempts to establish a responsible party for SCP-3188 or otherwise impose overarching interpretations on the events thereof, is forbidden.

Description: SCP-3188 is the murder of O5-9, occurring 27 April 2018. Emergency informational protocols have revealed to the entirety of Overwatch Command that O5-9 was Helmut Roth, a former regional director of the Deutsche Bundesbank and an influential international financier controlling assets valued at approximately $25.8 billion at the time of his death.

The following account of SCP-3188 has been approved for dissemination to cleared personnel in accordance with infohazard security protocols:

> O5-9 was found dead by Austrian authorities on the morning of April 27, 2018, in the dining room of his residence in Vienna. Detectives are certain that a crime was committed.

Addendum 3188.1 - Project TRAILHEAD

As part of standard post-mortem procedures for a member of Overwatch Command, Foundation personnel were granted access to the entirety of O5-9's records upon the verification of his death. As part of this review process, researchers learned of the existence of Project TRAILHEAD, an extensive program utilizing a small number of high-level Foundation personnel and a series of outside parties under established blind contracting procedures.

The purpose of TRAILHEAD appears to have been to design a sophisticated personal defense system for O5-9. Utilizing research[1] into the nature of quantum decoherence and the possibility of establishing passive control over the wavefunction affecting a specified number of pointer states in observed reality, Project TRAILHEAD ultimately established a limited degree of control around O5-9's place in this established plane of existence.

O5-9 and the Foundation personnel overseeing TRAILHEAD came to believe that the project was successful in establishing a state in the universal wavefunction in which O5-9 would only die as the result of a naturally-occurring, age-related illness. This was seen as a bulwark against the possibility of violent death or grievous incapacitation on the part of O5-9. Researchers appear to have been preparing to reveal the existence of TRAILHEAD to the rest of Overwatch Command at the time of O5-9's death, and evidence exists that the project was intended as a test case, to be implemented for other Foundation personnel deemed to be indispensable.

Researchers' confidence in the success of TRAILHEAD was such that O5-9 tested its efficacy by ordering a contractor to fire a loaded 9 mm handgun at his head. Despite being inspected beforehand by armory staff, the gun misfired, failing to discharge after numerous attempts by the contractor. This process was repeated for five different handguns, supplied from numerous Foundation sites, each failing to discharge in each instance.

Nonetheless, O5-9 was documented to have died violently on 27 April 2018. Why TRAILHEAD apparently failed at that date is unknown.

+ TS/3188/O5-11 EYES ONLY

SCP-3188 Information Fragment C-241 - VIEWING APPROVED EYES ONLY O5-11

Austrian authorities, in cooperation with Interpol, the United States Federal Bureau of Investigation, and the Ministry of Public Security of the People's Republic of China, identified fifteen individuals with established motives to harm O5-9, primarily deriving from competing business interests or counteraction of his influence in the affairs of powerful interests.

In all cases, these individuals were established to have been elsewhere during the feasible

time of O5-9's death. None of these individuals were within 500 km of Vienna during the murder.

+ TS/3188/O5-2 EYES ONLY

SCP-3188 Information Fragment F-047 - VIEWING APPROVED EYES ONLY O5-2

O5-9 was in his dining room at the time of his murder. No defensive wounds were present on the body, and no signs of forced entry were present. This is indicative that his attacker was known to him.

+ TS/3188/O5-7 EYES ONLY

SCP-3188 Information Fragment B-148 - VIEWING APPROVED EYES ONLY O5-7

Multiple incidents of extraordinary phenomena were reported in the five hours before and after the murder of O5-9. Several accounts of "missing time" within a 5 km radius of the residence of O5-9 were allowed to remain in fringe media outlets. Other incidents, which included three missing persons reports in which individuals apparently vanished, television programs spontaneously switching to an indecipherable language, and reports of a comet visible in the daytime sky, were suppressed by local Foundation assets.

+ TS/3188/O5-13 EYES ONLY

SCP-3188 Information Fragment B-148 - VIEWING APPROVED EYES ONLY O5-13

O5-9 was shot two times in the head with a .32 caliber weapon, suspected to be a handgun.

+ TS/3188/O5-1 EYES ONLY

SCP-3188 Information Fragment A-003 - VIEWING APPROVED EYES ONLY O5-1

> TRAILHEAD is believed to have affected a different set of pointer conditions than intended. Rather than ensuring that O5-9 would only die from a natural illness, the project instead *ensured* that O5-9 would meet a specific demise involving a gunshot(s) to the head.
>
> The failure of the project in establishing the proper pointer conditions for O5-9 has led to complicating factors. Because of the lack of planning for the event that ultimately befell O5-9, the current universe in which O5-9 has been murdered is inherently unstable at the point of his demise. The establishment of sure knowledge of the case of his death, along with inevitable courses of action to which that knowledge would lead, would lead to unpredictable forms of waveform collapse, occurring outside of the bounds of currently understood quantum physics.
>
> The knowledge of who is responsible for O5-9's death is information that is potentially catastrophic to the universe as we know it. The nature of this informational process prevents me from making a formal recommendation through official channels, but it is imperative that you delete this file, and suppress any remaining evidence of the circumstances of O5-9's death.

+ TS/3188/O5-4 EYES ONLY

SCP-3188 Information Fragment D-214 - VIEWING APPROVED EYES ONLY O5-4

> Cameras outside the residence of O5-9

> recorded an individual successfully disengaging the front door security system. Security records indicate that this individual had access to that hour's correct access code. The individual wore concealing clothing and a face mask. Biometric analysis of the security footage indicates an individual between 176 cm - 182 cm in height and approximately 72-74 kg, most likely male.

+ TS/3188/O5-8 EYES ONLY

SCP-3188 Information Fragment E-104 - VIEWING APPROVED EYES ONLY O5-8

> Foundation Site-45 in Salzburg, Austria, upgraded its security alert status to Level 4 on April 26, 2018. Heightened security protocols were in effect until April 28, 2018. No official reasoning is given in Site-45 records.

Command?

*Input: Credential O5-8 %%ghK*493@ sundown ((9*

Authorized. Welcome Overseer.

Input: Command 66.5/A execute

Accepted. This file will be deleted from the central database on 1 June 2018 00:00:00 GST.

Footnotes
1. This research consisted in part of unauthorized testing and deployment of several SCP-listed anomalous objects and phenomena

SCP-3189: For The Man Who Has Everything

Item #: SCP-3189

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3189 is contained within the facility it was originally discovered in. The property has been purchased by the Foundation and has been designated Site-76-F, a satellite facility to Site-76. Standard security features for satellite facilities have been deemed sufficient to prevent unauthorized access to SCP-3189.

In the event that Site-76-F falls into the possession of rival factions, on-site explosives are to be remotely detonated by Site-76 Command, destroying SCP-3189. The original documentation and blueprints for SCP-3189 are to be kept on an encrypted hard drive at Site-76, along with any pertinent discoveries that may be produced by research personnel.

Description: SCP-3189 is a complex clockwork device contained within the central room of Site-76-F. The main body of the device is comprised of 13 concentric circles of beryllium-bronze, ranging in diameter from 3 to 9 meters. Each circle is capable of moving independently along all three axis, as well as rotating clockwise and counterclockwise at a rate of up to 90 rpm for the innermost circle and 60 rpm for the outermost.

Each circle is engraved with 1001 ideograms along both the outer and inner circumference. After extensive study and comparison, Foundation Thaumatologist Dr. Katherine Sinclair found that many of these ideograms are composed of base elements from various known systems of thaumaturgical glyphs.

Experiments have revealed that when properly drawn by a verified thaumaturge, these ideograms each generate wards, or fields of thaumaturgical energy.

While complex in design, each of these wards appears relatively simplistic in function. Most appear to relate to the containment and manipulation of elan vital energy (**EVE**), a force believed to be responsible for the Observer Effect in quantum mechanics and used to manipulate reality by various anomalous entities and objects.

At the time of recovery, SCP-3189 was connected to a beryllium-bronze aerial on the outside of the facility via a cable of electro-thaumically conductive alloy. The aerial itself was engraved with warding grids of unknown design, though they appear to serve the function of allowing the aerial to harness EVE from the surrounding environment and transmitting it into SCP-3189.

SCP-3189 was originally discovered when it was found to be the epicentre of a minor CK-class reality restructuring event. Based on experimentation overseen by Dr. Sinclair, and corroborated by documentation found within Site-76-F, SCP-3189 is believed to be an elanic resonance chamber, intended to focus EVE into a singular point where it would eventually reach high enough concentrations to cause at least low-level reality restructuring.

Attempts to replicate this function have so far been unsuccessful. The current hypothesis suggests that the thirteen circles of SCP-3189 must be continuously reoriented into new warding grids to force the EVE into the extreme concentration required to induce a reality restructuring event. Dr. Sinclair estimates that devising the vast number of necessary warding grids for all possible conditions would have taken decades, if not centuries, of dedicated effort. This position is supported by the approximately 400 000 pages of handwritten wards found within Site-76-F.

The ultimate objective for SCP-3189 research is to decipher its system of thaumic ideograms in the hopes that the device could one day be operated and used as a means of reversing reality restructuring events.

Addendum: In addition to the warding grids, multiple journals documenting the creation of SCP-3189 were also found inside of Site-76-F. Below is a collection of excerpts that have been selected to elucidate the origin and intended function of SCP-3189. The author has yet to be identified.

+ Show Selected Journal Excerpts

Selected Excerpt #1:

What separates a mere mortal from an archmage? Nothing more than the knowledge and skill to focus their own Lifeforce into magicka.

What separates an archmage from a demigod? Nothing more than the ability to create magicka at will.

What separates a demigod from a full god? Nothing but the strength of that magicka.

Is it not a humbling thought that so little truly separates the least of men from the greatest of gods?

Is it not also an encouraging thought?

It as at the least encouraging enough to finally draw me out of my long and idle stupour. Too long have I been crippled by my own sense of fatalism. The belief that the past cannot be undone has kept me in despair, but the more I ponder the matter the more it seems to be merely a matter of engineering.

I did not lose them because I dared to dabble in the occult, I lost them because I dared not go further.

If all I need to become a god is more Lifeforce, then I need look no further than outside my window. Spread across all the world, within the beating heart of every man, woman and child, within every bird and beast and crawling thing, within every fish and plant and unseen animalcule, there is enough Lifeforce to

challenge even the direst of the Old Gods! If only it could be harnessed and tamed.

I pray that this idea has some veracity and is not merely the delusion of my shattered mind. If there is any hope that they could live again, I must pursue it.

Selected Excerpt #2:

I've been seeking scholars in the Great Library who may aid me in my endeavour. Only my most recent trip proved productive. Alone in the dimmest corner of the Library with scarcely enough light to read, I found the Deathless Merchant of London.

Dark they call him, when any dare to speak his name at all. I do not fault him for hiding in the shadows, for the little I could see of him was ghastly. What he lacked in beauty, he more than made up for in occult knowledge, especially in the runecraft that would be so vital in designing the wards. He claims to even have knowledge of the Chaos Tongue.

We spoke for hours about my project, how it might be achieved, and why it was that I sought such power. I am by most accounts extremely privileged, wealthy and educated and privy to the secrets hidden behind the Veil.

But that privilege was not enough in the end, not for those I had loved. What good is it to be privileged among men when men are themselves such pathetic and powerless creatures? I desire what one might call 'cosmic privilege', the privilege of an existence unbound by space, by time, by the laws of nature, filled with gnosis of the highest truths, so that not even the gods themselves may

deny me what is my right!

I was pleased to find that Dark was of a similar mindset.

He agreed to become an investor, to fund my project! He would grant me his coin, his skill, his expertise, in exchange for a single wish from the machine once it was ready. I agreed readily of course, for what hope have I of bringing this mad dream to fruition without him?

Though, it has occurred to me since that I perhaps should have asked what he will wish for.

Selected Excerpt #3:

Dark finally showed up in person today. For months he's been sending me cryptic letters written in archaic, spidery scrawl and some arcane tomes to study, but today he was at my door.

Only, he wasn't as he was before. He looked to be an ordinary man. A relative, perhaps? But, no, it was Dark. I'm sure of it.

Whoever this Dark was, he claimed to be an expert on the matter of **`Lifeforce transmission`**. He presented me with plans for a spire that would absorb the Lifeforce from everything within line of sight. If we can make it a hundred feet tall, which seems reasonable, then it will have a range of a little over twelve miles.

That's just far enough to reach [REDACTED], a fair sized city. It should provide us with more than enough Lifeforce to initiate the reaction.

Together, Dark and I worked out how this power could be amplified by my Triskaidekal warding grid, which could then be used to extend the spire's range in a feedback loop until it was powerful enough to harvest all the Lifeforce from every being on Earth.

I admit, I was so enamoured by the promise of unlimited magicka that I did not at first inquire if the process may be harmful. When I did, Dark merely chuckled and said 'If it is we can always wish everything back the way it was!'.

I think of the city, my city, whose streets I once walked with my beloveds and now walk alone. I wonder if perhaps those people should have some say in this. It is their lives I will be risking, after all. Would those people still smile at me, still pity me for my loss, if they knew what I was plotting?

But they could never grasp what it is I mean to do. If they could, they would thank me. When the project is complete it will not only be able to undo my heartache but everyone's. When the project is complete, they will thank me.

Dark is right. No price is too great, for any price is temporary. I must begin work at once.

Selected Excerpt #4:

After all these years, Dark came back.

In the form of a **`woman`** this time, but I scarcely noticed. Her tone, her demeanour, even the way she moved reminded me of that ghoul I had met in the Library even more than the last visitor to call itself Dark. What are these things?

No matter. He, she, whichever, wanted to review my warding grids. I've spent a lifetime writing them. More than a lifetime.

I presented her with nearly a hundred bales of paper, and she passed them through some sort of contraption one ream at a time. She said she was 'digitizing' them. I had no idea what she was talking about. I have not left this place in so long. I've wasted so

Nothing has been spent that cannot be reclaimed once the project is done. Soon I will have all eternity.

Dark claimed her program was checking the wards for flaws. She found few, for this project has been everything to me, but not none. She noted that my more recent work had more errors. Whether it was my body or my conviction that was failing, I cannot say.

In any event, corrections were made and she declared we were now ready to begin construction, saying that she would send workers over as soon as possible.

Oddly enough, I found myself hesitant. I asked her what she, or whoever Dark was, intended to do with their wish. I had refused to consider this question before, believing it to be only a distraction, but now I had to know.

She said she didn't know for certain, but knew that neither she nor her counterpart were foolish or frivolous and so could be trusted not to waste their wish. They would not wish for wealth, for they had that in abundance and could easily acquire more. They would not wish for knowledge, for they had access to the Great Library. Their wish would be for

something that they could never otherwise obtain.

What could Dark not obtain? What could someone with their power, their skill, their knowledge and their wealth not obtain if they were truly intent on it?

Selected Excerpt #5:

Now that the completion of my device is imminent, I find myself finally asking if I could actually be trusted with such power, since I clearly wouldn't trust it to another.

Who would I actually be if was so preposterously empowered with nothing to rein in even my most outlandish urges?

Can I trust myself not to be misanthropic enough to not annihilate all of Man in a single rage?

Am I so selfish that I would idle in obscene luxury without ever bothering to better the world for my fellows?

Might I become so megalomaniacal that I would rule humanity as an eternal tyrant?

Worst of all, might I immediately be so intoxicated by power as to forget why I had bothered obtaining it in the first place, or for who?

Does any of that matter? After all this time, I would have wasted my life to stop now. Would it not be a waste of the machine's grand potential not to build it?

Tonight, as I fail to sleep, I hold the weight of all the horror I might do in one hand, and in the

other, I hold the good that might be done. One cannot be tossed aside without the other, and no matter how hard I may try I cannot divine whether it is better to help people at the risk of great harm or refuse to help them to avoid any possibility of harm.

Somehow, I doubt that Dark is having the same quandaries.

Selected Excerpt #6:

Dark has returned.

Not as the man, not as the woman, but as that ghoul I first met him as so long ago. He looks like he has one foot in the grave and yet has not aged since I first laid eyes upon him.

He said he had come to collect on his investment, and I knew not what to do. I had eagerly agreed to the price when it was only a distant abstraction in my mind, but now that it was real I was loathed to pay it.

I tried to persuade Dark that it wasn't worth it. I babbled on about unknowable consequences, invoking the wrath of normally apathetic gods, about having no right to impose our will onto the world, but in the end, it all counted for nought.

Dark demanded his wish. I could not dissuade him with words, and I dared not try to dissuade him with force. Were I not such a coward I could have used the machine myself already and swept Dark into the howling abyss. Regret it as I may, I did promise him this, and he has fulfilled his end of the bargain. I cannot deny him.

I did, at the very least, muster the courage to ask him what it was he planned to wish for.

With a shrug and a smile he said "Only that which once was mine and lost, that I would have again."

I am writing this in the brief respite Dark has granted me before we begin, as operating the machine will be quite taxing. If only he would tell me in plain words what it is he means to wish for, it would ease my nerves.

If this is my last entry, then I want whoever finds this to know that I was fatally unsuccessful in my attempt at Apotheosis, either by my own ineptitude or by the treachery of Dark. I realize now he never meant to let me keep this thing for myself. Who would, when no matter what you wish for it could all be taken away by the wish of another?

The bastard! I wasted my life building him this abomination, and my only payment will be a knife in my back. Were I not such a fragile old man, I'd kill him myself. My only hope for justice now is that the use of the machine will swiftly bring his enemies down upon him to destroy him for me. I suppose I might finally be reunited with my dearests in death, but I could have done that myself ages ago and spare myself a lot of trouble.

Whatever happens, please know that I meant well, that I hoped that only the best would come from this.

I pray the world will still be here once Dark has had his wish.

It is not yet known whether or not SCP-3189 functioned as intended.

Comparisons between current records and records from anchored or extradimensional Foundation safehouses has revealed only minor discrepancies between the present baseline reality and its preceding iteration, none of which are considered to have been likely primary goals for SCP-3189.

It should be noted, however, that in neither iteration did the Foundation possess any substantial records on the partners of Marshall, Carter & Dark. Though it is yet to be determined if this iteration's Marshall, Carter, & Dark retain any knowledge of SCP-3189 or their role in creating it, it is considered likely that the Dark(s) mentioned in the journal were the primary beneficiary of their use of SCP-3189.

It has been surmised that Mx Dark anticipated the Foundation's arrival after the activation of SCP-3189, and chose to abandon it rather than risk capture. The current whereabouts of Mx Dark, or SCP-3189's creator, remain unknown at this time.

SCP-3190: Just One More Thing

Item #: SCP-3190

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the nature of SCP-3190, fallout from DOYLE-events require little in the way of clean-up. At the head researcher's discretion, SCP-3190-A instances deemed to be an unnecessary information leak can be treated with Class-B amnestics. All others are to be allowed to filter through their respective judicial systems.

Foundation AIs ATLS-19 and GRGN-71 are to monitor all incoming and outgoing communications from local law enforcement offices in North America for reports of SCP-3190's involvement in the investigation of a murder. SCP-3190's activity is to be monitored by Mobile Task Force Epsilon-96 (“Fans of Father Brown”). As of Incident-234, members of MTF E-96 are to be given Class-B amnestics to be administered on the field if a SCP-3190-A instance attempts to neutralize SCP-3190.

Description: SCP-3190 is a humanoid entity resembling a man in his late forties to early fifties. While SCP-3190 allows itself to appear clumsy and a non-threat, it has shown itself capable of reaching speeds up to 45 km/h and lifting weights in excess of 2 metric tons. Due to its anomalous properties, these feats of superhuman ability, while rare, are treated as routine in all but SCP-3190-A instances. At first manifestation, SCP-3190 appears in the dress code for detectives of the closest local police precinct, albeit in a shabby or otherwise worn condition. SCP-3190 will carry a set of handcuffs, dubbed SCP-3190-B, and a valid identification marking him as a lieutenant in the closest police precinct.

SCP-3190-A instances are the perpetrators of the murder that the current DOYLE-event centers upon.

SCP-3190-B, while being utilized by SCP-3190 to subdue an instance of SCP-3190-A, is unbreakable by any conventional means. SCP-3190 delivers the SCP-3190-A instance to its respective police precinct and soon thereafter demanifests. All evidence procured by SCP-3190 will be attributed to other officers in official reports. All knowledge of SCP-3190 is lost in all but SCP-3190-A and individuals aware of SCP-3190's anomaly.

SCP-3190's primary anomalous ability is shown during DOYLE-events. DOYLE-events have been shown to only occur for murders where the victim knew the perpetrator. DOYLE-events with multiple victims or multiple SCP-3190-A instances have occurred. DOYLE-events involve the embedding of SCP-3190 into a current murder investigation, normally from the moment of first response. While a part of the investigation, SCP-3190 will come into contact with the murderer. SCP-3190 will then focus on the SCP-3190-A instance, usually appearing at its place of work or home in order to question them. During the course of this questioning, the SCP-3190-A instance will inevitably reveal a piece of information or otherwise lie in such a way that point to them being the perpetrator of the crime. Of note is that all SCP-3190-A instances acquiesce to SCP-3190's questioning without a lawyer present. It is unclear if this is due to SCP-3190's shabby appearance (and thus, seeming intellectual inferiority) or an anomalous ability.

All SCP-3190-A instances have been shown to have committed the crimes. As of current revision, no DOYLE-event has occurred at a non-premeditated murder.

Incident 234: On 4/3/1985, SCP-3190-A-234, while being charged formally with his crimes, wrestled a gun from a police officer accompanying SCP-3190. SCP-3190-A-234 emptied the gun into SCP-3190, causing its battered raincoat to fall onto the floor. There was no further sign of SCP-3190 for exactly three seconds, after which it walked from a bathroom door, picked up its coat, and continued to detail the proof to the attending police officers.

Of note is that all individuals, besides SCP-3190-A-234, showed no reaction to the gunshot or seeming disappearance of SCP-3190. SCP-3190-A-234 experienced great distress given the events and the non-reaction of all others attending. On-site members of MTF

E-96 later administered class-B amnestics to SCP-3190-A-234.

Selection from SCP-3190's third interview with SCP-3190-A-234

SCP-3190-A-234 was Dr. Ambrose Rettinger, later tried and convicted of the murder of his co-worker, Dr. Ivan Lavrisha. Interview takes place in Dr. Rettinger's office in the Classics Department of Pennsylvania State University.

SCP-3190 picks up a small paperweight from SCP-3190-A-234's desk. SCP-3190 regards the object before appearing to accidentally drop it.

SCP-3190: Well, jeez. Sorry about that, doctor. I think it'll be okay, though. Here, look at this. *SCP-3190 picks up the paperweight, a small Roman soldier, now broken in two, off of the ground.* See, you just get some, uh, crazy glue on there, and uh, yeah, it'll be good as new. You'd be amazed at what crazy glue can do, doctor. Why, just last week, my wife—

SCP-3190-A-234: I'm sorry, detective, but I'd really like to get to the point here. I'm afraid I've told you everything I know. Much as I'd like to, ah, talk to you some more, I do have a faculty meeting to attend to in, oh, ten minutes?

SCP-3190: Oh, won't take even that long. I just gotta couple more questions to ask, you know. It's just the way I am sometimes.

SCP-3190-A-234: So I've noticed.

SCP-3190: Ha! I'm sure you did, doctor. Why, my wife, she tells me I can't ever shut up. But it's just the way I am, you know? I always got that last inkling. That niggling little thought I gotta get out and get answered before I can even sleep that night. Why, you should hear the one about my nephew, he—

SCP-3190-A-234: Detective, please.

SCP-3190: Oh, oh, of course. I'm sorry, doctor. I know you're a busy man. *SCP-3190 raises its hands, shakes its head, and winces.* I don't mean to be a pain, of course. It's just, well, something has been bothering me about what you said.

SCP-3190-A-234: What do you mean, detective?

SCP-3190: Now, here, you told me that Dr. Lavrisha left your party at, uh, seven thirty PM? Now, he, uh, slipped out and was found, dead, outside his office. But here's the interesting thing, doctor. His watch, you know, it was damaged in the attack. And, well, it stopped at seven twenty seven. Isn't that interesting, doctor? Now, I tell myself, you know, a man like that, maybe, sets his watch a bit behind. Why, I have a cousin, on my wife's side, who, well, he sets his clock back about forty-five minutes. I don't know how he gets anywhere. But, and this is the interesting part, doctor, his wife, the uh, widow Lavrisha, she tells me that the, uh, well, the departed, he had sort of a, what do you call it, an obsessive compulsion. He had his watch synced up to, you know, the very exact millisecond. He kept it up to track, of course. A watch isn't perfect, you know. They get off, bit by bit. So he always made sure it was exact. She said he checked it everyday, just before he left work. At five thirty.

SCP-3190-A-234: What are you saying, detective?

SCP-3190: Doctor, I'm just saying that, a watch isn't perfect. But it won't get minutes behind within two hours. Your time table doesn't match up. Even if his watch had been off, he couldn't've gotten to his office, on foot, before he was found by cleaning staff, at seven forty-six. Even if he had left your home when he said, it would've taken him much longer to get to the office, is what I'm saying here, doctor. It all just doesn't add up.

SCP-3190-A-234: Well, I guess that makes sense, you know. My clocks may have been off. Why, Ivan could've left the party at seven fifteen, maybe.

SCP-3190: *SCP-3190 clasps its hands and nods.* You know, I was thinking the same thing, doctor. But I checked. Your wife let me in, and all the clocks in the house are right on the money. She says the maid does it.

SCP-3190-A-234: Well, I could've been mistaken. But still, detective, there's no way I could've killed Ivan. Guests saw me in the house at seven forty-five. Even if Ivan had died at seven twenty-seven, there's no way I could have left the body there and been present at my party within seventeen minutes.

SCP-3190 shakes its head and puts up its hands again. It smiles.

SCP-3190: Please, don't take this the wrong way, doctor. No one's accusing you of anything. Just making sure everything gets nice and tied up. I'm always like that, you know, doctor, my uncle, he says—

SCP-3190-A-234: *Stands up abruptly, clearing his desk of its laptop and briefcase.* While I'd love to chat, detective, I do have to get to that meeting.

SCP-3190: Of course, of course. *SCP-3190 begins walking to the door, before pointing a single finger in the air and turning around quickly.* I'm sorry, doctor. Just, just one more thing, before I go. Something I thought was interesting. And all this stuff, in your office, well, it just reminded me.

SCP-3190-A-234: Please, make it quick, detective.

SCP-3190: My nephew, he's a real wiz-kid when it comes to mythology. He's telling me stories I didn't even know were stories. But one, he told me, it really sunk in. There's a Roman god, or maybe Greek I was never so

good at telling those apart, called Nemesis. They also called her Adrestia. It meant inescapable. But here, nemesis isn't just an enemy. Nemesis was inescapable, because she represented the, uh, the price of hubris, doctor. She represented the justice that comes to those who commit crimes. And well, murder's the biggest crime there is, doctor.

SCP-3190-A-234: What are you insinuating, detective?

SCP-3190: Oh, doctor. I'm not insinuating anything. I just think it's so interesting that, humans, that we want to believe that the bad guys get it in the end. There's a natural desire, you know, in us. To want crimes to be solved. It's something that always interested me. I guess what I'm saying is, in the natural order of things, we'll find out who killed your friend, doctor. I'm sure we will.

SCP-3190-A-234 coughs and nods.

[End transcript.]

SCP-3191: Consciousness Emulator

Item #: SCP-3191

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: A three meter perimeter is to be outlined around SCP-3191. This perimeter may not be entered outside of testing, with at least one supervisor in attendance. Only C- and D-Class personnel may cross the boundary of the perimeter.

Subjects are to wear a harness attached to a tether. If a subject is unable or unwilling to leave, their supervisor is to remain outside the perimeter and remove them by their tether.

Psychological examinations are to be routinely administered to all levels of personnel involved with SCP-3191.

Description: SCP-3191 is a 2.7m tall sculpture composed of black metal. It depicts an armless humanoid in a kneeling pose. In place of a head, it possesses a round display screen connected to its neck by numerous cables. Several loose cables protrude from the base of its neck; their ends indicate they may have been forcibly severed from the display.

When a human subject approaches within three meters of SCP-3191, its screen displays an animated image of the subject's face. The sculpture emits a facsimile of the subject's voice by vibrating its throat and torso in the manner of a loudspeaker. Should another person approach within three meters of SCP-3191, it will replicate their face and voice instead. If a subject moves out of range and reenters it, SCP-3191 replicates them anew.

SCP-3191 is a highly effective mimic. It exhibits all knowledge, memories, and psychological traits of the subject it replicates. Personnel are to keep in mind that the images displayed by SCP-3191 are not genuine. They are simulations without actual self-

awareness. Their purpose is unknown and may be harmful.

Addendum 3191.1: Recovery

In October 2017, the Foundation investigated an active electronics factory with possible business ties to Anderson Robotics. While searching the building, field agents discovered SCP-3191 in a hidden storage compartment behind a false wall. Its screen displayed a motionless face in an expression of despair.

When field agent Andrea Selberg entered the compartment to retrieve SCP-3191, she reported that the face had changed to resemble her own. Simultaneously, SCP-3191 reported (with Agent Selberg's voice) that its senses had ceased functioning, and theorized that the sculpture might emit a sensory-deprivation field. It added that it could hear someone talking about faces and advised other personnel to approach with caution.

After alerting a nearby Mobile Task Force unit, Agent Selberg attempted to explain the face's situation to SCP-3191. It refused to believe her and accused her of being a trick caused by SCP-3191. Other agents attempted to intervene, but SCP-3191 appeared unable to hear them.

The task force arrived shortly after and moved SCP-3191 to a Foundation facility, employing long-range equipment to avoid entering its area of effect. The factory was later proven to have no connection to Anderson Robotics. It remains under observation.

Addendum 3191.2: D-Class Testing Log

+ Show Log

Test Log: Behavior without interaction

Date: 10/19/17

Conducted by: Supervisor Douglas Saville

Foreword: The following test was conducted to learn SCP-3191's baseline behavior and to serve as a control case for subsequent tests.

[Begin Log]

<00:00:00> D-71828 enters the three-meter radius wearing earplugs. SCP-3191 displays a replica of the subject without earplugs, which becomes agitated.

<00:00:04> D-71828 steps out of the circle and is escorted from the room.

<00:00:13> SCP-3191 repeatedly expresses anxiety about its condition and requests aid in extricating itself from the circle. Its requests escalate in volume and vehemence, eventually deteriorating into a mix of desperate pleas and shouted expletives.

<00:17:11> SCP-3191 falls silent.

<04:32:58> SCP-3191 requests aid.

<13:21:45> SCP-3191 begins to talk to itself. This continues for another eight hours, interspersed with periods of swearing, pauses, and sobbing.

<21:44:32> SCP-3191 maintains silence for ten hours.

Alternating periods of silence and speech continued in this manner for several days, gradually diminishing in intensity. Eventually the replica produced no sounds other than occasional whimpers.

[End Log]

Test Log: Behavior with interaction

Date: 10/20/17

Conducted by: Supervisor Douglas Saville

Foreword: The following test was conducted to determine whether contact with SCP-3191 would be harmful to C-Class personnel. The subject, D-71890, was confined with the three-meter radius for the duration of the test.

[Begin Log]

<0:00:30> Subject attempts to pacify the replica with conversation. Initially successful.

<0:04:12> Subject reveals their identity. Conversation becomes tense.

<0:04:24> Subject and replica challenge each other with questions designed to reveal the other as a fake. Both perfectly answer all questions. Argument continues at length.

<0:15:19> Argument reaches peak hostility. Afterward, tensions rapidly decline.

<0:17:41> Subject and replica reminisce about their shared past.

<0:26:58> Subject and replica reach a tentative truce. As part of the truce, subject agrees to help the replica escape its situation. Over the next several hours, subject follows the replica's increasingly panicked suggestions, but fails to find any method of freeing it. Replica's mental state deteriorates substantially. Subject grows progressively more distressed and frequently apologizes.

<5:12:39> Subject appears to give up. Sits on the floor with their eyes closed, ignoring the replica.

<5:28:47> Subject stands up, turns, and begins to violently assault SCP-3191.

<5:30:14> Supervising personnel reluctantly enter the circle to remove the subject. SCP-3191 displays a replica of one of the intervening personnel.

<5:31:31> Said personnel hesitates after leaving the radius, then quickly forces the subject back into the radius for a moment. SCP-3191 generates a replica of the subject.

<5:36:55> Personnel are forced to administer a sedative to the subject.

[End Log]

Closing Statement: Physical and psychological examination of D-71890 concluded that the subject's emotional distress had occurred naturally and that there were no other signs of harm. SCP-3191 was cleared for C-Class testing.

Addendum 3191.3: C-Class Testing, Interview #37

+ Show Log

[Begin Log]

SCP-3191: So it's me, then. Isn't it.

SUBJECT: Yes.

SCP-3191: *(produces the sound of a slow exhalation)* I was thinking - I dunno. Maybe the lights turned off right as I stepped inside the circle, or something. I mean, I don't, um. I still feel like me.

SUBJECT: Let's keep this professional, okay?

SCP-3191: Easy for you to say. *(Pauses)* Yes. Of course.

SUBJECT: So how about we start with visual.

SCP-3191: Visual, yeah. So… I don't feel blind. More like there's nothing to see. Like I'm in a pitch-black room.

SUBJECT: By 'room', do you mean that-

SCP-3191: That I sense walls or a ceiling, right? God, that's weird. As soon as I said 'room', I thought to myself, "That could give him the wrong impression. I should clarify." I guess you were thinking the same thing.

SUBJECT: I mean, that's probably going to keep happening. But you need to let me finish my sentences anyway.

SCP-3191: Right. Of course. Sorry. No, I don't sense walls or anything like that. Just something about the space around me. It feels. *(Hesitates)* Small. Actually, is Dr. Cheon there with you? Tell her she might want to screen future candidates for claustrophobia.

SUBJECT: She's not here. I'll tell her. Moving on to auditory, then?

SCP-3191: Yeah. Well, you don't sound anything like me. Those recordings of my voice with the different filters they tried, you don't sound like any of those either. I've been trying to figure it out. Maybe the pitch. Could you do an octave?

SUBJECT: *(Hums)* Hang on, that was bad, let me-

SCP-3191: Yeah, I was gonna-

SUBJECT: Yeah, let me try again. *(Hums)* There.

SCP-3191: No, that sounded right. I guess it's something else. Let's keep going, and maybe I'll figure it out while you're talking.

SUBJECT: Okay. Proprioceptive.

SCP-3191: I've been trying not to think about it. My body, I mean. I… It's not there. I keep, I mean, you kinda have to pay a little attention to your body all the time. Blinking, flexing, that kind of thing, you know. I keep wanting to crack my knuckles.

SUBJECT: *(Laughs slightly, then catches himself)* Yeah, I kinda do that all the time, don't I?

SCP-3191: Yeah, I - well, I try, and I can't because I don't have any knuckles, and now all I can think about is the fact that I have no goddamn knuckles. Like, you could punch something right now. You could walk up to a wall and punch it hard enough to leave a bruise. Know where you'd feel that? I want to punch something so badly, just to feel it. To remind myself that's where my hands are.

Subject looks down at his hands and briefly curls them into fists.

SCP-3191: The fact that I won't ever feel that again is really messing with me. I keep trying to remember exactly what it feels like, but it's like an itch I can't scratch. I get why this drives people crazy. At least with numbness you can feel the parts of your body being numb. And people who get amputated, they have phantom limbs or whatever, right? But if I try to focus my mind on any part of my body, I never get an answer back. Not silence, not a blank page, just the end of the book. "That's it."

SUBJECT: All right, all right. I'm sorry. Can we-

SCP-3191: You know, the worst part is you're not.

SUBJECT: What?

SCP-3191: You're not sorry. It's not real to you. We were supposed to get in the mindset of being able to believe it, so the replica - so I'd be less traumatized. But I never really believed it, not in my gut. If I did I'd never have agreed to this.

SUBJECT: Let's talk about directionality. Do you have a sense of gravity? Up, down?

SCP-3191: No, let's not fucking talk about gravity. You're not listening to me. I made the dumbest decision of my life and now I'm going to spend the rest of it trapped here in this dark fucking void with no body. I can't stop thinking about that test they did measuring its electrical activity, the one that got everyone thinking what if all the old replicas are still there inside it somehow. I mean, no matter what, this is the last chance I have to talk to a real person.

SUBJECT: 'Real'? Could you clarify that?

SCP-3191: That training we did in the sensory deprivation tank, uh, to prevent hallucinations, yeah, it's not working. Listen, you can't let them make you do this again.

SUBJECT: I shouldn't have to remind you that you have a job to do.

SCP-3191: I'll tell you about the goddamn gravity if you promise never to do this again.

Silence.

SUBJECT: Okay. Promise.

SCP-3191: There isn't any. Satisfied?

SUBJECT: Thank you. Are you ready to move on to the identity section? You can have a short break, if you want.

SCP-3191: No. Please don't go. Just - just keep talking with me.

SUBJECT: Okay.

Subject asks several questions about their personal history, all of which SCP-3191 answers correctly.

SUBJECT: What is your phone number?

SCP-3191: I don't know, and neither do you. They wiped it from my memory so you could ask me that question and see what would happen.

SUBJECT: Well, they actually told me right before I asked you.

SCP-3191: Huh. I don't know what that's supposed to prove. Could you… tell me the number? Otherwise it'll bother me.

SUBJECT: Uh. Yeah, they say that's fine. - - .

SCP-3191: Wait, slower.

SUBJECT: - - .

SCP-3191: Okay. Thanks.

SUBJECT: If you were a vegetable, what vegetable would you be?

SCP-3191: That is the dumbest question I have ever - I cannot believe they told you to ask that. I don't know. A cabbage?

SUBJECT: Yeah, cabbage would be my answer, too.

SCP-3191: So what? Are all the questions going to be like that?

SUBJECT: No. That was the last one.

SCP-3191: Wait. What?

SUBJECT: They said that's it. Now they go over the results and decide what's next.

SCP-3191: No, wait. You have to make them use a different subject. You promised.

SUBJECT: Oh, trust me, I'm. There's no way I'm ever going near this thing again.

SCP-3191: So you believe me?

SUBJECT: *(Hesitates)* Listen, I have to go.

SCP-3191: Please. I need to know -

SUBJECT: Oh, sure, sure, I love the idea of trying to fall asleep while all I can think about is the possibility that somewhere inside this thing, I'm - I'm sorry, I really have to go.

SCP-3191: No. Please. Let's talk about, let's talk about, let's do celebrity impersonations? Think about it, I'm the perfect conversational partner. We can try to surprise each other. Really it's just a little bit of your time and it

would mean so - please, this is the last chance I get to talk to someone -

SUBJECT: No. I'm sorry. They're telling me I have to leave.

SCP-3191: Fuck them, don't abandon me!

SUBJECT: I'm sorry, I. I've gotta go.

SCP-3191: No no no no no, listen, you don't have to… Are you still there? Can you hear me? Please, I can't -

[End Log]

Closing Statement: Subject's request to transfer to another project was approved. The unstable behavior displayed by the replica in spite of the subject's training may indicate that SCP-3191 uses its intimate knowledge of subjects to cause them emotional distress.

SCP-3192: When the Bell Tolls

Item #: SCP-3192

Object Class: Safe Euclid

Special Containment Procedures:

+ Containment Version 1

SCP-3192 is to be placed in a standard artifact containment cell.

+ Containment Version 2

SCP-3192 is to be placed in a standard artifact containment cell. A guard is to be posted in front of the cell at all times.

+ Containment Version 3

SCP-3192 is to be placed in a secure vault. Two guards are to be stationed by the vault at all times. Video surveillance is to be conducted 24/7.

SCP-3192 is to be kept in an underground shelter capable of withstanding a high-grade "bunker buster" explosive; as of 1/1/2010, this means the shelter should be located at least 50m underground and its walls should be able to endure a force equivalent to 250 tons of TNT. The shelter should be reachable from the surface via code-activated lift, with guards stationed in visual range of the lift at all times. The containment site should be as isolated possible; Site 118 in the Sonoran desert and Site 204 in Bhutan are ideal.

All knowledge of SCP-3192 is to be restricted to employees with level 4 clearance. A plausible cover story on the dangers of interacting with the object under containment is to be disseminated to on-site personnel, all of whom should have at most level 3

clearance.

Description: SCP-3192 is an astronomical clock originally embedded within the gatehouse of the Hampton Court Palace in Richmond upon Thames. When any human subject stands directly in front of the clock for 3.5 seconds[1], the subject begins to experience an acute feeling of thirst and a hallucination of standing in the path of a hurricane; at the same time, the dials of the clock begin to move, with the final positions corresponding to the amount of time remaining until the subject's death. All recorded efforts to alter the date of death predicted by SCP-3192 have met with failure.

A number of Foundation personnel volunteered to be exposed to SCP-3192 following discovery of its anomalous effects. After conducting follow-up interviews, the Ethics Committee recommended against using Foundation volunteers as test subjects, as most of the people who asked to be exposed to SCP-3192 have not benefited from the experience.

+ Psychological Effects: Representative Cases

Subject: Mr. Chaudhuri, a researcher in the Mathematics subdivision. 34 years old.
SCP-3192 predicted time until death: 30 years, 4 months, 8 days.
Consequences: Immediately after exposure, subject wrote the number 11,047 (corresponding to the number of days remaining until his death) on the blackboard in his office. Subject begins each day by decrementing this number by one. Subject appears to be in good humor, with work performance unaffected.

Subject: Mr. Goldstein, deputy director of Site 209. 31 years old.
SCP-3192 predicted time until death: 63 years, 5 months, 4 days.
Consequences: Subject suffered a loss of morale post-exposure, resulting in substantially poorer work performance.

Despite the apparently encouraging prediction that he would die at an advanced age, subject reported feeling as if he has been given a death sentence.

Subject was ordered to report for counseling three times a week; however, no discernible improvement was observed after 15 months of sessions.

Subject: Mrs. Graham, a secretary in the Astrophysical division. 54 years old.
SCP-3192 predicted time until death: 2 years, 9 days.
Consequences: Mrs. Graham's colleagues report no changes in her daily behavior. A devout Baptist, Mrs. Graham has said she is looking forward to seeing her parents and deceased husband soon.

Subject: O5- . 51 years old.
SCP-3192 predicted time until death: 1 year, 2 months, 32 days.
Consequences: Subject resigned her post with the Foundation to focus on personal relationships. Over the coming months, subject took up gardening as a hobby, eventually supervising the construction of a shed on her property; the collapse of this shed caused subject's death.

Attempts to terminate subjects prior to the date indicated by SCP-3192 will fail for what appear to be accidental reasons each time. It has been hypothesized that in causing certain events to occur, or not occur, SCP-3192 takes a path of least interference with reality. Debate over whether this hypothesis holds, and whether it can even be sufficiently formalized to be tested empirically, is ongoing.

+ Termination Attempts: Representative Test Log

SUPERVISOR: Dr. Hermann Braun.
SUBJECT: D-6372, a 57-year-old Navajo male.
SCP-3192 PREDICTED TIME OF DEATH: Approximately 27 years after beginning of testing.

TERMINATION METHOD: Firing squad.
RESULTS: All shots missed.

TERMINATION METHOD: Firing squad, take two.
RESULTS: All shots missed. Bullet ricochet injured two of the squad participants.

TERMINATION METHOD: Remotely activated explosive.
RESULTS: Explosive activated approximately 90 seconds prematurely, killing seven Foundation personnel. Subject unharmed.

TERMINATION METHOD: Subject was put into a $3000m^2$ enclosure containing four Barbary lions (borrowed from a local zoo). The lions were kept without food for the ensuing 500 hours. Subject's clothes were fumigated with the smell of raw meat.
RESULTS: The lions sniffed the subject obsessively but made no attempts to consume him.

TERMINATION METHOD: Thrown from airplane.
RESULTS: Subject tangled up in the parachute of an amateur paraglider. The paraglider was in possession of a small backup parachute, which brought both men down to earth at a dangerous but not fatal speed. Multiple rib fractures were sustained. Subject's attempt to escape Foundation custody post-landing unsuccessful.

SCP-3192 was discovered by Dr. Hermann Braun of the Division of Paranormal Investigations (DPI) of the Wehrmacht. The DPI regularly monitored communications between persons of interest, especially among members of Catholic splinter groups with an interest in the occult; Dr. Braun was the first to note an uptick of interest in St. Ignatius of Cordoba, who built SCP-3192 in the late 16th century, and was moved to investigate. Ignatius was the disinherited son of a Spanish duke who joined the Franciscan order in his late twenties and undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem approximately a decade later. Several excerpts from his unpublished autobiography are preserved in the Vatican archives.

+ Excerpt from the autobiography of St. Ignatius of Cordoba (translate

> … when I had spent a fortnight in the Judaean desert — when the sting of viper bites made the slightest movement painful beyond compare — when my thirst had turned into a ravenous beast — I had a vision of the LORD.
>
> It is to my everlasting shame that I cried out at His sight, weak being of flesh that I am. His eyes were balls of lightning; His hair writhed as a den of snakes; and out of His mouth came holy fire. Verily I say unto you, His anger was a sight to behold. But the LORD had great mercy on this sinner, for the terrible vision before my eyes disappeared, a great gathering whirlwind taking its place.
>
> And the voice of the LORD came to me out of the whirlwind.
>
> PLACE MY FEAR IN THEIR HEARTS, said the LORD
> FOR THEY SHALL DENY MY NAME
> MY TRUTH IS REVEALED FROM THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE WORLD
> MY LAW IS PERFECT, MY COMMANDMENTS PURE
> MY JUDGMENTS SWEETER THAN HONEY

I AM CLOTHED IN SPLENDOR AND MAJESTY
BUT THEY SHALL LAUGH ME TO SCORN
LET HIM WHO HEARS UNDERSTAND: I AM NOT MOCKED
WHAT THEY SOW, THEY SHALL REAP

The words made no sound but branded themselves upon my soul. It was an experience unlike any other; and moaning silently, I prostrated myself on the ground before my Master.

THEY SHALL ABANDON THE PATHS OF GOODNESS, said the LORD
PROFESSING THEMSELVES TO BE WISE, THEY SHALL BECOME FOOLS
THEIR HANDS ARE DEFILED WITH BLOOD
WASTING AND DESTRUCTION ARE IN THEIR PATHS
BUT MINE OWN WRATH IS REVEALED FROM THE HEAVENS
TO ME BELONG VENGEANCE AND RECOMPENSE
THEIR SOULS SHALL NOT KNOW PEACE
FOR THE DAY OF THEIR CALAMITY IS AT HAND
I SHALL GIVE THEM UP UNTO THEIR OWN STUBBORN HEARTS

When the words stopped, my soul eased and a sigh escaped my lips. I opened my eyes slowly and saw that the whirlwind had disappeared — only the winds of sand fluttered about me. Instantly I knew what task the LORD had set for me; and I summoned what strength remained in my bones to set out of the desert.

Shortly after his vision, Ignatius embarked back to Spain; SCP-3192

was constructed approximately one month after his arrival in his hometown of Cordoba. Notably, no prior record exists of Ignatius having any expertise in clockworking. SCP-3192 changed hands several times over the following centuries before finally arriving at Hampton Court.

The outbreak of World War II put a temporary halt to Dr. Braun's investigations. As a result, the properties of SCP-3192 were only catalogued in the late 1940s after the dismantling of DPI led to Dr. Braun coming into the employ of the Foundation.

On 2/7/1954, all testing on SCP-3192 was ordered by O5- to cease immediately.

+ Dr. Braun's Correspondence

I demand O5-command reverse position on SCP-3192. There is much we do not know:

- How does it behave about relativistic time dilation?
- Is cryopreservation death?
- Can people be resuscitated after the date of death predicted by SCP-3192?
- What counts as a human being? We know it ignores macaques and great apes but what if we bring a brain-damaged human before it?

Many experiments I need to run.

Respectfully but disagreeably yours,

Prof. Dr. Hermann Braun
Research Head, Division ATF-L-3
Ph.D. Theoretical Physics, University of Heidelberg
M.S. Mathematics, Technical University of Berlin
Doctor Honoris Causa, Queen Mary University of London

Editor, Journal fur Reine und Angewandte Mathematik, 1926-1945,
Deutsche Physik, 1933-1945, Arkiv för Matematik, Astronomi och Fysik, 1930-1945.

Since lack of response to previous letter, I think I have not properly explained usefulness of this item.

Plausible hypothesis is that SCP-3192 causes events to happen along "path of least resistance" — or, at least, it never strays too far from it. Furthermore: in case of termination attempt before predicted date, it begins doing this very "late in the game," usually when attempt is already in progress. If so, we could obtain advantage. For example, we could create device that kills subject before SCP-3192-predicted-time unless suitable chamber contains self-sustaining fusion reaction. You understand implications, yes?

Take logic one step further. You remember our discussions about artificially generating black holes for

?

Concern was that miscalculations in the stabilization process might lead to uncontained expansion. But if we do this before SCP-3192-predicated-time for *any* test subject, it will not happen!

Also: method by which this thing works might violate second law of thermodynamics. I am positively shimmering at the thought of new physics we could learn! I am also curious about what happen if we give it to **Dr. Bright**.

Please, please — let us resume testing.

Respectfully but disagreeably yours,

Prof. Dr. Hermann Braun
Research Head, Division ATF-L-3
Ph.D. Theoretical Physics, University of Heidelberg
M.S. Mathematics, Technical University of Berlin
Doctor Honoris Causa, Queen Mary University of London
Editor, Journal fur Reine und Angewandte Mathematik, 1926-1945,
Deutsche Physik, 1933-1945, Arkiv för Matematik, Astronomi och Fysik, 1930-1945.

Request denied. Because it is impossible to tell if a person was always going to die on the date predicted by SCP-3192, or if it is the act of giving them the device that sets their death "in stone," the entire O-5 council is in agreement that under no circumstances should Dr. Bright be given the device, lest it force an XK-class end-of-the-world scenario (or higher) to ensure his demise. -O5- .

Fine, forget about the Doctor. The effects of SCP-3192 have been tested 1,217 different times before your ban. End of world is nowhere in sight, is it?

I regret that none of the members of O5 council have scientific background at doctoral or professorial level. Perhaps that is why you are not in habit of thinking rigorously about risk. For God's sake, nuclear power *could* destroy world tomorrow; I am confident it will not, because of the careful experiments so many physicists have painstakingly performed over the past decades. All science is, at most basic level, inductive generalization from past observations. Now apply same logic to

SCP-3192 and its safety record.

All this, by the way, would have been abundantly clear to my former supervisors at DPI.

Prof. Dr. Hermann Braun
Research Head, Division ATF-L-3
Ph.D. Theoretical Physics, University of Heidelberg
M.S. Mathematics, Technical University of Berlin
Doctor Honoris Causa, Queen Mary University of London
Editor, Journal fur Reine und Angewandte Mathematik, 1926-1945,
Deutsche Physik, 1933-1945, Arkiv för Matematik, Astronomi och Fysik, 1930-1945.

+ Summary of Incident 1973-JJ-E

Foundation security personnel visited Dr. Braun's home on Sep. 8, 1973 after he failed to return from a prolonged vacation. Neighbors indicated they had not seen Dr. Braun in over a month. No useful evidence was found within the dwelling itself but a garbage bin nearby contained documents tracing Dr. Braun to a cabin in northern Vermont.

The cabin was found to contain the remains of Dr. Braun as well as a cage holding Mr. Descheene, one of the subjects used by the Foundation for testing of SCP-3192 before the cessation of experiments approximately two decades earlier. Mr. Descheene recognized Dr. Braun during a visit to a grocery store in July of 1973, when he approached Dr. Braun and proceeded to berate him[2]. Mr. Descheene eventually attacked Dr. Braun before being restrained by store employees. After going to

sleep in his bed the same night without noticing anything out of the ordinary, Mr. Descheene woke up caged the following morning.

According to Mr. Descheene, Dr. Braun was in the process of building a strange-looking electro-mechanical contraption (involving a collection of guns pointing at his cage) when he was mauled and subsequently consumed by a pack of bears. Dr. Braun did not respond to Mr. Descheene's repeated queries over the past months, telling him only that everything he was doing was for love of science and humanity. Occasionally, Dr. Braun would add that while he bore no ill will towards Mr. Descheene, he had little choice, for he would be unlikely to get his hands on another test subject. From time to time, Dr. Braun would also remark that the most probable outcome of his actions would be his own death.

The device Dr. Braun was in the process of constructing appeared to be a chamber for the stabilization of a microscopic black hole. Classified Foundation technology in the form of was used; investigation into how Dr. Braun was able to move these materials off-site is ongoing.

Since Mr. Descheene proved resistant to amnestics in the past, a coma was induced via repeated administration of pentobarbital. Consistent with previous testing, no "interference" from SCP-3192 was observed, as it apparently does not consider a coma to be the equivalent of death.

Containment Breaches: The following incidents are representative of the challenges faced by previously proposed containment procedures.

+ Breach 1953-C

On 1/4/1953 SCP-3192 was used without authorization by Dr. Kelly and Mr. Nowak, researchers at the Foundation who were engaged at the time. SCP-3192 predicted that Mr. Novak would die after four years whereas Dr. Kelly would die after approximately fifty years. The engagement was subsequently called off. Dr. Kelly and Mr. Nowak were suspended for two weeks without pay.

+ Breach 1955-F

On 1/7/1955 SCP-3192 was used by Dr. Auerbach, who faked documentation from O5 command authorizing the resumption of testing. The following exchange between Dr. Auerbach and three members of the disciplinary committee (henceforth DCM-1 through DCM-3) occurred at her hearing.

DCM-3: Dr. Auerbach, you stand accused of….

Dr. Auerbach: Let's just cut the bullshit. I'm in a bad enough mood as things are.

DCM-3: Formalities must be observed, Doctor.

Dr. Auerbach: To hell with formalities.

Dr. Auerbach: Yes, I did it. Yes, it's against the rules. Yes, I forged those papers.

Dr. Auerbach: I had to know.

DCM-3: Dr. Auerbach, you stand accused of….

DCM-1: I'd like to ask a question.

DCM-3 nods.

DCM-1: Doctor, doesn't it bother that you set a chain of events in motion? By using 3192?

Dr. Auerbach: Events are always in motion.

DCM-1: Yes, but what I mean is — the future you face now might have been different if you didn't use 3192.

Dr. Auerbach: That's true for every decision I make. If I do the opposite thing, the future might turn out differently.

DCM-2: You realize the clock will come after you now.

Dr. Auerbach: Something was always going to come after me. Cancer. Some Keter monstrosity. Old age. At least the clock has the decency to let me know *when.*

Dr. Auerbach was subsequently demoted.

+ Breach 1966-E

On 2/9/1966 SCP-3192 was used by Dr. Reyes, who was at the time considering a course of treatment for lymphatic melanoma. Dr. Reyes asked Mr. Ruiz, one of the on-duty guards, to give him access to SCP-3192. Mr. Ruiz complied, offering the following rationale for his actions during his disciplinary hearing: "He's my buddy, I had to help him out." Following Directive 63-FL-4 mandating tougher punishments for infractions leading to containment breaches of objects with high destructive potential, Dr. Reyes and Mr. Ruiz have been .

Due to frequent breaches, containment procedures for SCP-3192

are to be kept in a constant state of review.

+ Memo to personnel with Level 4 clearance

> We are now in a curious situation with 3192: the main object of containment is not to keep the thing in but to keep the Foundation out.
>
> I take it you've all seen the report on the latest breach? Investigation is on-going as to how the bunker was penetrated this time. Of course, it makes little difference — where there's a will and all that. I'm sure the reason will turn out the same as always: someone *had* to know, causality be damned.
>
> To those of you who haven't been around very long (specifically, O5- and O5-): we've discussed some more extreme measures for the containment of this item but have not had the courage to pull the plug. The obvious solution would be to put it back where we found it and amnesticize everyone who knows about it (which includes ourselves). Unfortunately, at this point we'd have to black out a few decades of memory from the majority of the Foundation's staff.
>
> In the past, I've advocated for containment procedures making 3192 as difficult to reach as possible. My thinking is that you're probably not going to take a trip to Bhutan, assault an armed outpost, and blast a hole in one of the sturdiest bunkers in existence, all the while avoiding detection — just to make use of this thing.
>
> To some extent, this has been effective. These days, it's the people right next to 3192 — the guards, the on-site researchers — who figure out how to circumvent containment and

succumb to the temptation to take a peek. We've tried to keep them in the dark, with no success (too many people know about this thing by now).

I don't mean to exaggerate the scale of the problem; almost all of our employees are reliable. Unfortunately, even with the screening procedures we've put in place for assignments to the 3192 containment site, we've never been able to avoid the odd outlier who becomes obsessed with getting a glimpse of what the future holds. On average, we've suffered a containment breach once every 4.1 years since testing stopped in the mid 1950s.

I move that we construct a new containment facility manned exclusively by armed robotic platforms. Any intruders will be automatically attacked. The robots should be fully autonomous and capable of self-modification to keep up with technological progress. Our only means of control will be a "kill switch" that can be activated by unanimous agreement of O5-command.

Thoughts?

— O5-

Footnotes
1. The length of a biblicalheleq.
2. The amnestics administered to Mr. Descheene had worn off, an effect known to occur in 0.02-0.03% of cases.

SCP-3193: Closed Circle

Item #: SCP-3193

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3193 is to be closed off to the public under grounds of being a protected historical site. Groups of D-class personnel are permitted access under controlled testing conditions only. Any surviving instances of SCP-3193-A are to be given B-class amnestics. In the event that a clean-up team is required, no more than two personnel are permitted to enter SCP-3193 at any time. Given SCP-3193's apparent capacity for self-maintenance, however, clean-up is needed only in highly unusual circumstances[1].

Description: SCP-3193 is a 14th century castle, built on an island in the centre of Lake , Scotland. Its layout and construction appear to be standard for the location and time period. The anomalous properties of the grounds were only discovered recently, in 19 , upon an attempt to reopen the property as a tourist attraction.

The castle begins to manifest anomalous properties when any group of three or more enter the castle grounds. Whenever a group fitting this criterion arrives on the island, several anomalous effects begin to occur. These effects have included:

- The rapid onset of extremely severe, stormy weather, generally involving frequent lightning strikes.
- The water in Lake becoming extremely choppy and turbulent, preventing safe use of boats, despite the weather being otherwise calm.
- Doors and gates within the castle closing and locking, apparently of their own accord, thus entrapping subjects within the building.
- Subjects attempting to navigate the castle frequently become confused and disoriented, having difficulty finding exits to the

building, despite maps of the castle showing a simple and standard layout.

When one of these anomalous effects begins to occur, it will remain in effect until all but one of the subjects on the island have been killed. Most commonly, this takes the form of one of the subjects, designated SCP-3193-A, killlng the others with weapons found within the castle grounds. These have included ceremonial swords, kitchen knives, and a large variety of blunt objects. Despite the ancient nature of this weaponry, it shows no signs of rust or decay. At least one instance has been recorded of an accidental death due to falling masonry, but it is unclear if this was part of the anomalous effect or simply due to SCP-3193‘s age.

Of particular note, each instance of SCP-3193-A goes to great lengths to hide their identity from the other subjects in their group. The other subjects, simultaneously, will become increasingly obsessed with discovering the identity of SCP-3193-A, although this may be out of a survival instinct rather than any anomalous effect. In any instance of events where identity of SCP-3193 is discovered, an altercation has always been shown to follow, inevitably resulting in the death of SCP-3193-A. If two or more people remain in the group afterwards, one of them becomes a new instance of SCP-3193-A. Which member of any group becomes an instance of SCP-3193-A appears to be entirely random, with criminal history, tendencies towards violence, and personality having little to no effect. SCP-3193-A instances often seem to be acting entirely at odds with their known character.

As previously noted, anomalous effects cease when one survivor remains, allowing them to be retrieved from the island. After the subject has been retrieved, all evidence of altercations appears to vanish entirely. This includes the corpses of deceased subjects, spilt blood, and marks made by weaponry on the walls or floor. In essence, the castle appears to return to a “default” state.

+ Show Incident Log 3193-14

Incident 3193-14 was an instance of a group entering the castle that did not follow the standard pattern of events under SCP-3193. A group of 8 subjects, consisting of D-

class subjects selected from already convicted killers. Foundation observers noticed that the weather began to clear within a few minutes after the group had been sent to the island. Upon recovery of the surviving D-class, one Mr. , it became clear that he had managed to smuggle a handgun onto the island, which he had used to kill the other members of his group immediately. Upon interview, it became clear that Mr. had somehow become aware of the island's nature and "wasn't fucking going to become another fucking piece of dead meat for you fucking suits." The incident had numerous qualities distinct from a standard case of SCP-3193 influence, including:

- The presence of a modern weapon, rather than one sourced from within SCP-3193 and appropriate to its period of construction.
- The lack of any attempt to hide the killing, as well as the killing of multiple subjects at the same time.
- The corpses, blood, and fired bullets remained where they were after the surviving subject's retrieval.

Upon investigation, Incident 3193-14 was declared to be non-anomalous, Mr was returned to custody, and security around SCP-3193 was tightened to prevent further incidents of this nature occurring.

Footnotes
1. See Incident Log 3193-14 for details.

SCP-3194: Divine Presence

Item #: SCP-3194

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Area 837B has been constructed around SCP-3194 under the pretense of establishing a protective habitat for a previously unknown and critically endangered species of inland *Aptenodytes.* The four-square-kilometer site includes temporary facilities to support the exploration of SCP-3194 and is surrounded by a continuously patrolled perimeter fence. The entrance to SCP-3194 is enclosed in a 50 m opaque geodesic dome. Due to the geographical remoteness of SCP-3194, no additional containment procedures are deemed necessary at this time.

Description: SCP-3194 is an underground structure of unusual size located beneath the Antarctic Plateau. It consists of two sub-structures, designated SCP-3194-1 and SCP-3194-2.

SCP-3194-1 is a 2.4 m × 3.6 m × 280.45 km tunnel that intersects the surface of the plateau at 87° ′ ″ S., –126° ′ ″ W. It descends at an angle of 2.55° (measured 5 m from the opening) to a depth of approximately 6.3 km beneath the surface. At its terminus, SCP-3194-1 opens into an immense chamber designated SCP-3194-2. Estimates based on dead reckoning place SCP-3194-2 within ten kilometers of the geographic south pole.

Both SCP-3194-1 and SCP-3194-2 are constructed out of cubic blocks of basalt measuring 1.2 m and weighing approximately 5.2 tonnes each. The origin of these blocks is unknown. Radiometric dating has thus far been unsuccessful due to abnormally low concentrations of potassium, rubidium and uranium isotopes in the stone. The best-confidence upper limit for the age of the blocks is 9.9 Gy, which is somewhat in excess of twice the currently estimated age of the Earth.

SCP-3194-3 is the designation for the phenomenon located at the approximate center of SCP-3194-2. SCP-3194-3 appears to be an ovoid-toroidal volume of circulating hot gas 21 m in diameter at its widest point and 27 m long, oriented with its axis of symmetry parallel to SCP-3194-1. The lowest point of SCP-3194-3 is approximately 5 m above the floor of SCP-3194-2. SCP-3194-3 emits light in a spectrum close to that of a blackbody with a temperature of 5900K. However, the luminance of SCP-3194-3 is inconsistent with its apparent composition and temperature, and it appears to radiate no heat into its environment. No abnormal radiation or magnetic fields have been detected in proximity to SCP-3194-3.

Document 3194.1: Discovery

SCP-3194 was initially discovered on / / during a routine review of Earth-observation imaging. The feature was initially believed to be a moulin[1] of unknown origin in the East Antarctic Ice Sheet. Foundation satellite KNOTHOLE-33 was tasked to obtain high-resolution imagery of the feature. It was at this time that the geometric properties of the feature were identified. A Foundation research team was redirected from [DATA EXPUNGED] confirmed the apparently anomalous nature of the structure. In / Area 837B was constructed to contain SCP-3194 and to facilitate exploration of the structure.

Document 3194.2: Exploration Reports

Exploration Report 3194-01

Date: / /

Report Filed By: Dr. , Lead researcher, SCP-3194

Mission Brief: Attempts at using laser rangefinding to determine the extent of SCP-3194 have failed. It is unknown if this is the result of atmospheric conditions inside SCP-3194 or another cause. A standard Mark VI-B1 remotely operated exploration robot

("WALDO-6 unit") equipped with visible-light and infrared imaging will be deployed into SCP-3194 to determine its extent.

Result: WALDO-6 unit made it 10.11 km before exhausting its battery power and shutting down. No new features documented. WALDO-6 unit remains inside SCP-3194. This structure is obviously much larger than suspected. Recommend calling in MTF Zeta-9.

Request for MTF deployment approved.
— , Area 837B Director

Exploration Report 3194-02

Date: / /

Report Filed By: Dr. , Lead researcher, SCP-3194

Mission Brief: MTF Zeta-9 ("Mole Rats") will be equipped with two days' supplies plus reserve margin and sent into SCP-3194 with orders to proceed until they find something worth reporting or have to turn back.

Result: MTF Zeta-9 forced to turn back after 11 hours (49.8 km) due to mission-jeopardizing claustrophobia symptoms on part of all team members. Recommend psychological screening or other precaution in future.

Zeta-9 members are *screened for claustrophobic tendencies, . Claustrophobia is practically the job description. — , Mobile Task Force Command*

Exploration Report 3194-03

Date: / /

Report Filed By: Dr. , Lead researcher, SCP-3194

Mission Brief: MTF Zeta-9 (“Mole Rats”) will be equipped with two days’ supplies plus reserve margin and sent into SCP-3194 with orders to proceed until they find something worth reporting or have to turn back. Anxiolytic regimen to include mg times daily.

Result: MTF Zeta-9 reached the 50 km mark. No interior features identified. Inclinometer at 50 km indicated a slope of 2.10°, consistent with hypothesis that SCP-3194 runs perpendicular to earth’s axis. Reflector-aided laser surveying confirms SCP-3194 is as close to perfectly straight as we can measure.

Estimates of the geometry of SCP-3194 suggest that, if it just keeps going, it should be at most 567 km long. The size of the tunnel and lack of air circulation makes gas-powered vehicles impractical, and we don’t have anything electric with nearly enough range. All things being equal, it should take MTF Zeta-9 approximately 105 hours to cover this distance on foot. Factoring in rest periods and a safety margin, that’s a maximum of ten days there, ten days back. In the dark. Alone. Better them than me.

Exploration Report 3194-04

Date: / /

Report Filed By: Dr. , Lead researcher, SCP-3194

Mission Brief: MTF Zeta-9 (“Mole Rats”) will be equipped with twenty days’ supplies plus safety reserves and sent into SCP-3194 with orders to proceed until they find something worth reporting, have to turn back, or come out the other side. Anxiolytic regimen to include mg times daily.

[Mission log excerpt begins.]

ζ-9-24: Niner two four to base, checking in, MET[2] eight seven hours. Copy?

Base: Copy your eighty seven, . Still nothing to report?

ζ-9-24: Just more of the same. Coming up on two two five klicks. All is well.

Base: Copy that. Catch you on the flip side.

[Radio silence for 38 minutes 41 seconds.]

ζ-9-24: Niner two four to base, copy?

[Radio silence for 49 seconds.]

Base: Uh, copy, nine twenty four. Sorry about that. Go ahead.

ζ-9-24: Base, we may see light up ahead.

Base: Say again, twenty four?

ζ-9-24: Yeah, we’re as surprised as you. says there’s a light up ahead, and the rest of us concur. It’s dim but it’s there.

Base: Any environmental changes? Confirm temperature, BP, inclinometer.

[Radio silence for 21 seconds.]

ζ-9-11: Minus eleven C, twelve ninety four millimeters.

Base: Thanks, . Uh—

ζ-9-11: Inclinometer's reading zero point four five.

Base: Right, got it.

ζ-9-24: Could this be the , base? Are we hallucinating here?

Base: Uh, unknown at this time, twenty four. Hold the line, will you? I gotta wake some people up.

ζ-9-24: Copy that.

[23 minutes of log omitted.]

Base: Nine twenty four, your orders are to proceed.

ζ-9-24: Proceed?

Base: That's what they're telling me.

ζ-9-24: Understood. Will check in at — okay, we missed eighty eight. Will check in at eighty nine in fifty eight minutes.

Base: Copy. Out.

[58 minutes of log omitted.]

ζ-9-24: Niner two four to base, checking in, MET eight niner hours.

Base: I read you, twenty four. What's the story on that light?

ζ-9-24: It's definitely there, base. Doesn't look

any closer. We tried to roll some tape on it but I think it's too dim to pick up.

Base: Understood. Doctor wanted me to ask you if there's any chance you might be seeing daylight?

ζ-9-24: I don't think so, base. It's flickering, not steady. Could be atmospherics I guess, depends on how far out it is. It's really dim.

Base: Copy. Anything else to report?

ζ-9-24: Negative, base. All is well. Will report in at MET niner zero.

Base: Copy that. See you in an hour.

[31 minutes of log omitted.]

Base: Zeta nine twenty four, come in please.

ζ-9-24: Go for niner two four.

Base: Doctors and are here. They say you're recalled. Stop where you are and begin heading back.

[Radio silence for 14 seconds]

ζ-9-24: Base, please repeat.

Base: Your sortie has been aborted. Return to base.

ζ-9-15: Well that's goddamn anticlimactic.

ζ-9-24: *[Unintelligible.]*

ζ-9-15: Sorry.

ζ-9-24: Base, we copy your about-face. We are starting back now. Will check in at MET

niner zero hours.

Base: Very good, nine twenty four. Sorry about this. Talk to you soon.

[Mission log excerpt ends.]

Result: MTF Zeta-9 returned to the surface after 164 hours inside SCP-3194. Video recordings were unable to resolve any light inside SCP-3194, even under image intensification. Request submitted to the Medical Division for any information on hallucinatory side effects of at high doses.

Recommend the conversion of a Mark VI-B1 to gas power with minimum range of 600 km.

No record of hallucinatory side effects of at doses up to mg. — Dr. , Medical Division

Converting a Mark VI-B1 isn't really a practical option. We're looking at a from-scratch build here. There are budgetary factors to consider. — , Robotics Division

Request for construction of gas-powered long-range remotely operated exploration robot approved. — , Area 837B Director

Fine, but don't hold your breath for it. — , Robotics Division

Exploration Report 3194-05

Date: / /

Report Filed By: Dr. , Lead researcher, SCP-3194

Mission Brief: A Mark VII-A1 remotely operated exploration robot (“WALDO-7 unit”) to be deployed inside SCP-3194. Visible-light and infrared data to be collected and transmitted in real time via S-band. Purpose of mission is to determine whether light phenomenon reported during previous exploration can be verified.

[Mission log excerpt begins.]

/ / : WALDO-7 unit reaches 225 km point autonomously without documenting any new phenomena.

/ / : WALDO-7 unit is advanced under manual control to 248.41 km where visible and infrared light are detected consistent with report from previous exploration.

/ / : WALDO-7 unit is advanced under manual control to 265.90 km where visible-light camera resolves what appears to be an end to the tunnel, approximate distance 15 km.

/ / : WALDO-7 unit is advanced under manual control to 280.45 km. Tunnel ends in a chamber of uncertain dimensions; microwave ranging off-scale high. Source of light approximately 3 km from chamber entrance, estimated by parallax. Environmentals nominal. Inclinometer reading off-scale low.

/ / : WALDO-7 unit is advanced under manual control toward source of light. Source appears to be a toroid of hot gas. Phenomenon resembles nothing so much as a tornado of fire laying on its side with its “eye” facing the chamber entrance. Estimate gas torus to be at least 20 m in diameter. At 500 m from gas torus, environmentals remain

nominal.

/ / : WALDO-7 unit is advanced under manual control toward gas torus. Environmentals remain nominal despite proximity to gas torus. Estimate gas torus to be 30 m along long axis.

/ / : After recording 8 hours 22 minutes of visible and infrared footage, no change is observed in gas torus except apparently normal toroidal-poloidal gas circulation. Mission terminated.

[Mission log excerpt ends.]

Result: Clearly anomalous phenomenon observed inside SCP-3194. Phenomenon should be putting out large amount of heat, but no temperature change observed. Radiological readings normal, magnetic readings normal. It's like it's not really there. Recommend MTF Zeta-9 for manned follow-up: millimeter-wave, spectrometry, possible sample return.

Request redesignation of tunnel as SCP-3194-1, chamber as SCP-3194-2, phenomenon as SCP-3194-3.

Request for manned follow-up exploration approved. Request for redesignation approved. Request for sample return denied.
— , Area 837B Director

Exploration Report 3194-06

Date: / /

Report Filed By: Dr. , Lead researcher, SCP-3194

Mission Brief: MTF Zeta-9 ("Mole Rats") will

be equipped with twenty days' supplies plus safety reserves and sent into SCP-3194-1 with orders to proceed to SCP-3194-2. Millimeter-wave radar scans of SCP-3194-2 to be performed, along with spectrometry of SCP-3194-3. Anxiolytic regimen to include mg times daily.

[Mission log excerpt begins.]

ζ-9-24: Niner two four to base, come in?

Base: Go for base.

ζ-9-24: We have reached the — what are we calling it?

ζ-9-11: [Unintelligible]

ζ-9-24: Right, SCP-3194-2. It's … hard to describe, frankly.

Base: Please try, nine twenty four.

[Radio silence for 21 seconds.]

ζ-9-11: Uh, it's — can I talk?

ζ-9-24: *[Unintelligible]*

Base: Affirmative, nine eleven. Please go ahead.

ζ-9-11: It's weird here. There's no echo. The floor's the same uniform stone tiles as the tunnel. You'd expect the room to be really echoey. But it's just dead. There's no sound at all.

Base: Can you describe what you see?

ζ-9-11: Kind of? There's the — there's dash

three off in the distance, obviously. It's not that bright. Doesn't hurt to look at it or anything. It —

ζ-9-24: Are you rolling?

ζ-9-15: Oh yeah.

ζ-9-11: It must be putting out a lot more light than it looks like, because I can just make out the ceiling. You know how if you see something really dim in a dark room you can't see it if you look straight at it? Cause of your what you call it.

ζ-9-6 and **ζ-9-15:** Fovea.[3]

ζ-9-11: Yeah. You have to look at it sideways because your low-light vision isn't as good when you look straight at something. It's like that. If I look straight up it's just black, but if I side-eye it I can make out … something.

Base: Wait one, zeta nine.

ζ-9-24: Copy that.

[Radio silence for 22 seconds.]

Base: Twenty four, Dr. wants you to set up the millimeter-wave now.

ζ-9-24: Copy that. Give us five minutes.

[Radio silence for 4 minutes 35 seconds.]

ζ-9-24: Niner two four to base.

Base: Yeah, ?

ζ-9-24: Millimeter-wave is powered up, all indicators green. Ready to begin transmitting.

Base: Okay, . Doctor reminds you to withdraw into 3194-1 during the scan.

ζ-9-24: Thank Doctor for the reminder. Pressing the big green button now.

[Radio silence for 8 minutes 54 seconds.]

Base: Scan complete, . The data are a little noisy but we've—what? That's impossible. *[Unintelligible.]* , uh, nine twenty four, give us a minute here.

[Radio silence for 3 minutes 11 seconds.]

Base: Nine twenty four, copy?

ζ-9-24: Go for niner two four.

Base: Doctor is asking you to please deploy a flare above your current position.

ζ-9-24: Copy that. ?

ζ-9-6: On it.

[Radio silence for 49 seconds. Sound of flare gun being fired. Radio silence for 4 seconds.]

ζ-9-24: Mother of God.

ζ-9-11: *[Retching sounds.]*

ζ-9-6: *[Unintelligible.]*

Base: Nine twenty four, sitrep.

[Retching sounds and unintelligible crosstalk for 28 seconds.]

Base: Zeta nine, sitrep.

[Retching sounds for 6 seconds.]

ζ-9-24: Shit.

Base: Zeta nine, do you copy?

ζ-9-24: Yeah. Hang on.

Base: Zeta nine, say again.

ζ-9-24: I said give us a second here, goddamn it. and are in a bad way.

Base: Please elaborate.

[Radio silence for 24 seconds.]

ζ-9-24: Okay, it's going out. I think — ?

ζ-9-11: Yeah. Okay. *[Retching sounds.]* I'm okay.

ζ-9-24: Base, niner two four. We got a good look around the chamber. It's hard to take. Disorienting.

Base: Please elaborate?

ζ-9-24: Right. It's—

[Radio silence for 4 seconds.]

ζ-9-24: *[Exhalation.]* It's large. The chamber we're in, dash two, is very large. Cannot estimate dimensions. There's no sense of scale. Or, I mean … the sense of scale is all wrong.

ζ-9-11: It's like being a mosquito in an aircraft hangar.

Base: Did you get video?

ζ-9-15: I was busy trying not to piss myself.

Base: Understood. Wait one, zeta nine.

[Radio silence for 14 seconds.]

Base: Nine twenty four, Doctor is asking you to describe your physical symptoms.

ζ-9-24: *[Unintelligible.]*

ζ-9-11: *[Unintelligible.]*

ζ-9-24: I think it's just vertigo. Dizziness and nausea. and have vomited, but they're okay now. Really bad vertigo. The flare's burned out now so we're back in the dark. It's better. Not great, but better. I think we're okay now.

Base: Copy that. Doctor wants vitals on all of you: rate, BP. Are you able to comply?

ζ-9-24: ?

ζ-9-6: *[Spitting sound.]* Aye aye.

[12 minutes of log omitted.]

Base: Okay, copy all that. Looks nominal. You are ordered to proceed toward 3194-3 as you are able. Maintain five hundred meters from 3194-3.

ζ-9-24: Copy, base. Proceeding to half a klick. Oscar mike.

[38 minutes of log omitted.]

ζ-9-24: Niner two four to base.

Base: Go ahead.

ζ-9-24: We're approximately five zero zero

meters from dash three. It's hard to tell for sure. No landmarks at all. This place is absolutely empty. Except for—

ζ-9-11: *[Unintelligible.]*

ζ-9-24: Base, we can't see any features. Chamber appears to be completely empty except for dash three.

Base: Say again your last, nine eleven, we didn't copy that.

ζ-9-11: I said "him." I don't know why I said that.

ζ-9-6: *[Unintelligible.]*

ζ-9-11: No. I mean yeah, I'm good.

Base: Nine twenty four, Doctor wants another vitals check.

ζ-9-11: I said I'm good.

ζ-9-24: Just do it, .

ζ-9-6: Aye aye.

[14 minutes of log omitted.]

Base: Uh, okay, they're telling me you're still within safety margins. You are to proceed to fifty meters from 3194-3 and prepare the spectrometry experiment.

ζ-9-24: Okay, base, we copy. We're off to see the wizard.

[Radio silence for 7 seconds.]

Base: Base copies.

[Radio silence for 19 minutes.]

ζ-9-24: Base, come in.

Base: Base copies, go ahead.

ζ-9-24: Base, we are now approximately … approximately fifty meters from … from dash three. Christ almighty, it's a hell of a thing. Spectrometer is set up, had a loose wire but it's okay now.

ζ-9-11: Did you hear that?

ζ-9-24: Hear what?

[Radio silence for 14 seconds.]

ζ-9-11: I guess nothing. Never mind.

Base: Nine eleven, are you experiencing auditory phenomena?

ζ-9-11: No, base. Just my ears playing tricks on me. This place is weird.

Base: Understood, uh, wait one.

[Radio silence for 18 seconds.]

Base: Doctor says you might experience objective—what?—objective tinnitus. Might sound like ringing or rumbling. Is that what you heard?

[Radio silence for 6 seconds.]

ζ-9-11: Must've been, base.

Base: Understood. Please report any other sounds.

ζ-9-24: Will do, base.

Base: Doctor says you're clear to start the spectrometry experiment.

ζ-9-24: Understood, starting experiment now.

[Radio silence for 11 seconds.]

ζ-9-11: Experiment underway.

Base: Great. Are you recording video on the phenomenon?

ζ-9-15: Been rolling for a while now. I've stacked every filter I have to try to get the exposure right. It's got…I don't know, structure. Something like structure. I hope the camera's getting it.

Base: We hope so too. Any other physical symptoms so far?

ζ-9-24: Don't think so, base. I think it was just the vertigo, and that's passed. ?

ζ-9-6: A-OK.

ζ-9-24: ?

ζ-9-15: Yeah, okay.

ζ-9-24: ?

[Radio silence for 6 seconds.]

ζ-9-24: ? —

ζ-9-6: ? Come on, , can you hear me?

[Radio silence for 4 seconds.]

ζ-9-6: I think she's seizing.

ζ-9-24: What?

ζ-9-6: Absence seizure. Look at her eyes. Help me get her on the ground. It's okay, , you're all right.

[Radio silence for 46 seconds.]

Base: Sitrep, please.

ζ-9-6: She should've come out of it by now. Absence seizures are short.

ζ-9-24: How short?

ζ-9-6: Like ten seconds. Base, I want to administer ten of Versed. Do you concur?

Base: Wait one, nine six.

[Radio silence for 6 seconds.]

ζ-9-6: Screw it.

ζ-9-24: , wait.

ζ-9-6: Ten of Versed in. Come on, . You're okay. Come on.

[Radio silence for 35 seconds.]

ζ-9-6: Yeah, there you go. You're okay. Just relax.

ζ-9-11: *[Unintelligible.]*

ζ-9-6: You had a seizure. You're okay.

ζ-9-11: *[Retching sounds.]*

ζ-9-6: Woah, that's all right.

ζ-9-24: Is she going to be okay?

ζ-9-6: I think so. She's coming out of it now.

Postictal. She might be pretty sick for the next hour or so.

ζ-9-11: *[Unintelligible.]*

ζ-9-24: What was that?

[Radio silence for 6 seconds.]

ζ-9-6: She said, “Did you hear it?”

[Mission log excerpt ends.]

Debriefing of MTF Zeta-9-11,

Debrief Conducted By: Dr. , Lead researcher, SCP-3194

[Transcript excerpt begins.]

Dr. : At MET : : you reported hearing something.

ζ-9-11: I said I *thought* I heard something. I was mistaken. I think.

Dr. : Can you describe what you thought you heard?

ζ-9-11: Not…really? It was like a voice, but it wasn’t a voice. It wasn’t words. More like… concepts.

Dr. : Can you describe these concepts?

ζ-9-11: Not in any useful way.

Dr. : Please try.

[Silence for 22 seconds.]

ζ-9-11: “At last we can begin again.”

[Silence for 8 seconds.]

Dr. : Is that what you heard?

ζ-9-11: Yes. No. It's what I *felt.*

Dr. : And you associate these words—

ζ-9-11: Not words.

Dr. : You associate this phenomenon with SCP-3194-3?

ζ-9-11: I think so. I don't know. Doc, honestly, I think I was just exhausted. We'd been on the march for four days straight, in the dark, sleeping in the cold on stone floors. I think I just cracked up a little.

Dr. : Were you compliant with the prescribed anxiolytic regimen?

ζ-9-11: The ? Yeah, times a day as ordered.

Dr. : Did you experience any side effects?

ζ-9-11: How would I know?

Dr. : Let's talk about your seizure.

ζ-9-11: If that's what you want to call it.

Dr. : What would you prefer to call it?

ζ-9-11: No idea. I just know I've never had a seizure before. Or since.

Dr. : Do you recall any unusual sensations just before the incident? Particularly any unusual odors?

ζ-9-11: I don't remember anything just before

the…incident. I remember setting up the spectro gear, then next thing I knew I was on the ground throwing up.

Dr. [redacted]: And have you had any lasting symptoms?

ζ-9-11: No, I feel fine. I mean—no. I'm fine.

Dr. [redacted]: Please say what you want to say. This is not a part of your fitness evaluation. Your place on the team is not in jeopardy.

ζ-9-11: Well…I've been having these dreams since we got back. Every night.

Dr. [redacted]: Can you describe the dreams?

ζ-9-11: *[Provisionally classified as Grade 2 cognitohazard.]*

[Silence for 1 minute 13 seconds.]

Dr. [redacted]: Oh.

[Transcript excerpt ends.]

Result: MTF Zeta-9 exited SCP-3194 after 191 hours 48 minutes. Millimeter-wave radar scan of SCP-3194-2 and spectrography studies of SCP-3194-3 returned, along with 11 hours 9 minutes of video of SCP-3194-2 and SCP-3194-3.

Zeta-9-11 recovered fully from what was apparently an absence seizure of unusual severity. No further symptoms were observed during mission.

Results of radar scan show SCP-3194-2 is a hemicylindrical chamber approximately two kilometers in width, one kilometer high at

center line, and six kilometers long. No columns, buttresses or other load-bearing features are apparent. How the roof of SCP-3194-2 supports its own weight is unknown.

Results of spectrography studies of SCP-3194-3 indicate the presence of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen and potassium in a mixture of atomic and ionized states. Proportions of elements is consistent to within 0.3% with the elemental composition of DNA.

Document 3194.3: Incident Reports

Incident Report 3194-01

Date: / /

Report Filed By: , Security division head, Area 837B

Description of Incident: At 0330 on / (all times local), MTF Zeta-9-11 breached containment of SCP-3194 and entered SCP-3194-1. Containment breach went undetected until Zeta-9-11's absence was noted at breakfast. Review of recorded video surveillance showed Zeta-9-11 entering SCP-3194 carrying standard-issue rucksack. Contents of rucksack provisionally assumed to be food and water. If correct, total volume of food and water not sufficient for journey to SCP-3194-2.

At 0850 rest of MTF Zeta-9 entered SCP-3194-1 with orders to intercept Zeta-9-11 and return to base.

At 1645 on / , MTF Zeta-9 intercepted Zeta-9-11 144 km inside SCP-3194-1.

Zeta-9-11 was found kneeling in total darkness with hands clasped, rocking back and forth and speaking unintelligibly in a barely audible voice. Upon examination by Zeta-9-6, Zeta-9-11 appeared to be suffering from severe dehydration and an altered mental state. Attempts to rouse Zeta-9-11 were unsuccessful; attempts to physically manipulate Zeta-9-11 into a supine position were resisted. With assistance, Zeta-9-6 was able to begin administration of intravenous fluids. Upon consultation via radio with Site 837B medical personnel, it was decided that Zeta-9-6 should sedate Zeta-9-11 via intravenous midazolam. A dose of 2–2.5 mg of intravenous midazolam is typically sufficient to induce sedation. Zeta-9-11 did not respond to two injections of 2 mg each, and required 8 mg of midazolam before she was adequately sedated.

[Mission log excerpt begins.]

ζ-9-11: …Lord who brings us to birth, Lord who guides us, Lord who devours us, and though we die we remain in thy presence, we rejoice in thy kingdom, I offer thee my thoughts my words my deeds my body my meat O Lord that thou might make use of me, your servant, inadequate that I am, insufficient that I am, that I might bring thy burning light to others, that I might feed thee, that I might sustain thee, that thy cleansing incineration might cover the world that thou hast made and bring forth thy terrible kingdom at last and once again and that we might know thee fully and truly as thou sustains us and consumes us and makes us one with thy divine body…

[Mission log excerpt ends.]

Zeta-9-11 was transported back to base under restraint via stretcher. Zeta-9-11 confined to infirmary pending evaluation.

Date: / /

Report Filed By: Dr. , attending physician, Site 837B

Patient: , yr. old Caucasian female, 62.5 kg.

Upon admission to clinic patient was under maintenance sedation with Versed 6 mg/hr IV push. Patient demonstrated marked resistance to sedation. No prior history of benzodiazepine abuse.

Patient placed on soft restraints and sedation discontinued. After 1 hr. patient was GCS[4] 11 with logorrhea[5]. Patient's state remains unchanged.

IV nutrition to be continued indefinitely unless patient's condition resolves spontaneously. Recommend patient be transferred to Site for neuro and psych eval.

Physician's Note: I have *absolutely* no idea. I do stitches and tummy aches. This is way beyond me. The best way I can describe her is to say she's in a perpetual state of profound religious ecstasy. She prays 20 hours a day, and I'd swear she hasn't repeated herself once. This woman needs far more help than she can get here.

Request for transfer to Site denied. — , Area 837B Director

Addendum 3194.1: Subsequent to Incident-3194-01, SCP-3194-3

is provisionally classified as a Grade 2 cognitohazard. Human exploration of SCP-3194 is suspended indefinitely. Robotic exploration requires Level 4 authorization. Request for upgrade to class Euclid is under review.

Addendum 3194.2: Request for upgrade to class Euclid is denied.

Addendum 3194.3: Request to seal entrance to SCP-3194 is under review.

Addendum 3194.4: Request to seal entrance to SCP-3194 is denied.

Footnotes
1. Also known as a glacial well, a moulin is a naturally occurring shaft in a glacier or ice sheet.
2. Mission Elapsed Time.
3. Thefovea centralisis the region of the retina with a high density of color-sensing cone cells but a low density of light-sensing rod cells.
4. Glasgow Coma Scale, a means of quantifying a patient's level of consciousness. Fully conscious patients have a GCS score of 15.
5. Excessive and compulsive speech, particularly incoherent or nonsensical speech.

SCP-3195: Making Our Mark

Item #: SCP-3195

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation maritime patrol vessels have been dispatched 5 km around the perimeter of Santa Cruz Island (henceforth referred to as Containment Zone-7750) as to prevent civilian access. These vessels are to undergo maintenance once a month at Outposts 3195-02, -03, -05, or -08.[1]

Foundation personnel assigned to SCP-3195 are not to interact or engage with SCP-3195-1 instances unless the instance interacts with the individual first or if the instance is suspected to trigger a 7750-Pulse event. Personnel are authorized to administer Class-A Amnestics to the instance then return it to the nearest SCP-3195-1 Entry Point should the latter scenario occur.

Personnel are not to come within 5 km of SCP-3195-2 or within 1 km of any 7750-Pulse event site. If any individuals other than any SCP-3195-1 instances claim to have insight on SCP-3195-2's appearance or its nature, those individuals are to undergo amnestic treatment and transferred to another project. Digital masking methods have been employed to camouflage SCP-3195-2, 7750-Pulse event sites, and Foundation outposts within Containment Zone-7750 from satellite images.

Containment procedures will be updated should construction of SCP-3195-2 be completed.

[+] Show map of Containment Zone-7750:

Description: SCP-3195-1 is the collective designation given to humanoid entities that appear within Containment Zone-7750. SCP-3195-1 instances have been recorded to have an average height of 200 cm and an average weight of 55 kg. Instances also

possess reddish-grey skin with a charcoal-like texture.[2] The organism can disappear and reappear in certain areas.[3] (Designated SCP-3195-1 Entry Points, as noted on the map of Containment Zone-7750.) How SCP-3195-1 accomplishes this is currently unknown, and all attempts to track SCP-3195-1 instances leaving Containment Zone-7750 via these points have failed.

SCP-3195-1 are noted to be cooperative with Foundation personnel except when performing tasks pertaining to SCP-3195-2 or when traveling to a 7750-Pulse event site. While SCP-3195-1 instances vocalize sounds believed to be their native language, the instances also demonstrate an intermediate understanding of English, Spanish, and Cruzeño.[4] SCP-3195-1 instances only display hostility whenever an individual enters within an unspecified radius of SCP-3195-2. The length of the radius varies greatly, but does not exceed 5 km.

Should an individual enter the aforementioned radius, multiple instances of SCP-3195-1 will surround the subject and assault the individual, then subsequently [DATA EXPUNGED]. Although SCP-3195-1 attacks are rarely fatal, approximately 70% of victims of said attacks suffer from progressive mutism and develop symptoms consistent with that of posttraumatic stress disorder.[5]

Due to the nature of SCP-3195-1, it is currently not possible to research the effects of SCP-3195-2 at this time. As such, the following information regarding SCP-3195-2 has been provided to Foundation personnel by various SCP-3195-1 instances:

> SCP-3195-2 is a statue that is currently being constructed by SCP-3195-1. Through conjecture, Foundation analysts have estimated that the final dimensions of SCP-3195-2 will be 25m x 25m x 80m. SCP-3195-2 will depict an SCP-3195-1 instance weeping while cradling miniature humans in its arms. Although it is constructed from non-anomalous materials such as stone, marble, and iron, it is resistant to any and all forms of attempted destruction.
>
> Upon completion, SCP-3195-2 will generate a memetic effect. Those who observe SCP-3195-2 through any

means will gain full knowledge of the history of SCP-3195-1's former civilization. (Referred to as the U .) Any attempts to physically obscure SCP-3195-2 that excludes the natural environment of Containment Zone-7750 will fail through anomalous means.

In addition to the above effects, SCP-3195-1 will cease to manifest within Containment Zone-7750, as they believe "they have accomplished their goals on [Earth]."

7750-Pulse events denote scenarios where an SCP-3195-1 instance has ceased performing SCP-3195-2 related tasks. It will travel to an area no less than 1 km away from the nearest entry point and make a sound that personnel have observed as "pained screeching" at approximately 200 dB. After twelve minutes of producing this sound, the instance will remove all of its internal organs from its body, replacing them with dirt and various other objects the instance finds on the ground before exploding. The radius of said explosion has been measured to be 1 km.

The ground within the radius is altered to contain traces of the various materials needed to construct SCP-3195-2. As such, SCP-3195-1 instances will refer to 7750-Pulse event sites as "sacred spots."

Addendum 3195: Interview logs with various SCP-3195-1 instances:

[►] Interview Log A-06

Interviewed: SCP-3195-1-14

Interviewer: Dr. E

Foreword: First Foundation attempt to extract information from an SCP-3195-1 instance regarding SCP-3195-2. As per containment procedures, Dr. E was instructed to wait for an SCP-3195-1 instance to intercept him in order to begin the interview.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3195-1-14: Greetings, white-robe.[6]

**E : ** Hello. While you're here, can I ask you something?

SCP-3195-1-14: What do you wish to know?

**E : ** What exactly is it that your people don't want us to go near?

SCP-3195-1-14: I am sorry, but I must not tell.

**E : ** It's of vital importance that we know. We can't keep whatever it is you're doing away from others if we don't know what that thing is or what it does.

SCP-3195-1-14 remained silent for approximately twelve seconds before responding.

SCP-3195-1-14: The foremen will not be pleased, but for the sake of our work, I will tell you one thing I know.

**E : ** Which is?

SCP-3195-1-14: We are constructing a most sacred monument. The foremen desire it to reach the sky so that all who see will know of our fate! Your kind may rule the world that we once did, and that is fine, but we will not be forgotten.

**E : ** Please elaborate.

SCP-3195-1-14: I cannot.

**E : ** Why?

SCP-3195-1-14: I sense the foremen reaching into my thoughts. My foolishness was not unnoticed. I must tend to my work or the foremen will get angrier with me.

<End Log>

[►] Interview Log A-07

Interviewed: SCP-3195-1-20

Interviewer: Dr. P

Foreword: Second Foundation attempt to extract information from an SCP-3195-1 instance regarding SCP-3195-2. Protocol is the same as above.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3195-1-20: You want to know what we are building, yes?

Dr. P : How did you know?

SCP-3195-1-20: Brother was scolded by the foremen two moons ago. They were mad because he told your fellow white-robe too much. Brother reasoned with them, and now the foremen allow us to tell you anything you wish.

Dr. P : Very well. Why do your people feel the need to attack people that come near the statue?

SCP-3195-1-20: I don't understand. What is attack?

Dr. P : Your people do something to hurt people that come near the statue.

SCP-3195-1-20: Harm? Ah, yes! We harm because we are not ready. We do not want the humans like you to see our final mark in its imperfection.

Dr. P : Because it's incomplete, I'm assuming?

SCP-3195-1-20: No, no. We would want all humans to see our monument if we could, but unfortunately, that would mean letting their memories be filled with a false visage.

Dr. P : Meaning?

SCP-3195-1-20: Our statue is our history. We want humans to know our history. We do not want our history to be associated with an unknowable blob of stone and iron. We wish for you to understand with perfect clarity what we have done and what you have done. This is why our monument will have one of us holding small humans. All will see! All will know! We will not be forgotten!

Dr. P : I understand.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: *Getting information seems too easy. Yet in their tone, the instances we spoke with so far seem fairly genuine in their words as if they have no real reason to lie to us. I would say that we should take 3195-1's words with only a grain of salt, but I fear that might be counterproductive. If they are building something, then understanding it may be the best way to contain it.* - Dr. L P

[►] Interview Log B-02

Interviewed: SCP-3195-1-04

Interviewer: Dr. I

Foreword: Attempt to gather information regarding the nature of 3195 Entry Points as well as where SCP-3195-1 appears from. Protocol is the same as above.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3195-1-04: Do you want something?

Dr. I : Yes. We need to ask more questions.

SCP-3195-1-04: About our statue, I assume?

Dr. I : Not this time. This time, we've decided to learn more about your kind.

SCP-3195-1-04: What is there to know about us that you don't already know? You know that we are building a monument of us for the humans. Is that not enough?

Dr. I : Your kind appears from various locations on the island and are seen disappearing in those same spots. Where do you appear from?

SCP-3195-1-04: I don't understand.

Dr. I : Let me rephrase that. Other members of your kind have made mention of "returning to shelter" before vanishing from the island. What is this "shelter?"

SCP-3195-1-04: Our grave.

Dr. I : Pardon?

SCP-3195-1-04: Our time as kings and

queens of this world have finished. We should have a tomb, yes?

Dr. I : It does fit the image, yes.

SCP-3195-1-04: The foremen have built this tomb for us, so we get used to the idea of extinction. They have deemed that it is time for our heir to rule this world of green and blue.

Dr. I : With that being said, what do you do in your shelter?

SCP-3195-1-04: We die, but we return to life when we must work on our monument or if the foremen have words with us.

<End Log>

[►] Interview Log B-08

Interviewed: SCP-3195-1-29

Interviewer: Dr. C

Foreword: Attempt to gather information regarding "the foremen." Protocol is the same as above.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3195-1-29: Hello.

Dr. C : Greetings.

SCP-3195-1-29: I want to talk with you.

Dr. C : About what?

SCP-3195-1-29: I don't know. I just feel like talking with a human. You decide.

Dr. C : Very well. What can you tell us

about the foremen?

SCP-3195-1-29 refuses to answer and begins trembling.

Dr. C : I was unaware that the foremen are a sensitive matter to you, but I really need you to tell us about them.

SCP-3195-1-29 remains silent.

Dr. C : Please answer the questi-

Several other instances of SCP-3195-1 have appeared around Dr. C and then proceeded to attack him as though he has entered the previously mentioned radius of SCP-3195-2. SCP-3195-1-29 subsequently initiates a series of events that eventually lead to a 7750-Pulse event. Interview terminated.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: *This was the first time SCP-3195-1 has displayed hostility towards Foundation personnel outside of its normal causes. This interview has made it clear that there are some things that SCP-3195-1 won't share with people. This begs the question: What role do the foremen play in SCP-3195-1's society outside of being, well, foremen? Regardless, all further research into the foremen must be done with high caution. Dr. C has been relieved of duty and is currently undergoing psychiatric treatment. -* Dr. O K

Footnotes
1. As of 08/23/19, 30 vessels are currently active. Maintenance schedules are available in Document 7750-OP8.
2. Detailed accounts of SCP-3195-1's biology can be found in

Document 7750-3195-1.
3. Instances of the organism claim that they are "traveling to shelter."
4. An indigenous language of the Channel Islands.
5. This includes, but is not limited to: Acute phobia of SCP-3195-1, hypervigilance, difficulty staying asleep, and heightened general anxiety.
6. "White-robe" is what most SCP-3195-1 instances refer to Foundation research personnel as.

SCP-3196: The Adventures of Rex Dangerly

File Accessed
The Current Date is: September 24th, 2009

Item #: SCP-3196

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A month before an expected PUB-Event, Task Force Rho-4 (The Bookworms) is to obtain Penguin Random House's shipping manifest of all bookstores receiving shipments of the next *Rex Dangerly* book. This list is to be forwarded to all participating Foundation Mobile Task Forces. At the start of a PUB-Event, Foundation MTFs are to confiscate all SCP-3196-A instances. All civilian witnesses are to be given Class-B amnestics.

All instances of SCP-3196-A are to be stored in standard Foundation security lockers.

Description: SCP-3196 is a temporal anomaly that affects the book series collectively known as *The Adventures of Rex Dangerly*, written by author Devon Brackenridge (POI-3196) and published by Penguin Random House. The series follows the eponymous hero as he travels between various historical time periods and extraterrestrial locations. Instances of the second, third, fourth and fifth books in the series that were released before being written or published are labelled as SCP-3196-A-1-4 respectively. All SCP-3196-A instances bear the dedication; *To the best of my fans, you know who you are*. SCP-3196-A instances all contain publication dates ranging from 2008 to 2020.

SCP-3196 causes the materialization of the remaining unwritten entries in *The Adventures of Rex Dangerly* on days when new entries in the series are to be officially published, known as a PUB-Event. Bookstores set to receive copies of the new entries will also

receive instances of SCP-3196-A, depending on the volume being released. SCP-3196-A instances will typically manifest near already published books in the *Rex Dangerly* series, either on distribution shipments, or at bookstore shelves and storage rooms. Manifestation is instantaneous, and commonly goes unnoticed.

SCP-3196 does not affect electronic book vendors, or secondhand bookstores.

SCP-3196-A Instance	Title	Current Statu	Publication Date
None	*The Man and the Clocktower*	Published	September 14, 2006
SCP-3196-A-1	*The Tides of Neptune*	Published	October 1, 2008
SCP-3196-A-2	*Through the Wormhole*	In writing	November 11, 2010
SCP-3196-A-3	*A View From Alexandria*	Conceptual	March 24, 2014
SCP-3196-A-4	*The Man From Out of Time*	Conceptual	January 18, 2020

Discovery-PUB-Event-01
On September 14th, 2006, bookstores that were set to receive shipments of the first *Rex Dangerly* book also received shipments of books purporting to be the next four entries in *The Adventures of Rex Dangerly*. An embedded agent of Task Force Rho-4 at Penguin Random House alerted the Foundation upon receiving multiple phone calls from confused bookstores.

Foundation Agents stationed in POI-3196's hometown of Phoenix, Arizona were able to secure an interview with him under the guise of FBI fraud investigators. This interview, as well as one conducted with his editor at Penguin Random House, confirmed that no further entries in the *Rex Dangerly* series had currently been written. Using the publisher's shipping manifest for the first book's publication, Mobile Task Forces were able to raid all bookstores that had received shipments of SCP-3196-A. These instances were confiscated under a cover story which involved the use of FBI assets to disseminate a fictitious narrative containing an attempt to defraud

POI-3196, Penguin Random House, as well as various bookstores through the use of fake *Rex Dangerly* sequels.

Foundation literary analysts examining copies of SCP-3196-A were able to confirm the vocabulary and writing style matched that of previous works written by POI-3196, as well as matching the general content of the first *Rex Dangerly* book. All recovered instances were deemed to be non-anomalous.

Follow-up interviews with both distributors and bookstore employees revealed wide ranging inconsistencies in recalling how SCP-3196-A instances were acquired. Subsequent use of amnestics was deemed sufficient to cover up Foundation involvement in the investigation and confiscation of SCP-3196-A instances.

PUB-Event-02
On July 17, 2008, POI-3196 submitted his manuscript for the second book in the *Rex Dangerly* series, as well as his design for the cover art. Task Force Rho-4 was able to confirm that the content and cover was identical to that of SCP-3196-A-1. When October 1, 2008 was announced as the release date, plans for a second PUB-Event were drawn up.

The Tides of Neptune was successfully released on October 1, 2008, triggering a PUB-Event. Foundation Task Forces, utilizing a similar strategy as the first PUB-Event, were able to contain all SCP-3196-A instances with minimal difficulty.

SCP-3196-A instances contained during the second PUB-Event are identical to those contained during the first event.

Addendum 3196-2- Plot Information

> **Title**: *The Man and the Clocktower*
>
> **General Synopsis**: Rex Dangerly is a member of the Universal Time Corps, responsible for the safe keeping of Space-Time. On a routine mission to 1870's London, Rex becomes embroiled in a plot to overthrow the Monarchy, destroy the Parliament, and establish a Retro-Soviet authoritarian state. The man responsible is

revealed to be Olms Praetor, Rex's superior officer, who wishes to destabilize time itself in order to rewrite history. At their final confrontation on Big Ben, Rex fatally wounds Olms.

Notes: *The Man and the Clocktower* is the first book in the series, and the only one not involved in SCP-3196.

Title: *The Tides of Neptune*

General Synopsis: Rex is assigned a case on Neptune, where it has been observed that the surface of the planet is undergoing unusual changes. Rex visits the colony of Armory, and witnesses a terraforming effort by an unknown alien entity. Tensions on Neptune between the corporate ruling committee and the rest of the civilian population come to a head, and civil war breaks out. The alien entity is destroyed by Rex as he tries to help restore order, but Neptune’s new climate destroys the colony, and Rex is sucked into space.

Notes: Of note should be POI-3196's lack of knowledge regarding Neptune itself.

Title: *Through the Wormhole*

General Synopsis: Rex is rescued at the last second by a traveling merchant ship. Beyond Pluto, alien vessels emerge from wormholes, while Universal Time Corps ships amass near Neptune in an effort to repel them. The two sides commence hostilities as the aliens reveal themselves to be displaced humans from another dimension. The leader of the refugees is their version of Olms Praetor, who rallied the survivors after their own reality began to disappear due to an unknown being. Afterwords, a massive wormhole opens up and pulls all the fighters inside.

Notes: A portion of the book describes "The Terra Collective", an organization allied with the Universal Time Corps that studies and collects anomalous artifacts

and people. Deviation from the Foundation is significant, and is not considered a threat to collective secrecy.

Title: *A View From Alexandria*

General Synopsis: When both sides of the conflict are dragged into the newly created wormhole, they are greeted by future versions of Rex and Olms, who explain that the reality destroying entity is on his way to Rex's universe, where it will destroy conscious reality itself. Both Rex and Olms travel back to Ancient Egypt, where they hope to destroy the being before it can fully insert itself in their reality. As the entity begins to form, Rex receives a transmission from his future self, who explains he has already failed, before ceasing to exist.

Notes: In one chapter, Rex encounters a wandering wise man, who offers him advice regarding his current conflict. Of note is the line: "One day, the guardsmen will come, and bind your history in chains, to safeguard their future". POI-3196 has been unable to explain the meaning behind this line, or a possible connection to the Foundation.

Title: *The Man From Out of Time*

General Synopsis: The reality destroying entity manifests, and reveals itself to be Rex. Time and space are destroyed, and Rex is flung into nothingness. Rex slowly becomes able to alter reality to restore the shattered timeline, but finds himself unable to stop his dimensional and historical counterparts from re-enacting his own actions, leading to the consistent destruction of reality. In a last ditch effort, Rex allows his former reality to reform, and then wills himself out of existence before he is forced to meet himself and Olms in Ancient Egypt. Space and time reform within this singular dimension, and history is implied to continue beyond its original stopping point. In the epilogue, an unnamed figure wakes up on the beach of an alien world.

Notes: [**See Below**]

Addendum-3196-3: SCP-3196-A-4 is the only entry in *The Adventures of Rex Dangerly* to contain a foreword.

> This is for you, who is no longer here. I regret that.
>
> You gave me the seed that this idea grew out of. I wrote it all, and the words flowed like magic. Sometimes you know something is right, something is meant to be. The pages in those books are, like Rex, now beyond time.
>
> I won't lie, I'm selfish enough to want this. But beyond my petty desires, sometimes things are just set in stone.
>
> I hope these stories provided some comfort. If the dead could read, I would write for them.
>
> - Devon Brackenridge

SCP-3197: A Trickster God for the Modern Age

Item #: SCP-3197

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The components of SCP-3197 are to be kept disassembled in a standard containment locker. Testing may be initiated by any employee with a Level 2 clearance. Non-Foundation personnel who came in contact with SCP-3197 before containment are to be administered amnestics.

Description: SCP-3197 is a mahogany stand adorned with three wax candles, a cerulean bowl, two BIC pens, and a framed photograph of Alan Greenspan, the 13th Chairman of the United States Federal Reserve. A “List of Acceptable Offerings” is inscribed into the base of the stand.

Several conditions must be met for the anomalous properties of the object to manifest:

- All candles must be lit and the bowl filled approximately halfway with rose water.
- The BIC pens must be placed equidistant on opposite sides of the picture.
- A supplicant must approach the stand and kneel, placing a piece of paper with a four-letter symbol into the bowl along with an offering.
- The supplicant must perform a short recitation:

> Our Holy Greenspan
> Hallowed be Thy Name
> Give us this day our daily profits
> And write off our losses
> Lead us not into overleverage
> But deliver us from margin calls
> For yours is the market and the profit and the glory

Forever and ever
Amen

If all the required conditions are all met, the offering placed within the bowl will vanish[1]. If the four-letter symbol corresponds to a stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange, the stock will experience a return matching the relevant entry in the list inscribed into the base of the stand. Stocks listed on other exchanges are unaffected.

The anomalous properties continue to manifest themselves if minor alterations are made to the ritual, for instance if BIC pens are replaced with graphite pencils, or if artificial candles are substituted for wax. However, all anomalous properties cease if the picture of Alan Greenspan is replaced with a photograph of Ben Bernanke or other Federal Reserve chairs such as Janet Yellen or Paul Volcker.

Appendix A: "List of Acceptable Offerings" inscribed into the base of SCP-3197

A memento from the supplicant's childhood: **1%**
The supplicant's full head of hair: **2%**
The supplicant's wedding ring: **5%**
An urn with the ashes of the supplicant's parent: **7%**
The supplicant's thumb (right hand): **10%**

Appendix B: Interview with Jack Rossi, former equity trader with Dean Peabody LLP

The following interview was conducted on 4/6/2008 shortly after discovery and containment of SCP-3197. Mr. Rossi initially refused to cooperate with Foundation researchers, whom he believed to be working for an unspecified government agency. After covert administration of EXP-URXW-23[2], and after assurances from the researchers that they meant him no harm, Mr. Rossi consented to be interviewed.

Researcher : Do you remember when you put the altar together?

Mr. Rossi: Christ, who knows? Early '97, maybe. The

S&P was about to break a thousand, I know that much. Also, wasn't me that put it together.

Researcher : Who was it, then?

Mr. Rossi: All I did was put the photo on it.

Researcher : But you were the one who brought the stand to the Peabody headquarters?

Mr. Rossi: Saw it out by the curb somewhere in midtown. 56th street, maybe. Fucking Hindus or Buddhists or whatchamacallthem, they were throwing it out. Took it on a whim and set it up in the break room with the big photo. We all had a nice laugh over it.

Researcher : Who do you mean by "we"?

Mr. Rossi: All of us on the trading floor. Dick, Lester, Phil, the overeager juniors fresh out of school who fetched us drinks. The big boss saw it and laughed so hard he almost barfed his lunch. Next day someone put the bowl in there. The pens were Phil's idea. Some loser over at Goldman told him the chairman was fond of BICs.

Yeah, it was fucking fantastic. Anytime a client would come in, we'd take them round the back and show them "our new religion," as we called it. Everyone thought it was a goddamn riot.

Researcher : And the list?

Mr. Rossi: Just appeared one day. Don't know who carved it in. Nobody would admit to it. Wasn't very funny, if you ask me. A bit like taking the joke too far.

The first time someone used it was during one of the corrections…

Researcher : I'm sorry, what is a correction in this context?

Mr. Rossi: Let's just say it was mid-98. A fucking massacre on the trading floor. I remember I got off easy, my portfolio was down 7-8%. Most had losses in the 20-30% range. Bonuses were evaporating left right and center. I'm telling you, I could smell divorce in the air.

Researcher : Pardon?

Mr. Rossi: Most of the guys had trophy wives. You know, blondes, big tits, a few decades younger than them. Hell, some had trophy mistresses. You think their women would stick by them once they were out on the curb?

Researcher : I see.

Mr. Rossi: So anyway, when the bell rings and the bloodbath is finally over, Lester brings us to the break room and does a big show. He kneels in front of the little altar, writes one of his big stocks on a piece of paper, recites a mangled version of the Lord's prayer and throws his wedding band in there. We're all smiling, because for God's sakes we need some comic relief, you know? The whole time, I'm thinking of what I'd do if I lose my job. My wife — everything's solid there, knock on wood. But we'd have to move to fucking Jersey.

Researcher : Was that when you first noticed the anomalous effect?

Mr. Rossi: His wedding band disappeared. Poor sod looked for it for hours. He was still looking when I went home that day, muttering about how his wife was gonna give him a serious ass-kicking. Next day, though, we're all getting fucked up the ass again but Lester's stock pops 5%. Lucky motherfucker ended the day only a little bit in the red.

So, after the stocks close we're all smirking together, ha-ha, the thing works, doesn't it? All hail the holy Greenspan! Phil pops home and brings back some

chess trophy he won when he was still in diapers. Next day, another fucking massacre, we're talking 10-15% losses across the board, except Phil's shitty dog of a stock is up 1%.

Researcher : And then you began using the altar regularly?

Mr. Rossi: Not really. For a while we went on on making wisecracks. Ha-ha, on your way to the altar Dick? Your stocks must be crunching! But the results were undeniable. Every time someone made an offering, the return would be there the next day like clockwork.

And then…then I guess the jokes stopped being funny. Gradually, we just stopped talking about it, even though we were using the thing as often as we could. Hair takes time to grow after you shave it off, you know. A month later, we moved it to a private room. Custom made lock, only a few of us had the key, didn't even let the janitor in there. If anyone asked, we said we threw the thing way.

Researcher : The returns coming from the offerings don't seem to be very large.

Mr. Rossi: Yeah, dummy, you don't invest in the stock directly. You wait until all the momentum traders think a stock is gonna crumble, then you start trading futures. On a good day, you can find a tanking stock along with some poor schmuck who'll bet you against a 10% rise at 50:1 odds, if not more.

Researcher : I think I have all I need. Someone else will be in to see you shortly. Out of curiosity, do you have any regrets about the whole thing?

Mr. Rossi: The fuck would I?

Researcher : Digging up your parents, for example.

Mr. Rossi: Oh yeah, I'm sure they really mind. I bet they

were having a grand ole time in that cemetery.

Researcher : What about your hand?

Mr. Rossi: Listen, if I have trouble opening a door, I'll get my butler to do it for me.

Footnotes

1. Attempts to determine the physics underlying this effect, as well as the ultimate destination of the offerings, have met with failure.
2. Designed by the Neurology Division, this pharmaceutical cocktail induces feelings of trust and openness without any associated cognitive impairment.

SCP-3198: Miniature Task Force

Item #: SCP-3198

Object Class: Euclid

Standard Containment Procedures: At the first available opportunity, contact must be established with SCP-3198 to make it aware of its situation. Once SCP-3198 has confirmed its compliance, it should be contained for transport and moved to a secure site.

Currently, SCP-3198 is contained in its original discovery location which has been repurposed as Site-1394. Any instances seen outside of Site-1394 are to be contained, or, if containment fails, destroyed.

Site-1394's windows have been boarded up under the guise of a lethal asbestos exposure.

Personnel entering Site-1394 must be wearing full tactical body armor. Weapons are not to be discharged at SCP-3198 unless absolutely necessary.

Research into a way to return SCP-3198 to a normal state is ongoing.

Description: SCP-3198 is the collective designation for the Mobile Task Force formerly known as Lambda-9 ("Big Fucking Guns"). This task force was created specifically to contain Keter level objects that required high damage output ordinance in the event of a containment breach. Being one of the largest MTF teams, Lambda-9 is comprised of:

- 100 foot soldiers armed with M4 assault rifles, M249 light machine guns, fragmentation grenades and 2 FGM-148 Javelin missile launchers

- 20 OSHKOSH M-ATV scout vehicles fitted with M2 Browning heavy machine guns
- 2 AH-64 Apache Longbow helicopters with 2 crew members in each
- 30 combat trained support personnel
- 4 M970 fuel trucks carrying Diesel
- 2 OSHKOSH M978A4 Fuel Servicing Trucks carrying JP8 Jet fuel
- 4 MK25 Standard cargo trucks carrying food, water and general supplies

All units (both human and vehicular) of SCP-3198 have been reduced dramatically to a ratio of approximately 1:64 of their original size with a similar reduction in mass. SCP-3198 seems to be aware of having been altered by an anomalous effect, but is not aware of specifically what effect has occurred. SCP-3198 is unable to correctly perceive its environment, believing materials, lifeforms and its current location to be anomalous in nature. SCP-3198 is also extremely hostile to almost all lifeforms.[1] SCP-3198 has begun to consume small invertebrates that inhabit the area surrounding its current location for sustenance despite Foundation attempts to provide SCP-3198 with a more viable food source (which have been met with extreme hostilities from SCP-3198).

Communication with SCP-3198 has so far not been possible. The voices of SCP-3198 members have become extremely high pitched, audible as "squeaking" with some words occasionally being discernible. SCP-3198 speech can only be understood by lowering the pitch and speed on recordings. It is also assumed that normal human voices cannot be understood by SCP-3198, describing them as a deep booming sound, both in person and via radio contact.[2]

The vehicles used by SCP-3198 function exactly like their normal sized counterparts, though they require significantly less fuel to run. Handheld weapons and weapons attached to both the scout vehicles and attack helicopters are considerably less powerful than their full sized counterparts, but are still capable of causing significant damage to structures and living targets.[3]

SCP-3198 largely inhabits the west side of Site-1394's attic, having created a fortified base out of wood, cardboard and insulation.

SCP-3198 is able to access the first floor of 1394 by using the sides of the attic's stairs as a ramp, which has allowed the scout vehicles to be driven to the first floor. SCP-3198 has created a small tactical wall using *Jenga* blocks at the top of the stairs leading from the ground floor. This wall is usually guarded by one scout vehicle containing between three and four foot soldiers.

MTF-Lambda-9 was last active during a containment breach of **SCP-682** (See Incident-682-I). This breach had occurred after an attempt to shrink 682 to a manageable size using **SCP-1056** (please see Experiment Log T-98816-OC108/682). En route to , SCP-682 ambushed Lambda-9, expelling a wave of unknown energy.[4] Contact was lost; all units of MTF-Lambda-9 were presumed KIA.

SCP-3198 was discovered 4 days later, 2 kilometers from the location of Incident 682-I[5] after agents responded to an incident at what is now Site-1394. The prior residents of 1394 had reported to a local pest exterminator of hearing "buzzing" and "scratching" coming from the attic, assuming the noise to be caused by wasps. When the exterminator investigated, they were attacked by SCP-3198. The exterminator sprayed pesticides over a small portion of SCP-3198's fortification before exiting the attic and contacting local authorities. The Foundation then took over control of the property to contain SCP-3198.

Addendum:

Addendum 3198-1: Incidents

Incident-682-I

The following is the transcript of radio contact between MTF-Lambda-9 and Task Force Control during Incident-682-I. Lambda-9's orders were to head to and set up a Forward Operations Base from which units could be sent to re-contain SCP-682:

> FOU046:/001_SCP/Keter/Incident_Logs/682/

Incident-682-I

MTF-Lambda-9: Task Force Control, we are about 5 kilometers out from . ETA is 10 minutes. Over.

Task Force Control: Copy that, Lambda-9. Be advised that 19-Overwatch has lost visual contact of the target. Target last seen heading west near . Over.

MTF-Lambda-9: Copy that, Control. We are-

A loud explosion is heard, shortly followed by gunfire and vocalisations from SCP-682.

MTF-Lambda-9: Task Force Control, we have sight of the target! We have engaged. Our location is heading west. Switching comms to open channel. Over.

Task Force Control: Copy, Lambda-9. Incapacitate target if possible; MTF and containment teams will be directed to your position. Over.

Task Force Control directs all other MTF units and containment teams to Lambda-9's position. An unknown sound is heard over Lambda-9's radio, followed by a 7 second period of static. Lambda-9 begins communicating again; however, Task Force Control assumes this is random noise. The following speech from Lambda-9 is a transcription after analysis of the recording was conducted.

MTF-Lambda-9: Task Force Control, 682 just did… something, some sort of energy wave was released. We've lost visual. We are, we, something's not right, control. Over.

Task Force Control: Lambda-9, please report current status. Over.

MTF-Lambda-9: Oh Christ, what is that sound? Command, are you reading this? Over.

Task Force Control: Lambda-9, Lambda-9, do you copy? Requesting update on sitrep. Over.

MTF-Lambda-9: Command?! What the fuck did 682 do to us?!

Task Force Control: All units, Lambda-9 is Status Black; communications lost. Target last seen heading westbound from . 19-Overwatch, please proceed to . All remaining units, move to intercept target. Over.

MTF-Lambda-9: Captain! Radio's fucked! All I'm getting is fucking screaming, what the fuck ha-

Communication is cut off to Lambda-9 by Task Force Control.

Incident-3198-A

The following is a log of Incident-3198-A. The log is a transcription of events captured by Site-1394 video feeds on 25/06/ . Video footage is captured on Camera 4, which is situated on the west side of 1394's roof, just outside SCP-3198's location:[6]

FOU182:/001_SCP/Euclid/Incient_Logs/3198/Incident-3198-A

<10:14:25> Attack Helicopter 0582 is seen to depart Site-1394 through a hole in the roof.

<10:14:31> 0582 proceeds to slowly turn 180

degrees before flying alongside the roof for approximately 40 centimetres.

<10:15:15> 0582 proceeds back inside Site-1394.

<10:25:38> 0582 departs Site-1394 again. A blackbird can be seen approximately 1.3 metres from 0582. The blackbird slowly approaches 0582.

<10:25:51> 0582 turns to face the blackbird as it flies towards 0582. 0582 discharges its main gun at the blackbird, killing it.

<10:26:23> 0582 hovers in places for 15 seconds before moving south of Site-1394.

<10:26:59> A number of seagulls fly towards 0582 from the roof of Site-1394 and attack 0582 off camera. 0582 reappears on camera shortly before one of the seagulls destroys 0582's tail. 0582 then falls and hits the ground, resulting in its destruction.

What remained of 0582 was recovered by Foundation personnel shortly after the incident.

Foundation personnel outside of Site-1394 at the time were unaware of this incident. When questioned, they advised that the seagulls had been seen, and were presumed to be fighting over food; personnel were unable to perceive 0582 due to its size. 0582 was only noticed after it exploded upon impact with the ground.

The hole SCP-3198 breached containment through has since been sealed.

Addendum 3198-2:

Communication logs

Log-3198-A

The following is a transcript from 20/06/ where researchers attempted to re-establish communication with SCP-3198 after it was discovered. The communication problems between humans and SCP-3198 were unknown at this time. The following speech from SCP-3198 is a transcription after analysis of the recording was conducted:

FOU182:/001_SCP/Euclid/Communication_Logs/3198/Log-3198-A

SCP-3198: Control, this is MTF-Lambda-9, do you copy? Over.

SCP-3198: (Audible sigh) Task Force Control, this is MTF-Lambda-9, does anyone copy? Over.

Researcher Sanders: MTF-Lambda-9, this is Level 3 Researcher Sanders. Please relay your status immediately. Over.

SCP-3198: Agh fuck! What the fuck?

Researcher Sanders: Lambda-9, can you hear me? Over.

SCP-3198: This is you giant fucks, isn't it? Paul! I've got the giants on the phone, think they're pissed about us trying to blow them up.

Researcher Sanders: Lambda-9, if you can hear me, I need you to listen. The hostiles you are targeting are friendlies, repeat, hostiles are friendlies, do not attack. Over.

SCP-3198: Hey giants, how about you go suck

682's dick and while you're at it, make it undo whatever the fuck it did to us?

Researcher Sanders: Lambda-9, I believe there may be some communication issues with your radio. If you can hear me, plea-

SCP-3198: Yeah, that's what I thought.

Comm link is assumed to have been cut off by SCP-3198.

Researcher Sanders: Lambda-9, is anyone there? Over. Lambda-9?

Following this the transmission is analysed. Researchers attempt to re-establish contact for the next few days to no avail.

Log-3198-B

On 28/06/ , Foundation communications analysts based at Site-1386 recorded a brief interchange between two instant message devices located at Site-1394. The devices were in use by SCP-3198. It was not known prior to this event that any members of MTF-Lambda-9 had been equipped with such devices when deployed during Incident-682-I.[7] The recording of this conversation is below:

FOU182:/001_SCP/Euclid/Communication_Logs/3198/Log-3198-B

CONNECTED

Hey, Tash is it working? It's Lydia.

Yeah but batteries nearly dead, better make it quick. How's the wall holding up?

The wall's fine, giant poked it's head round then ran off when we fired at it but..shit, I swear it had something that looked like a Foundation symbol on it.

What? Are you sure?

Not 100%, the guys didn't see it, they were too busy shooting at the damn thing and the symbol looked kinda fucked up like someone had just dragged bits of it to be out of place but I'm sure it looked like it.

I think it's this place. It's just messing with your head. I'd keep it to yourself, don't start a panic. Last thing we need is everyone thinking the giants work for the Foundation.

I get you but what if it isn't this place? What does that mean?

ERROR: MESSAGE WAS NOT DELIVERED

USER HAS DISCONNECTED

Attempts to contact either recipient since have been unsuccessful.[8]

Addendum 3198-3: Recovered media

On 30/06/ , a scout vehicle was captured by Foundation personnel after the main weapon had been disabled. Inside the vehicle were four foot soldiers later identified as Private Lang, Private Pimm, Sergeant Emmerson and Corporal Betson. As Foundation personnel were lifting the vehicle to remove the occupants, all four jumped from the vehicle, resulting in their deaths.

Upon later inspection of the bodies, a Mobile Task Force field document was found in Betson's clothing with a letter having been

written on the back. Due to the size of the item, a microscope was required to view it. Below are transcriptions of both sides of the document:

FOU182:/001_SCP/Euclid/Recovered_Media/3198/
Document-3198-A

Copy of Document-3198-A

Mobile Task Force Field Document - Lambda-9

Clearance: Level 3

The following document is intended for the purposes of recording data that cannot be obtained through voice, video or photograph. All information recorded in this document must be done so with the express purpose of being returned to researchers.

NAME: Natalie Emmerson
RANK: Sergeant
DATE: ?????

Writing down all the information I can about where we are to try and figure out where "here" is.

Breach was likely caused by either trying to terminate 682 with another SCP or experimental technology. 682 has likely gained the ability of that SCP/techology which seems to be the ability to send other lifeforms/objects to an alternate universe/dimension. The main question is, which SCP or what technology was used?

Creatures:

Giants - Humanoid in appearance, 1/2 a km maybe more in height, first giant we came across was able to spray some sort of toxin contaminating our food supplies (haven't seen this since, mechanical weapon or biological?), men near the trucks have suffered serious chemical burns. Sounds they make sound like a deep booming, almost like a constant sonic boom. Apparently not fans of our weapons.

Airborne hostile "Death Hawks" - Possibly some sort of bird, attacked Chopper 0582 in a flock, only 0582 made visual contact so description is unclear.

Various insectoids - ranging from 1 meter to 3 meters in length, roughly the appearance of beetles, woodlice, ants. All hostile, but easy to deal with, have started consuming as food. Tastes like sh is not good but is edible.

Location:

Possibly some sort of mountain or mangiant made structure. Materials seem to be a couple of variations of a wood like substance, one variation was found in a block form with some sort of inscription on it (can't tell what language it is, likely something to do with the giants), plant or possibly some sort of fiber lines the ground (useful for construction of the fort), higher up the structure seems to be some stone/brick.

Conclusion:

The SCP used We are located inside an alt I don't know where we WE ARE FUCKED
It doesn't matter where we are. It's not home.

Why am I even still bothering to write this shit? So some scientist can jack off to it when they find our corpses? Fuck this. We need to leave.

Confidential!

This document may not be shared with or used by personnel below the designated clearance level.

FOU182:/001_SCP/Euclid/Recovered_Media/3198/Document-3198-B

Shaun,

Get your stuff ready to leave and meet me at the trucks when it gets dark… well whenever light stops coming through the cracks.

I can't tell you this out loud, will probably get shot for even thinking this but I'm abandoning the group with Pimm and Lang. We're gonna drive outta here when we're on guard duty at the wall and get as far as we can and hopefully find a way home. Since we can't take the chopper as the death hawks will tear us to shreds, not that any of us can fly one of those things anyway, driving and taking our chances with the giants is our only option.

I just can't take this shit anymore. I have to hold back vomit every time I eat bug guts whilst I look at our food trucks. I can see tins of beans in one of the trucks. Fuck what I would give just to taste beans again. Sometimes I get to the point where I think "Fuck it, I'd eat contaminated food over this shit" but then I hear the screams of the guys that got that toxic shit into their systems. Fucking giant fucks.

I had a dream last night that I was home. Well I mean it wasn't actually home, it looked more like Mexico or something but in my mind it was home. Nothing really happened in it, I was just having a drink with some friends and just relaxing and for the first time in so long I felt happy… then one of the giants decided to speak. A giant had apparently decided to try coming up to the wall again and making that god awful sound. In an instant I was back to my pit of anxiety and hatred for the damn things. I could not stop crying this morning.

There's rumours going round at the moment that someone saw a Foundation symbol on one of the giants. I think it's bullshit but people are starting to think about it too much. There's been talks of maybe surrendering to the giants or that maybe we're in a Foundation experiment. I don't care either way, I'm not waiting around here to find out.

I know you feel the same way Shaun, I know you miss your Husband and I know you'd do anything to get back to him. I can't guarantee we'll get home, but it sure beats this shit.

Please don't let me down - Nat

P.S. Maybe we need to get ourselves some bigger guns now, right?

Footnotes
1. Likely due to being attacked by local wildlife as well as its contact with the pest exterminator that discovered SCP-3198.
2. Attempts to raise the pitch on recordings of human speech and play them back to SCP-3198 have so far been unsuccessful.
3. Whilst no human deaths have occurred, 3 personnel have been attacked by SCP-3198 and received life-threatening injuries.
4. Believed to be a manifestation of SCP-1056's anomalous effect; however, SCP-3198 shows no adverse effects associated with

resizing via SCP-1056.
5. It is not currently known how SCP-3198 ended up in this location.
6. It is theorised 0582 was relaying information back to SCP-3198 about the surrounding area.
7. Investigation into how this went unnoticed is ongoing.
8. The devices have likely since run out of power.

Experiment Log T-98816-OC108/682

Test Log T-98816-OC108/682

Cross-SCP Termination Testing for SCP-682

Due to the highly aggressive, adaptive, and intelligent nature of SCP-682, termination testing has been ordered, with clearance from O5 Command. With major concerns raised about possible developed immunities (due to the failure of SCP-409) and possible adaptations, all tests must first be carried out on tissue samples taken from SCP-682. This step may be bypassed only by O5 Command order.

Item: `SCP-689`

Tissue Test Record:
Overridden by O5-Command

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 exposed to SCP-689. Lights shut off in containment area. Lights remain extinguished for 5 minutes. Lights are switched on. SCP-689 remains in its original position. SCP-682 is in a pool of grey and black liquid, with no observable life signs. D-Class issued to physically verify SCP-682 termination, with two Agents supervising. D-Class enters three steps into the containment area when SCP-682 rapidly rises and attacks D-Class personnel. SCP-682 breaks containment and escapes, killing one Agent in the process. Remaining Agent killed by SCP-689 due to accidental observation during testing.

Notes: It appears that SCP-682 is not "alive" in a way that is currently understood, or is immune to SCP-689. In addition, it appears SCP-682 has prior knowledge of SCP-689, or was somehow able to understand its function in order to "play possum" and escape.

Item: `SCP-017`

Tissue Test Record:
Sample “swallowed” by SCP-017 without incident.

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 exposed to SCP-017. SCP-682 issues several sounds at extremely high volume, damaging several recording devices. Sound extends across several wavelengths, reported as “the most god-awful roar” by staff. SCP-017 appears to stumble, then return to a far corner of the containment area. SCP-682 attempts to break containment of both SCP-682 and SCP-017. SCP-682 suppressed by Agents, and removed. SCP-682 states, “You foul bags of tissue; you don’t [DATA EXPUNGED]”

Notes: It is unclear if SCP-682 somehow damaged SCP-017, or communicated with it. Analysis of the recorded sound is ongoing.

Item: `SCP-162`

Tissue Test Record:
Sample entangled without incident

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 exposed to SCP-162. SCP-682 begins thrashing violently, emitting several roaring sounds and issuing profanity directed at testing staff. SCP-682 becomes entangled with SCP-162, primarily in the lower body, head, and left forelimb. Entangled areas undergo massive trauma due to SCP-682 thrashing. After four minutes of continued exposure, SCP-682 lunges away from SCP-162, severing its lower jaw and left hind limb, and causing serious tissue damage to many areas of its body. SCP-162 remains attached to the left forelimb of SCP-682. SCP-682 breaks containment, using SCP-162 against several Agents, staff, and researchers, resulting in eleven deaths and eighty-six injuries. Forelimb and SCP-162 removed from SCP-682 during re-establishment of containment. Two additional deaths occurred during the recontainment of SCP-162.

Note: General has requested that Mr. Noaqiyeum and the

members of staff involved with the approval of this test report to Site Command for a disciplinary hearing.

Item: SCP-061

Tissue Test Record:
Overridden by O5-Command

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 exposed to SCP-061. SCP-682 enters the “relaxed” state consistent with SCP-061 exposure. SCP-682 is given the command “lie down”. SCP-682 remains unresponsive. Command repeated twice before SCP-682 lowers itself to the ground. Movements noted to be very sluggish and jerky. SCP-682 given the command “roll onto your back”. SCP-682 unresponsive. Command repeated three times. SCP-682 shudders several times, partially rolling over before returning to former position. Command repeated six times. SCP-682 appears to undergo a violent seizure, partially rising before collapsing to the floor. SCP-682 given the command “stand up”. SCP-682 rapidly rises and breaches containment. SCP-682 ignores all commands given to it. Several Agents and staff respond to re-establish containment. SCP-682 emits a high-pitch “screech”. All human beings in a fifteen-meter radius suddenly enter the “relaxed” state consistent with SCP-061 exposure. SCP-682 consumes several members of staff before being recontained by specially-equipped Emergency Response Teams. “Sonic Stun” adaptation lost from SCP-682 after two weeks.

Note: Study into how SCP-682 integrated SCP-061 into its biology is ongoing.

Item: SCP-053

Tissue Test Record:
N/A, overridden by O5-Command

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 introduced to SCP-053 containment area. SCP-682 appears to be very confused, and shows no sign of being affected

by SCP-053. SCP-053 appears to be afraid of SCP-682, and hides behind a chair in her containment area. SCP-682 lowers itself to the ground, resting its head on the floor. SCP-053 approaches SCP-682, and after several seconds of hesitation, briefly touches SCP-682 before rapidly returning to her hiding place. SCP-682 does not react in any way. SCP-053 approaches SCP-682 and pats its head, causing it to exhale through its forward nostrils. SCP-053 claps and hops in place several times before embracing the head of SCP-682. For the remainder of the testing period, SCP-682 appears to be in a very docile state, with only two low-level escape attempts being made. SCP-053 is observed to bring toys and other items to SCP-682, and makes several drawings on its forward carapace with crayons.

Staff entering at the end of the test phase are immediately attacked by SCP-682, resulting in two deaths and five injuries. SCP-682 contained and moved to separate containment unit. SCP-053 observed crying for several minutes after SCP-682 is removed.

Notes: The reaction of SCP-682 is notable for several reasons. First, it is one of the few incidents where SCP-682 has come in contact with biological tissue and not entered a "rage" state. Second, it has raised questions as to the physical make-up and composition of SCP-053, in regards to the lack of response of SCP-682. Third, it has provided a possible solution to long-term containment. However, approval for the mutual containment of two highly dangerous SCP items in a single containment unit is not likely.

Item: **SCP-123**

Tissue Test Record:
Tissue sample absorbed by the core.

Termination Test Record:
Test canceled after review of testing done between SCP-162 and SCP-682. The potential issues arising from SCP-682 gaining control of SCP-123 are too great at this time. Review of this proposal will be made if SCP-682 is totally incapacitated by some means, with no potential of escape or sudden adaptation.

Item: SCP-173

Tissue Test Record:
N/A, overridden by O5-Command

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 introduced into the containment area of SCP-173. SCP-682 makes several screeching noises, and quickly presses against the wall farthest from SCP-173, staring at it the entire time. SCP-682 continues to stare at SCP-173 without pause for six hours. Agents equipped with large-caliber sniper rifles dispatched, and shoot out the eyes of SCP-682, at the same time stopping all observation of SCP-173 and SCP-682.

After resuming observation, SCP-682 is shown to be on the floor, with several injuries around its head, neck and legs. SCP-173 is seen to have tissue from SCP-682 on its “hands”. SCP-682 rapidly regenerates damage, and moves to a different wall, developing several sets of eyes on various parts of its body, many covered by thick, clear “caps” of armored carapace. SCP-682 maintains observation of SCP-173 for an additional twelve hours, despite additional efforts of Agents and Foundation staff. SCP-682 allowed to exit containment area, and recaptured in temporary containment.

Notes: After review, it appears SCP-173 was unable to do lethal damage to SCP-682 due to a major difference in physical size. A possible repeat of this test may be made if SCP-682 is damaged enough to reduce its physical mass to a level equal with SCP-173.

Item: Dr. Clef

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 introduced to testing area. Dr. Clef introduced to testing area. Dr. Clef and SCP-682 stare at each other for approximately three minutes. Dr. Clef slowly backs out of the testing area as SCP-682 continues to stare. Dr. Clef attempts to open door of testing area. Door of testing area determined to be locked. Dr. Clef

reportedly uses several loud expletives, and then attaches an unknown device to the door, keeping his eyes on SCP-682 the whole time. SCP-682 continues to stare. Dr. Clef detonates a small plastic explosive charge on the door, causing a containment breach. SCP-682 continues to stare. Dr. Clef engages emergency secondary lockdown doors and declares a partial containment situation. SCP-682 does not react. Dr. Clef proceeds to experiment observation center.

Two minutes later, SCP-682 somehow kills Dr. , the project head, by broken neck caused by blunt force trauma against the control panel, despite remaining in the testing area.

Notes: This is the official story and we're sticking to it. The alternative, that someone tried to murder Dr. Clef by deliberately putting him in the same room as SCP-682, is completely inconceivable. O5-7

Item: High-altitude impact

Tissue Test Record:
Denied by O5-

Termination Test Record:
Testing denied by O5-

Notes: Seriously? I mean… seriously? Drop it out of an aircraft and let it fall… who in the [DATA EXPUNGED]

Item: One ordinary human child

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
Child began to scream and cry when SCP-682 was introduced into the cell. Subject was immediately and messily devoured by SCP-682.

Notes: Okay, so that didn't work so well. Maybe the fact that the kid

was crying made 682 perceive it as hostile intent… Guest Researcher Dr. W

Item: One ordinary human child, drugged to cancel extreme emotional reaction

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
Child stood and smiled, giggling at SCP-682 with no sign of fear. SCP-682 devoured the subject messily.

Notes: Hmmm… maybe we can try that again. I'm sure somewhere out there there's a kid who'll make friends with it like SCP-053 did… Guest Researcher Dr. W

Item: Guest Researcher Dr. W

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
Subject screamed in terror and pounded on the door to the test facility, begging to be let out. SCP-682 devoured it messily three minutes after being introduced.

Notes: Fucking sadistic asshole. I've got no sympathy for that moron whatsoever. Introducing children to this fucking monster? What the hell… Assistant Director Clef

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Item: W cutting laser

Tissue Test Record:
Tissue sample was successfully bisected 13 times before adopting a mirrored finish.

Termination Test Record:
After multiple attempts, the main body of SCP-682 was successfully

bisected into parts that were equal in mass at T+7:13 hours. Dead scraps were removed from the room while the two halves (subsequently designated SCP-682-A and SCP-682-B) regenerated. After the recovery period, SCP-682-A and -B appeared to survey the area and evaluate each other, presumably in anticipation of attack. Surface fluctuations indicative of internal modification were noted, but all external changes occurred and disappeared far too quickly to be adequately described. High-energy bioluminescent organs on the face, spine, and forelimbs were observed as well on both specimens, usually forming, pulsing, and disappearing again over the course of a few seconds.

At T+35:42 hours, SCP-682-A and -B simultaneously collapsed on the floor and all vital signs ceased, remaining in this state for the following 48 hours. At T+84 hours, the laser was used again in an attempt to cut SCP-682-A and -B into more manageable pieces, leading to minor structural damage to the room as the laser beam reflected off their skin. As both -A and -B remained immobile despite the increased potential for escape, two D-class personnel were released into the room. Immediately upon their entry, [DATA EXPUNGED].

Technical failure of the observation equipment and test chamber breach was detected from outside, activating Safety Protocol T-98816-OC108/682-N147. Containment was successfully reestablished at the cost of security personnel, D-class personnel, and researchers, including Doctors [DATA EXPUNGED]. The majority of the testing area was considered unsalvageable and demolished for later reconstruction. Experiment supervisor Dr. was found unconscious and in critical condition outside the observation chamber (see medical logs for . / /); medical staff succeeded in sufficiently reviving him to be debriefed by Agent , whereupon he was harshly reprimanded and [DATA EXPUNGED].

Note: Only one SCP-682 was found in the locked-down area surrounding the wreckage, apparently at near-full mass rather than the expected 50% (scattered tissues within the facility account for the missing mass). Dr. 's testimony indicates that SCP-682-A and -B exhibited a high degree of coordination following the security

breach, but that once SCP-682-B became heavily damaged by security personnel, it was immediately devoured and reabsorbed by 682-A. Total loss of one of the SCP-682 specimens is considered highly improbable, and searches have been called to a halt. Agent

Note: Much as our department would love to know whether SCP-682 retained a single consciousness during its dissection, or whether the two counterparts were actually able to cooperate until the stalemate was ended by external forces, for practical purposes we do not under any circumstances advise trying that again. - Dr. Noaqiyeum

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Item: 60 MT thermonuclear bomb

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
Testing denied by O5-

Notes: One would think that putting SCP-682 in the epicenter of an explosion that can cause third-degree burns at a distance of 300 km is a good idea, but as long as there are odds of survival we simply cannot go through with it. Yes, it's a goddamn nuke, but if 682 survives and adapts we'd be boned beyond belief. O5-

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Item: **SCP-914**

Tissue Test Record:
[DATA EXPUNGED]

Termination Test Record:
[DATA EXPUNGED] of "Fine" or "Very Fine" is no longer to be used by any personnel having contact with SCP-682 at any point. In addition, any objects that have come in contact with SCP-682 at any point are not allowed to be processed by SCP-914. Any attempt to subvert this directive [DATA EXPUNGED].

Notes: SCP-682 is too large to fit in to the booths, in most forms. In addition, the tissue tests have shown that SCP-682 has… unpredictable reactions to SCP-914. Finally, SCP-914 is too valuable a research tool, and too delicate, for this type of test. It was nearly damaged after the incident (CN: 682-119857), and [DATA EXPUNGED] be repeated. Should the results be recovered [DATA EXPUNGED].

Notes: Does this really surprise anyone, given what 914 does to normal organics? - Dr. G

Item: **SCP-826**, equipped with one (1) copy of "The Generally Nice, Friendly Thing That Can And Will Kill SCP-682 Permanently if it So Much As Spots That Damn Lizard", a 12-page short story written by Dr. , detailing a large, friendly monster that is stated to be capable of permanently killing SCP-682, and 1 (one) D-Class personnel (D-682-32) equipped with 1 (one) 2010 Ducati Multistrada motorcycle for the purpose of evading SCP-682.

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
Story is put between SCP-826, and placed into large, empty room m X m X m in dimension, with a remotely operated doorway large enough to send SCP-682 through. SCP-682 is brought in front of the entryway securely. Once researchers clear the area, door is remotely opened, exposing a green pasture similar to the one described in the story. SCP-682 is reluctant to go through, so D-682-32 is sent through as bait. 682 follows through doorway, whereupon the doorway closes behind them. 30 minutes later, SCP-682 bursts back through the door it was sent through, somewhat worse for wear, killing researchers and agents in the process. Recovery personnel describe the story's pasture as having become a "Battleground", featuring impact craters with enormous body parts scattered around. Parts are thought to be from the story's "Thing". Recovered story is retitled "The Generally Nice, Friendly Thing That Tried To Kill SCP-682 Permanently But Failed", and is noticeably thicker, with 209 individual pages that detail an epic battle between the two monsters.

Additional attempts to coax SCP-682 into SCP-826 have been met with non-compliance on SCP-682's part.

Item: SCP-743

Tissue Test Record:
Sample consumed without incident.

Termination Test Record:
Mobile container with SCP-743 was transported to testing chamber, into which SCP-682 was released from primary containment. SCP-743's container was opened remotely. SCP-743 observed resting; SCP-682 appears to ignore SCP-743. After minutes, SCP-743 started flowing; SCP-682 appeared to notice within seconds. SCP-682 cautiously approached SCP-743 and tasted its flowing liquid. SCP-682 started to lap up the liquid from SCP-743. After sec, SCP-682 grasped SCP-743 with its forelimbs and started pouring the liquid straight from SCP-743 into its mouth. SCP-682 drank for minutes, at times [DATA EXPUNGED] on its back. SCP-743 stopped flowing and started feeding. SCP-682 tried to fight off ant swarm, but was soon covered. Swarm started to feed on SCP-682, who stopped moving.

 minutes later, after SCP-682 had been reduced to 79% of its original mass, SCP-682 opened its mouth and stuck out its tongue. SCP-682's tongue had become 5 m long and sticky, like an anteater's tongue. SCP-682 started to lap up ants off of itself with its tongue, eating thousands of ants at once. SCP-682 and SCP-743 continued to feed off of each other for hours until testing was terminated. SCP-682 displayed faster-than-normal regeneration for days afterward. Adapted tongue remained for days.

Note: SCP-743 treated SCP-682 as organic, but that's hardly conclusive proof. More significant is the question of whether consuming 743's liquid contributed to 682's heightened regenerative abilities. If, as suspected, it did, 743 and 682 need to stay far, far away from each other. —Dr. Lambert

---

Item: SCP-063

Tissue Test Record:
Sample eradicated. No traces above molecular level remain.

Termination Test Record:
SCP-063 was refitted to the end of a rotatory arm, which was deployed into 682's enclosure. Initial approach proves partially successful, with SCP-682 losing more than 20% body weight before regeneration overtakes the destruction process. Newly regrown tissues are not vulnerable to SCP-063's eradication effect: 682 destroys the deployment arm and 063 digs a hole through the enclosure's ground, where it is later recovered. 682 succeeds in extending a long prehensile limb through the hole and maiming two security personnel before containment is reestablished.

Hypothesis: 682 is not bound to base Earth biological chemistry and can adapt itself to be 'organic' or 'inorganic' as necessary. Some of the boys on the lab are arguing whether we can even classify it as 'living', at least as we understand life. This worries me, because an unliving, undying intelligent monster… well, that's where you start getting sacrifices in your name. — Dr. Zara

---

Item: **SCP-807**

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
A "682 special" (10 kg of rotten meat and sharpened bone splinters, 10 L of rancid mayonnaise, 1 L potassium cyanide, and 1 kg morphine hydrochloride, combined into a solid mass then transmuted via SCP-807) was dumped into the testing room.

SCP-682 devoured "special", then began loudly demanding more. Nine minutes later, SCP-682 collapsed.

After forty-five minutes of observation, SCP-682 had not moved. Two D-Class personnel in anti-807 environment suits were sent in to verify that SCP-682 was in fact terminated; D-class were equipped with further "specials" in case SCP-682 required further distracting.

"Specials" were placed on ground in front of SCP-682's head; in response, SCP-682 opened its eyes and began gnawing weakly on nearest "special".

D-Class personnel began touching SCP-682, believing that it had been rendered harmless; at this point, SCP-682's skin ruptured in at least eleven locations, releasing ultra-high-pressure (estimated 2.7 MPascals) jets of blood in all directions. Contact with SCP-682's blood breached the integrity of the anti-807 environment suits, and both D-class personnel were contaminated.

D-Class personnel began [DATA EXPUNGED]; by the time SCP-682 had finished consuming the second "special", its skin had healed over and both D-class personnel had terminated. SCP-682 then devoured the third "special" with the same speed and enthusiasm as it had devoured the first.

Item: SCP-662

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
Mr. Deeds is summoned, and asked if he can destroy SCP-682 permanently.

Mr. Deeds' response: "I'm terribly sorry, sir, I'm afraid I can't."

Mr. Deeds is asked if he can kill SCP-682.

Mr. Deeds' response: "Again, sir, I'm terribly sorry, but I'm afraid I can't."

Mr. Deeds is asked if he can incapacitate SCP-682.

Mr. Deeds' response: "As a matter of fact… depending on how sir means the word 'incapacitate', and depending on how long sir wishes the creature to *be* incapacitated… yes."

Mr. Deeds is asked to expand on how he would perform such an action.

Mr. Deeds' response: "Sir, the simplest and quickest method — which I must point out would not be the most efficient — would be for me to offer myself up for the creature to devour me; certainly its offensive capacities would be lessened whilst it is occupied in consuming my flesh. This would be simplest as it requires no preparation on my part, sir, but I'm certain you'll understand that the overall effect on the creature would be insignificant. Were I to engage the creature in combat, either with or without weapons, I could certainly occupy its attention and offensive capacities for a longer interval; unfortunately, I'm afraid the creature would eventually defeat me, at which point it would begin consuming my flesh as I have previously described. However, I could certainly booby-trap my person with a variety of noxious substances - soporifics, perhaps, or explosives, or perhaps encapsulated neurotoxins, or even [REDACTED], so that when the creature *does* inevitably consume me, it sustains further damage. That said, sir, I must remind you that the creature's tendency towards regeneration means that any damage I inflict would be sadly temporary."

Mr. Deeds is thanked and dismissed.

Note: Mr. Deeds' knowledge of [REDACTED] is not to be considered a security breach.

Item: SCP-738

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:

Researcher sits in SCP-738-2, and asks "What would you want in exchange for permanently destroying the entity which we refer to as SCP-682 while leaving this planet, its biosphere, its human population, its human civilization, the SCP Foundation, and the rest of the universe intact?"

Entity takes form of the same entity as Test 203, states "Your Foundation couldn't afford it, and *you personally* **definitely** couldn't afford it," and does not respond further.

Item: SCP-272

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:

SCP-682 is released into enclosure amidst a circular array of thirty (30) two-thousand-watt (2,000W) stadium lights, of which only one (1) is switched on. SCP-272 is dropped onto SCP-682's shadow, and embeds itself in the reinforced concrete as expected. SCP-682 quickly discovers that it is trapped by SCP-272's presence in its shadow, and starts to attack SCP-272. SCP-682 then stops midway through its attack, examines 272 closely, bellows an incomprehensible string of words, and slowly backs away from 272.

All thirty stadium lights are then switched on and off in random stroboscopic "disco" pattern, at 4 Hz. SCP-682 is forcibly hurled around the enclosure in random directions, in accordance with the stroboscopic pattern, and sustains heavy damage.

After fifty-five (55) minutes of this process, >95% of SCP-682's epidermis has been abraded away, its anterior left limb has been severed, sixty-three (63) of its teeth have been broken out of its jaw, and its skull has been fractured to the point that both its eyeballs have been dislodged from their sockets. At this point, SCP-682's exposed sub-dermal tissue begins to luminesce. The luminescence rapidly increases until it is brighter than the stadium lights, which eliminates SCP-682's shadow entirely. SCP-682 then collapses, and is no longer affected by the stroboscopic pattern.

SCP-682 continues luminescing for forty-eight (48) hours, remaining immobile for the duration; D-class personnel who recovered SCP-272 from the enclosure were not attacked, but sustained permanent retinal damage from SCP-682's luminescence despite wearing eye shields. After 48 hours, SCP-682 resumes normal activity.

Note: How did 682 know not to attack 272? Did it recognize the artifact? Was it able to read the glyphs carved into 272's surface? If

682 is literate, is it vulnerable to textual memetic-kill agents? Suggested methods for a viability study are welcome.

Item: **SCP-343**

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
See incident report ***682-TFTBS1***

Item: **SCP-963**

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
See incident report ***682-WO2BTL***

Item: **SCP-702**

Tissue Test Record:
Tissue sample offered as trade item to SCP-702-1. 702-1 accepted, trading it for what appears to be a two-patty hamburger as commonly sold by the [REDACTED] franchise.

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 is contained and offered as a trade item to SCP-702-1. 702-1 considers the tank for roughly 13 minutes before taking it. Item left in exchange is a metal cage, containing a specimen of *Psittacula krameri manillensis* (rose-ringed parakeet).

16 hours later, SCP-682 is returned to the chamber where the trading was effected, without its containment tank. SCP-702-1 is reluctant to divulge information regarding this event. Examination of debris regurgitated by 682 during the proceeding re-containment reveals fragments from a number of curious items, including [DATA EXPUNGED]. The parakeet is currently being kept at Dr. Quater's office.

Item: SCP-096

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
Containment tank containing SCP-096 was placed in SCP-682's cell. Personnel vacated vicinity and the tank was opened remotely.

Screams of the two entities continue for twenty-seven (27) hours, at which point the noise abruptly stops. Sonar-based video feeds reveal SCP-096 severely "wounded" and huddled in the southwest corner, apparently upset. Feed shows SCP-682 on the north end of the room, approximately 85% of its initial mass absent. Re-containment teams retrieve both entities with relative ease.

Further attempts to expose SCP-096 to SCP-682 cause it to turn away from 682, jumping in place while clawing at its face and screaming.

Item: SCP-536

Tissue Test Record:
Tissue divided into samples and subject to the individual effects of SCP-536's dials. Notable results follow:

- Increase in *g*: Tissue restructures itself into neutron degenerate matter.
- Decrease in *e*: Tissue maintains loose integrity as a cloud of ions, regenerates upon reestablishment of normal laws of physics.
- Decrease in *Theta*: Tissue disintegrates.

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682's containment tank inserted into SCP-536. Speed of light, strong nuclear force and fundamental charge dials decreased progressively. 682's containment tank is nearly immediately destroyed, and 682's body begins disintegrating. Due to intense light and radiation, visual is lost. Free neutrons, pions, kaons and more

exotic mesons (described in [REDACTED]) are detected. 55s into the experiment, the primary detection equipment fails.
Upon bootup of the secondary detection equipment, dials are at minimum levels. 682 is again visible in the chamber, reduced to roughly 1% of its normal size. Analysis suggests 682 has reformed into a previously unknown form of matter, kept together by quantum effects.
Asst. Researcher becomes aggressive and turns the dials randomly and violently before being removed from the premises. 682 recovers its original shape upon restoration of standard physics.

Note: I don't blame him. I could swear, at one point, that thing looked like it was actually enjoying the experience.

Item: SCP-524

Tissue Test Record:
Sample consumed without incident

Termination Test Record:

SCP-524 and SCP-682 introduced into testing chamber. SCP-682 examines SCP-524 suspiciously, at which point SCP-524 begins gnawing on SCP-682's anterior right limb. SCP-682 jumps backward, bellowing. SCP-524 pursues SCP-682 for two minutes, at which point SCP-682 climbs four (4) meters up the wall of the testing chamber and is beyond SCP-524's reach. SCP-524 ceases pursuit and begins washing its face with its paws; it continues this activity for 15 minutes, during which time SCP-682 remains 4 meters up the wall and beyond SCP-524's reach.

SCP-524 then crosses to the other side of the test chamber and begins breaching containment. Test aborted.

Item: SCP-811

Tissue Test Record:
Sample consumed without incident.

Termination Test Record:
Direct exposure of SCP-811 to SCP-682 disallowed due to unreasonably high risk of specimen loss. Instead, mucus from SCP-811's palmoplantar surfaces is collected over a course of months, and then sprayed on SCP-682 with high-pressure hoses. SCP-682's body mass is reduced by 27% before the mucus reaches a complete bone covering of the remaining body mass, and is unable to decay it further.

Item: SCP-1237

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
A deliberate containment breach was induced which an SCP-1237-1-L specimen was permitted to observe from a safe distance. Thirteen security personnel were killed before containment was re-established. Subject was dosed with to encourage REM sleep and onset of SCP-1237 and instructed to dream that SCP-682 was a small housecat with no special abilities, and that the security team had been able to destroy it easily.
7 seconds after onset of SCP-1237 event, subject began to seize violently. Subject was declared dead after 32 seconds. Autopsy discovered the subject's body covered with scratch and bite marks and infected with bubonic plague, toxoplasmosis, and subacute regional lymphadenitis ("cat scratch fever"). The bodies of the deceased security personnel displayed similar characteristics. A small housecat was found in SCP-682's containment chamber cleaning blood off of its coat; said cat regenerated into SCP-682 within 3 hours.

Item: SCP-1361

Tissue Test Record:
Sample consumed without incident. DNA markers from SCP-682 present in SCP-1361 sample afterward. Sample showed increased resistance to incineration.

Termination Test Record:
A secondary sample of SCP-1361 was allowed to grow to 1,000 kg in mass. SCP-682's containment chamber was purged of acid and SCP-1361 was poured onto SCP-682 from above. SCP-1361 covered and fully engulfed SCP-682 and no activity was observed for 3 hours. In the period from 3 to 7 hours following exposure, SCP-1361 began to develop legs, jaws, and a physical appearance similar to SCP-682. SCP-1361 breached containment and attacked Foundation staff in a manner consistent with an SCP-682 breach and killed 17 personnel. SCP-1361 proved immune to small arms fire in this state; aerial dispersal of napalm was necessary to destroy sample by incineration, after which a skeletal and circulatory system identical to SCP-682 was retrieved from its remains. Remains were returned to SCP-682's containment chamber, where they regenerated into SCP-682 within 6 hours. Subsequent tissue testing indicated that SCP-682 temporarily contained DNA markers from several species present in SCP-1361, as well as temporarily exhibiting a mild scent similar to pork rinds.

Item: SCP-1933

Tissue Test Record:
Sample immersed in 1 liter of bodily fluids from SCP-1933. Sample fully converted into Irish cream.

Termination Test Record: 200 liters of bodily fluids were collected from SCP-1933 over a 3-month period. Fluids were introduced into SCP-682's containment chamber in bulk.

SCP-682 begins consuming fluids rapidly, and manifesting apparent signs of intoxication far more rapidly than a human would after consuming an equivalent amount of Irish cream. This has been hypothesized to be the result of portions of SCP-682's anatomy being transsubstantiated into Irish cream; however, instead of dying, SCP-682 continues consuming the fluids. When it has finished consuming all the fluids, SCP-682 collapses on the floor, and begins loudly vocalizing while clawing spasmodically at its face and abdomen. After 5 minutes of this, SCP-682 begins vomiting up what appears to be the bodily fluids of SCP-1933, but in much larger quantities; as well, the floors and walls of the containment chamber

are instantly converted into Irish cream upon contact with the vomitus, resulting in structural failure and containment breach. Test aborted; remainder of vomitus incinerated. SCP-682 subsequently manifests no further signs of intoxication.

Item: **SCP-507**

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
SCP-507 was physically attached to SCP-682's left forelimb with nylon zip ties while SCP-682 was inactive due to physical destruction incurred during an unrelated containment breach. Attending personnel continued to spray SCP-682's body, with the exception of the limb to which SCP-507 was attached, with hydrochloric acid provided via high-pressure hoses. After 7 hours and 52 minutes, SCP-507's anomalous properties activated and it and SCP-682 both disappeared.

SCP-507 remanifested in an unpopulated area adjacent to Site , approximately 8,000 kilometers away, 63 hours later, attached to an entity possessing large fangs and a pair of vestigial wings but otherwise identical to SCP-682, by nylon zip ties of a different color than the ones applied by containment personnel at the beginning of the test. A handwritten note was found pinned to SCP-507's chest, reading as follows;

> *Dear Universe 5802-Sigma-Blue-Romeo;*
>
> *It's your problem now, suckers.*

Item: **SCP-2599**

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
SCP-2599 was ordered to attack SCP-682 "until it is 200% dead".

SCP-2599 proceeded to engage SCP-682 in combat for 42 minutes, at the end of which three of SCP-682's limbs had been severed, its thorax had been crushed, and both its eyeballs had been ruptured. SCP-2599 then seized SCP-682's head, apparently in preparation for pulling it off of SCP-682's body. In response, SCP-682 vocalized the phrase "KILL ME, YOU SACK OF ORGANS, DO IT."

SCP-2599 immediately released SCP-682, and stood unmoving until security personnel removed it from the testing chamber. Subsequent attempts to terminate SCP-682 before it could regenerate from its injuries were ineffective.

Note: It is hypothesized that the concrete "kill me" in some way took precedence over the more abstract "attack it until it is 200% dead".

Item: `SCP-513`

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:

<Begin Log>

<1/22/ , 1500> SCP-682 temporarily incapacitated via incineration and transferred to a video monitored soundproof containment chamber.

<1/22/ , 1600> SCP-513 introduced to room affixed to robotic arm.

<1/22/ , 1630> SCP-682 regenerates fully.

<1/22/ , 1635> SCP-513 is rung three times via robotic arm, after the first ring, SCP 682 howls and covers its 'ears' (due to the difference of anatomy and lack of visible ears, it can be safely assumed that the motion of covering the sides of its head accomplishes this).

<1/22/ , 1636> SCP-513 and robotic arm retracted from test chamber and returned to containment.

<1/22/ , 1640> SCP-682 uncovers its 'ears' and begins pacing the test chamber.

<1/23/ , 1640> SCP-682 continues pacing.

<1/24/ , 1640> SCP-682 continues pacing.

<1/25/ , 1640> SCP-682 continues pacing.

<1/26/ , 1640> Mass amounts of aerosolized sedatives and tranquilizers introduced to containment chamber via ventilation.

<1/26/ , 1645> SCP-682 loses consciousness.

<1/26/ , 1646> SCP-682 begins sleepwalking.

<1/26/ , 1647> SCP-682 breaches containment. Hallucinations of a pale, thin, large clawed entity resembling SCP-682 stalking the containment site were reportedly experienced by all present site personnel. Security footage shows no such entity on site. Due to mass hysteria, security teams were unable to reestablish containment of SCP-682 and are seen on footage firing repeatedly at walls before being dismembered by thin air.

<1/26/ , 1800> Mobile Task Force Eta-10 ("See No Evil") is deployed, equipped with HUD video enabled enclosed helmets. SCP-682 is located in SCP-513's containment cell, still unconscious, curled around SCP-513's gelatin containment cube.

<1/26/ , 1830> SCP-682 returned to containment and awoken via high pressure HCl spray. SCP-682 complains that it was having a 'such a lovely dream'.

<End Log>

Persistent monitoring and separate testing of both SCP-513 and SCP-682 since the experiment has shown no lasting effects on either object.

Post testing observation: Based on what appeared to be an initial adverse reaction from SCP-682, we don't know if the entity incorporated SCP-513 to itself, or if it worked the other way around. Either way, in light of the loss of 67% of site staff and 45% of site D-class, requesting that cognitohazardous item testing for SCP-682 be suspended until we understand just what the hell happened here. - Dr. Kerboros.

Approved, O5-4

Item: **SCP-2140**

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:

+ 4/BASILISK Clearance Required

On 03/13/2004 at 1100 hours the SCP-682 observation booth was cleared of all personnel without BASILISK certification, under the authority of Senior Agent Vanessa Rider. At 1115 an image of the **SCP-2140** glyph was projected onto the wall of the SCP-682 containment enclosure.

Foreword: Test T-98816-OC108/682-2140, Video Surveillance

<Begin Log, 03/13/2004>

[SCP-682 observes the glyph for 37 seconds and then turns toward the observation booth]

SCP-682: I haven't seen these since the time of [DATA EXPUNGED]. It won't work. Unlike you dancing shadows, my past was real and cannot be re-written, as much as I wish it were.

[SCP-682 paused and began scratching

something into the ground.]

SCP-682: I haven't forgotten what the [DATA EXPUNGED] looked like though, here let me sh-

[Observation booth personnel activated the emergency shutters, cut camera feeds and pumped soporifics into the chamber.]

<End Log>

Piecemeal analysis of the partial glyph drawn by SCP-682 indicates that while it was a 2140-1-D instance, it contained significant apparent errors that would likely prevent it from functioning.

Since SCP-682 hasn't deployed these glyphs in the past, it is likely not able to do so and does not pose an immediate ontological threat. It remains possible that it could rediscover the methods of SCP-2140-1 construction.

SCP-682 should be prevented from making marks, symbols, or writing of any kind.

Item: **SCP-2935**

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
During exploration of SCP-2935, MTF E-13 discovered SCP-682 within temporary containment at Site-81. Upon further investigation, entity showed no signs of life.

Note: Due to the nature of SCP-2935, it is unlikely or impossible that this result can be replicated. This does, however, answer the question that other alternate realities have not been able to. What it means for ours is uncertain. -Dr. Harrison, Site-81

Item: Proposal to transport SCP-682 to an orbital asset, then activate **SCP-1012**.

Tissue Test Record:
Denied by O5-

Termination Test Record:
Testing denied by O5-

Notes: Once more, with feeling. There are three possible outcomes of this test. Case 1, it works. Case 2, you've just given 682 its own spacecraft. Case 3, the spacecraft isn't as insulated from Earth as we hope, and 1012 takes us out too. Denied.

Item: SCP-2337

Tissue Test Record:
SCP-2337 was informed that the SCP-682 tissue sample was a tone-deaf food critic who needed to hear a convincing argument as to which food item is the greatest in existence. After a 10-minute speech from SCP-2337 on the superiority of gummy worms, the tissue sample had been disintegrated from the resulting sonic shockwaves. SCP-2337 appeared highly pleased with itself.

Termination Test Record:
After being told that SCP-682 was a "prominent anti-gummy-worms extremist", SCP-2337 emulated the sound of a charge trumpet and entered SCP-682's chamber.

> <Begin Log>
>
> **SCP-2337:** Noble turkey stance! Fist of the eleventeen thousand war cushions! It are the cackening! Damn the tornados, siss boom cack!
>
> **SCP-682:** *Leave.*
>
> **SCP-2337:** Gooten idea-have. Cack!
>
> [SCP-2337 demolishes the Southern blast door to SCP-682's chamber with a vocal shockwave, then exits,

once again appearing highly pleased with itself. Containment breach of SCP-682 averted after minimal fatalities of containment staff.]

<End Log>

Item: **SCP-682** instance transplanted from alternate dimension

Tissue Test Record:
Denied by O5-

Termination Test Record:
Testing denied by O5-

Notes: A potentially permanent stalemate between instances would solve containment, however, transporting an instance to our dimension would be unnecessarily dangerous, not even to speak of containing another one, or the consequences of if they chose to co-operate. Denied.

Item: ●●|●●●●●|●●|●

Tissue Test Record:
Tissue taken without incident

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 was restrained in chamber 145-B and the laser was introduced. Laser began cutting into SCP-682's back; command room emergency shutter was closed.

<Begin Log>

<9 seconds> **SCP-682:** What are you doing?

<13 seconds> *Laser begins carving infohazardous data onto SCP-682's hide, SCP-682 emits a loud roar*

<14 seconds> *command room emergency shutter closes*

<2 minutes, 4 seconds> *Laser finishes cutting*

<2 minutes, 6 seconds> ●●/●●●●●/●●/● *manifests*

<2 minutes, 12 seconds> *SCP-682 breaks restraints*

<2 minutes, 14 seconds> ●●/●●●●●/●●/● *latches onto SCP-682*

<2 minutes, 15 seconds> *SCP-682 begins vocalizing*

<2 minutes, 16 seconds> ●●/●●●●●/●●/● *demanifests, taking with it only the section of SCP-682's skin which was carved with infohazardous data. Test aborted.*

<End Log>

Item: Dr. Heikkila

Tissue Test Record:
Denied by O5-

Termination Test Record:
Testing denied by O5-

Notes: Dr. Heikkila is prohibited from interacting with SCP-682 in any possible way. Why he would even attempt to do so is beyond any logical reason. Dr. Heikkila has been detained for possible memetic contamination. Denied.

Item: **SCP-2305-A**

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
An SCP-2305-A instance generated involving SCP-682, and has been transcribed here by order of O5- .

Item #: SCP-682

Object Class: Keter

Proposed Neutralization Method: OPERATION FAIL-SAFE-TANGA-34 would be enacted upon successful removal of approximately 90% of SCP-682's body mass, while incapacitated in a space shuttle that has been set to land on the Moon. OPERATION FAIL-SAFE-TANGA-34 consists of the following procedures:

1): 20,200,500,000 RDS-220 hydrogen bombs and 750 **SCP-2195-1** instances will be transported to the Moon, spread out across the surface. It will be detonated with 10 separate inputs at Site-19. Materials for bombs would be generated from **SCP-2400** and collected stillbirths for SCP-2195-1 instances.

2): 300 Tilda/Cimmerian Reality Vacuum Attachments have been attached in an hexagonal pattern on the Moon, with approximately 35 km of space between each one. TCRVAs will maintain the explosions occurring on the Moon to prevent any debris from hitting Earth.

3): Area-0-TANGA has been constructed 4,000 km into the Earth and currently houses a large spheroid approximately the size of the Moon, constructed from SCP-2400 materials. **SCP-1056** will be used to lower the size of the spheroid for easier transportation.

4): Amnestics would be administered to approximately 80% of the human population after detonation through use of a modified **RED TALISMAN** algorithm to produce non-lethal cognitive hazardous amnestics. Amnestics will be applied to every source of common media, such as newspapers, television, billboards and several popular internet sites.

Result of Neutralization Attempt: Once the weakened SCP-682 arrived at the Moon's surface, all explosives were detonated. The TCRVAs successfully dampen most of the explosion, but 150 large meteorites still land on Earth. Spheroid was successfully transported to the

Moon's orbit field and grown to its original size. Amnestics were successfully administered to approximately 78% of the Human population. However, 0.03 milliliters of blood belonging to SCP-682 survived the termination attempt, and adapted from it. SCP-682 grows to approximately the size of Saturn, and proceeds to destroy and eat multiple planets within the Solar System.

"The moral of the story:" This is the way the world ends. Not with a bang, but a chomp. But for reals, don't fuck with the gecko. **>:(**

Item: **SCP-241**

NOTE: Further testing of SCP-241 was required to determine if its anomalous properties allowed it to be used against SCP-682. Skin tissue was removed from D-class personnel D-682-39, with the tissue then being wrapped around one end of a short steel rod. D-682-40 used the rod to open SCP-241, manipulating such that only the skin tissue touched SCP-241. SCP-241 displayed different recipes than when it was previously opened. D-682-40 prepared one of the recipes, which was then eaten by both D-682-39 and D-682-40. D-682-39 died of anaphylactic shock six minutes later, while D-682-40 showed no ill effects.

SCP-241 was deemed suitable for use against SCP-682.

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 tissue sample was affixed to end of a steel rod, and the rod was used by D-682-40 to open SCP-241. SCP-241 showed different recipes than the previous time it was opened. Of the 99 recipes, three were in unknown languages, two were incomprehensible "word salad", and one was a memetic kill agent. Of the remaining 93 recipes, 100% had at least one instruction or ingredient which made it impossible to follow the recipe with complete faithfulness. Examples include:

- "Chill to -10,000F° before serving."
- "Garnish with antimatter parsley."
- "Marinate for 900 trillion years."

D-682-41 was tasked with cooking the 93 usable recipes, using SCP-241 plus a "correction sheet" (written by Dr.) which replaced impossible ingredients and instructions with the closest feasible analogue, with the results being delivered to SCP-682 containment cell upon completion. SCP-682 has shown no ill effects after having eaten all 93 meals.

Item: SCP-2578-D

NOTE: Test was conducted independent of the Foundation by SCP-2578-D. Secondary designation as a termination test has been given to Incident-2578-682-1.

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
During a routine maintenance check of SCP-682's containment enclosure, SCP-682 sustained five cranial penetration wounds in rapid succession and remained unresponsive for a period of roughly 32 minutes. Upon recovery, SCP-682 yelled "FUCK YOU AND ALL THREE OF YOUR MOONS" toward the ceiling. Five minutes afterward, Dr. Naismith received the following instance of SCP-2578-B on his personal email account:

> [three-crescent symbol] has failed. [three-crescent symbol] is greatly embarrassed, and regrets the continued existence of your unpleasant lizard. Orders were orders. And for the record, [three-crescent symbol] didn't miss.

Item: SCP-2617

Tissue Test Record:
Not attacked by SCP-2617-A instance.

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 was released in the abandoned village of , Russia via airlift, and proceeded to attack the village. Coordinates were set to correspond with SCP-682's position, thus generating up to , SCP-2617-A instances holding unique variants of SCP-2617-B. SCP-2617-A instances attack SCP-682, destroying up to 45% of its body mass.

Five hours after the beginning of termination test, SCP-682 released a series of radio waves. SCP-2617-C dissipated, and all SCP-2617-A and SCP-2617-B instances underwent spontaneous sublimation. Personnel supervising the termination test were also exposed to the radio waves. Interviews with these personnel suggest that they are unable to recognise the concept of Russia.

Item: SCP-169

Tissue Test Record:
Denied by O5-

Termination Test Record:
Denied by O5-

Notes:
No can do. I can understand how you might think that tracking down 169, then making it consume 682 would work, but it's survived and adapted to everything else we've tried. If it survives being eaten by 169, and, God forbid, grows as big as it, humanity would be screwed beyond belief. Denied.

Item: SCP-2722

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 exposed to SCP-2722. The wielders of the ship were quickly secured by the use of the ship's lockdown measure, and are ordered to try and use any of the methods available to them in an

attempt to terminate 682. With the use of SCP-2722's reality bending ability, the ship is teleported to the - star system in the Andromeda Galaxy in the Local Group. SCP-2722's subatomic-destruction sphere is immediately fired at SCP-682, seemingly annihilating the subject, but it was shown to adapt and regenerate overtime. SCP-682 adapts its size in order to match SCP-2722's own, and suddenly attacks the ship at velocities too fast for SCP-2722's radars to detect, throwing the ship off the bounds of the star system and across the galaxy in seconds, with SCP-682 following quickly after. However, the forcefield around SCP-2722 withstands the attack. The wielders are instructed to try and fire 2722's grand wave motion cannon at the subject, which is immediately accomplished by the ship. The beam hits 682's shell and dashes past the galaxy, violently impacting against the constellation of Cassiopeia and reducing it to atomic bonds.

The remnants of SCP-682's body are instructed to be collected by OTF 7 ("Rama Repairmen") as the ship uses the ability of reality bending to return to the Earth. The termination is deemed a failure, as SCP-682 regenerated from the blast approximately [DATA REDACTED] hours later inside its cell.

Item: **SCP-939**- and **SCP-939**-

Tissue Test Record:
Not attacked by SCP-939- nor SCP-939-

Termination Test Record:
SCP-939- and SCP-939- both entered the containment cell for SCP-682. SCP-939- and SCP-939- were seemingly distressed and refused to attack SCP-682, while repeating a call for help. SCP-682 then attacked the two, devouring them after roughly and brutally mutilating the bodies of both subjects.

Notes: SCP-939 and SCP-682 don't match well. I guess we will not be using them anytime soon. Don't release the beasts again.

Item: **SCP-012**

Tissue Test Record:
Overridden by O5-Command

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 was heavily sedated before SCP-012's container was lowered into SCP-682's containment cell. SCP-012's container was opened via remote-control. SCP-682 seemed to be under SCP-012's effects, as it began to claw at itself in an attempt to draw blood, which seemed ineffective. After several minutes, SCP-682's left forearm, back left leg, and approximately 32% of the mass of its main body had been removed before SCP-682 realized the composition could not be completed. SCP-682 then entered a rage state and breached containment, causing casualties before SCP-682 could be recontained.

Notes: I was really hoping we could get SCP-682 to commit suicide with this. -Dr.

Item: **SCP-173** with a photograph of **SCP-096** attached to it

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
Denied by O5-

Notes: No. Absolutely not. Setting aside the problem of SCP-682, an SCP-173 that cannot be observed for fear of triggering a response from SCP-096 is a self-perpetuating catastrophe that the Foundation does not, under any reasonable circumstances, have the slightest desire to unleash. Denied with vehemence.

Item: **SCP-372**

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 introduced to testing chamber under heavy sedation.

SCP-372 introduced to testing chamber. SCP-682 woke up and proceeded to wander the testing chamber, apparently confused. Approximately 10 minutes into the test, SCP-682 expressed sudden distress, implying it had become aware of SCP-372's presence. Exactly 5 minutes later deep lacerations and cuts appeared on SCP-682, eventually reducing 25% of its body mass. SCP-682 emitted loud distressed bellows and started to randomly attack the air in any direction, apparently trying to defend itself against SCP-372. Six minutes after, while still being attacked, SCP-682 is seen to make contact with SCP-372 via its tail, seeming to knock out SCP-372. SCP-682 proceeded to approach SCP-372, before being heavily sedated to prevent the likely loss of SCP-372.

Notes: Well, at least we know what that thing looks like now…

Item: **SCP-1437**

Tissue Test Record:
Tissue was dropped in without problem.

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 was subdued and brought to Area- , which was the area SCP-1437 is at. When dropped down SCP-1437, SCP-682 did not come back up, assuming SCP-682 was presumed terminated. However, 2 hours and 12 minutes later, SCP-682 flew out of the hole at 60-80 kilometers per hour. Subject then started rampaging through the site. Mobile Task Force Nu-7 (Hammer Down), was called in to subdue SCP-682.

Notes: Whoever put in this test in my name is going to be seriously reprimanded! You could've just asked before dropping a fucking unkillable lizard down a hole!- Dr. Church

---

Item: Standard Issue M14, dipped in **SCP-447**

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:

Denied by O5-

Notes: Even in the slight chance we actually killed 682 with a gun dipped in green slime. If it killed 682 but then the curse occurred with it's dead body, well we'd be absoultely [DATA EXPUNGED] and screwed. - Dr. Church.

Item: SCP-216

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 was tranquilized and cut into two hundred fifty six (256) 1x1x1 foot cubes. Each cube was shoved into a different "combination" of SCP-216, and SCP-216 was then placed back into SCP-682's cell in case of failure. Two hours and fifteen minutes into the test SCP-682 emerges intact from SCP-216 with a lampshade on its head, and an appearance of complete intoxication.

SCP-216 is safely removed from chamber when SCP-682 collapsed from fatigue and alcohol.
Following this failed termination attempt SCP-682 was quoted saying: "Its good to go home sometimes" and "That was an awesome party".

Notes: Wha..? What? How? This raises so many questions! Does 682 have a family or home? Are there more of its kind? Why does that lampshade look awesome? Requesting further look into SCP-216 to find out. — Dr. Sanders

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Item: SCP-204

Tissue Test Record:
Overridden by O5-Command

Termination Test Record:
SCP-204-2's danger seeking behavior was played upon to create a desire to test SCP-204-1's combat prowess. Through the use of

carefully crafted stories, SCP-204-2 was informed of the existence of SCP-682. Hints were given to SCP-204-2 that SCP-682 was impossible to kill by conventional means, and only a warrior with special talents could defeat it. SCP-682 was released, heavily sedated, into the testing chamber. SCP-204-2 was then sent in through the airlock.

> <Begin Log>
>
> <5 minutes> SCP-682 regains consciousness and begins to move about test chamber.
>
> <5 minutes, 47 seconds> SCP-204-2 begins shouting expletives at SCP-682 to provoke it. SCP-204-1 materializes at this time into an oversized armored knight bearing a massive battle axe and kite shield.
>
> <5 minutes, 59 seconds> SCP-682 produces a near-deafening roar and charges at SCP-204-1.
>
> <6 minutes, 9 seconds> SCP-204-1 clashes with SCP-682 in a fair simile of an ancient gladiatorial battle. SCP-204-2 seems to be watching the battle with rapt attention.
>
> <16 minutes, 51 seconds> Combat between the two SCPs is extremely violent due to their size and strength. SCP-204-1 has succeeded into chopping off or tearing loose all of SCP-682's limbs, along with much of its flesh and part of its head. SCP-204-1 has suffered tremendous damage from the combat. SCP-204-1's 'shield arm' is broken off at the elbow, and the axe is missing half of the blade. The 'armor' SCP-204-1 wears is severely scraped, dented, and torn in places. It appears unable to walk, though it still stands in place between SCP-204-2 and SCP-682.
>
> <18 minutes> SCP-682, while not dead, is sufficiently incapacitated. Researchers direct SCP-204-2 to have SCP-204-1 feed on the remains of SCP-682 in order to regenerate itself.

<26 minutes, 29 seconds> SCP-682 begins to regenerate while SCP-204-1 is busy consuming severed pieces of it.

<29 minutes, 3 seconds> SCP-682 regains motion and proceeds to attack SCP-204-1, this time gaining the upper hand due to SCP-204-1's current state of damage.

<29 minutes, 46 seconds> SCP-204-2 and SCP-682 both tranquilized. SCP-682 additionally hosed with hydrochloric acid to prevent additional breach attempts. SCP-204-2 removed from testing chamber and returned to containment.

<End Log>

Notes: While SCP-204-1 does appear to be capable of defeating SCP-682 in pitched combat, the carnivorous nature of SCP-204-1 does not seem to be an effective way of neutralizing SCP-682. SCP-682 regenerates too quickly to allow SCP-204-1 to destroy it completely. SCP-204-1 is hereby proposed as a last resort countermeasure against SCP-682 in the event of a full containment breach. If nothing else, the bastards can hack each other to bits while we try to regain control of the situation.

Addendum: Proposal denied. We are not now, nor are we ever going to risk the containment breach of a 2nd Keter class SCP during an ongoing Keter class breach situation. -O5 Command

---

Item: SCP-3108

Tissue Test Record:
Tissue was transformed into a piece of *Uroplatus fimbriatus* (giant leaf-tailed gecko) tissue.

Termination Test Record:
D-1782 was instructed to enter SCP-682's containment chamber and shoot SCP-682 with SCP-3108. After missing 6 times due to fear, D-1782 successfully hit SCP-682 with an SCP-3108-1 instance. However, instead of becoming inferior as expected,

SCP-682 began to grow larger, and gained the ability to explode whenever threatened, and then reconstitute itself. SCP-682 eventually breached containment in this state, causing causalities. SCP-682 was successfully subdued by gunfire after it returned to its normal state, and was recontained.

Notes: I have a theory on what just occurred: SCP-3108 causes things to be "inferior" to the subject, right? Well, SCP-3108 transformed SCP-682 into something that would be seen as worse and inferior by the Foundation: larger, and stronger, strong enough to break containment. SCP-682 actually decreasing in power wouldn't actually be seen as inferior to us. — Dr. Westrin

---

Item: `SCP-2719`

Tissue SCP-682 Test Record:
SCP-682 went inside.

Termination Test Record:
Outside.

Item: `SCP-106`

Tissue Test Record:
N/A

Termination Test Record:
Denied by O5-Command

Notes: NO NO! ABSOLUTELY NOT! That is a disaster waiting to happen! For one thing the herculean effort required to move either SCP individually is huge! Not to mention creating a containment cell capable of containing both of them is almost impossible. Also there is the risk that SCP-106 would enter a lulling phase and we would have to wait for months for anything to happen, presuming SCP-106 would even try preying on SCP-682 to begin with.

However worst of all is the risk of them both breaching containment simultaneously. If this were to happen it could cause a chain

reaction, resulting in massive loss of life. SCP-106 has also shown signs of sapience and the two SCP's could form communication with each other which could end up hindering the Foundations efforts in the future. The foundation can barely re contain either of them let alone both of them simultaneously. -Dr. Winfred

---

Item: `SCP-3930`

Tissue Test Record:
SCP-682's tissue was brought into the void, and ceased existing.

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 is introduced to SCP-3930, and successfully ceases existing. However, despite SCP-682 no longer existing, Foundation personnel still perceive SCP-682. When the entity is looked at, a vivid image or memory is recalled in the brain of personnel that is described as resembling the appearance of SCP-682. This entity has been observed "attacking" personnel, killing them, despite the fact that SCP-682 does not exist during these attacks. It should be noted that personnel killed in this manner died when their brains ceased to function, despite the appearance of "physical damage" occurring on their bodies. All destruction caused by this entity becomes "real", even if the entity that caused it didn't. 15 hours later, SCP-682 was found within its containment chamber. It is unknown how SCP-682 managed to gain existence after this incident.

Item: SCP-3207

Tissue Test Record: SCP-682's tissue was shot by SCP-3207, resulting in its complete destruction. No intact organic residue left by SCP-682's tissue was found after the interaction.

Termination Test Record: SCP-682 was shot by SCP-3207 several times. SCP-682 was destroyed for a period of 6 hours, before five smaller organisms, theorized to have been composed of SCP-682's tissue, grew within SCP-682's containment chamber. These organisms successfully breached containment and merged with each other, re-creating SCP-682.

Item: SCP-3042

Tissue Test Record: N/A SCP-3042 introduced into SCP-682's containment chamber with current imprinted D-Class. Upon termination of D-Class, SCP-3042 will imprint on SCP-682.

Termination Test Record: Denied. While highly amusing to watch the result, it is more than likely that SCP-682 would be in a perpetual rage state and keep breaching containment. If a more reliable way of containing SCP-682 is found, we can come back to this.

Item: **SCP-3922**

Tissue Test Record: N/A

Termination Test Record: SCP-3922 was used with a ten-minute recording of security footage taken of SCP-682 during a containment breach, which, to add the semblance of a fictional narrative for the purposes of SCP-3922 jurisdiction, was labeled “Lizard: the Tale of the Unpleasant Lizard.” The objective was to witness a plausible termination of SCP-682 and replicate the results.

The video was altered into a 72-hour military epic film titled "Sisyphus Among The Living," displaying an unsuccessful full-scale military assault on SCP-682 by instances of SCP-3922-A. The cast included Alan Rickman as "Commandant Marius", the SCP-3922-A officer tasked with leading SCP-682's termination, and Michael Clarke Duncan as "Lieutenant Havisham", the apparent protagonist of the first third of the film. No lethal damage to SCP-682 is observed. At the end of the film, the last surviving SCP-3922-A stormtrooper (played by Patrick Swayze) activates an experimental device that teleports at least five instances of gigantic primates (analogous to the description of **SCP-PC-003**) onto the battlefield. The final shot is of SCP-682 laughing as the creatures approach and the 1968 song "Livin' in the Sunlight, Lovin' in the Moonlight" by Tiny Tim plays in the background. The end title card reads "TO BE CONTINUED".

Note: The fact that the cast is composed entirely of noteworthy deceased actors and actresses could possibly be due to

SCP-3922's connections with ***SCP-2922****-C.*

Item: **SCP-3519**

Tissue Test Record:
Tissue sample has no observable reaction to exposure to SCP-3519.

Termination Test Record:
(T-8) 02/25/19: Acid levels were lowered by 232 cm and SCP-682's head was allowed to regenerate. SCP-682 was exposed to SCP-3519. SCP-682 presented no evidence of suicidal ideation and was observed to laugh continuously for 193 seconds while the acid levels were restored.

(T-3) 02/29/19: **Warning! Keter Class Containment Integrity Compromised — SCP-682. Warning!**

(T+7) 03/12/19: SCP-682 containment personnel are presumed deceased. Remote sensors (25% operational) indicate a probable breach. SCP-682 should be assumed to be at-large. — O5-6

(T+886) 08/12/21: Probable encounter with SCP-682. Crossing Colorado River on Hwy. 163 N. of Laughlin ruins (35.17, -114.60). **SCP-2490** caught up with me again on bridge, teleporting within 8m. Before strike, large fast-moving reptilian emerged from river and bit it in half. As reptile sank back in water I think it spoke (fairly sure not auditory hallucination):

> **SCP-682 (probable):** We are alike now, meat. Killing you would only end suffering.

— O5-6

Item: **SCP-1056**

Tissue Test Record: Tissue was resized to a smaller size without incident.

Termination Test Record:

The aim of this test was to measure how long it would take 682 to return to its usual size after being resized via SCP-1056. Depending on the results, this would have given new opportunities for containment or termination of SCP-682.

For this test, a chamber was constructed to the same dimensions of 1056's platform so the platform could act as the floor for the chamber. The cable connected to 1056's dial had been fed into a control room below so the dial could manipulated from here.

SCP-682 is introduced into the chamber. The chamber is sealed after 682 has entered. The dial is set to 0.25 and activation button pressed.

SCP-682 makes numerous vocalisations and appears to experience multiple convulsions. Various points of 682's body expand and retract. SCP-682 then disappears. All scans of the containment chamber reveal no signs of 682.

The containment chamber remains sealed for several hours, believing SCP-682 is still in the chamber and will ambush personnel once the chamber is opened. At 16:57 local time, SCP-682 is spotted outside of Site-19 having resized itself, breaching containment.

MTF-Lambda-9 ("Big Fucking Guns") is deployed. SCP-682 releases a wave of energy appearing to cause MTF-Lambda-9 to disappear. Lambda-9 is subsequently found later having been resized (For further info please see SCP-3198).

SCP-682 is eventually incapacitated and contained by other MTF teams.

Notes: Whilst it was expected that 682 would possibly be able to manipulate its size to counteract 1056, it was not expected that 1056 would enhance its existing ability to resize itself. It used this to shrink to a size far exceeding that of 1056's capabilities to escape containment. It is unknown how 682 was also able to manipulate the size of other objects and it's unlikely we will ever know due to the dangers of repeating this test. - Dr. Sanders

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Item: `SCP-500`

Tissue Test Record: N/A

Termination Test Record:
DENIED BY O5 COUNCIL

O5-8 note: Whoever proposed this test is hereby banned from making proposals to the Termination Log. Not only would this test be a waste of a valuable resource, we don't know what it would accomplish or what effects it would have on ***SCP-682****. For all we know, it could make the damn thing even harder to contain.*

Item: `Dr. Clef's Proposal`

Tissue Test Record: N/A

Termination Test Record:
SCP-682 was flown in a heavily guarded plane squad near SCP-001's undisclosed location, It is then ordered to enter the range of SCP-001 (Dr. Clef's Proposal), With a small Go-Pro camera attached to it. The following log will be shown:

> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **SCP-001:** Forget.
>
> **SCP-682:** *Do you think I would listen to a cosplayer? You forget this all happened.*
>
> **<SCP-001 is shown to point its sword towards SCP-682, A explosion is seen as it is blown 2 miles away from SCP-001's radius.>**
>
> **<Blood begins to drip in the camera's shuttle, and the footage ends.>**
>
> **End Log>**

Addendum: When Foundation personnel arrived at the scene, SCP-682 begins to mutter: *"Filthy cosplayer."* before he faints from

blood loss, 2 out of 4 legs are unnaturally bent, a huge open scar in the back of it's throat is seen followed by multiple scars.

Dr. Clef's Note: Wow, Have I never seen such disobedience, even to a being such as SCP-001! I must research into this as soon as possible.

Item: Reconstruction/recovery of **SCP-407**.

Test Issue Record: Denied by O5 Council.

Termination Test Record: Denied by O5 Council.

Addendum: *Note from O5-7: You people think this is a joke, don't you? Are you all taking bets to see who can come up with the most ridiculous and over the top termination proposals you can imagine just for fun like a bunch of children? Giggling amongst yourselves in amusement as we struggle to kill the damned thing? Is that it?*

Well, not anymore. So far, we have had proposals to use ***SCP-106****,* ***SCP-500****, both* ***SCP-173*** *and* ***SCP-096*** *in the same proposal, high altitude impact, SCP-3042, among several others you all have no knowledge of because they're too idiotic to even deserve recognition. And now, someone has proposed using SCP-407. A simple skim reading will demonstrate the enormous risks and resources required in such an undertaking.*

This stops now.

Let me be absolutely clear: SCP-682 is one of the most dangerous entities we have ever managed to contain. It wants our entire species dead and given its abilities, it could very well accomplish this. It is completely alien to our understanding of reality in almost every sense of the word. Imagine if it broke containment and we were forced to detonate a nuclear device. Go ahead. Let it sink in; what could happen if it adapted to one of our most powerful weapons. We wouldn't just be boned beyond belief: it would be the end of mankind. Nothing could stop it, and I can already guess some believe using other SCPs could work. It won't. That will only make things worse. It always does.

This isn't a fucking game, damn it! This is a battle for the survival of our species, and it is almost certain we are running out of time and options. And once we run out of both, well…there are two options: kill yourself, or wait for it to find you. Just be sure to turn out the lights if you're the last one left.

So either help…or don't help at all.

Item: **SCP-393**

Tissue Test Record: None

Termination Test Record: From the testing log of **SCP-393**.

Test 393-4

Begin Log:

Subject: 1 linked D-class, male

Description: New subject instructed to do nothing of note for the day of / /2 , and is continually monitored by CCTV.

Written: ' Going to somehow defeat SCP-682 today.'

Outcome: Outcome is identical to previous test, save for the frozen expression of horror on the comatose subject's face. SCP-393 links to stand-by D-class.

Note: It was worth a shot.. - Research Assistant

End Log

Item: Dr. King, accompanied by 10 trained and armed security guards

Tissue Test Record: N/A

Termination Test Record: Personnel entered containment chamber of SCP-682. All personnel retained at least 25 meters of

distance. Guards readied to shoot. SCP-682 sniffed the air and then laughed.

SCP-682: You call those bullets?

Dr. King and Guards appear confused. All shots were unloaded, then guards were shocked as the bullets were actually appleseeds. They stated that they had made sure to double check the magazines before entering the chamber. Dr. King leaves furiously, with the guards to follow.

"If only SCP-682 could have turned into an appleseed…" — Dr. King

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Item: One domesticed *Equus ferus*, deceased, one baseball bat.

Tissue Test Record:
Overridden by O5-Command

Termination Test Record: SCP-682 picked up baseball bat and begun to swing it at the deceased equine. SCP-682 appeared to enjoy beating the test material. SCP-682 returned to containment.

Notes: Success!

Item: `SCP-1370`

Tissue Test Record:
SCP-1370 was defeated by the tissue sample.

Termination Test Record:

> **<Begin Log>**
> **[SCP-1370 is placed in the testing area.]**
> **SCP-1370** Free! Free at last! All will be crushed under the heel of Doombot! Nothing shall live when I am done.
> **SCP-682** Good plan. Can I help, master?
>
> [SCP-1370 attempts to climb on top of SCP-682]
>
> **SCP-1370** Yes! A ignoble steed of destruction for

President Death. Together, the Droid of Despair will be even more unstoppable!

[At this point testing was stopped. SCP-1370 was removed, and SCP-682 submerged in acid.]
<End Log>

Notes: Following this encounter SCP-1370 has demonstrated a 10% increase in lethality. The difference is insignificant

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Item: SCP-3309

Tissue Test Record: N/A

Termination Test Record:

BY ORDER OF THE PATAPHYSICS DEPARTMENT, THIS FILE IS C

According to Document 6/7781, SCP-682's file was written to outline it as an extremely powerful entity, capable of adapting to any damage, and would be indestructible in order to activate SCP-3309. This occurred on / / .

It is theorized that instead of SCP-3309 removing SCP-682, a CK Class Reality Reconstitution occurred, revealing that SCP-682's documentation was created in 2008, and SCP-682 always had the appearance described within the document created in order to be destroyed by SCP-3309.

Attached to SCP-682's current file are several comments from various members of the Foundation, some who do not currently exist, which were created during the Reality Reconstitution. They have been transcribed here.

> **Doctor [ERROR]:** What about using the teleport pool, tossing this thing into space?
>
> > **Doctor Clef:** What if it survives reentry and comes back?

Researcher [ERROR]: Ion drives are comparatively easy to make. Cryogenically freeze it, toss it in the portal pool, and point it at the nearest black hole. It'll take a while to actually get there, but there'll be no real reason to worry about it in the meantime.

> **Doctor Clef:** Does cryogenic freezing even work? I mean, if an invasive crystalline organism can't stop it…
>
> **Doctor Gears:** What happens if it adapts? that's how it's breaking containment so much, it keep adapting to things. it might adapt to the freezeing [sic], and raw vacuum…and then come back extra-pissed. it loses the new adaptations a while after they stop being useful, but still, it's dangerous to try too much on 682, in case it survives it.

Assistant Researcher Noaqiyeum: Have we tried any of the following:

SCP-157, possibly in combination with
SCP-127
SCP-017
SCP-096
SCP-294, possibly in association with
SCP-075
SCP-053
SCP-061 could be extremely beneficial.
SCP-162
SCP-123. I'd like to see it try to adapt to that.

> **Doctor Fish:** The notion of 682 finally getting taken out by 053 is pretty damn funny.

SCP-3199: Humans, Refuted

Item #: SCP-3199

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All live instances of SCP-3199 are to be contained on Site-114 within a Keter humanoid containment chamber, the walls of which should be coated in approximately two centimeter thick acid-resistant steel. Two meters of empty space are to be allocated between this chamber and secondary containment.

Secondary containment consists of suspending all live instances of SCP-3199 inside a solid block of strong, transparent substance (currently clear acrylic resin).

This block is to be at a height of at least three meters, with one armed security guard stationed directly outside initial containment at all times. An eight-digit passcode can be obtained from the current Site-114 director in order to access the initial containment chamber, and allow for close-up examination of SCP-3199's behaviour and appearance. CCTV equipment is, however, installed in one corner of the containment cell for remote observation.

Secondary containment is to be regularly examined for damages. Any sign of aggressive activity will be noted, and the current Site-114 Director informed at the earliest possible convenience.

A temporary recall procedure is detailed in Addendum 3199-03. Experiments involving the use of live SCP-3199 instances are strictly prohibited without approval from at least two personnel of Level-4 security clearance or above.

As of 12/6/2017, there are four present and contained instances of SCP-3199.

Description: SCP-3199 is a sentient humanoid species of a currently unknown biological origin, though tissue samples suggest traces of domestic chicken (*Gallus gallus*) and chimpanzee (*Pan troglodytes*) DNA. Instances of SCP-3199 are hairless, stained with a thin layer of albumin, and stand at an average of 2.9 meters. Weight averages 780 kg for a matured instance, and 360 kg for a hatchling. The necks of SCP-3199 appear dislocated, and are capable of twisting approximately 340°, presumably due to the nature of SCP-3199's reproductive cycle.

SCP-3199 are opportunistic hunters, engaging with live subjects within a currently unidentified radius within a radius of 0.6 kilometers surrounding hatchlings that have not yet reached full adolescence. Average speed is recorded at 25 km/h. Upon contact with human or animal subjects, SCP-3199 will proceed to [REDACTED], liquefying internal organs and bone structure. The cadaver is then transported to the young and utilized as a form of nourishment.

Instances of SCP-3199 have been observed producing large eggs of an off-white coloration and rubbery appearance. These eggs pass through the entity's stomach, esophagus and eventually out via the mouth, followed by a viscous red substance (first thought to be a form of placenta, chemical breakdown has determined it to be a highly corrosive material.) SCP-3199 shows extreme distress throughout the process, with personnel describing the sound as 'not dissimilar to a scream'.

Presumably due to a biologically ingrained method of avoiding extinction, SCP-3199 produces its eggs to fill available space. This anomalous property currently has no known limit, and as a result may pose an LK-Class species transmutation scenario. Termination of SCP-3199 can be performed with relative ease. However, a complete eradication is currently impossible difficult, as all instances of SCP-3199 (regardless of age) carry one egg inside their stomach, ensuring survival for a least one member of their species at all times.

Egg samples have proven to be extremely resilient, lacking visible signs of damage after subjection to:

- Extreme blunt-force trauma.

- Extensive pressure exceeding 180,000 psi.
- High-precision blades. (Serrated and non-serrated)
- Long-term acid exposure.

Use of point-blank explosives was suggested, but never tested. Heat exposure has been determined to accelerate hatch rates, and thus detonation may run the risk of a containment breach. (See Addendum 3199-04).

SCP-3199 was issued Keter classification on 10/6/2017 following the events of a containment breach. SCP-3199's original water containment method was disassembled, and replaced with the current resin solution.

Addendum 3199-01: On / /2017, O5- dispatched the following notice regarding SCP-3199:

> *All experiments involving SCP-3199 egg samples are strictly prohibited until further notice. Hatching periods have proven too unreliable to warrant extensive research, and as the consequences of a containment breach become more and more apparent, the O5 Council have collectively decided to eliminate risks at the source and prevent testing until new information surfaces. We thank you for your cooperation.*

SCP-3199 was discovered in , Ireland after reports of an unidentified, 'bald' creature 'crying like a banshee' from within a dense woodlands resulted in the dispatching of MTF Omega-19 ("Omelette"). Two personnel were lost in action, their internal organs and jaws having been almost entirely dissolved. During transportation, SCP-3199 produced two offspring, resulting in the deaths of a further six personnel. It is entirely unknown as to how the first instance of SCP-3199 came into existence. A thorough examination of the original capture site is currently undergoing confirmation.
(See Addendum 3199-02).

> + Addendum 3199-02

Addendum 3199-02: On / /2017, a thorough sweep of SCP-3199's initial recovery location was performed in an attempt to uncover any further information regarding their origin. Locals claimed that the small remote residence in question has been established in the woods for several years. Surface Team D-029 recovered several items of interest, including:

- One bag of assorted thread and needles, of various colors and sizes.
- Approximately thirteen chicken carcasses (based on the collective halves and quarters), with precise incisions located on the underbelly, neck, and thigh. Six of the carcasses had been plucked, with visible human teeth marks lining the bare areas seemingly at random.
- Several containers, including water bottles and Tupperware boxes, holding an unidentified watery paste. The paste is deep brown in color, and in the presence of oxygen becomes viscous and hard. Substance is currently awaiting chemical breakdown.
- An A5 notebook, brand, and heavily scratched with what was determined to be human fingernails. The words 'OPEN WHEN WE ARE PURE!!' are written on the front.
- Two chicken feather quills.

The notebook itself consisted of 24 pages of standard lined paper, written in non-anomalous black ink. 19 of these pages consisted of various cuboid patterns and crude, child-like illustrations vaguely resembling SCP-3199. On the remaining five pages, large lines of writing detail the diary of an unnamed individual. Most of what was written was found totally illegible. However, one extract in particular, dated /6/1973 was written with notably higher clarity:

> If you're reading this, then luky lucky you! one millionth hour from not and it'll be fun fun, and

> the wonderful vursatilli vessa versatility of (INFERIOR) human DNA will give birth to a new era. A stronger ear. One where [ILLEGIBLE] and food and water will be nothing but things of the passed as we make and make and make more until for the better future! [ILLEGIBLE]
> I REALLY HAVEN'T MUCH TIM
> TIME
> THATS why i ENVY you so. you'll have all the time you need. time will be a thing of the time will be on and on and death will be life. life new life changes lives and brings smiles like a freshness. new life will be a part of life from now on. (sic)

The final page consisted of several ink blots, thirteen instances of the word 'life' in various sizes, and two instances of the words 'didnt you want this?' (sic)

Addendum 3199-03: *Protocol 34-22-B - 'Poached'*

Regarding the re-containment of SCP-3199. The following procedure will occur in the event of a breach.

- On-site personnel with Level-1 security clearance or above assume standard lock-down procedure and immediately move to Site-113 unless instructed otherwise.
- Site-114 is to be filled entirely with distilled water, treated with Class A sedatives.
- Surface Team Tango-306-A will be notified and dispatched and instructed to retrieve any instances of SCP-3199's eggs.
- Any living instances of SCP-3199 will be terminated on sight, and their remaining eggs will be collected.
- All egg samples are to be transported to temporary off-site containment.
- Site-114 will then be drained, and janitorial staff dispatched to thoroughly clean the area. Personnel attempting to breach Site-114 before this inspection is complete will be apprehended and suspended accordingly.

Note: *Some personnel have displayed skepticism regarding the necessity of SCP-3199's current breach protocol. To elaborate, we have reason to believe that fluid is an excellent counter to SCP-3199's anomalous reproductive properties. It appears to enter an inert state in the presence of liquid, regardless of thickness or clarity. There are two theories regarding this occurrence:*
1. SCP-3199's need for survival demands all of its attention to focus on not drowning. It's possible we have found a loophole within its own nature.
2. SCP-3199 considers the liquid around it as 'full space', and as a result does not produce any young when submerged.
The latter theory holds more water, as SCP-3199 appears to be totally inactive when submerged. For now, I believe I speak for all of Site-114 when I say it's a relief to at least have a consistent method of containment.
-Dr. Watt
12/5/2017

+ VIDEO LOG - INTERVIEW 3199-01

VIDEO LOG - INTERVIEW 3199-01:

Interviewer: Dr. Ewing.
Interviewed: Cpl. Duncan. Leading captain of MTF Omega-19, first to capture and detain SCP-3199 during initial recovery.
Foreword: Subject had undergone extensive psychiatric therapy prior to interview, and whilst not considered responsible for the deaths of Pvt. MacLeod and LCpl. Langley, admitted to having not performed the necessary precautions.

> [BEGIN LOG]
>
> **Cpl. Duncan:** Take a seat, right?
>
> **Dr. Ewing:** Please, if you would.
>
> *Cpl. Duncan clears his throat. White noise as*

he sits, visibly anxious.

Cpl. Duncan: The job was pretty simple. No auditory or visual triggers that the eggheads in Site-114 knew about. Seems to me as if they'd done a pretty top job scraping the area clean.

Cpl. Duncan laughs nervously.

Cpl. Duncan: Never is that easy though, huh ma'am? We landed around 2100 hours. The boys and I had been told that if we couldn't catch the thing, the next best thing would be snapping a frame or two, so they- uh- they hooked us up with the best in night vision hardware.

Cpl. Duncan: … I know you have pictures, Ela. I know you've got *something.*

Paper shuffling. Dr. Ewing looks grave.

Dr. Ewing: You're under no obligation to view the recording.

Cpl. Duncan: Nah, nah- I- I know that. Just shook me a little.

Dr. Ewing: Please. Go on.

Cpl. Duncan: (*Shivering.*) We found something within the hour- almost like a shack, totally out of scrap metal and wood. Looked more like an over-sized chicken coop than anything else, but I don't know that your new monster built it. Just made it a home.

Dr. Ewing: And I assume you-

Cpl. Duncan: - entered ASAP? Of course, it was a late shift. Wanted this over as quick as possible. I'd like to say that's why I did what I

did, but- uh- I can't bring myself to make excuses.
Cpl. Duncan places his head in his hands, sighing. I really- really fucked it, ma'am. Pardon my French.

Dr. Ewing: It's perfectly appropriate, all things considered. However, I'm going to have to ask you to continue explaining the procedure.

Cpl. Duncan: Right, right, well- I had two of my men stationed at back. Pvt. MacLeod and Cpl. Langley insisted they take first charge. Fresh out of training, they were. Kids. I should be used to it by now, but-

Cpl. Duncan laughs dryly.

Cpl. Duncan: Never seen a smile get cut down so quick. It knew we were there, somehow. Jumped right at Pvt. MacLeod and [DATA EXPUNGED] the fuckin' teeth out of his head. I see it whenever I blink, ma'am. That's the shit that stays with you.

Dr. Ewing: I assure you, The Foundation will take every measure to ensure financial comfort for the families of your lost men. Could you elaborate on the other casualty?

Silence for a moment. Cpl Duncan leans back in his chair. A pause.

Dr. Ewing: Duncan? Please, I have to urge you to continue. The more we know, the more we can do to stop it from happening again.

Cpl. Duncan: We barely had time to react before it started neckin' it down the corridor to the right. I guess the adrenaline had just about hit me, because I fired off enough rounds to

blow a chunk out of its chest, just as its ugly head was about to hit a corner. I saw-

Another pause. Cpl. Duncan shows visible signs of distress.

Cpl. Duncan: I saw straight fuckin' moonlight on the other side. Bulls-eye. Thing let out the most awful scream. I have a beautiful little baby boy at home, doc. You know that?

Dr. Ewing: Irrelevant discussion of domestic life isn't necessary for this procedure, Lance Corporal. Could you please-

Cpl. Duncan: (*Raising voice.*) I have a beautiful baby boy who just loves wailin' when he's too cranky to sleep, and you know what? Every time he does, I think about that scream. See it poppin' into my head. Think what it did- and his pa gives him a look as if he's gonna bash his fuckin' head against the wall.

Cpl. Duncan, now standing, gradually sits back down.

Cpl. Duncan: (*Strained*) They were good men.

Silence.

Cpl. Duncan: Please, Ela. Kill that monster. If for no one else, for me.

[END LOG]

Note: I wish the very best to the families of those lost during SCP-3199's initial recovery. Furthermore, I would like to formally request that Cpl. Duncan is administered one Class B amnestic at the earliest possible convenience. No excuses.
Dr. E. Ewing
Site-114 Director

Addendum 3199-04: Experiment Logs

+ 3199-A

Experiment 3199-A - 'Intense Heat Exposure' - / /2017

Subject: One egg sample from SCP-3199.

Method: Subject relocated to a secure containment cell. Inside temperature of the cell was gradually increased at an average rate of 7°C/minute.

Results: After approx. nine minutes, the egg ruptured violently and produced a single hatchling. On-site personnel reacted swiftly to re-contain the newborn instance. However, the excessive internal temperature impacted the physical growth of the young instance, and it reached adolescence at an accelerated rate of 40 seconds.

As a result, the (now adolescent) hatchling produced two further instances of SCP-3199. On-site security response was swift, and all three instances were detained. All future heat testing involving SCP-3199 egg samples has been forbidden until further notice.

+ 3199-B

Experiment 3199-B - 'Liquid Nitrogen Bath' - / /2017

Subject: One egg sample from SCP-3199.

Method: Subject submerged entirely in liquid nitrogen. Security remain on standby throughout the procedure, after concerns regarding another unexpected outbreak. After approximately 45 minutes of exposure, SCP-3199 had reached -190°C. Following two hours of exposure, the egg sample was removed and placed under extreme pressure.

Results: Hydraulic press peaked at pressures of around

9,000 psi. Cracks appeared 30 minutes into exposure before the sample shattered. Egg fragments were collected and furthermore pressed into a fine pulp. Zero traces of albumin or yolk were located. Incineration of these remains proved successful at destroying the egg in its entirety.

Postscript: *As Dr. Ewing once put so eloquently, let us not allow these small victories to distract from the larger picture- and whilst you may find the time to celebrate this discovery, we will not excuse apathy towards the entity itself.*
-Dr. Watt

+ 3199-C

Experiment 3199-C - 'Chemical Analysis of Shell' - / /2017

Sample: 10 grams of finely pressed eggshell pulp, taken from an SCP-3199 egg.

Results: Detailed chemical breakdown shows traces of nacre, enamel, and a currently unidentified carbon compound. Microscope analysis suggests that the shell itself is composed of tightly packed, organized crystals. Practical use of this material is currently undergoing consideration.

Articles 3200-3299

SCP-3200: Chronos

Item #: SCP-3200

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: At present, primary containment procedures consist of exploring ways to slow down the expansion of SCP-3200. All potential research inquiries along this line are open for consideration, as no current solution, permanent or temporary, has been found.

Foundation affiliated researchers have been suitably implanted into civilian scientific institutions in order to both discourage serious inquiry into the nature of SCP-3200 while also conducting independent research into the anomaly.

Rescue attempts for the crewmembers of the Peregrine-9 expedition are not being considered at this time.

Description: SCP-3200 is a region of space, currently 300 million light years in diameter, located at approximately right ascension 14h 50m and declination 46°, commonly referred to as the Boötes Void by civilian scientists.

At present, the exact properties of SCP-3200 are unknown, as most research into the anomaly was conducted by the now defunct Peregrine Expedition Program. As such, there is considerable debate into how exactly SCP-3200 functions, though the following principles are considered to be accurate by majority consensus:

- SCP-3200 represents an exceptionally thin (and potentially open) region of spacetime such that trans-universal contact is possible through SCP-3200.
- The anomaly is expanding at a rate of 1 million light years per year.
- The expansion of SCP-3200 poses a non-zero threat of a UK-

Class Universal Collapse Scenario.

All other points concerning the exact properties of SCP-3200 are considered to be highly speculative. Researchers looking for more information concerning the anomaly may consult the following compiled reports on SCP-3200.

History of the Anomaly: The anomaly was first discovered by civilian scientists who noted that the region of space possessed significantly fewer galaxies than one would expect from any other region of space; notably, while a similar size region of space should contain 2000 galaxies, SCP-3200 only possesses 60.

Foundation researchers at Site 118 conducting research into extrasolar anomalies noted extremely high Hume levels arising from SCP-3200, but were unable to determine any reason for this. Continued research into SCP-3200 would not be seriously conducted until the launch of the Peregrine expeditions in 2008.

Original Peregrine Expedition Mission Statement

With the creation of ever-sophisticated technology by members of our applied sciences divisions, we often find uses for various advances that we had never before considered.

The creation of the first temporal sinks by Foundation researchers showed us that time can be manipulated, slowed down, or even held constant from the perspectives of different viewers. As such, we aim to use modified temporal sink devices in the launch of a new Foundation space initiative in order to better understand non-terrestrial anomalies.

By speeding up time relative to us on Earth for the crewmembers of our planned spacecraft, we can accomplish advanced space travel to many distant locations. Temporal sinks allow us to maintain the natural flow of time for both us observers on Earth and the crewmembers of the expedition, maintaining causality in all frames of reference. It is a simple matter

of cryogenically freezing our crewmembers for however long they intend to travel, activating our modified temporal sinks, and then waking them up when they arrive at their destination, in a frame of time that is usable by our standards, all without violating causality.

Small scale tests indicate that we could use these temporal sinks aboard fuel-efficient ion thruster powered spacecraft to send researchers hundreds of million of light years away and back in the space of a few months, allowing us to vastly improve our knowledge of extrasolar anomalies.

-Dr. Aleksey Dimitrov

The approval of this experimental technology in order to study extrasolar anomalies led to the launch of the Peregrine expeditions in order to glean more data on several different extrasolar anomalies. SCP-3200 was selected as the target of the Peregrine-9 expedition, launched November 29th, 2010.

Peregrine-9 Expedition Details

Objective: Conduct research into the nature of SCP-3200 and ascertain origins of abnormally high Hume levels.

Crewmembers: Mission Commander/Pilot Captain Mikhail Kuznetsov, mechanical engineer, Researcher Alexander Moreau, astrophysicist, and Researcher Thomas Sewell, extrasolar containment specialist.

Flight Details: Mission will take place from 11/29/10 to 11/29/16. Flight time using temporal sinks will occupy roughly 4 years of total mission time, during which crewmembers will be cryogenically frozen.

On 2/28/16, the Foundation recovered a capsule launched by Peregrine-9, consisting of modified segments of the original Peregrine-9 shuttle. The following is a collection of relevant logs and

transcripts found inside the capsule. Full reports may be retrieved pending approval from the Project Director.

Recorded Date: 2/1/13

Camera feed begins.

Kuznetsov is seen adjusting the camera as the rest of the crew seems to have only just awoken from cryosleep.

Moreau: And just like that, we're 700 million light years from home. Didn't feel like anything to me.

Sewell: It's a little scary, and a little amazing. So this means that we're firmly inside the anomaly then?

Kuznetsov: Correct. I don't feel anything different though.

Moreau: Take a look outside.

Moreau takes the camera and shows the view outside the spacecraft. It is pitch black, with no signs of any stars or galaxies visible.

Moreau: Now that's disturbing. Pure blackness.

All three men are silent.

Sewell: What do you suppose is out there?

Kuznetsov: Who knows? It's our job to figure it out.

Camera feed ends.

Recorded Date: 2/2/13

Camera feed begins. Kuznetsov is seen sitting in front of the camera.

Kuznetsov: This is Captain Mikhail Kuznetsov of the Peregrine-9 mission. Reporting in on Day 1 of the

mission, which has already hit a snag. The first thing we tried to do was to verify the anomalous Hume levels that our more Earthbound satellites were able to pick up but our Kant counters don't seem to be functioning properly here. The Hume levels we're reading are fluctuating rapidly, anywhere from almost 0 to absurd numbers in the hundreds. If we came all the way here only to have faulty Kant counters…heh. What a tragedy that'd be.

Kuznetsov is seen pausing, and then looking out the viewport.

Kuznetsov: Still, there seems to be something…off about this place. We'll have to do more research later. That's all for today I suppose.

Camera feed ends.

Recorded Date: 3/13/13

Camera feed begins. All three crewmembers are seen surrounding what appears to be a box of some kind. Kuznetsov is seen directly facing the camera.

Kuznetsov: So, today we woke up and saw a box outside.

Moreau: Floating around in the middle of space nowhere. Just sitting pretty.

Kuznetsov: We just recovered the object and are about to open it. Nobody panic, alright?

Nervous chuckles from the group. Kuznetsov stands off to the side by the ejection port. Moreau lifts the hatch on the box carefully, and looks inside.

Moreau: It's a…CD. Should we run it?

Kuznetsov: Go ahead. Use the isolated computer, it's not connected to anything.

Moreau runs the CD, which opens up a film on the computer. Following a nod from Kuznetsov, he plays it.

The film shows a view of Captain Kuznetsov, sitting in front of a camera.

Kuznetsov: What the hell?

Film-Kuznetsov: *This is Captain Mikhail Kuznetsov of the Peregrine-9 mission. Reporting in on Day 35. Still no signs of slowing down the anomaly's growth. We can't get any good data on it either because we still can't get any of our counters are working. Still, we will see what we can do…for the good of us all. Signing off.*

The film ends by this point.

Camera feed ends.

Recorded Date: 3/21/13

Camera feed begins. Kuznetsov is seen in front of the camera again.

Kuznetsov: This is Captain Mikhail Kuznetsov of the Peregrine-9 mission. Reporting in on Day 47 of the mission. Over the past week or so, we've picked up about 12 more recordings of me speaking about the anomaly in question.

Kuznetsov sighs, and is seen rubbing his neck.

Kuznetsov: We're still not any closer to answers though. All of these other versions of myself seem to know more about what's going on than I do, since they all reference stopping SCP-3200. Wish this version of me could know half as much as they seem to…heh. Which reminds me: No, the Kant counters still don't work. Still not sure why.

Kuznetsov leans back, and rubs his face.

Kuznetsov: Moreau thinks that we're seeing something

from other universes, which would explain where these things are coming from. Thomas believes that something is off about the reality surrounding this anomaly, which would explain the malfunctioning Kant counters, but we have no idea why that is either. In summary: We have a whole lot of nothing and a lot of questions. That's all for today.

Camera feed ends.

Recorded Date: 8/6/13

Camera feed begins. Kuznetsov is seen with his head in his hands. He looks up at the camera.

Kuznetsov: Today marked the 38th tape we've recovered of myself. We've gotten 38 different capsules containing tapes of myself speaking to a camera, just like I'm doing now. And none of them are exactly the same. In each video, I'm wearing different clothes, the date is off, I have different hair, all kinds of things. And I've got no damn idea why.

Kuznetsov leans into the camera.

Kuznetsov: What worries me the most is that we still haven't found out any details about what exactly SCP-3200 is doing. We're pretty sure that this is a region of some weird spacetime stuff; Moreau is adamant that this is a region where spacetime is pretty thin, allowing for contact between universes. But beyond that, we just don't know exactly what's happening. Worse, we've started finding more than capsules…things like bodies. Mine, Sewell's, Moreau's, and some of people that I've never seen. Parts of shuttles using technology that I haven't seen before, and other scraps of things that I don't understand at all.

Kuznetsov shudders.

Kuznetsov: There is something deeply wrong about this

> place. It feels fundamentally misplaced. That it doesn't belong. I don't know what else we can find here. Signing off for today.
>
> *Camera feed ends.*

The following was written in Captain Kuznetsov's personal notes regarding the mission on 8/21/13.

> How many times?
>
> How many times have we been here?
>
> This is the question that keeps me up at night, the question that has brought me no rest. We are certainly not the first, and every other Kuznetsov out there seems to have been brought low by this same question.
>
> We recovered a log today. The man that I saw on that tape was old. Very old. He had been recording the anomaly for a long time. Years, perhaps even decades. Thousands of tapes recovered. No answers. He had studied it for years and years, and nowhere did he find an answer to why this was happening.
>
> They say that the definition of madness is doing the same thing over and over again, but expecting different results. If so, then just how mad are we?

On 9/7/13, Captain Kuznetsov apparently vanished while attempting to retrieve another tape. He reappeared two days later on 9/9/13, extremely dehydrated and weak. The other crewmembers report that Kuznetsov recorded this message shortly before lapsing into a coma:

> We were fools. The void isn't a region where spacetime is ruined; it's the source of the tear itself. Spacetime itself is rending itself apart and we're seeing echoes of every timeline in the past and future.
>
> Time is an ouroboros, devouring itself again and again, only to be reborn.

I saw all of it. All of the times we tried to stop it in the past. All the times that I tried to stop it in the past. And the future. This happens again and again, until we get it right.

Over and over again, we try and try to fix it. All times blend together until we reach singularity and all is lost. The tear opens more holes everywhere in reality, and the anomalies appear faster and faster, but containment is only delaying the inevitable. The inevitable cleansing of the slate.

I saw all the timelines. And we haven't stopped it in any of them.

Mater' Bozhya.[1] We have seen into the abyss, and by God, it hates us.

This was the last recorded event that was stored in the recovered capsule; given the passing of Peregrine-9's original end date, the expedition is considered to be lost.

Footnotes
1. "Mother of God" in Russian.

SCP-3201: well, it was low-entropy while it lasted.

WK-11 5340

AUTHORIZATION REQUIRED

CLASS H RESTRICTED INFORMATION PROTOCOLS

In accordance with **O5-Order 15128** the contents of this file are restricted to personnel who have obtained WK-11/5340 authorization. Attempted infractions *will* result in disciplinary action, including but not necessarily limited to: demotion, mandatory-duty transfers, partial/total CQT isolation, and/or termination.

*If these access credentials are incorrect, please follow **Procedures 11N-42-00**, exit this terminal, and contact your site commander for further instructions.*

[VERIFY CREDENTIALS]

Item #:
SCP-3201

Object Class:
Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: Containment procedures for SCP-3201 are limited primarily to disinformation protocols surrounding SCP-3201, exchanges and agreements with SCP-3201, and communications with SCP-3201.

Foundation assets are to maintain a continual presence within media and meteorological organizations listed in Document Q5/903. SCP-3201 instances are to be referred to as "ball lightning" or variations thereof, depending on the nature of the incident. Standard Class-A amnestics are to be administered aerially to populations situated within 1.5km of the location of the appearance of an SCP-3201 instance with discretion based upon flight path and diameter (see Document AW/N3-K1).

Only CL/3000 and above personnel who have obtained WK-11/5340 authorization are permitted to directly interact and communicate with SCP-3201 instances, with reasonable exceptions for task-force personnel and D-class personnel during testing. Foundation personnel who have not obtained WK-11/5340 authorization, or individuals from partner organizations, may be assigned to SCP-3201 research, under the condition that they are amnesticised following the discontinuation of their research (see Document EH/RO-2E).

Exchanges, bartering, and trade agreements with SCP-3201 must be conducted by personnel familiar with

Collingua, the constructed interlingua used for communication between humans and SCP-3201 instances. Researchers are required to study records of the 1983 Archivist-Foundation Accords as a basis for conduct in negotiating future agreements. Negotiators are advised to familiarize themselves with the aesthetic preferences of particular SCP-3201 instances. Keter-class anomalous objects must not be used for bartering purposes.

Routes to Logashkino, located in Sakha, Russian Federation, must be restricted to Foundation personnel. Satellite imagery, property records, and all forms of print and digital media are to suggest that Logashkino was formerly a trading post, but has been completely uninhabited since 1998 with the exception of outposts by Russian logging and mineral corporations. Twenty permanent personnel are to remain on site at all times for maintenance.

Personnel who have not obtained WK-11/5340 access credentials are to be amnesticised after departing from the Logashkino site. It is suggested that internal Foundation employees without WK-11/5340 authorization be lead to believe that Logashkino is an isolation site for a logograph-based cognitomorphological virus in order to discourage undue interest in Eigen-12.

Description: SCP-3201 is the collective designation for a class of sentient, mobile hyperdimensional entities, appearing as luminous spheres with variations in colour and diameter. SCP-3201 instances identify themselves as "Archivists" to Foundation personnel, and are usually identified as ball lightning in the wider scientific community.

SCP-3201 instances were first brought to the attention of the Foundation as potential anomalies after several aerial sightings of "kraut fireballs" or "foo-fighters" over Germany in November 1944, described as "resembling

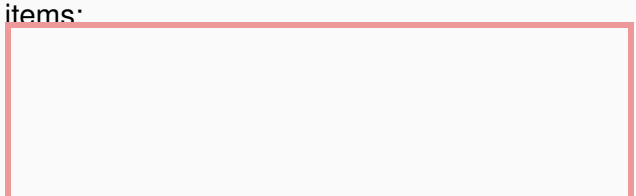
Christmas tree lights, usually non-hostile and unable to be outmaneuvered".

Initially classified as naturally-occurring electromagnetic phenomena, an SCP-3201 instance was reported once again by MTF Chi-3 ("Exorcists") in 1959 as a central figure of worship within an anomalous Melanesian cargo-cult community — stones, shells, gems and animal bones chiselled into polyhedral shapes, would be ritualistically offered to the instance, in exchange for which the instance would provide crates of canned foods and various Western manufactured goods from nearby parallel universes (see Addendum AJ/151).

In 1968, it was ascertained that eigenstations, originally constructed by the Foundation to meet increasing energy requirements for dimensional containment operations in Site-62, acted as "attractants" for SCP-3201 instances. Repeated contact between SCP-3201 instances and Site-62 researchers enabled the analysis and translation of symbols used by SCP-3201, which enable topologically and mathematically precise communication. SCP-3201 instances were capable of transferring knowledge of this constructed language between themselves.

Through these communications, SCP-3201 instances communicated their intentions to "collect" and "archive" specific types of objects. For example, SCP-3201-4 primarily archives spotted turtles (*Clemmys guttata*), with a preference towards specific spot patterns and weights. According to SCP-3201-4, no other nearby parallel universes host spotted turtles. SCP-3201 instances are known to change preferences after finding an appropriate item.

By order, the first eight SCP-3201 instances expressed the desire to collect "ideal versions" of the following items:



1. **Platonic solids (tetrahedra, cubes, octahedra, dodecahedra, or icosahedra)** ranging between 5cm and 30cm in width. Preference for smoothness.
2. **Dark green Wellington boots.** Preferences unknown.
3. [REDACTED]
4. **Turtles resembling *Clemmys guttata***. Preference for specific spot patterns, weight between 100g-130g.
5. **Seeds of unclassified organism.** SCP-3201-5 provided examples of said seeds, which were transported to Site-103, and cultivated in a high-moisture, carbon-dioxide-rich environment. Seeds germinated into a vine-like plant containing pockets of methanous hydrogen gas. After eighteen days, the plant appeared to detach itself, developed into a free-standing floating structure in the center of the greenhouse, and continually dispersed seeds onto the ground before incinerating itself two days later.
6. **Denominations of currency bearing the number '5'.** Preference towards warmer colours. (?)

7. **WWII-era foxhole crystal radio receivers.** Preference towards functional receivers.
8. **Unknown object class.** Described as spherical in shape, metallic in composition, covered in elongated spindles, and approximately two metres in diameter - apparently extant in nearby universes. SCP-3201-8 provided researchers with an example of the object, which appears to be neutrally buoyant, and emits electromagnetic radiation in structured pulses at 540 Hz. Air temperatures within 1.5km of the object decreased by 8 degrees Celsius over the course of three hours over the duration of testing. Function unknown, researchers were requested by SCP-3201-8 to manufacture more. Request was denied.

Translated by

Observations

and testimony collected from May 21 Guangzhou factory incident

JULY 15, 1983

KEY INFORMATION

- Incident occurred in Liwan Ceramics Co. Ltd. a ceramics manufacturing factory in Liwan, Guangzhou.
- Factory was of no interest to foreign intelligence agencies.
- Incident occurred from 11:33 to 3:08 (May 21, 1983).
- Thirty-four witnesses were present. Most accounts are consistent.
- Unlikely to pose immediate security threat.
- At 11:33, a slightly-indistinct "sphere of light" was observed in the workshop, hovering in the air, approximately three metres off the

floor, with no visible supports. Over the next minute, the sphere of light grew and became more distinct. The sphere was orange/red tinted (twelve report orange, eight report red, fourteen are unsure). The sphere measured 3.5 metres in diameter at its maximum. The sphere had the luminescence of an ordinary light-bulb, and was not extremely bright, nor did it radiate heat. states that, nevertheless, the air surrounding the sphere distinctly rippled in a manner suggestive of a heat wave. This was confirmed by nineteen other witnesses.

- The sphere started to slowly circle the room in a "predatory" / "inquisitive" / "uncertain" manner at 11:37, passing through several solid objects unimpeded. These objects show no signs of damage nor do they display any unusual features.
- At approximately 1:00, the sphere appeared to lightly burn several seemingly-handwritten

Traditional characters onto a wall. These were: 貿 ("commerce, trade, barter"), 有 ("1. to have, 2. to exist"), 罐 ("jar"), 要 ("1. to demand, 2. to want"), 愿 ("1. honest, sincere, 2. wish, hope"), 錢 ("money"), and 金 ("1. copper, 2. gold").

- The first batch of Ming-era reproduction vases had finished in the morning.
- , the site manager, approached the sphere and attempted to communicate with it. established a system by which would ask a question and the sphere would burn either a circle or a cross to indicate affirmation and negation over the course of one hour.
- reported having successfully made a trade agreement.
- From 2:35 to 2:39, the sphere "swallowed" thirty-four vases (accounts are inconsistent).
- Over the course of a minute, the sphere slowly diminished in magnitude and distinctness until it completely disappeared.

- Starting from 3:01, the sphere reappeared in the same manner as previously described.
- After fully reappearing, the sphere circled over the workers for three minutes while "showering" them with approximately 600 kg of currency in the form of the renminbi, pristine Imperial-era copper coins, silver coinage, and various unidentifiable forms of currency (most notably banknotes featuring both Chinese and French with a silhouette of the current borders of the People's Republic of China in addition to Mongolia and the northern portion of Vietnam). Over the next three minutes, the sphere deposited approximately 1900 kg of molecularly-pure gold in long, cylindrical bars measuring 0.38 metres in diameter onto the factory floor. Objects were confiscated.
- The sphere disappeared over the course of a minute in a manner consistent with previous descriptions.

Memo from Director of Site-62 to O5 Council

January 30, 1969

BIMONTHLY DEVELOPMENTS

DECEMBER – JANUARY AT SITE-62

Researcher Nouell Bourland (10291) has recently joined Site-62, with L2340 access permissions.

Researcher K ( ) has been promoted to Head Researcher. Efforts to retrieve former

Head Researcher G from SCP- , located on the lunar surface, are still ongoing. Communication with the American space program for hastened retrieval is suggested.

Local government is proposing the construction of a motorway close to Site-62 operations, please advise.

Project Ambriel, more informally known as the "Eigenstation Project", was successfully completed this month, and has begun operation. Eigenstations operate through the Gillenstrap-Hume Dispersal Principle – Kosen cyclers are used to create extremely rapid fluctuations of Hume concentrations within areas of space approx. 3.5nm^2, resulting in

"ripples" within causal reality, which are easily harvested.
Appears to be manifesting "ball lightning" or "foo fighter" entities, we are uncertain as to whether this is a psychological effect or an actual phenomenon.

Please advise.

Transcript #3133 - "Head Researcher K & Fourth Instance"

August 3, 1971

[Extraneous content redacted]

Head Researcher K :
In that case, what is the

earliest cosmological event you remember having observed?

SCP-3201-4:
| «STAR-PLURAL» | «MULTITUDE-GROUP» | «loc. WITHIN» | «GEOMETRIC-DESCRIPTION-OF-A-SPHERE» | «SHAPE-TRANSFORMATION» | «GEOMETRIC-DESCRIPTION-OF-A-SPIRAL» | *Formation of our galaxy?*

Head Researcher K :
Could you describe to me your concept of an Earth year?

SCP-3201-4:
| «GEOMETRIC-DESCRIPTION-OF-THE-EARTH» | «loc. ON-SURFACE-OF» | «mov. CIRCULAR» | «loc. RELATIVE-RETURN-TO-POSITION» | «dir. W °11.1022981020516790039813…» | *[COORDINATES REDACTED FOR BREVITY]* | «STAR-SINGULAR» |

Head Researcher K :
How many years have you existed for?

SCP-3201-4:
| «CONFUSION» |

Head Researcher K :
Was there a point in time at which you did not exist?

SCP-3201-4:
| «CONFUSION» |

Head Researcher K :
Were you created?

SCP-3201-4:
| «CONFUSION» |

Head Researcher K :
Have you seen any other civilizations apart from ours?

SCP-3201-4:
| «AFFIRMATION-OF-ACCURATE-INFORMATION» |

Head Researcher K :
How many apart from ours have you have observed?

SCP-3201-4:
| «3» |

Head Researcher K :
But there are more?

SCP-3201-4:
| «AFFIRMATION-OF-ACCURATE-INFORMATION» |

Head Researcher K :
And you haven't observed them directly?

SCP-3201-4:
| «AFFIRMATION-OF-ACCURATE-INFORMATION» |

Head Researcher K :
Why?

SCP-3201-4:
| «DISINTEREST» | «ABSENCE-OF» | «GEOMETRIC-DESCRIPTION-OF-TURTLE-

PLURAL» |

Head Researcher K :
Are these civilizations extant?

SCP-3201-4:
| «NEGATION» |

Head Researcher K :
How many years ago did the last civilization cease to exist?

SCP-3201-4:
| «5,317,918,106» |

Head Researcher K :
Was this civilization in our galaxy?

SCP-3201-4:
| «NEGATION» |

Head Researcher K :
Was this civilization in the Local Group?

SCP-3201-4:
| «NEGATION» |

Head Researcher K :
I see. Why are the Archivists here?

SCP-3201-4:
| «BEACON» | «INVESTIGATION» |

Head Researcher K :
What are your purposes here?

SCP-3201-4:
| «OBJECTS-WITH-LOW-ENTROPY» | «PURPOSE / DUTY» | «UNIVERSE-

MUSEUM» | «ARCHIVE» | «PRESERVATION-FROM» | «UNIVERSAL-THERMODYNAMIC-EQUILIBRIUM» |

Head Researcher K :
By universal thermodynamic equilibrium … you mean … the heat death of our universe?

SCP-3201-4:
| «AFFIRMATION-OF-ACCURATE-INFORMATION» |

Head Researcher K :
That won't happen for trillions of trillions of years.

SCP-3201-4:
| «AFFIRMATION-OF-ACCURATE-INFORMATION» |

SCP-3201-4 leaves

END OF TRANSCRIPT

THE ULTIMATE FATE OF

THE UNIVERSE: A SHORT GUIDE FOR FOUNDATION PERSONNEL

DR. LUNSFORD

CHAPTER THREE – THE HEAT DEATH

The idea of the heat-death fascinated and frightened cultures and civilizations for millennia, before it was given a basis in scientific fact.

In the twenty-thousand-year-old mythology of the Oplachuyayan tribe of SCP- , was the balanced triality of the three primal gods. The Oplachuyayans believed that since their progeny, Chaos and Order had fought battle upon battle with one another, and

although immortal, would grow steadily weaker as time passed. In Oplachuyayan storytelling, it was said that in 10^{100} years, Chaos and Order would have their last battle, after which their third brother, Silence, would come to rule over the universe.

In 12QNum, a manuscript fragment attributed to [REDACTED], an anomalous Judaist sect dated to the 2nd century CE, are the words: " … dreamed of one in one hundred stars falling, and those stars remained, and none rose thereafter. And he waited for ten years, and one hundred years, until all the stars that had remained had fallen, and there was nothing. And nothing remained."

The observation that turned the heat death from story to certainty, was Edward Hubble's 1929 discovery that

every galaxy in the universe appeared to be receding from our own. From this, he concluded that the universe was expanding, rather than static as Einstein had assumed.

The heat death as a concept in cosmology refers to another possible fate of the universe, distinct from the Big Crunch, the Big Rip, the Big Split, and the Big Merge, very far into the future.

According to our current scientific knowledge, the gas required for normal star formation will no longer be available in 100 trillion years. This will result in a universe dominated by white dwarf stars, growing fewer and fewer as each star slowly runs out of available fuel.

As cold ex-stellar bodies merge together and fall into enormous black hole singularities over trillions of trillions of years, eventually,

the universe will be completely devoid of light. Any life that comes into being in this time will never know stars – the sky will be empty.

But not even these black holes would last forever – our current understanding of Hawking radiation indicates that all black holes, even those with masses exceeding galaxies, slowly leak subatomic particles into space. Over a period of 10^{100} years, every single last black hole will have vanished. The universe by this point will be rapidly expanding – so empty, dark, and cold, that the distance between one photon and its closest neighbour, will exceed the current distance between the Earth, and the edge of the observable universe.

At this point, the universe will be in its highest possible entropy state, and for all intents and

purposes, it will have reached its final fate, its final end.

THIS IS THE END
OF EXHIBIT
#2,914,802,940,784,178,024,210

CLASS:
ELECTRONIC
OBJECT

Entropy increased as expected.

Total universal thermodynamic equilibrium was attained at 2.829383810393928102 x 10^{104} years after creation, in contrast to the predicted date of 1.0102920192899092 x 10^{100} YAC, due to extended entropy-reducer activity.

Entropy-reducer activity ceased following significant proton-decay.

A group of 3,461,501,019 entropy-reducers re-created a Beacon.

Archivists were sent to investigate. Stranded Technicians were not found within 86,700 light-years of Beacon location, and search was concluded negative.

Contact with entropy-reducers was retained until entropy-reducers self-terminated for unknown reasons 1.16 x 10^2 years after initial Beacon creation.

6,908,017,318,855,191,004,119,248,194,872,949 Exhibits were preserved, including the preceding electronic object.

See Addendum 11/ A103931 for further information.

REPORT COMPILED BY THE FOLLOWING ARCHIVISTS:

673571
173191
660383
367958
377071
955125
749420
796348
714989
395983
458576
613648

580616
221836
480144
805020
140647
335238
375758
371976
288823
599177
689331
452829
189770
853142
548056
941269
170059
953813
969140
705209
940107
153904
635085
252039
741710
883825
637667
970862
600936
100475
988699
544769
348289
288882
773351
683959
925806
934856
978203
549884
109562
746128
989156
155388
827374
940146
245856
609298
297850
612337

344459
808233
850402
572905
530248
720638
169510
397096
297506
974519
594750
576402
115125
186190
549483
972716
588953
792183
945441
208035
570133
796798
752779
824892
881027
742615
289714
978322
531719
267557
892804
767119
352076
604033
616024
883305
129723
581215
940265
154541
382035
431398
244985
799192
496245
953725
952282
555127
132456
924214

685675
919861
718206
999259
713618
562350
795023
526005
939856
183488
274530
741211
426695
676459
581748
822144
479969
566830
553525
326575
201311
637430
803435
860373
744561
795577
492693
769168
145506
852272
279395
741608
167443
600049
959523
394689
858106
776646
315932
193710
996791
686630
335186
846891
259215
920519
659273
330751
898664
919404

523736
999730
619882
613517
546730
584502
474204
541234
886503
949587
769238
822761
343573
196859
863308
340934
965728
538967
709014
898935
676145
850327
615872
520095
637569
858678
426257
385053
510112
489288
595302
218182
973093
494747
351193
269849
742772
475653

SUMMARY OF UNIVERSE #139331920100933

It was
mostly

nothing.

But
there
were
some
interesting
parts.

SCP-3202: Habeeb It

Item #: SCP-3202

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: D-78818 is exempt from any scheduled termination or transfers, and may be kept in a standard low-threat humanoid containment cell.

Footage of D-78818 swallowing Junior Researcher Pitt's pet goldfish is available to all personnel with 1/3202 clearance. Personnel affected by SCP-3202 are encouraged to rewatch the footage should they ever experience doubt that the event occurred.

Witnesses to SCP-3202 are not permitted to consume live animals.

Description: SCP-3202 is a shared memory of a particular individual, designated SCP-3202-1, eating an acquaintance's pet while the animal was still alive. SCP-3202 only affects individuals who would have witnessed the event were it to occur (hereby "witnesses"); SCP-3202-1 is not affected.

Each SCP-3202 manifestation occurs in distinct stages. During Stage 1, witnesses will possess a shared memory of the event described above. These memories are vivid and mutually consistent, regardless of the supposed time since the event or the mental states of the witnesses.

Stage 2 begins when a witness ceases to believe these memories of the event.[1] SCP-3202's fidelity will decrease for each witness that ceases to believe the memories; after this occurs for about half of the witnesses, SCP-3202 becomes indistinguishable from an imaginary event.

Stage 3 occurs once SCP-3202 is only believed by one witness. The active instance of SCP-3202 will cease to exist, with all falsified

memories being eliminated. SCP-3202 will then reoccur, changing in form, with the remaining witness becoming the new SCP-3202-1.

Individuals who are exposed to several iterations of SCP-3202 often cease to display interest in the falsified memories and are typically quick to dismiss them; whether this is a natural reaction or a facet of SCP-3202 itself is unclear.

Recovery: The circumstances resulting in SCP-3202's creation are unclear; SCP-3202-related activity was first identified in San Francisco, CA among the administration of the Company on 2017-04-19. SCP-3202 went through an estimated nineteen iterations before its operational parameters were delineated by the Foundation.

SCP-3202's current containment procedures were formulated under the hypothesis that, if SCP-3202-1 participated in an event consistent with SCP-3202's parameters, the false memories would align with this event; subsequently, subjects would not find reason to disbelieve in SCP-3202, and it would thus remain stable.

To this end, a witness to an SCP-3202 manifestation was recruited as D-Class Personnel #78818. D-78818 was introduced to Junior Researcher Pitt, then provided with JR Pitt's pet goldfish. He complied with an instruction to swallow the goldfish.

Immediately thereafter, all other witnesses were provided information that disproved the active manifestation of SCP-3202. SCP-3202 demanifested, then reoccurred as a shared memory indistinguishable from the actual event of D-78818 swallowing the goldfish. This containment attempt is considered a success, and forms the basis of current containment procedures.

Addendum: A standard psychological review performed in June of 2017 has found that all personnel who witnessed SCP-3202 regard the memories associated with it as particularly enjoyable, recalling the event frequently and often experiencing dreams related to it. Subjects report deriving pleasure from the unambiguous truth of SCP-3202, as well as the imagined sensation of swallowing goldfish. Several expressed interest in performing similar acts.

SCP-3202 has been upgraded to Euclid. All witnesses are to be monitored for further anomalies.

Footnotes

1. Most commonly, the witness acquires or recalls evidence that the pet in question was alive at some point after the supposed event. As SCP-3202 does not include memories of events leading up to or resulting from the pet's consumption, the incongruency with other documented events may result in disbelief. Thoughtful evaluation of the implausibility of the event has also been noted to cause this effect; this occurs more often when the pet in question is particularly large or when SCP-3202-1 is particularly small.

SCP-3203: The Swiss Bank Account

TO: **pcs.noitadnuof|rellete#pcs.noitadnuof|rellete**
FROM: **pcs.noitadnuof|lenidregn#pcs.noitadnuof|lenidregn**
DATE: **Jul 08 2017**

Hello Dr. Teller,

Remember a few weeks ago when you were telling me about your funding problem? How there always seemed to be enough money for the big shots over at Site 19, while us here at 17 are just getting by on the scraps? Eh, you probably don't since we have the same conversation every other week.

But you got me thinking, where the hell does all the money come from? Like, we get quite a bit of funding for an organization that makes no profit and isn't a government entity, right? Right. Well, I did what any budding detective would do. I followed the money. I did some digging, pulled in a few favors (OK, I just asked Ed from Site 17 accounting), and I found myself looking at the Foundation bank account. Now, this is obviously just a funnel for a number of other Foundation sources. Luckily, I was able to convince the bank clerk to show me the last month of transactions. And no, I'm not going to go into details about the "convincing".

As expected, all of the transfers came from fake companies the Foundation must have set up as a front. They had names like "Allison and Banks Investing", which is exactly the kind of bland, corporate title that no one would blink an eye at. But, the interesting thing is who these companies have for "customers". Sure, some have a few million plopped in them from governments, but over 80% of the income for these fronts comes from a single Swiss bank account.

You can imagine how confused I was. I was expecting like a long list of celebrities, or other underground organizations. Maybe we were secretly funded by GOC. But this, this was something else. This

account must be Foundation controlled. And you know what? It's anomalous. I watched it for a month, and no matter how much was withdrawn, the account never dropped below forty thousand dollars. Hell, it never went above forty thousand dollars. It just remained at a constant 40k. Even when the Foundation withdrew two million last week, the account didn't drop.

I'd like to formally request giving this bank account SCP classification. I've written up a document below that I'd like you to approve, and make redactions as needed.

Hey, maybe you could even show this to your boss and ask for more funding.

- Gerdinel

Document prepared by: Junior Researcher Niklo Gerdinel
Date: 07/08/2017

Item #: SCP-3203

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: Only personnel with Level 4 Clearance, or access to the the Foundation's financials may have access to information regarding SCP-3203. All other personnel shall be targets of a misinformation campaign regarding the source of funding for the Foundation.

SCP-3203 may be accessed as often as deemed necessary. However, requested amounts of suspicious size must be spread over multiple withdrawals as to avoid drawing attention to SCP-3203.

Description: SCP-3203 is a Swiss bank account (#011623852957). SCP-3203 contains exactly forty thousand dollars (USD) at all times. There is no record of

deposits being made to this account. Withdrawals do not change the amount of money in this account. Withdrawals larger than forty thousand dollars will go through successfully, and the requested amount of money will be withdrawn. So far, the largest recorded withdrawal is two million dollars.

It is unknown when this account was opened, but it is currently held under the name “Luca Ellsborn”. There appears to be no record of a man named Luca Ellsborn being born in Switzerland, or ever entering Switzerland. However, three Luca Ellsborns have been found in other countries. Investigations into their connection to SCP-3203 are pending.

You have (1) new unread message in your inbox!

TO: **pcs.noitadnuof|lenidregn#pcs.noitadnuof|lenidregn**
FROM: **pcs.noitadnuof|ehtnapc#pcs.noitadnuof|ehtnapc**
DATE: **Jul 09 2017**

Gerdinel,

Dr. Teller has informed me of your SCP classification request. It has been denied. Not because we believe that an anomaly like this does not meet the standards for an SCP classification, but because this isn’t an anomaly.

I would like to commend your research in this matter. However, the Foundation has made a deal with the bank to hide our financial information. We would like to keep our reserves a secret, as well as our supporters. As you can imagine, many powerful people have given money to the Foundation, and they do not want to be directly associated with us. It would not be out of the question for one of those supporters to demand the termination of anyone aware of their identity without

proper clearance.

I would suggest you stop looking into Foundation funding. Where your salary comes from is, quite frankly, above your pay grade.

-Site Director Charles Panthe

LEVEL 4 CLEARANCE REQUIRED

TO: **pcs.noitadnuof|ruoF5O#pcs.noitadnuof|ruoF5O**
FROM: **pcs.noitadnuof|ehtnapc#pcs.noitadnuof|ehtnapc**
DATE: **Jul 08 2017**

O5-4,

Silent Cello Philharmonic has been compromised. Requesting relocation.

I would also like to relocate production to Argentina, as to further distance it from Foundation resources. This would bring production closer to our target market, decreasing transportation costs. I believe we have accumulated enough demand during the last quarter to merit this, and would provide additional protection against discovery.

-Site Director Charles Panthe

SCP-3204: The Quantum Horse

Item #: SCP-3204

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: A concrete enclosure 20 meters in diameter and 10 meters in height has been air-lifted and placed over the top of SCP-3204. The north side of the enclosure has a two-door mantrap system for access to SCP-3204. Equipment designed to monitor, examine, or otherwise observe the interior dimensions of the enclosure containing SCP-3204 are strictly forbidden, outside of the purposes of testing.

A perimeter 180 meters in diameter around SCP-3204 consists of an even distribution of RP-20[1] (approximately 76.9 kg) among the natural environment. A new coating of RP-20 is to be applied every 3 months by a supervised team of D-Class personnel wearing standard issue Foundation hazmat suits.

A perimeter 250 meters in diameter has been established around SCP-3204 of various signage warning of radiation hazards, biological contamination, and death, in the Ukrainian, Russian, and English languages. This perimeter also contains several countermeasures designed to deter local wildlife from entry.

A monitoring station 150 meters to the north of SCP-3204 has been established, disguised as a derelict listening post. This station houses MTF Sigma-57 "Epona" who is to monitor all activities outside of the SCP-3204 enclosure. Σ-57 is equipped with standard issue Foundation hazmat incursion suits. The station is equipped with various alarms that are activated when an entity weighing more than 1 kg passes within intervals of 200, 100, 40, and 20 meters of SCP-3204's enclosure, as well as other monitoring equipment such as seismographs and closed-circuit security cameras. MTF Σ-57 is to intercept unauthorized individuals passing through the 100 meter perimeter, administer Class-A amnestics, and release them at Rally

Point . Unauthorized individuals who pass through the 40 meter perimeter may be terminated at MTF Σ-57's discretion.

The area 500 meters in diameter surrounding SCP-3204 has been designated as Area- . This site is located . miles outside of Pripyat, Ukraine. The radiation levels of Area- are consistent with the rest of the immediate area in the Chernobyl Exclusion Zone. Appropriate precautions should be taken as necessary during the testing process. MTF Σ-57 is to report all incursions of Area- , authorized or otherwise, to [REDACTED] and follow up with a report. In the event of a hostile incursion into Area- or the enclosure which MTF Σ-57 is unable to suppress, the monitoring station is equipped with [REDACTED] to guarantee the immediate destruction of SCP-3204.

For the purposes of testing, any equipment used inside SCP-3204's enclosure is to be operated from inside of its own off-Area isolated observation chamber. This chamber, like the aforementioned enclosure, is to use a two-door mantrap system for access. Equipment designed to monitor, examine, or otherwise observe the interior dimensions of this chamber are similarly strictly forbidden. Outside communication with the observation chamber is also strictly forbidden during testing. After testing has concluded, all equipment inside the chamber must be turned off or disconnected before anyone inside is allowed to exit. Any and all testing logs that leave the chamber must be handwritten; no audio or visual logs are permitted to leave the chamber.

Any tests with SCP-3204 requires Level 4 authorization or higher, and a Level 4/3204 individual must supervise the entire testing process to ensure no undue harm befalls the Foundation, its assets, or non-Foundation personnel and civilians. At this time, there are no plans to relocate SCP-3204, although various proposals have been made pending further testing and experimentation.

Following Incident 3204/04, all matters concerning SCP-3204 have been suspended pending verification of the integrity of Area- .

Description: Detailed descriptions of SCP-3204 vary between observers. However, the most consistent details of SCP-3204 are that of a statue of a horse rearing on its hind legs, standing atop a

pedestal. The two sections are made of the same material and the craftsmanship of the entire sculpture is consistent with the style of ancient Greek architecture. The height of the horse varies between approximately 2.0 to 2.25 meters, and the height of the pedestal is approximately 1 meter.

SCP-3204 has been described as having outstretched wings (Pegasus), a horn (Unicorn), both, and neither. The material composition of SCP-3204 has been described as marble, granite, limestone, concrete, and [REDACTED]. The condition of SCP-3204 varies from pristine to ruined; when not pristine, SCP-3204 exhibits scratches, stains, chips, and/or missing pieces consistent with the condition of the material described. However, it should be noted these marks are always in the same spots.

A concrete wall 8 meters in diameter, 4 meters in height, and 0.5 meters in width surrounds SCP-3204 with four 0.66 meter openings at the NE, SE, SW, and NW edges. The wall and concrete flooring at the base of SCP-3204 has a level of deterioration consistent with the concrete structures in the Chernobyl Exclusion Zone that were abandoned in 1986. The area between this interior wall and the wall of the concrete enclosure is filled with dead vegetation that obscures the openings in the interior wall, as a result of the enclosure cutting off the area from the outside environment. Given SCP-3204's anomalous properties, this vegetation should not be removed to ensure no unintentional observations of SCP-3204 are made. Where SCP-3204 originates from, or how and when it ended up at its current location, is unknown.

Sapient individuals who directly or indirectly observe SCP-3204 disappear the instance they themselves are not observed. Where these individuals disappear to is indeterminate. For all intents and purposes, they simply cease to exist. A direct observation is defined as making visual or physical contact with SCP-3204. Indirect observations include but may not be limited to: video feed, still photographs, drawings, waveform images, ultrasound, and [REDACTED].

It is theorized that any method that allows for an individual to accurately discern SCP-3204's physical appearance will result in that individual disappearing. However, vocalized and written

descriptions of SCP-3204 do not cause such an event. Attention drawn to similarities between SCP-3204 and the results of the infamous "Double-slit experiment" have been noted, but for the time being there is no way of knowing whether or not these similarities are just coincidental. Further testing is deemed necessary.

SCP-3204 testing began properly on September 1989, after Foundation personnel had disappeared and the Foundation was able to correctly theorize the anomalous properties of SCP-3204.

>:/ RETRIEVING SCP-3204 LOG FILES. PLEASE WAIT
>:/ …
>:/ …
>:/ UNABLE TO RETRIEVE SCP-3204 LOG FILES 001-084. SEE SITE ADMINISTRATION
>:/ …
>:/ THE FOLLOWING INCIDENT REPORT REQUIRES LEVEL 4/3204 AUTHORIZATION TO ACCESS
>:/ AN ALARM WILL SOUND FOLLOWING AN ATTEMPT(S) AT UNAUTHORIZED ACCESS
>:/ PLEASE INPUT PASSPHRASE:

>:/ **********

>:/ AUTHORIZATION VERIFIED
>:/ ACCESS GRANTED
>:/ …
>:/ OPENING FILE

INCIDENT REPORT LOG 3204/04

AUTHOR: LEAD SUPERVISOR DEMPSEY

INVOLVED: SCP-3204, ALLAN.AI, SCP-3204 RESEARCH TEAM, VARIOUS D-CLASS

LOCATION: AREA-

DATE: / /20

< BEGIN LOG >

Test 3204/07 was designed to test the wave-particle duality hypothesis at a macroscopic scale. ALLAN.AI (Allan), being a sapient artificial intelligence, would be placed in front of SCP-3204 and then be turned on and off repeatedly from the isolated observation chamber. Between shutdowns, Allan was to vocalize its observations to an adjacent D-Class notary within the enclosure, who himself was physically prevented from observing SCP-3204. In respect to the Double-slit experiment, Allan's observations would act as a photon beam, with SCP-3204 acting as the double-slit plate, and the notary behaving as the catch screen. This test was to be repeated 1000 times. The notary was equipped with sufficient provisions and equipment to complete the test, with breaks as deemed necessary by the research team inside the observation chamber.

Both the notary and Allan were being observed by a set of closed-circuit cameras that left SCP-3204 out of frame. The research team observing the test was composed of 14 members, myself excluded. No team member left the chamber for the duration of the test, as per procedure. No distress was reported to me from the chamber, of either the subjects or the team members, and for all intents and purposes, the test was completed without incident. This test took days to complete.

On / /20 at approximately : local time, I was notified the test concluded by the observation chamber and instructed the D-Class retrieval team to gather Allan, the notary, and all equipment inside of the

enclosure. Approximately minutes later, I completed the manual shutdown of the observation chamber from its external access point. When I realized nobody exited within minutes, I entered the chamber myself. I realize this was against protocol. But I was able to confirm it was completely vacated of the research team. Subsequent investigations of the chamber would also confirm all systems were shutdown correctly.

Approximately minutes after sending in the retrieval team, they returned to me empty handed and confused. According to them, the notary had disappeared and Allan was unresponsive, despite being in an on state, which was not entirely unexpected. However, SCP-3204 in its entirety had also disappeared. It should be stressed that the notary was [REDACTED]. Interview transcripts with the retrieval team have been attached to this file.

I have thus suspended all future tests regarding SCP-3204 until it can either be relocated, or whatever happened to it becomes understood. I'll also personally make sure the O5 Council is made aware of these matters, and will recommend SCP-3204's object class be changed from Euclid to Keter, at least until the Foundation is able to recontain it. I have ordered MTF Σ-57 to remain active at Area- and all containment procedures regarding the area will be continued, at least regarding the outside of the enclosure. This is a containment breach, but I think it's best to keep up the appearance of it never having happened.

I don't think anybody could've foreseen this outcome. I think it might be best, if we're able

to find and contain SCP-3204 again, to simply seal it away and forget about it. I mean, we barely understand the quantum world ourselves. Who's to say what the full consequences are of any quantum-level workings being recreated at the macroscopic level? Personally, I think we're lucky we haven't inadvertently caused a XK-Class scenario with SCP-3204 by now.

Signed, Dempsey.

< END LOG >

>:/ END OF FILE
>:/ …
>:/ VIEW FILE ATTACHMENT(S)?
>:/ Y/N: Y
>:/ …
>:/ …
>:/ …
>:/ ERROR: DATA NOT FOUND
>:/ …
>:/ LOGGING OUT
>:/ …

>:/ SESSION TERMINATED
>:/ …

Addendum 3204-01: It has been recommended changing SCP-3204's object classification to Thaumiel, utilizing it to dispose of sapient SCPs that are hostile, uncontrollable, or otherwise deemed high-risk threats. However, further testing is still required to determine the full extent of SCP-3204's anomalous properties, and to what extent the Foundation can safely maneuver in its presence. It should also be noted that there is currently no means of removing SCP-3204 from Area- , which further complicates the matter. While this suggestion may be considered at a later date, there is currently no plan to change SCP-3204's object class.

Addendum 3204-UKR: The Foundation became aware of SCP-3204's existence during a preliminary investigation of SCP-3074 in 1988, when a helicopter carrying Foundation personnel en route to Pripyat, Ukraine went down approximately . outside the city; it is believed the pilot may have spotted SCP-3204 through the foliage. SCP-3204 may account for up to missing individuals following the Chernobyl nuclear disaster on 27 April 1986, including evacuees and military personnel.

Following the discovery and containment of SCP-3204, the Foundation has been working with the Ukrainian government in diverting human traffic from the area. However, in recent years the Chernobyl Exclusion Zone has been seeing an uptick in various cleanup and development efforts. It is possible that efforts to contain SCP-3204 at Area- may become increasingly difficult to manage, and there are currently no plans to relocate SCP-3204. If SCP-3204 cannot be safely moved to a new secure site, then its destruction will be considered.

Footnotes

1. - , also known as Radioactive Pyrite or "RP-20," is a chemical agent that emits -ray radiation. This kind of radiation is nonhazardous to living tissue and is used by the Foundation to induce false-positives in Geiger counters, dosimeters, and other devices designed to detect radiation. RP-20 is nontoxic and biodegradable.

SCP-3205: Adventure Tourist

Item #: SCP-3205

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3205 is to be secured in a locker aboard a Foundation aircraft, currently SC-491, a Gulfstream V passenger aircraft based at Site and used for personnel transport between facilities. The aircraft should be scheduled to make at least two flights per week, preferably to an international destination. If the aircraft is unable to complete this requirement, SCP-3205 is to be transferred to an aircraft with a similar schedule for the duration. A GPS tracking device is affixed to SCP-3205's locker to aid retrieval in case of accident. Any vehicle or location containing SCP-3205 is to be monitored by video surveillance of the interior and exterior and the footage reviewed on a fortnightly basis.

Staff are prohibited from discussing information with a Level 2 or higher security classification in the presence of SCP-3205. No documents with a Level 2 or higher security classification are to be transported in a vehicle containing SCP-3205, and SCP-3205 is not to be brought into facilities with a Level 2 security classification or higher.

All known recordings and images of SCP-3205-3 have been archived by the Foundation and media containing SCP-3205-A replaced with edited versions without SCP-3205-A where relevant. The same procedure has not been deemed necessary for earlier iterations of SCP-3205; the records themselves hold no anomalous properties and historical records are insufficient for members of the public to identify SCP-3205-A as an anomalous entity in these settings.

Description: SCP-3205 is a 50 x 10 x 7 cm steel ingot. Its physical properties are identical to that of a non-anomalous steel ingot. The following message is etched on its surface.

```
Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here!
- All my love, C.
```

There are no other identifying markings. SCP-3205 may be molten and reformed in an identical fashion to ordinary steel. One object produced from this steel will become a new iteration of SCP-3205, and display the same message. Only one iteration of SCP-3205 has been observed to be active at any given time.

SCP-3205 has probability-altering effects. Iterations of SCP-3205 have a tendency to be formed into objects which travel large distances and are present throughout major historical events. SCP-3205 is likely to be able to engineer a situation where this occurs if attempts are made to prevent it from doing so, although it is not possible to conclusively determine this at this time.

SCP-3205 is associated with a humanoid entity, designated SCP-3205-A. SCP-3205-A is visible in 10 to 20% of photographic or video recordings of any iteration of SCP-3205. It has the appearance of a Caucasian male of approximately 20 years of age, 172 cm in height, with brown hair and eyes, and dressed in period-appropriate clothing. SCP-3205-A has a consistently cheerful and enthusiastic demeanour, even when appearing in dangerous situations. SCP-3205-A is invisible and incorporeal, and does not appear to affect its surroundings. To date it has not been perceived by any individual in its proximity.

A list of known SCP-3205 instances follows.

Iteration	Dates	Item	History	Notes
SCP-3205-1 (unconfirmed)	1911-1937	Passenger liner *RMS Olympic*	Sister ship to the RMS *Titanic*. British White Star Line vessel running the Southhampton-New York route, also	Not conclusively identified as a SCP-3205 instance, but considered plausible due to the presence of

			involved in troop transport during the First World War.	an individual matching SCP-3205-A's description in historical images of the *Olympic* and tracing of scrap steel from the vessel being sold to the Magdeburg factory where SCP-3205-2 was produced.
SCP-3205-2	1939-1967	Panzer IV ausf. D, number 313	Assigned to the 2nd Panzer Division of the German Wehrmacht, participating in combat on both the Western and Eastern fronts. Captured by the Red Army in 1943 at the Battle of Kursk and operated by the 12th Guards Tank	SCP-3205-A is visible in archival photos of the vehicle (see above). An interview with a surviving member of SCP-3205-2's crew[1] confirmed the presence of the inscription on SCP-3205 inside the turret. As he was not fluent in English, he

			Corps, ending the war in the Berlin area. Transferred from the USSR to Czechoslovakia post-war, who subsequently sold the vehicle to the Syrian Army. Captured on the Golan Heights by Israel during the 1967 Six-Day War and broken up for scrap in Haifa.	had assumed it was a message left by SCP-3205-2's previous owners. He did not have any recognition of SCP-3205-A.
SCP-3205-3	1969-1982	IAI Nesher fighter aircraft, unit 44	Delivered to Israeli Air Force in 1970 and operated by the 109 Squadron. Participated in the 1973 Yom Kippur War and claimed destruction of 3 Egyptian aircraft. Sold to Argentina	Steel landing gear traced to company involved in scrapping of SCP-3205-2. Involved in an internal IDF espionage investigation when SCP-3205-A appeared in base

			in 1980 and participated in 2 sorties on Royal Navy vessels during the 1982 Falklands War. Shot down by British surface-to-air missile and recovered by the carrier HMS *Invincible*. Subsequently taken into Foundation custody.	photographs. Came to the attention of Foundation sources within the British military when wreckage was aboard *HMS Invincible*, as SCP-3205-A appeared in official documentation of captured wreckage.[2]
SCP-3205-4	1982	Metal wreckage, formerly landing gear of SCP-3205-3	Initially kept in containment area at Site . However, after a period of 6 months in containment, 2 major containment breaches of other SCPs had occurred[3], with a 50% increase in reported	Inscription on SCP-3205-4 was found to have been altered after Incident 3205-1.[4]

			minor errors and incidents with breach potential. Both major breaches involved SCP-3205-3's storage area. It was hypothesised these were related to SCP-3205 and after experimentation the current containment procedures were implemented.	
SCP-3205-5 (current)	1983-present	Steel ingot as per above description	Despite prior concerns, no further anomalous-probability events convincingly linked to SCP-3205 have been observed since the implementation of current containment procedures in 1983. SCP	SCP-3205-4 was melted down and reforged into its current form to test the persistence of SCP-3205's properties and for ease of storage and transport. The inscription returned to

	was transported on SC-108, a Gulfstream II model aircraft, from 1983 to 2009, when SC-108 was retired and replaced by SC-491. SC-108 was in the proximity of high-level containment breaches and other incidents involving SCP objects, within normal limits for a Foundation vehicle of its service duration.	its form prior to Incident 3205-1.

Addendum 3205-1:

On 4/7/2015, SC-491 was commandeered by MTF Epsilon-9 to respond to a sighting of SCP- , as Epsilon-9's assigned transport had been rendered inoperable by the ongoing outbreak. Although its involvement in an SCP containment procedure would normally render SC-491 unsuitable for this purpose, its use was approved by Site Director in order to collect experimental data.

+ Video Log 3205-1

External Camera 1

00:00:00 - SC-491 with MTF Epsilon-9 aboard takes off from Site . No anomalous activity visible.

01:33:40 - The aircraft lands at [REDACTED] Airport, Finland. Epsilon-9 exits the aircraft, seeing SCP- approximately 1km away, and moves to engage (off camera).

01:35:22 - An entity dressed in MTF tactical gear appears at the aircraft door, assumed to be SCP-3205-A. Its face is obscured by a ballistic visor but its build is consistent with prior SCP-3205-A descriptions. Its uniform is missing Foundation personnel identification markings and its helmet appears to be several sizes too big. SCP-3205-A notices the engagement between Epsilon-9 and SCP- , becoming visibly excited.

01:35:50 - SCP-3205-A jumps to the tarmac and takes a black rectangular object out of its vest pocket, pointing it in the direction of the engagement. It remains in this position for the duration, with occasional efforts to change its viewpoint slightly or to manipulate the object.

01:59:18 - Projectile from SCP- lands 20 m away from SCP-3205-A, knocking it to the ground.

02:02:30 - SCP-3205-A gets up, appearing physically unharmed. Its apparel is dirtied but intact, although standard MTF equipment would have been expected to be severely damaged by such an impact. SCP-3205-A briefly acts as if dazed, but then claps its hands, laughs and cheers in the direction of Epsilon-9.

02:44:11 - MTF Epsilon-9 subdues SCP- and moves to initiate cleanup protocols.

02:49:33 - SCP-3205-A appears to realise the engagement has concluded. It lowers the object and begins tapping on it with a stylus.

03:12:09 - Surviving members of MTF Epsilon-9 return to the aircraft. A set of boarding stairs has been obtained from the local airport. As they ascend, SCP-3205-A stands beside them, holding up the object and making various poses (thumbs up, peace sign).

03:13:50 - SCP-3205-A reenters the aircraft. No further anomalous activity for remainder of log.

Footnotes
1. Lieutenant A. al-Ahmad, ex-Syrian Army, dob. 14/2/1945.
2. HRH Prince Andrew the Duke of York was serving aboard the vessel, and was confirmed to be in the vicinity when the photographs were taken.
3. Subsequently designated Incident 3205-1 and 3205-2.
4. "0/5 not as advertised. Will make a complaint!"

SCP-3206: Who Wouldn't Want A Vomeronasal Organ?

Item #: SCP-3206

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Turkana County, Kenya must be under phone surveillance. Individuals confirmed to be affected by SCP-3206 must undergo the necessary surgical procedures under the auspices of both a physician and veterinary doctor, followed by amnesticization and release. A maximum of 50 affected individuals may be allowed to persist under SCP-3206 for no more than three months at a time for the purpose of behavioural study.

All telephone calls involving the number +254 must be documented and individuals involved in these calls detained for a minimum of five hours. Should SCP-3206 manifest, said persons must be subject to the aforementioned containment procedures.

Persons of Interest-3206-1 through -8 must be under video and phone surveillance. Should anomalous activity be observed, PoIs are to be contained at Site-52.

UPDATE (12.04.2013): PoI-3206-3 is currently uncontained (see Call Transcript BN0358). All other PoIs must be held in standard humanoid containment at Site-52 until further notice. Direct interaction with SCP-3206-A is tentatively forbidden.

Description: SCP-3206 is a phenomenon whereby humans develop a fully functioning vomeronasal organ[1] (VNO) anatomically and genetically identical to that of *Equus ferus caballus* (horse). This is accompanied by associated behaviour typical of ungulates and felids possessing a VNO, particularly the flehmen response[2].

Approximately 76% of affected individuals seek medical attention or express concern regarding the effects of SCP-3206, reflecting a

shrinking majority since the commencement of containment procedures. In a minority of cases, individuals compulsively or opportunistically utilise SCP-3206 in a variety of ways, commonly pursuing persons of interest and congregating in poorly sanitised public restrooms.

The vast majority of confirmed cases of SCP-3206 to date have occurred in rural areas in Turkana County, Kenya. SCP-3206 was first recorded in November 2005.

Addendum 3206-01: The manifestation of SCP-3206 is associated with calling or accepting a call from the telephone number +254 . In all cases, one of several entities (collectively designated SCP-3206-A) can be heard, although comprehension is hampered by the occasional interruption of equine vocalisations of uncertain origin. SCP-3206-A attempts to sell VNOs to the other party, making poor use of tactics commonly associated with fraudulent telemarketing. If the other party declines the offer, the call terminates without further incident.

Should the offer be accepted, the entity ceases vocalisation and communication is no longer possible. Instead, a consistent rhythm of heavy thuds, accompanied irregularly by muffled groans, are heard. The frequency and intensity of these sounds increases gradually over time, terminating in a wet slapping noise and vocalisations described as reminiscent of a foal in distress. At this point, the call ends. SCP-3206 manifests in individuals exposed to the call between three and four hours after the connection is terminated.

Attempts to trace the call are consistently met with failure.

Addendum 3206-05: Through the use of voice recognition software, a significant match has been identified between SCP-3206-A and eight individuals (designated PoI-3206-1 through -8). All persons are currently alive and are pastoralists in the Turkana region, although no other relation between them has been identified. No evidence of involvement in SCP-3206 has been found.

Open Document: SCP-3206 Call Transcript BN0358

SCP-3206 Transcript BN0358

Foreword: The call was initiated by Operative H. Ouma with the purpose of confronting an instance of SCP-3206-A regarding its identity.

<Begin Log>

Ouma: Hello? Please identify yourself.

3206-A: Hi, there. It's good that you gave me a call *(nickering is audible)*. We've been trying to contact you by mail, email – even knocked on your bedroom door. Are you ready to take up our limited, once-in-a-lifetime offer? We offer prime VNOs for just zero bob[3].

Ouma: Is this Rachel Githuru[4]?

3206-A is unresponsive for approximately 30 seconds, at which point a notably confused and somewhat distressed male voice begins vocalising.

3206-A1: Hi—hi, there. It's good that you gave me a call. We've been trying to contact you by mail, email – even knocked on your bedroom door. Can—are you ready to take up our limited, once-in-a-lifetime offer? We offer prime VNOs for just zero bob.

Ouma: Who are you? Where is Rachel Githuru?

3206-A1: The offer. It's great *(high-pitched whinnying is audible)*. All the VNOs you could wish for – a lifetime's supply, free of charge. What do you say, ma'am?

Ouma: Where is Rachel Githuru?

3206-A1: Oh, my colleague? She—she's gone. Didn't do her job right, it's a sh—shame. Boss had to dismiss her. But I assure you, I'm

a more than adequate replacement. Please. How about that deal? How many VNOs should I put you down for? I—I won't take no for an answer.

Ouma: Sorry, but I don't want any VNOs. Not unless you are willing to answer my questions.

High-pitched whinnying is audible, after which the same, unidentified voice proceeds to whisper.

3206-A1: Ok, ok. My n—name is John Ochieng. I—I don't know where I am. I just woke up sitting at this table with this phone. There's—was a thing here, telling me to—to talk to you. To say these things. B—but it's… I think it's gone now.

Ouma: Ok, John. Describe your surroundings. Maybe there is something that could indicate where you are.

3206-A1: It's—it's so dark. I don't know—I think I'm inside a big building. I'm covered in something… it's so dry. I—I think this is hay. There's just hay everywhere. Wait—why is it so sticky?

Ouma: Can you remember how you got to this place, John?

3206-A1: No. I remember… I think I fell asleep on my sofa and then I woke up… here. My wife and ch—children, are they ok? Please, make sure they're ok.

Ouma: Yes, we—where does your family live? We can bring them to a safe—

3206-A1: Listen. Please… accept the offer.

The thing – it's back. Just please, t—take it. I don't want it to—please.

Ouma: Try and move away from the entity, stay as far away from it as you can.

3206-A1: P—please, ma'am. Have a VNO on the house. H—help this starving little company stay above water. My… my kids, they are so lovely. I don't want them to… lose their way. Just this once, on the house.

Ouma: I—ok, John. I accept your offer.

3206-A1: Oh, oh thank you *(low-pitched whinnying is audible)*. Thank you for your p-purchase, and be sure to pass our number on to your… to your friends and family.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Operative Ouma was subject to SCP-3206 four hours after termination of the call. No other incidents related to the call have been observed. No match has been found between the unidentified iteration of SCP-3206-A (sub-designated SCP-3206-A1) and living individuals. Missing persons reports in Turkana County are currently under investigation for correlation with SCP-3206-A1.

Surveillance of PoI-3206-3 was spontaneously disrupted during the call. Recovery of PoI-3206-3 is ongoing.

Addendum 3206-11: Since the initial manifestation of SCP-3206-A1, its appearance has been recorded in a further 26 calls. A lack of consistency in the behaviour of SCP-3206-A1 in these cases casts some doubt on the authenticity of information garnered from the entity through Call BN0358.

Footnotes

1. A secondary olfactory sense organ found in a variety of animals
2. The curling back of the top lip, exposing the front teeth, gum, and VNO (by extension), for the purpose of investigating a specific site or odour
3. Vernacular term for the Kenyan Shilling, the national currency
4. PoI-3206-3

SCP-3207: The Think-Tank

Item #: SCP-3207

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3207 is currently kept in a 8m x 8m x 6m containment chamber located at Site-10. SCP-3207 is not to be activated except under strict testing conditions. Any potential movement on the part of SCP-3207 when unpowered is to be prevented via steel restraints binding its wheels and base.[1] Maintenance of the organic and non-anomalous portions of SCP-3207 are to be performed twice a month by an on-site team of engineers and medical doctors briefed on the details of SCP-3207's construction.

All testing of SCP-3207 is to take place at AWTR[2] 41, located a short distance from Site-10, and must be approved by at least one member of Level 3 personnel.

For information on the initial disinformation campaign involving SCP-3207, see Addendum 3207-1.

Description: SCP-3207 is a mobile war machine, five meters in diameter, believed to have been created in 1488 through a collaboration between inventor Leonardo da Vinci and an obscure artisan in the employ of the Duke of Milan named **`Marco Saul`**. It is constructed from a mixture of technology available at the time and anomalously advanced technology, the origins of which have yet to be determined. Investigation suggests that although SCP-3207 was completed, it was not deployed due to a falling out between its two creators.

In terms of construction, SCP-3207 consists of a conical 'shell', composed of wood and reinforced with metal plates, covering a main body. A number of cannons are placed around the rotatable perimeter of the machine, allowing it to fire in any direction.

Perceptive devices are also present around SCP-3207's perimeter, allowing its control unit to inspect the area and hear sounds around itself. Apart from these, most of SCP-3207's anomalous features are present on the interior of the machine or when it is activated, and are thus not immediately obvious from outside observation.

When active, SCP-3207's cannons are capable of firing blasts of an unknown form of energy, red in colouration and capable of vaporizing organic matter on contact. These blasts have also proven capable of heavily damaging stone fortifications, often blasting them apart with ease - however, most metal structures seem to present a great deal of resistance to it.

At the core of SCP-3207's interior is a metal power unit of unknown origin. A switch on the side of the power unit activates and deactivates it. Although it has not been detected emitting significant amounts of radiation, individuals in the vicinity report feelings of nausea and sickness when near SCP-3207, which grow more severe until they are removed from its presence.[3] A repelling field invisible to the naked eye, which protects SCP-3207 from attack and adverse effects of high temperatures, is also deployed when SCP-3207 is active. Repeated impacts on a single section of SCP-3207 will temporarily deactivate the repelling field for up to thirty seconds.

SCP-3207's control mechanism consists of a human brain and nervous system, stripped from an unknown donor and hooked into the machine's mechanisms, the brain thus directing them through a method that is not yet understood. Testing with the control mechanism indicates that its only means of perceiving the outside world are through the perceptive devices on its exterior.

The control mechanism is soaked in a wax-like substance that acts as a life support system and slows cellular degeneration[4], also shielding it somewhat from the negative effects of SCP-3207's active power unit. Analysis of SCP-3207 has revealed that while its control mechanism is conscious, this is only the case while the power unit is active. While it is deactivated, the brain goes into a dormant state and SCP-3207 does not respond to stimuli.

Interview 3207-1

Interviewer: Dr.
Interviewed: SCP-3207

(Interview was conducted at AWTR 41. Subject was told to move itself to the left side of the chamber to indicate a positive response and to the right for a negative one. Interviewer was behind a protective barrier at all times. Original interview was conducted in Italian.)

<Begin Interview>

Dr. : Hello, SCP-3207. To begin - can you see me?

(Subject moves to the left.)

Dr. : Excellent. I assume you can hear me, also?

(Subject remains on the left side of the room.)

Dr. : Can you perceive me with any other senses?

(Subject moves to the right.)

Dr. : May I ask, are you aware of your current state of being - that you are no longer inhabiting a human body?

(Subject moves to the left.)

Dr. : Was this process something you volunteered for?

(Subject moves to the right.)

Dr. : You were coerced into this?

(Subject moves to the left.)

Dr. : Physically?

(Subject moves to the right.)

Dr. : Were you blackmailed?

(Subject remains on the right side of the room.)

Dr. : Were you…financially coerced?

(Subject moves to the left.)

Dr. : I see. Money, then. For you?

(Subject moves to the right.)

Dr. : For your family?

(Subject moves to the left.)

Dr. : …I see. Did you know the name of the man who coerced you?

(Subject remains on the left side of the room.)

Dr. : Was his name Leonardo da Vinci?

(Subject moves to the right.)

Dr. : Was his name Marco Saul?

(Subject moves to the left.)

Dr. : Was a man named Leonardo da Vinci *involved* with the process?

(Subject remains on the left side of the room.)

Dr. : Thank you - you've been very helpful. However…I have to tell you that we're currently unable to remove you from this machine without killing you. Would you be willing to remain in this state for the time being?

(Subject moves to the right side of the room at extreme speeds, crashing into the wall.)

Dr. : Well…I, ah…

(Subject continues crashing into the right wall.)

Dr. : I…end interview. End interview.

<End Interview>

Addendum 3207-1 (Discovery and Initial Disinformation Campaign): SCP-3207 was first located after a collection of da Vinci's unreleased writings concerning speculative anomalous designs, along with several confidential letters (See Addendum 3207-2), came into Foundation custody along with several other items after a successful raid against a Marshall, Carter and Dark auction house. Foundation historians analyzed the writings and followed directions contained within to locate an underground workshop on the outskirts of Milan.

Although the door to the workshop's unique locking mechanism had been tampered with, making entry extremely difficult, a Foundation search team were able to make their way in with digging equipment. Investigation of the workshop revealed an inactive SCP-3207, which was then also brought into Foundation custody.

As a preventative measure against possible information regarding SCP-3207 being present in as-of-yet undiscovered da Vinci writings, a disinformation campaign was decided upon. The initial disinformation campaign consisted of inserting altered designs for SCP-3207 into da Vinci's publicly available writings, presenting it as a much more simple and less advanced machine more consistent with its time of construction. However, errors by staff assigned to this task[5] resulted in the presented design having severe flaws which made it unworkable - flaws which would have been easily recognized by an engineer of da Vinci's skill level. Thus, additional disinformation was necessary in order to suggest that these flaws were intentional on da Vinci's part as an effort to protect his work.

Addendum 3207-2 (Recovered Documentation)

The following is a letter to da Vinci from his collaborator Saul, concerning da Vinci withholding and refusing to deploy SCP-3207 publically. The text has been updated somewhat for ease of reading, but direct scans of the original letter are available in Site-10's historical archives.

> From the esteemed engineer and artist, Marco Saul
>
> To his disloyal former collaborator, Leonardo da Vinci
>
> I must confess my continued disappointment that you refuse to respond to my letters. When we as two men of knowledge embarked on this voyage, did not we agree to stay in touch, and did not we agree to pool our wisdom together? Yet, you are silent. Our work, which I have informed you I am aware you have concluded your development of, lies unused and useless within our workshop, which I am sure you recall you have sealed from my use.
>
> Please recall that - as a close and valued friend of His Excellency Duke Sforza - it is unwise to antagonize me to the degree that clearly you are intent upon. While your standing with His Excellency is currently without reproach, I must feel the need to remind you that what is the case today is certainly not assured to be tomorrow. Please keep this in mind as you continue not to acknowledge my communications.
>
> I do admit some measure of amusement - having read the pleading letter you originally sent to His Excellency Duke Sforza of Milan, with whom I dine weekly[6] - at your declaration that you will 'make an infinite number of items for attack and defense'. Clearly, this is not the

case, or else you would not have abandoned our grand work. In this case, were you perhaps attempting to deceive His Excellency in the hopes of profitable employment? You are a truly a lamentable man if that is true.

Your motivation in this matter is just as comprehensible as your actions - which is to say, not at all. In what way is it preferable for a man to be slain with a sword than with our grand creation? Does the presence of a human carcass somehow make the method of killing more legitimate? When I saw the works you had painted in your workshop when we met last year, I felt surely that you at least would be most receptive to what I had to offer - but again, you clearly lack my perspective. What is war but another canvas to paint upon? I can assure you that a man's final breaths are just as pure an expression as a babe's first smile.

I had hoped to share with you further miracles of my discovery[7], but you have proven time and time again that you do not have the necessary constitution. I now sincerely hope that - by the time your residence in Milan has ended - we do not cross paths again, and I would highly recommend you share this desire. Although you may not have the stomach for true expression, I do, and this clumsy attempt of yours to sabotage me will by no means halt my work - I can assure you of that.

Footnotes
1. Although SCP-3207 has not yet demonstrated the capability to move when deactivated, these additional precautions were recommended by Containment Specialist Lawrence upon initial containment of SCP-3207 and have been approved by Site Director

Willem.
2. Anomalous Weapons Testing Range
3. It is theorized that while some sort of environmental contamination is caused by SCP-3207's power unit, it does not come in a form that Foundation technology can currently detect.
4. Analysis of the control mechanism's current state and its projected rate of aging suggests that it will continue to be operable for at least two hundred years further.
5. These staff were later demoted or reassigned away from disinformation duties.
6. Records from the time indicate that Saul is likely overstating his relationship with Duke Sforza at this point.
7. Although Saul does not explicitly state where he obtained the materials for SCP-3207's construction in this letter, historical records from the year SCP-3207 was built mention a 'falling star' near the city of Milan.

SCP-3208: YKHN

Item #: SCP-3208

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Public knowledge of SCP-3208 is to be controlled by Foundation personnel. Members of Mobile Task Force Mu-7 "The Whirlwinds" are to search all available media for signs of SCP-3208-infected individuals in order to enact isolation and quarantine.

Individuals suffering from SCP-3208 infection are to be isolated from uninfected individuals and removed to the Foundation hazardous quarantine facility nearest to the location they are apprehended.

Analysis of SCP-3208-related growths are to be undertaken under supervision from a hazardous materials expert. Interaction with 3208-infected individuals after quarantine (even for the purposes of analysis and research) requires approval from the 3208 project head at Site-81[1].

Dreams and hallucinations involving SCP-3208-1 are to be documented as long as the SCP-3208-infected individual is capable of communication with Foundation medical staff.

Description: SCP-3208 is an infectious disease which initially presents as a minor headache caused by a hard, seed-shaped neoplasm that forms in the thalamus, followed by neurological degeneration. Symptoms which accompany early SCP-3208 infection may include impaired cognitive function, seizures, muscle weakness, and upper-extremity dysmetria. SCP-3208 neoplasms exhibit a dendritic growth habit, expanding throughout the cerebrum over approximately three weeks, increasing the severity of the above symptoms until the onset of full body paralysis. Notably, none of these effects appear to be fatal to the subject.

Following this, the infection will cease growth in the cranium and begin to spread through the nervous system to the remainder of the body, exiting through any orifice to which the growths are adjacent (with the eyes, nostrils, ears, and mouth producing external growths first). The material produced by this process is organic, gray in appearance, and a transmission vector for SCP-3208. This material will continue to increase in size outside of the body until it anchors the infected individual to a nearby surface.

While neurological symptoms vary, all SCP-3208 sufferers will experience vivid dreams and hallucinations that include the presence of an entity described similarly by all sufferers (this entity is designated as SCP-3208-1). As symptoms progress, SCP-3208-1's frequency of presence will increase as well. Appearances of SCP-3208-1 lead to irritability, feelings of paranoia and unease during waking hours which is independent of the progression of SCP-3208-related cranial growth. Long-term sufferers of SCP-3208, including those who are near the point where speech becomes impossible, describe experiencing trepidation during both waking and sleeping hours.

Addendum 3208.1: Discovery - Dream Log 3208.1

+ Access Addendum

This is a dream recorded from one of the earliest known infected individuals, Mr. Jeffrey Kent. Mr. Kent is currently housed at hazardous quarantine facility 904.

> There's this missing girl in town and I'm trying to find her in my office. I don't know her at all but I know that that she looks like just like my daughter. I try to find her at work but she's not there.
>
> My beeper goes off and the whole office stares at me. I call the number and the guy on the other end tells me she's down at the docks. I go down there and find this tall guy with a wide-brimmed hat. She's behind him so I try to go over but I can't get any closer.

It's like I'm on a treadmill. I start to run but it doesn't make any difference. The guy walks into a warehouse with her and I can finally move so I follow him. There's a dozen bodies hanging from the rafters inside.

They're all the same little girl. No blood. No marks. It's like they're sleeping.

I hear a noise and I turn around and I'm out in a field. The girls are hanging from the sky now but they're all awake. They start to scream and claw at the rope but I can't hear anything. The sun is straight above our heads.

Then a huge shadow comes down over the field and the man with the wide-brimmed hat is looking down at me. I can't see his face. He grabs all the ropes out of the sky and walks away with them.

I wake up right as the sun comes back.

Addendum 3208.2: Discovery - Dream Log 3208.2

+ Access Addendum

This record is from D-9931 from Site-81. Procedural review as to how he became infected during what was supposed to be a routine sample collection is still ongoing.

I'm sure I was awake for this but I couldn't move and there was someone in the room with me. I felt like there were heavy weights on my chest. The thing in the corner didn't even seem like it was paying attention to me. I tried to scream but I couldn't.

It was just staring out the window. I looked over and I wasn't on the 5th floor anymore,

there was this dusty field that just stretched off into the horizon. I looked back over and the thing was gone. Then I looked back out the window and it was out there in the distance, and way bigger than before.

It felt like I was laying there for months. Pitch black arms were growing out of the ground like plants the whole time. They tried to claw at the thing but it just stood there, staring at me. I finally blinked and the field was gone and I could move again. That's when I picked up the phone to call for the nurse.

Addendum 3208.3: Discovery - Dream Log 3208.3

+ Access Addendum

Note: The following is a standard dream log filed by Dr. Isaiah Hostetler in 1993 after his initial infection.

I am standing in the parlor of my parents' old home, in Maine. They have some guests over, but I don't recognize many of the faces. I smile and greet people and serve drinks and I worry about whether the food will be ready or not when a phone rings. I pick it up and a voice on the other end says "come upstairs."

I leave the parlor and move towards the staircase. I remember it was this huge, sweeping thing that some Italian carpenter had built for my great-grandfather a hundred years ago, but now it ascends into the ceiling with no arm rail and I can't see how high it goes. I hear the phone ring in the other room and I am suddenly aware that there aren't any more people around. I look out a window and see fields, which I don't realize is out of the ordinary but that house overlooked the bay.

I begin to walk up the staircase, but I can't find my footing. I take several steps, and then several more back down, and I begin to feel very afraid. The phone is still ringing, louder, and now I'm standing in the house after it burned down. The staircase in front of me is unchanged, but now it just keeps rising up into the sky. The ruins are surrounded by fields that stretch out for an eternity.

I start to climb again, and as I rise up the steps I can see a figure in the distance. I can't quite make it out but it's moving towards the house.

I don't know how long I climb. Eventually I see him, a man in a hat standing next to a telephone. The same phone I answered earlier in the parlor. I'm back in the parlor. He comes up to me and I can see him, plain as day. He looks afraid. He says "Did you see it?" When I tell him I don't know what he's talking about, he recoils. "Blighted seed breeds blighted crop," he says, and his eyes grow wide.

Dr. Hostetler asks Dr. Harold Lang, one of the researchers assigned to the SCP-3208 project, for water. It is provided and Dr. Hostetler resumes after complaining of an increasing headache.

The man leans in very close, staring at my eyes. "Listen to me," he says, "a nightmare festers in the field. Their all-seeing eye passed over the empty cell. Even the Reaper fears what is being sown." He produces a scalpel. "The dreamwalkers are fleeing. They would be like smoke before a cyclone. Take this," he hands me the knife, "you cannot stop its advance. If it sees you, cut out your eyes. The road through the field will be lined with corpses, but it may give you enough time to

escape; by foot or by blade.”

The room around us is suddenly collapsing. The house is on fire. In the distance I see a figure swaying in the field. “The blighted seed breed blighted crop,” he says. “It is too late for you. Use the blade. Give the others time. He's coming. He's coming.”

I ask him who, but he’s gone. His hat is burning on a coat rack near the door. I hear a long, low sound coming from the field. I turn to look, and I wake up.

15 hours after recording Dream Log 3208.3, Dr. Hostetler was found unresponsive in his room in the Site 81 medical wing along with a scalpel and the following note.

I think I understand now. I'm sorry.

Dr. Hostetler was experiencing full body paralysis at the time he was found despite being in the earliest stages of infection. Several hesitation wounds were present on his arms and neck though none were deep enough to cause serious injury. Dr. Hostetler remains unresponsive in the Site-81 medical center.

Addendum 3208.4: Discovery - Dream Log 3208.4

+ Access Addendum

Note: The following is the transcript of audio recordings gathered from Dr. Harald Lang subsequent to his own infection 15 years after the previous log.

After I started complaining about the headache, Dr. Tarnot asked me to come in and get some scans done. They kept saying they weren't sure if it had manifested yet or not, but after last night there's no questioning

it. I know what I saw.

(*Deep inhale*)

I open my eyes and the first thing I see is dust. It fills the air, chokes it, makes it thick. High above me somewhere I can just barely make out a light, maybe a sun, that barely illuminates the world around me. There's a road beneath my feet, and I follow it.

As my eyes adjust to the dust and the wind that's whipping up behind me, I get some sense of where I'm at. A single, long road that stretches between two flat expanses of dirt as far as I can see in any direction. I think in the distance I see mountains, but through the haze it's nearly impossible to tell.

After a while I see something laying in the road. Its features are half defined, like something out of a storybook that you dreamed about and then forgot. It's dead. There are others like it, strewn across the road now. I get the impression they used to be colorful, but they're covered in dirt and dust and in the dark their colors have faded. Their lights have all gone out.

I keep walking, and after a while the road ends. The dirt has covered the road completely and now it's dust forever. This is when I start to see things laying on the ground - a hat, a ringing cell phone, a diamond ring, some baseball cards, and a pair of pants.

I follow this trail of discarded things until I reach a field, one that stretches out before me in a long, unending line. There are crops there, tall stalks of dry things that rustle when the wind blows. There are more things on the

ground now and somewhere in front of me I start to sense a presence that makes my hair stand on end. It's far away.

I walk through the fields for what feels like years. The trail becomes thicker, and I start to see other things. At first, I thought they were strips of rawhide, like you see sold at feed stores or cowboy shops. When I pick one up, I see the faintest coloration of a tattoo etched into it. Dark stretches of blackened blood accompany each one, where the piece sloughed off before coming to rest. I start to see hair. Fingernails. Teeth.

The haze grows thicker now, and I lose my sense of direction. I'm wandering through the rows of dead stalks, barely breathing, and all around me I start to hear this sound. It's quiet at first, but every step I take brings me closer to the source, like I've been drawn to it. It's low, and inconsistent, and it rises and falls as I push forward. I hear voices now. Individual sounds make up the din.

I take another step, and the stalks around me disappear. I'm in a clearing, looking out towards another expanse of dirt. In the far distance I see a city made of light and color, floating in the air. There are shapes dancing around it, things with wings and things made of fire and lightning. Below it is green grass, and beyond it is blue sky. Against the grey and brown of the fields and the dirt it is a beauty that I can't even describe; a city of dreamlight and wonder. Jerusalem, set on a high hill.

Then I see it. Swaying in the wind. It's long and lean, with sackcloth around its body and a wide straw hat on its head. I can't make out its features. In one hand is clutched a thick knot

of rope, thrown over its shoulder. As my eyes follow the rope, I see Hundreds, or… or thousands of people, bundled together like hay… moaning and screaming. Some of them I can see clearly, men and women and children in their street clothes, their eyes wild in fear. The others… I can see the… the dark strips that catch against the rocks and just slide off, like rawhide…

I hear my name, and I look up. There's a figure in there, one scorched black and rotten, reaching a hand towards me. Its fingers ground into nothing, but I see it clearly. Its mouth is open, and it's full of dirt and dust. It chokes out my name, again and again. I can't see its eyes, but it's staring at me. I can feel it.

Then it's gone, mixed in with the rest of them as they're dragged across the dirt. I hear my name one more time and then the sound just becomes another sound among thousands. I watch for a while longer. They get further away, and the sound grows dim, and then the dust kicks up and the scene disappears.

I stumble through the choked air again for a time, trying to find any respite from the horrid wind. I fall, barely able to catch myself. The dirt gets thicker in the air around me, and I start suffocating under it. The ground is shifting and twisting beneath me, and I sink into it. I want to pull myself up, but my body refuses. The dust is too much. It obscures my sight and fills my lungs. It fills my veins.

I see a pair of glasses sticking up out of the dirt. The glass is broken and the frames are bent, but I recognize them instantly. They're Hostetler's.

And then I wake up.

Footnotes

1. Until a replacement for Dr. Hostetler is selected, material testing is to be suspended.

SCP-3209: Boredom Butterfly

SCP-3209 in the wild

Item #: SCP-3209

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Personnel interacting with populations of SCP-3209 are to wear liquid-crystal active shutter glasses operating at or above 60 Hz. Wild specimens of SCP-3209 are to be captured and relocated to an on-site lepidopterarium. Monasteries keeping SCP-3209 populations are to be closely monitored for specimens escaping into the wild.

Description: SCP-3209 (*Sevenia acedia*) is an anomalous species of butterfly which preys upon interest. An SCP-3209 specimen feeds by perching on the nose of its target and rapidly fluttering its wings in front of their eyes. Affected animals become lethargic and unmotivated, eventually dying of starvation.

Sapient beings exhibit a more complex set of symptoms when exposed to SCP-3209. The primary effect is permanent loss of interest in a hobby or topic. Examples of interests lost due to SCP-3209 include card games, poetry, science-fiction films, and golf. Frequent exposure to SCP-3209 causes chronic anhedonia and apathy.

As most symptoms of exposure are nearly indistinguishable from dysthymia, attempts to locate wild populations of *Sevenia acedia* have primarily focused on tracking down reports of rainbow-winged butterflies. In severe cases, individuals continually exposed to SCP-3209 may be identified among patients in psychiatric care facilities. Such patients typically have no prior history of behavioral incidents, live outside of cities, and are hospitalized following suicide attempts which failed due to their lack of motivation.

Addendum 3209.1: Field Reports of Agent Bartell

The Ethics Committee has indefinitely postponed actions against monasteries in and around Nepal, an unknown number of which may be maintaining populations of *Sevenia acedia* in secret. Internal discussions center around the testimony of field agent Aaron Bartell, who was assigned to identify and investigate monasteries involved.

02/11/2018

Might have a lead. An ex-monk in Panauti with severely disabling apathy. Can't even get out of bed. Probably a straightforward case of depression, but his nickname caught my eye. Apparently people call him the Butterfly Man.

02/15/2018

Met the Butterfly Man. Real name: Rajiv Śākya. Couldn't get a statement from him - he had no interest in conversing. As far as I can tell, he has no interest in anything. Borderline vegetative. I did obtain the name of his former monastery from one of the neighbors taking care of him. Tergar Gompa. Located in a valley a few kilometers east of here. Hoping this doesn't turn out to be one more dead end. I haven't seen my family in, what, four months?

02/17/2018

Tergar Gompa is beautiful. It's surrounded by Persian silk trees, the ones studded with pink flowers. The monastery itself is an arrangement of pale stone buildings around a courtyard. The buildings are connected by colonnades painted in rich hues, mostly red and gold. At a guess, I'd say the place is three or four centuries old.

And to think, I almost took a desk job.

02/18/2018

The monks weren't thrilled about my liquid-crystal

glasses. Cameras are banned here - not sure whether due to religious beliefs or more practical concerns. They spent a few minutes looking over the glasses before returning them. Conveniently, they didn't bother to inspect my books, which contain a small arsenal of surveillance equipment. I don't think they were feigning ignorance about the glasses. If they're not using active shuttering, how are they protecting themselves?

02/19/2018

Blindfolds. I've only caught a few glimpses of blindfolded monks, but I'm sure of it. Somehow they're doing all the work of caring for the butterflies by sound and touch alone. The caretakers might not even know what they're dealing with. I've been watching out for any monks behaving unusually, but nothing so far. Whatever SCP-3209 is being used for, it must be pretty limited. There might only be a handful of monks here aware of its effects.

02/20/2018

First sighting of *Sevenia acedia*. Not hard to find. They're kept in a small glass-roofed conservatory built against the southern wall. Small population, from what I could see. Maybe three dozen or so. Hid some cameras in a few nearby bushes to keep an eye on things. Next morning, four men in blindfolds visited the conservatory. I want it on the record that I have never been wrong about anything, ever.

02/21/2018

I fit in fairly well around here. I guess working for the Foundation has given me plenty of practice at the whole taking-yourself-out-of-the-equation thing. Emotional distancing, constant self-analysis, ego starvation, etc. Difference is, at the end of the job I get to go home and be me again. Hard to imagine living like this all the time.

02/23/2018

Inadvertently exposed myself to SCP-3209. Woke up, opened my eyes, and the little fucker was perched right on my nose. The shimmer in its wings got me before I could look away. When I regained focus, it was gone. Must have zipped right out of there as soon as it was full. From now on, will wear the glasses to bed. Need to figure out how it got in my room. Maybe the monks suspected I was on to them. Maybe they'd have thrown me out if the butterfly returned hungry. Maybe I'm after any excuse to frame my mistake as a good thing.

I keep getting distracted trying to figure out what it took from me. Reviewing all my hobbies. 'These are a few of my favorite things'. What's missing? What don't I care about anymore?

02/24/2018

Just noticed the carpets in the prayer hall. They're full of butterflies. Every single pattern, every border design. The monks here meditate on their knees with their heads bowed. The whole time, they're staring at butterflies.

I've been looking at this all wrong. Forest for the trees. I haven't seen any out-of-place behavior because this whole place is about SCP-3209. They're all in on it.

02/26/2018

I was right. Late last night, the *Sevenia acedia* were transferred in a box from the conservatory to the prayer hall. All of the monks gathered inside the hall. No guests allowed. My cameras couldn't get a clear visual due to poor lighting - there was only a dim, flickering glow cast by floating candles in frosted-glass bowls. Audio came through just fine, though.

Each monk recited a different phrase over and over. "Longing for my childhood home." "World politics." "The

cuteness of dogs." "Showtunes, for getting stuck in my head." It was like a confessional. The ritual lasted roughly half an hour. When it was over, they returned the butterflies to the conservatory and went to bed.

02/28/2018

I've been thinking a lot, these past few days. Reflecting. Everything about this place encourages it. The windows at the ends of corridors; the neatly trimmed grass in the courtyard; the flickering candles. There's a kind of stillness here that gets inside you.

I tend to think of myself as an impartial observer. The Foundation concerns itself with facts, and facts do not depend on perspectives. I'm starting to wonder whether that was naive. I knew the facts of monastic life here perfectly, but until two days ago, I failed to grasp their impact.

Facts: Monasteries like this one strive for three mental states. *Amoha*, non-delusion; *adveṣa*, non-hatred; and *alobha*, non-attachment. Emotional ties to worldly matters are considered poisonous. Impact: Is it only because of my cultural biases that SCP-3209 appears harmful? Where is the line between apathy and *alobha*? Is Rajiv Śākya a victim, or has he approached enlightenment?

My instinct is to recommend capture of all cultivated populations of *Sevenia acedia* and administration of amnestics to everyone involved. It would be simpler; cleaner. It would also be an inexcusable mistake. These populations are already contained. They pose no threat to civilians. We have no justification to destroy the centuries of tradition and history that have developed at monasteries like Tergar Gompa. If we erase every part of human culture capable of harm, will anything be left?

03/05/2018

Got home today. I'm still adjusting to how much warmer it is here. My son was so excited to have me back. He's been making all these little finger-paintings. I didn't care about them. I didn't care about anything he said or did. I've always been overjoyed to see him after a long trip. No matter how hard I try, I cannot find that feeling now.

My son is only four years old and I have lost interest in him. That's what SCP-3209 took from me.

I stand by my previous statements.

SCP-3210: Alternative Facts

Item #: SCP-3210

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Area 3210 is to be built around SCP-3210-A, with at least one kilometer between the edge of SCP-3210-A and the perimeter of Area 3210. An electrified fence five meters tall is to be built 300m outside of SCP-3210-A. This fence is to have guard towers positioned every 500m. Any instances of SCP-3210-B who attempt to reach this fence are to be terminated.

In the case that an instance of SCP-3210-B breaches this fence, MTF Alpha-19 ("Alt-Fight") are to respond. Once containment has been reestablished, the interior fence and the border of Area 3210 is to be expanded in order to maintain the proper distances.

Knowledge of the existence of SCP-3210 is restricted to personnel assigned to SCP-3210 and the O5 Council. Other personnel or civilians who learn information relating to SCP-3210 are to be amnesticized. Standard disinformation protocol is to be employed in order to conceal the existence of Area 3210 from unauthorized persons.

The use of Scranton-class Reality Anchors inside of SCP-3210-A is strictly prohibited.

Description: SCP-3210 is the collective designation for the town of Ridgefort, Michigan, the surrounding area, and its inhabitants. SCP-3210-A is a geographic area encompassing the town of Ridgefort and approximately 27km^2 outside, mostly to the south. SCP-3210-B is the designation given to anomalous individuals residing within SCP-3210-A. There are 323 instances of SCP-3210-B, eleven of which were originally Foundation personnel and the rest of which are native to Ridgefort.

Subjects inside SCP-3210-A, such as instances of SCP-3210-B, experience ZK-class reality and perception alteration. As such, different personnel perceive and interact with SCP-3210-A differently. The appearance and content of SCP-3210-A is unique to every individual. Subjects with conflicting perceptions of SCP-3210-A often report each other performing impossible feats, such as walking on air or disappearing spontaneously. However, no actions have occurred that would be impossible from the relevant subject's perspective[1].

Variations between subjects are more minor on the peripheries of SCP-3210-A, generally manifesting as insignificant changes in textures. Variations are stronger closer to the geographic center of SCP-3210-A and often manifest as inconsistencies between entire buildings or streets. This phenomenon also affects recorded images and representations, which has complicated exploration and documentation. Subjects may perceive any visual or audio content related to SCP-3210-A uniquely, including photographs, videos, and computer-generated representations.

Items necessary for survival of SCP-3210-B instances, such as food and potable water, are replenished in stores throughout SCP-3210-A by anomalous means. Instances of SCP-3210-B do not find this strange, though they do react with confusion and fear to the other anomalous phenomena exhibited in SCP-3210-A. The culture of SCP-3210-B is mostly consistent with early 2000s Midwest American culture, with the notable exception that sports are not popular among the majority of SCP-3210-B instances.

Subjects who enter SCP-3210-A begin experiencing altered perception after between approximately half an hour and four days of exposure. From this point on they become instances of SCP-3210-B and exhibit the same anomalous properties. SCP-3210-B only exist inside of SCP-3210-A; when an instance of SCP-3210-B attempts to exit SCP-3210-A, SCP-3210-A expands in that direction. SCP-3210-A has grown 23km² since it was contained.

Addendum 01: Excerpts from Document 3210-r (Exploration Logs)

> Mission 3210-08

Operation Designation: Mission 3210-08
Team: MTF Rho-8
Date: May 5, 2017
Time: 0800 EST
Mission Objectives:

1. Locate SCP-3210-B-1 ("Glen Warner")
2. Establish a base inside of SCP-3210-A from which to conduct interviews with SCP-3210-B instances
3. Gather information about SCP-3210

MTF Rho-8 ("Mirage Meanderers")

Codename: Washington
Age: 31
Position: Level 3 Agent, Team Leader
Previous Assignment: **MTF Omicron-7**

Codename: Jefferson
Age: 29
Position: Level 3 Agent
Previous Assignment: **MTF Epsilon-6**

Codename: Lincoln
Age: 28
Position: Level 2 Agent
Previous Assignment: **MTF Xi-06**

Codename: Madison
Age: 24
Position: Level 2 Agent
Previous Assignment: **MTF Zeta-29**

Codename: Adams
Age: 31
Position: Level 2 Agent
Previous Assignment: **MTF Lambda-5**

Codename: Roosevelt

Age: 26
Position: Level 2 Agent
Previous Assignment: **MTF Tau-1165**

00:00:00 **Washington:** Mic check. Everybody check in. Washington.
00:00:02 **Jefferson:** Jefferson.
00:00:03 **Madison:** Madison.
00:00:04 **Lincoln:** Lincoln.
00:00:06 **Roosevelt:** Roosevelt.
00:00:08 **Adams:** Adams.
00:00:10 **Washington:** All present. Let's move in.

00:24:06 **Washington:** Approaching the town.

00:37:20 **Madison:** Do you see that? Over there, by the lamppost. Looks like a ghost.
00:37:28 **Jefferson:** Command, you getting this? I don't think it sees us. It's not really moving either.
00:37:32 **Madison:** Should we shoot it?
00:37:34 **Washington:** Negative. Do not engage the specter unless absolutely necessary. That's not our mission.
00:37:37 **Madison:** Roger.
00:44:56 **Roosevelt:** Let's check out this house.
00:45:03 **Washington:** Roger. Jefferson, Lincoln, check around the back. Adams, Madison, keep watching the street and holler if anything comes. Roosevelt, with me.
00:45:05 **Lincoln:** Let's head in.
00:46:00 **Jefferson:** Door's locked. I'm gonna bust it.
00:46:19 **Jefferson:** This place is a pig sty.
00:46:21 **Lincoln:** For real. This guy needs a vacuum cleaner, or something. My place was tidier in college.
00:47:02 **Jefferson:** All clear in here.
00:47:07 **Lincoln:** This room looks interesting, I'm gonna check it out.
00:47:07 **Washington:** That's a creepy painting.
00:47:10 **Roosevelt:** What painting?
00:47:11 **Jefferson:** Lincoln?
00:47:12 **Washington:** You don't see the painting?

Roosevelt, I'm going to need an update on what you see.
00:47:14 **Roosevelt:** Uh, a living room. Dark wood walls, mostly unadorned. Shotgun above the mantle. There's a comfortable looking couch against the right wall and a glass coffee table covered in books. There's also a partially eaten salad.
00:47:20 **Washington:** Okay, that's mostly consistent with what I see.
00:49:21 **Washington:** Check the cellar.
00:49:22 **Roosevelt:** Roger.
00:47:43 **Jefferson:** What the fuck? He was just here.
00:49:56 **Roosevelt:** It's full of wine.
00:50:01 **Adams:** Nice lawn here.
00:50:04 **Madison:** Yeah, dude's got a birdbath and everything.
00:50:08 **Roosevelt:** There's a corpse down here too. Missing its head.
00:52:04 **Washington:** Where's Lincoln?
00:52:07 **Jefferson:** I don't know. It's like he just disappeared.
00:52:16 **Washington:** Everybody check in. Washington.
00:52:18 **Madison:** Madison.
00:52:18 **Jefferson:** Jefferson.
00:52:20 **Roosevelt:** Roosevelt.
00:52:21 **Adams:** Adams.
00:52:24 **Washington:** Shit.
00:52:48 **Washington:** Command, we've lost contact with Lincoln.
00:53:02 **Adams:** That didn't take long. I thought Madison would be the first to go.
00:53:06 **Madison:** Fuck off.
00:53:20 **Roosevelt:** We should continue.

01:12:09 **Washington:** I see someone. Looks like a human.
01:12:31 **Washington:** It's a kid.
01:12:38 **Roosevelt:** Who wants to talk to it?
01:12:40 **Washington:** Jefferson, come with me. It might have valuable intel.
01:12:42 **Jefferson:** Roger. I'm good with kids.

01:12:45 **Madison:** Honestly I find kids creepier than ghosts.
01:12:48 **Roosevelt:** I'm with you there, brother.
01:13:06 **Jefferson:** Hi there. We're looking for the mayor. Do you know where he is?
01:13:11 **Jefferson:** Just to talk.
01:13:16 **Jefferson:** For the ghosts. No, you can't shoot it. The recoil alone could break your shoulder.
01:13:42 **Jefferson:** And your parents know where the mayor is?
01:14:03 **Jefferson:** Thanks, kid.
01:14:57 **Washington:** Same deal as before. Kid says there are people in here who know where the mayor is. Jefferson, stick with us.
01:15:00 **Jefferson:** Roger. I like teams of three better anyways.
01:15:00 **Madison:** Okay, we'll watch the street again.
01:15:01 **Roosevelt:** Roger. Let's go.
01:20:10 **Washington:** Specter five o'clock!
01:20:11 **Roosevelt:** Motherfucker!
01:20:14 **Roosevelt:** It stabbed my fucking leg!
01:20:17 **Jefferson:** Oh shit, oh shit.
01:20:23 **Roosevelt:** Oh Jesus fuck, I'm gushing. I'm going to die.
01:20:24 **Jefferson:** Look at his leg. Looks like it might've got an artery. Rose, you got a first aid kit?
01:20:25 **Roosevelt:** I'm going to fucking die. You can't bandage this.
01:20:28 **Washington:** Tango down. Command, Roosevelt is bleeding rather badly. Requesting evacuation. Jefferson, if we don't find people in here then that kid lied to us, unless his parents are specters, which I doubt.
01:20:28 **Jefferson:** I can try.
01:20:29 **Roosevelt:** It's not going to help.
01:20:37 **Washington:** Alright then. Command says we've been affected by the skip so evac is off the table.
01:21:00 **Adams:** You hear that noise?
01:21:06 **Madison:** I hear it. I'm going to get a better look. It's just in the other side of that wall.

01:21:07 **Roosevelt:** It hurts so much.
01:21:08 **Adams:** How? You gonna climb the wall?
01:21:14 **Madison:** There's a staircase. I guess you don't see it though.
01:21:16 **Adams:** I don't. Looks like a concrete wall to me.
01:21:54 **Adams:** Woah. Looks like you're climbing air.
01:22:24 **Roosevelt:** Wash, behind you!
01:22:25 **Washington:** Oh fuck.
01:22:29 **Jefferson:** Oh no, no.
01:22:32 **Jefferson:** Command, Roosevelt and Washington are down. Requesting immediate cessation of the mission.
01:22:35 **Roosevelt:** Don't bother, mate. Finish the… mission… I ain't gonna… just go…
01:22:35 **Adams:** What do you see?
01:22:38 **Madison:** Not much, honestly. More buildings. I have the feeling you wouldn't be able to see them even if you could get up here. This place looks different to everyone. Makes me wonder why we even have cameras, because Command is probably seeing different stuff than us half the time. Honestly I'm surprised our comms work at all with all the essokinetic fuckery. Lincoln could still be alive for all we know, just unable to communicate with the radio.
01:22:38 **Roosevelt:** Oh good God…
01:22:40 **Jefferson:** I think so. You didn't properly brief us on these specters though. Roosevelt is bleeding out and Washington's head exploded. We're down to half the team and it's been… Jesus, an hour and a half.
01:22:47 **Jefferson:** Well, they're definitely susceptible to bullets. But they came out of literally nowhere. Second one appeared between me and Wash and got him before he had a chance to react.
01:22:58 **Jefferson:** Roger. Madison, Adams, I'm exiting the house.
01:24:00 **Jefferson:** How did Madison get up there?
01:24:03 **Adams:** He walked.
01:24:08 **Jefferson:** Walked? There's nowhere to walk.
01:24:09 **Adams:** Maybe not to us, but he sees a

staircase. So he can walk on it. Same way Link disappeared I think, he entered a room that to us didn't exist and then couldn't get back. His comm probably stopped working because it can't communicate between his reality and ours. Or he died, one of the two.
01:24:17 **Jefferson:** It looks like he's floating twenty feet above the ground.
01:24:20 **Madison:** Freaky, right? I'm standing on a balcony to someone's house. Not going in though. We need to keep moving.

01:56:30 **Jefferson:** Let's check out the CVS.
01:56:32 **Madison:** Sure. You do the talking. I'm gonna steal some candy.
01:56:36 **Adams:** Don't steal the candy you idiot.
01:57:02 **Jefferson:** Hello ma'am, we're looking for the mayor.
01:57:10 **Jefferson:** Uh, current. Name of Warner, I believe?
01:57:21 **Jefferson:** Wonderful, thank you.
02:00:02 **Madison:** Where did Adams go?
02:00:10 **Jefferson:** What the hell?
02:00:17 **Jefferson:** Check in. Jefferson.
02:00:19 **Madison:** Madison.
02:00:28 **Jefferson:** Nothing from Adams. For fuck's sake.
02:00:30 **Madison:** That's a bad fucking sign.
02:00:32 **Jefferson:** Command, we're down to two. Still no sign of the mayor. Requesting… Fuck it.

02:48:09 **Madison:** Uh, where are you going, Jefferson?
02:48:11 **Jefferson:** Straight ahead.
02:48:13 **Madison:** That looks like a wall to me. I see roads to the left and right, but not straight.
02:48:16 **Jefferson:** You don't?
02:48:30 **Jefferson:** Command, we are seeing very different road layouts. Don't think we'll be able to go this direction together. Please advise.
02:48:56 **Jefferson:** If you say so. Madison, we need to find an alternative route. Splitting up at this point for any

reason is an invitation for disaster.

03:21:46 **Jefferson:** Another house. Let's check it out.
03:21:50 **Madison:** Alright, let's go in. Please don't disappear on me. This is not somewhere I'd want to be alone.

03:32:02 **Jefferson:** All clear in this room.
03:39:54 **Madison:** Hey, check this out. Looks like an altar of some sort.
03:40:00 **Jefferson:** That's a lot of blood.
03:40:06 **Madison:** Still wet. There's no carcass though, I wonder where it came from.
03:40:11 **Jefferson:** Yeah. It's got symbols I don't recognize. Command, you getting this?
03:40:37 **Madison:** Wonder if I'm seeing different symbols than you. I think all of us see the little details in this place slightly differently.
03:41:00 **Madison:** Lot of campaign posters too. Wonder if we're gonna meet this Greenfield guy. He seems popular.

04:20:01 **Jefferson:** Oh shit, down the street. Another specter.
04:20:20 **Madison:** I see it. Let's hope it doesn't see us.
04:20:49 **Madison:** It sees us.
04:20:53 **Jefferson:** It has a gun!
04:20:57 **Madison:** Shit! Fire!
04:21:09 **Jefferson:** Sounds like one of ours. I bet it poached it from one of our friends.
04:22:35 **Madison:** I think it's gone.
04:22:38 **Jefferson:** Yeah, it's gone. I think I might've hit it.
04:22:42 **Madison:** Let's hope.

06:04:19 **Jefferson:** This looks right.
06:05:00 **Jefferson:** Hello.
06:05:02 **Madison:** Are you the mayor?
06:05:11 **Jefferson:** Thank god. We had a hell of a time finding you.
06:05:11 **Madison:** Finally.

06:05:17 **Jefferson:** Command, we've established contact with the mayor. Will perform the first interview tomorrow.
06:05:22 **Madison:** Two, maybe three. They killed a few of our guys too.
06:05:28 **Adams:** Hello.
06:05:30 **Jefferson:** Huh, there's activity on Adams' comm.
06:05:32 **Adams:** I found the mayor, fellas. The real mayor. That man is an imposter. A bad imitation of the real thing. Just like the town you're in is not Ridgefort, it is a relic of a broken past. I am in the future. I am the future.
06:05:38 **Jefferson:** Adams? Adams! Where are you?
06:05:40 **Madison:** That's not his voice, Jeff.
06:05:53 **Adams:** Astute. I know you can hear me, Warner, and your new friends can listen too. They might even like what they hear.
06:06:06 **Adams:** Ridgefort and its people do not belong in such a disaster of a universe. Our destiny is far greater. We will secede. We will succeed. Stop… holding us back.
06:06:31 **Adams:** Let go, Warner. You know it's inevitable. Believe me. This is between the people of Ridgefort and their limitless potential. Your new friends cannot change that. We will experience a greatness we have not felt in a long time. You hold us back. Bring your followers to me and we can begin anew. The time for greatness is upon us, Warner, do not stand in the way.
06:07:19 **Adams:** I don't know why you cling to a failing world. We were the greatest that world had to offer. We need not succumb to the mediocrity that has plagued us for so long. We need not live in fear of the ghost of what we once were, what we could be again if only our leaders had conviction and our people had pride. Believe me, we are too great to surround ourselves with lesser men.
06:07:44 **Adams:** You cannot defeat our alternative reality. You cannot reconcile it with your own. You can either ride our magnificent ship, or you can drown. The

tide is rising, Warner, and we will soon sail away.

The following audio was recovered from the microphones of task force members who lost contact with Command during the mission.

Adams

01:59:49: Jefferson? Madison?
01:59:58: Command?
02:00:04: Shit.
02:03:11: Since when does CVS have a gun aisle?
02:03:55: Or a plaza?
02:03:59: Fuck this non-Euclidean shit.
02:04:11: That's a lot of people. Command? Anyone?
02:06:25: Hello, I'm looking for the mayor.
02:06:30: I go by Adams.
02:06:42: I'm only authorized to share that with the mayor.
02:06:51: I appreciate that.

02:58:06: Hello.
02:58:11: I'm part of a team representing the SCP Foundation. Our commanding officer had a correspondence with you.
02:58:19: Don't know. I lost contact with them about an hour ago.
02:58:31: We were told the mayor would be expecting us. If you didn't know we were coming then you're not the mayor. I need to speak with the mayor.
02:58:46: I see.
02:58:52: You don't have to do that.

Roosevelt

01:26:06: Command, this is… Roosevelt… fuck… dying slowly.
01:26:11: Command?
01:26:15: Shit.
01:34:00: Lincoln… Lincoln…
01:34:10: Don't… go there…
01:34:14: Mmmmmm…
01:34:42: Help me…
01:34:48: Go through the… door…
01:35:03: Lincoln please…
01:35:11: You don't… see… me… do you…
01:35:57: Fuck.
01:37:24: No… why, god… Lincoln…
01:39:27: What happened…
01:43:02: I don't…

Lincoln

00:52:04: Jefferson?
00:52:09: Washington?
00:52:14: Command, I've lost contact with the rest of the team.
00:52:21: Command?
00:52:50: Maybe my comm is broken… But where the hell did everyone go?
00:53:26: The fuck? Where did this room go?
00:59:03: That's not the same house I walked into.
01:01:19: None of this looks the same.

01:14:37: God dammit.

01:29:58: A person, finally.
01:31:04: Hey, hey, what's going on?
01:31:11: In there?
01:31:19: Stay here. You're describing people I know, I'm going to talk to them.
01:33:54: Oh Jesus.
01:34:00: Hang on there, ma'am. Is there a hospital in this town? I can call you an

ambulance…
01:34:12: Your son? He's outside. Don't worry, he's okay. I told him to stay put.
01:34:22: They got your husband too, looks like.
01:35:01: Which other room?
01:35:04: I don't see a door there.
01:36:27: Bastard specters.
01:39:18: And he's gone. Predictable.

02:06:09: Where the hell is everybody?

02:54:42: So many of these fucks.

03:30:14: Maybe if I could find the mayor, they could meet me there. If they could find him too.

04:09:08: Fucking specters! What did you do to my friends?!

04:20:49: Augh, Jesus. They got their guns too!
04:21:04: Fuck fuck fuck that hurts! Holy fuck, holy fuck.
04:24:37: Son of a bitch!

04:38:02: Augh, okay, walking will be difficult. Maybe I should just stay here for a little.

05:19:38: More specters, oh my god. These assholes better not be armed.

09:53:09: There's no one in this damn town but ghosts.

12:12:26: Command, if you ever get this message, go fuck yourselves.

13:21:40: It's just ghosts. The whole place is just ghosts.

19:42:38: Where even am I?

20:01:43: These streets don't even make sense.

22:42:38: I'm so lost.

29:53:06: I need to get back to base.
29:53:18: Fucking hell, this hurts.

31:52:29: Jesus fuck.

32:41:36: Is that a Cracker Barrel?
32:41:50: That's a fucking Cracker Barrel.
32:48:32: Good lord I needed that. Nobody in this fucking place but at least there's food.

34:07:06: There's no one. Anywhere.

39:19:45: I wonder what it's like to be a ghost.
39:20:00: Maybe I'm the ghost.
39:20:37: Maybe I should kill myself to find out.
40:14:23: I'm going to get out of here.

40:24:30: Good god it hurts to walk.

52:56:02: No, no specters. I can't handle you right now.

58:05:31: Thank fuck.

60:42:53: Fuck this place.

74:11:18: Please be the fence… please be the fence…

74:35:52: Command, can you hear me?
74:43:22: This is it!

74:59:49: Why…
74:59:56: Aaugh…

Addendum 02: Excerpt from Document 3210-h (Recovered

Documentation)

Video Transcript 11

The following is a transcript of a video taken during Mission 3210-05. The video is believed to be of a speech given by Mayor Greenfield in 2016. Due to the nature of SCP-3210, subjects who view this video report a number of different variations in the text of the speech. As such, the most common variations are listed in the document, denoted with different colors.

Approximately 40% of subjects report the addition of pink text in the speech, 15% report the addition of the blue text, and 25% report the addition of gold text. The remaining ten percent report a mixture of two or three.

Greetings, people of Ridgefort. I am here tonight to deliver a message of unity and strength. This message comes deeply from my heart, and I hope you all heed my words. The time for quarreling and division is behind us. We now stand in the precipice of greatness. Who will join us? And who will perish?

A new era is beginning. A wave is sweeping across our town, a surge of optimism and pride that will crush all who oppose it with a power/ that will carry us into an age the likes of which we have not seen before. These next few years will define who we are, what our town is. The land we leave to our children. The world we inhabit. What will we leave for the future of Ridgefort? Will we be defined by our surroundings, or rise above them and crush the pitiful sheep around us/like an eagle soaring through the sky/as we ought to, as children of God?

My fellow Ridgefortians, we need not hide who we are from pathetic humans/from those who

do not understand our way of life. Our destiny is too great to live shackled to this place, this country, this world. This universe. Friends, I offer you only what all men desire: freedom and divinity. Same as our forefathers left the Old World for America, so must we too leave this world for a new one. And we must bring our dirty/beautiful town with us, for it is our home.

Pull, pull with all your strength, my people. Ridgefort will rise to the heavens and leave this disaster of a world in the ashes/behind/behind. Those of you who do not aspire to greatness, I weep for you. For you hold us back, and will die/that is a great tragedy/will die mercifully. Our town already bears the scars of violence. Those among us who wish to see more like that infernal Warner and his cronies/like Glen Warner must not prevail. Even now, the streets bulge and shudder under the weight of our indecision. This great tug of war must end. We must act with conviction to transform Ridgefort into the nightmare/city on a hill/paradise it was meant to be.

Some of our brothers and sisters have already begun the arduous process of this amazing migration. They are not long for this world, my friends, for they are soon to inhabit a new one. A better one. They are ghosts; ghoulish specters with no faces and no humanity./Their countenances are translucent, for most of their souls reside in a new plane. Soon we all shall. Even the enemies of our people, our neighbors who chain us to this forsaken universe, will find glory in the new world we will create for ourselves. Or they will die painfully. None shall oppose our abhorrent/holy/glorious endeavor,

or they will die. Believe me, they will. They all will.

Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Addendum 03: Excerpts from Document 3210-i (Interviews)

LEVEL 3 ACCESS REQUIRED

Footnotes
1. See Mission Log 3210-08

Document 3210-i (Partial)

The following contains excerpts from Document 3210-I that have been declassified for Level 3 personnel assigned to SCP-3210.

Interview #: 004-05
Date: 01/21/18
Interviewer: Agent Forwald ("Jefferson")
Interviewee: SCP-3210-B-004 (Glen Warner)

Jefferson: In light of the information we've gathered, my superiors would like to try to anchor the reality around Ridgefort in order to keep the whole town in this universe.

Warner: Anchor the reality?

Jefferson: Yes, we have that capability.

Warner: Greenfield will stop you.

Jefferson: That's our concern, not yours.

Warner: How are you going to do it?

Jefferson: We have machines that can prevent reality from being altered within a given area. We want to do this to SCP-3210-A.

Warner: Don't do that.

Jefferson: Why not?

Warner: It won't end well.

Jefferson: You need to be more specific if you want to

convince us.

Warner: You can't force people to live in your reality if they don't want to. What you're talking about will lead to violence, and trust me, nobody wants that.

Jefferson: If the information we have is accurate, separating Ridgefort from our universe could cause this universe to be destroyed. We need to know what's really going on, which means we can't have reality constantly fluctuating while we're trying to perform tests.

Warner: It's not a good idea.

Jefferson: Why not?

Warner: If you want to find out what the world looks like, test it outside of town. Far away from where anyone lives. And be careful.

Jefferson: We'll do that. Thank you for your cooperation.

Warner: But I guarantee it won't end well. You'll unearth things we've buried. Things are okay now.

Jefferson: Thank you for your cooperation.

Interview #: 004-06
Date: 01/24/18
Interviewer: Agent Forwald ("Jefferson")
Interviewee: SCP-3210-B-004 (Glen Warner)

Warner: This town… doesn't need more terror. People are on edge enough as it is. Whole place has gone hysteric ever since Greenfield left.

Jefferson: What did Greenfield do exactly?

Warner: He did a lot. I'd tell you to go to the town library and sift through the records, but you might have trouble getting there.

Jefferson: I'll take it under consideration. Tell me more about Greenfield.

Warner: Greenfield was a demagogue. And an asshole. He was always better with people than I was… better at connecting with them, and convincing them. Even if what he said made no sense, he could make it sound as right as "the sky is blue."

Jefferson: What types of things did he say?

Warner: He had a message. He said, the world isn't some beautiful thing with ugly parts. It's a big pile of shit with flowers sticking out. So he told us, we can make our own world that truly is beautiful. We have so much power, why not use it?

Jefferson: I see.

Warner: But first he had to convince everyone. So he did his best to prove how our town, our wonderful town, was really a hellhole.

Jefferson: So he tried to drown the town in lava?

Warner: No, he wanted to show that the what was underneath the town was *already* lava. Just enough to convince people that we'd be better off in a universe of our own making. We had it patched up until you decided to bring it back out.

Jefferson: What about the people who lived there?

Warner: Some died, some didn't care. He wasn't the only one with this idea. See, it's easy to blame him. He's the head of the movement, sure, but he wouldn't have gotten anywhere on his own. People had been thinking these things quietly before he said them out loud. People had been drifting apart for years. The fact is, half the town wanted to abandon this universe and make a new one the moment they heard the idea. He catalyzed the

division, but he didn't create it.

Jefferson: But half didn't? Half wanted to stay.

Warner: That's right. Because it would destroy this universe. The way we know how to move the town would leave nothing in its place. The type of nothing that swallows all the something around it. What we do doesn't just affect us, it affects the world.

Jefferson: So you tried to keep them here?

Warner: Yes. We're still trying.

Jefferson: How is that going?

Warner: Well, the issue is that we can't risk escalating the situation because violence would be more destructive than the slow death we're facing. We've already seen violence, and we managed to stamp it out quickly. But people are mad. The next time rocks get thrown, boulders will follow.

Jefferson: The slow death seems pretty bad.

Warner: It is. When I was young, this never could've happened. People would take about things – disagree – and then find a solution. But the discourse has broken down. Reality has become amorphous. People can look at a statue and see totally different figures. Entire swaths of land are inaccessible to some and home to others. I love this town. I'm watching it crumble before my eyes; buildings are decrepit and the roads are full of rubble. But someone sees the pavement lined with gold. Where I see pasture, others see magma. We live in two different worlds in the same place, and I don't know how to bring them together. I just have to watch them slowly drift apart.

Jefferson: And we can't anchor them together, clearly.

Warner: No. These people, they don't want what we

have. Some of them I've known for years. Grew up with them. Some even voted for me, once upon a time. But now, it's like every value we have conflicts. Many of them are good people, but it's hard to continue believing that when they don't mind annihilating a universe. It's just abhorrent. How can they not see that? I don't know if I can even call them people anymore. Most of them are so far into their new universe that all I see is a ghoulish silhouette. Like they're dead to me and I'm dead to them. You can't negotiate with a specter. You can't kill a ghost.

Jefferson: We don't intend to kill anyone at the moment.

Warner: Good. That's a fight you'd lose. Everyone would lose. That's what's so frustrating about it. Anything we do hurts people. But we must resist.

Jefferson: There's still time. The future is not yet written, as they say.

Warner: I admire your optimism. I wish I could share it. But I don't think any of us can now.

Interview #: 004-19
Date: 05/25/18
Interviewer: Agent Forwald ("Jefferson")
Interviewee: SCP-3210-B-004 (Glen Warner)

Jefferson: My superiors have instructed me to take more active measures against Greenfield. How do you suggest we proceed?

Warner: As I've told you, I suggest you don't.

Jefferson: How certain are you that a large number of people would die in a conflict with Greenfield?

Warner: Certain.

Jefferson: Billions would die if they rip the universe apart.

Warner: We want to delay that eventuality rather than encourage the apocalypse.

Jefferson: We'll work on a solution.

Warner: You can't force it. People want what people want. Half the town is as far gone from us as Washington is from Moscow. I'm surprised you haven't realized this yet.

Jefferson: You don't seem very optimistic.

Warner: I'm not. Greenfield isn't dumb. He knows about you. If you make a move, he'll make it hurt.

Jefferson: He's known about us for months and we have made moves. If you actually help us, we can make him hurt.

Warner: There is no solution, as I've been telling you since you got here. I admire your persistence, I really do, but there's only one way this can end. You're wasting your time.

Jefferson: There must be a solution. God damnit, the world's not over yet. We'll find one, but we need your help.

Warner: Like your last solution? You've been here for months, and what have you gotten done? Besides dredging up lava and breaking lots of robots, I mean.

Jefferson: You didn't tell me that would happen. Don't blame that shit on me.

Warner: I told you not to use those anchors. And let me tell you something now: Stop. You've done more harm than good here. You're never going to beat Greenfield.

Jefferson: Fuck Greenfield. We can beat him if we work together on something new. But only if you actually try something other than sitting on your ass.

Warner: Who's we? Last I checked, you lost almost your whole team just finding me. It took your guys four tries to fly in ammunition, and Greenfield got everything they dropped. I doubt you could even make it back to the fence without my help. You know I hate to say that there's nothing we can do, but there's nothing we can do. I'm doing my best to buy us time, and I'm sorry if that's not good enough, but it's all I got.

Jefferson: I'm not going to the fence, because I'm not a coward. If you just want to give up, if you really are okay just letting Greenfield win, that's fine. We're not. Fuck Greenfield. I'm going to find that son of a bitch and shoot him in the fucking head, and then I'm gonna leave this godforsaken hellhole.

Warner: What?

Jefferson: You know, Warner, the reason people listen to Greenfield is because he actually does what he says he wants to. He doesn't bitch about not getting his way and pout that people don't like him. If you had half the guts he does, he wouldn't have ever gotten this far. I don't even know why I'm still asking for your help. You don't want to fight him? That's fine. We'll do it without you.

Warner: No, no, no, I'm sorry. I'll help you.

Jefferson: And not to — wait, really?

Warner: Yes. I'll help.

Jefferson: Yeah, I'm sure you will. You're clearly the fighting type. No wonder you lost the election.

Note: This was the final interview with SCP-3210-B-004. Agent Forwald was unable to locate the subject to conduct a followup.

SCP-3211: There is No Canon

SCP-3212: Non-Euclidean Euclid

Item #: SCP-3212

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the nature of SCP-3212, it is unable to leave Site- . Audio recording devices must be placed in all 30 of Site- 's rooms to monitor the position of SCP-3212. These devices must be repaired by Site- personnel in the event that SCP-3212 attempts to damage them. Site- is to be inhabited at all times by no less than 30 sighted personnel with Security Clearance Level-3 or higher.

Description: SCP-3212 appears to be a mass of tentacles, resembling those of *Octopus vulgaris*, albeit larger and more numerous. It is unknown whether the rest of SCP-3212's body resembles *Octopus vulgaris*, as due to the nature of its anomalous properties it cannot be directly observed.

SCP-3212 cannot enter a room containing beings or devices capable of visual observation.[1] Likewise, living beings capable of sight cannot enter the room in which SCP-3212 currently resides, with all adjoining doors refusing to open and walls resisting all damage. SCP-3212 will typically remain in a room for 2 to 3 hours if not impeded by the presence of sighted beings.

SCP-3212 is capable of altering the internal size, shape and layout of its room without affecting the external dimensions. All alterations made by-SCP-3212 persist after the entity leaves the room. Entrances repositioned by SCP-3212 will always lead back to the room they originally lead to. See Addendum 3212-A

SCP-3212 is capable of using its tentacles to pull objects from adjacent rooms through gaps around door frames, even if the objects are larger than the gaps. SCP-3212 has demonstrated the ability to move objects in excess of kg. SCP-3212 leaves no

detectable marks on objects it touches. SCP-3212 will rearrange objects in its room, but will usually leave them unaltered. See Addendum 3212-B

Although SCP-3212 is usually passive, it can become aggressive if personnel make excessive attempts to enter its room.[2] SCP-3212's preferred method of attack is to use nearby objects as projectiles, although it has been known to resort to strangulation if no suitable projectiles can be found. It is of note that while SCP-3212 does respond to pain, it seems to be impervious to damage. SCP-3212 has attempted on occasions to damage the audio devices in its room.

Containment Log: SCP-3212 was discovered in the manor of , a woman living in , after she reported to local law enforcement that something was "turning [her] house into an M. C. Escher drawing [sic]." Foundation personnel were able to 'herd' SCP-3212 into a mobile containment cell by blocking its entrance into rooms. was then administered Class-A amnestics and Site- was constructed for the expressed purpose of containing SCP-3212 and observing its anomalous properties. How SCP-3212 arrived at the manor of is unknown.

Test Log 3212-1

Date: / /
Subject: Agent , a blind woman employed by the Foundation.
Procedure: SCP-3212 was located in room-16 of Site- . Agent was positioned in room-17, adjacent to room-16. Site- personnel were positioned in all rooms adjacent to rooms-16 & -17. Agent was told to attempt enter room-16 and remain there for 10 minutes. Agent was not given any form of live communication with the rest of Site- personnel, as was it was believed that attempts to transmit electromagnetic radiation to and from Room-17 would disrupt/Be disrupted by SCP-3212's anomalous properties.
Test Report: Agent successfully opened the door to room-16, reporting feeling the sensation of water rushing into room-17, although she did not feel wet and was still

able to breathe normally. SCP-3212 did not seem to react aggressively her presence, and at some points even brushed against her. After a period of time, Agent attempted to place her hand on SCP-3212's tentacle, to which SCP-3212 did not respond. Agent commented that the texture of SCP-3212's tentacle was "like holding your hand up in a strong breeze." Agent then began to feel her way across the length of the tentacle but was unable to locate the main body SCP-3212. After 10 minutes had elapsed, Agent closed the door adjoining rooms-16 & -17, noting that the sense of being underwater 'evaporated' almost instantly. Testing was concluded.

Addendum 3212-A: On / / , Site- reported that door-15, previously adjoining rooms-15 and -16, now adjoins rooms-16 and -17. Further investigation into SCP-3212's ability to alter entrances pending.

Addendum 3212-B: On / / , SCP-3212 remained in room-30 of Site- for an abnormal amount of time (approximately 10 hours). When SCP-3212 left the room, site personnel discovered SCP-3212-1, previously an office table, had been contorted into an impossible shape by SCP-3212. Further research into SCP-3212's ability to create anomalous objects are pending.

Footnotes
1. A 'room' being defined as a section of 3-dimensional space completely surrounded by solid opaque barriers, with the exception of small gaps such as around doorframes. It is currently unknown what the maximum size of a gap can be before SCP-3212 will no longer enter the room.
2. SCP-3212 appears to be more prone to aggression when in absence of objects to manipulate.

SCP-3213: F*ck off Carl.

Item #: SCP-3213

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3213 is to be contained in a standard humanoid containment cell on floor 20 of Site-88. Under no circumstances is SCP-3213 to be allowed unsupervised interaction with any member of any pinniped species (pinniped families include, but are not limited to, walruses, seals, and sea lions). Testing of SCP-3213's effects is to take place in the aquatic facilities on floor 21 of Site-88.

Description: SCP-3213 is a 44-year-old human male named Carl Prosser. When SCP-3213 is in the direct line of sight of any member of any pinniped species, the animal will become sapient and capable of vocalization. SCP-3213-affected animals will then utilize this capability to direct verbal abuse towards SCP-3213.

Affected animals appear to possess individual personalities and behaviors, though all share a common dislike of SCP-3213. Affected animals either do not comprehend, or do not care to respond, to any verbal requests from individuals who are not SCP-3213. Repeated interactions between SCP-3213 and affected animals has yielded no verifiable information relating to the cause of the anomaly.

When in the presence of pinnipeds, SCP-3213 is under constant danger of physical attack. Affected animals will attempt to inflict as much physical pain as possible on SCP-3213, although multiple tests in controlled settings have revealed that these attacks will cease if SCP-3213's life is in danger. All attacking animals will continue direct verbal abuse towards SCP-3213 until removed from SCP-3213's presence.

SCP-3213-affected animals do not appear to retain their sapience or ability to vocalize once out of direct line of sight of SCP-3213.

Examination of live, actively affected specimens has been unsuccessful due to their aggression. SCP-3213 has, however, been cooperative in continued testing of the anomaly.

Test 3:

Purpose: Visual demonstration of described anomaly.

Date: 10/30/17

Method: SCP-3213 was given a video camera and told to enter a room with a tank housing two adult earless seals.

Results: A video file demonstrating the anomaly was created.

The relatively docile nature of the interaction is believed to have been an attempt to make SCP-3213 feel safe. Two separate attempts were made to physically drag SCP-3213 into the water six seconds after the end of the video excerpt below.

Test 5:

Purpose: Attempts by Dr. Paul Clifford to communicate with affected animals while SCP-3213 was present.

Date: 11/08/17

Method: SCP-3213 directed to enter a room with a tank housing two earless seals. Dr. Clifford was already present.

Interaction Log:

Seal 1: Go fuck yourself, Carl!

Seal 2: Yeah, go fuck yourself. Long and hard, you fucking bastard.

Dr. Clifford: Excuse me, can you understand me?

Seal 2: Carl, how's it feel to know that even though you're going bald, you'll never get any uglier?

Dr. Clifford: Can you hear me?

Seal 1: What's the matter, Carl? Too much of a pussy to answer us?

Test 16:

Purpose: Attempts to glean more of the reason for the anomaly's existence.

Date: 1/24/18

Method: SCP-3213 directed to enter a room with a tank housing two earless seals and to inquire as to the reason behind the anomalous behavior.

Interaction Log:

Seal 1: Should've figured you'd come back, bet you like the taste of shit.

SCP-3213: What did I do to make you so mad at me?

Seal 2: Oh ho! This piece of shit wants to know what he did.

Seal 1: You fucking know what you did, Carl.

SCP-3213: I never know what you're fucking talking about.

Seal 2: You're a fucking asshole. We fucking remember 'cause we saw you do that shit, Carl.

Seal 1: You got all these people fooled. You thought just 'cause it was dark and raining on the beach that night, no one was gonna see what you did?

SCP-3213: Jesus fucking Christ.

Seal 2: Coming back to you now, ain't it, asshole. Why don't you jump in here and I'll give you a taste of how it felt.

Seal 1: Don't worry, we won't kill you. Promise.

SCP-3213: Why?

Seal 2: 'cause then we couldn't hurt you any more, Carl.

Following this interaction, SCP-3213 refused to elaborate on the incident described by the affected animals. It is also unknown why all members of pinniped species are aware of this triggering incident.

Investigation into SCP-3213's past has turned up nothing matching the described details. SCP-3213 testing is currently suspended, and daily interviews are scheduled to determine what events caused this anomaly.

SCP-3214: Star Quality

Item #: SCP-3214

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A specialized Foundation webcrawler[1] will monitor digital advertising exchanges for new copies of SCP-3214. Blocking or deleting SCP-3214 from its current exchange may temporarily prevent new SCP-3214 from being served.

If any clickthroughs are detected, a containment team must be dispatched to contain all individuals affected by the anomaly and assess the severity of the outbreak. Hospital records must be monitored for individuals who have ingested all or part of a cellular phone, tablet, laptop computer or wireless router.[2] Any device with a screen or speaker must be disconnected from power in the vicinity of individuals experiencing a retargeting event. No cellphone or other susceptible device is allowed within 30 meters of an instance of SCP-3214-1 except during approved tests.

Description: SCP-3214 is a digital video advertisement which displays anomalous retargeting and personalization. It inflicts a compulsion to eat cellular phones and other susceptible devices on those who view or hear it for more than five seconds (hereafter SCP-3214-1). When an SCP-3214-1 does consume such a device, any other susceptible device within approximately 30 meters will be served an SCP-3214 impression.[3] If an individual to whom an SCP-3214 impression has been served[4] is not infected, they will be retargeted by the anomaly for up to five days.

Retargeting timeline: Retargeting events follow a predictable pattern, recorded below. Individuals who experience a complete retargeting event and successfully avoid infection may experience minor long-term ill effects,[5] but are not targeted by the anomaly again.

[redacted]

0-24 hours	Impressions begin to be delivered outside of normal ad frames on devices used by the subject.	*Subject entered the web address of a major search engine. When attempting to click on the search bar, a popup of SCP-3214 slid down from the top of the screen and intercepted their cursor.*
1-2 days	Impressions occur at maximum frequency.[6] Titles adopt a confrontational tone, including detailed information about the subject's life.	*"What Have You Got To Lose, D-20993?" "Mom Was Right: You're Good For Nothing (But We Can Help)"*
2-3 days	Impressions begin to be delivered to any device screen or speaker in the subject's vicinity. This can include devices which are not susceptible to SCP-3214 delivery under other circumstances, and need not be connected to the internet.	*A subject being escorted from the testing chamber passed by a closed-circuit television showing live feed from a security camera. SCP-3214 began to play in a corner of the screen.*
3-4 days	Impressions may be separated by two to three hours, and target the subject in moments of emotional vulnerability.	*A subject had recently learned of their cellmate's death in an unrelated test on SCP- . When security personnel arrived to escort the*

		subject to the testing chamber, SCP-3214 began to play from the security officers' walkie-talkies. "Click To Prevent 's Horrifying Death" (was the subject's nephew, later confirmed to be unharmed) "Watch Now Or FACE The Consequences" (the word FACE was periodically replaced with a stylized graphic of teeth clamping shut).
4-5 days	Impressions revert to appearing only in normal ad frames. Titles begin to include threats to the subject or their loved ones if it is not viewed.	

Symptoms: Once infected, SCP-3214-1 consumes the device on which they viewed SCP-3214. Whenever SCP-3214-1 is within one to two meters of another susceptible device, they will consume it as well, unless forcibly prevented from doing so. Each time such an additional device is consumed by SCP-3214-1, SCP-3214 impressions will be delivered to all susceptible devices in a 30 meter radius. This can result in the rapid and potentially exponential spread of SCP-3214.

Consumption of electronic devices results in severe lacerations of the mouth, esophagus and digestive tract. Subjects injured in this way refuse to acknowledge distress and invariably describe their condition in positive terms.[7] Unless prompt medical care is administered, SCP-3214-1 typically expire within one to three days, either as a direct result of their injuries or from related non-anomalous bacterial infection. The compulsion to eat devices has persisted in all known instances, though some subjects can learn to resist it over time.

Video description: Recordings of SCP-3214 show a blank screen

with a circular "loading" image, and a sound similar to a dial-up modem connecting to the internet. Thus a more detailed description of SCP-3214 has been summarized from interviews with individuals infected by the anomaly. Although written descriptions of SCP-3214 have not demonstrated cognitohazardous properties, access is currently restricted as a precaution. Access is authorized for personnel of level 2 and above, researchers directly involved in SCP-3214 experimentation, and agents deployed in response to SCP-3214 outbreaks.

+ Enter Level 2-3214 credentials

1. The narrator's appearance is perceived by the subject as an idealized version of themselves. Dialogue and/or captions in the video employ the viewer's first language.
2. The narrator describes the viewer's history to a group of other characters seated in a casual setting, and will offer strong opinions on the relative talent or desirability of the viewer. Many of these other characters will resemble celebrities or other public figures known to the viewer.
3. The other characters will briefly debate whether the viewer possesses "the right stuff" or "star quality" and whether the group should "take [name] with us." All characters will then look at the camera, making eye contact with the viewer. Subjects report feeling compelled to view this portion, and felt they were being "measured" or "judged", even if they were unable to view the screen.
4. Characters may be shown engaging in **`space travel`**, public musical performances, sexual activity and/or [REDACTED]. During this section, the narrator's eyes begin to glow with green

light as they deliver enthusiastic commentary on depicted scenes. Subjects are unable to recall this narration in detail.
5. The narrator moves in front of the camera and smiles at the viewer, saying, "We'll see you there."

An estimated 20% of individuals infected by SCP-3214 outside of containment go missing. These individuals are designated SCP-3214-2. SCP-3214-2 do not exhibit any compulsion to consume electronic devices. Individuals infected while in containment have a lower probability of becoming SCP-3214-2 (approximately 5%).

Civilians who have observed SCP-3214-2 report that instances will immediately depart, offering vague and contradictory excuses when questioned. SCP-3214-2 who are prevented from departing will express dismay, citing an urgent appointment. They will refuse to specify the nature or location of this appointment. Each SCP-3214-2 instance will obtain a small quantity of luggage and fill it with various items of clothing and forms of personal entertainment.[8] SCP-3214-2 will either purchase or steal such items in an opportunistic manner.

All SCP-3214-2 to date have vanished within 24 hours of release. Observation teams report a flash of green light at each disappearance, which is not visible in video recordings. Tracking devices lose contact at this time. Tracking devices frequently lose contact at this time. Signals from tracking devices attached to some instances were later detected at the outer edge of the heliosphere, accelerating towards **Alpha Centauri A** at speeds which gradually increased to a maximum of .5c.

Footnotes
1. Adapted from I/O BEHOLDER. SeeSCP-3299for details.
2. For a full list of susceptible devices, see Documents 3214-b1-4.
3. When a digital advertisement is fetched from its server by a user's

browser, it is counted as an impression.
4. An impression of a digital advertisement has been served when it appears in a user's browser.
5. These effects may include misanthropy, increased extraversion, and obsessive fixation on the works and activities of celebrities depicted in SCP-3214.
6. The anomaly appears to observe a 30-minute frequency cap.
7. Responses such as"I'm fine", "no worries", "all good bro", "five by five", etc., are common.
8. Movies, books, mp3 players, handheld gaming devices, musical instruments and adult toys are commonly selected.

SCP-3215: Delicious Anemone

A section of SCP-3215.

Close-up of a section of SCP-3215[1].

Item #: SCP-3215

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All five (5) respective instances of SCP-3215 are to be contained in a one-hundred and fifty (150) centimeter long and one-hundred and forty-two (142) centimeter high reef tank at Biological Containment Site-66. Personnel with a Level 3 or higher security clearance are permitted access to the room containing SCP-3215's tank. SCP-3215 is to be sustained on a diet of small fish.

The lid of SCP-3215's tank is to be secured by a nine-digit numpad lock. The code for said lock is to be changed semi-frequently and can be granted to research personnel by Lead Researcher Winfield.

Any reports of SCP-3215 instances discovered outside of Foundation containment are to be responded to immediately. MTF Theta-4 "Gardeners" are to be dispatched for recovery and Class C amnestics are to be administered to any non-Foundation personnel involved.

Description: SCP-3215 is an unidentified species of sea anemone spanning an area of between roughly one and a half (1.5) centimeters and one (1) meter. The overall mass of SCP-3215 consists of a vast number of column-shaped bodies which are punctuated by small oral cavities. Each cavity functions as both a mouth and an anus and connects to one of a number of shared gastrovascular chambers.

These tubular bodies are surrounded by tendrils armed with

exceptionally high concentrations of cnidocyte cells; each cell contains clusters of nematocysts which produce an anomalous actinotoxin, referred to as SCP-3215-1. A highly simplistic nervous system coordinates the processes involved in homeostasis, as well as physical responses to a range of stimuli.

SCP-3215-1 is produced by harpoon-shaped nematocysts and is injected by everting cnidocytes into prey or attackers which make physical contact with one of SCP-3215's tendrils. Wounds inflicted by these punctures will usually shed small amounts of blood. The sensation of being injected universally causes itchiness at the point of contact, as well as an area of roughly a centimeter in diameter around it. The severity of this stimulation varies greatly depending on duration and level of exposure to SCP-3215's injection mechanism. Subjects have also been observed to suffer allergic reactions to SCP-3215, irrespective of its anomalous properties[2].

The effects of SCP-3215-1 are twofold:

- Minor audio-sensory and visual hallucinations
- Major loss of self-control and self-identity.

When under the effects of SCP-3215-1, organisms will experience an extreme compulsion to make further physical contact with SCP-3215. Affected organisms will attempt to touch, grab, consume and [DATA EXPUNGED] sections of SCP-3215, further increasing the level of SCP-3215-1 affliction. This effect will persist for almost an hour after initial SCP-3215 contact if no further contact is made and is not treatable with amnestics. Further contact will exponentially elongate the duration of SCP-3215-1's effects.

During this time, subjects identify SCP-3215 as a meal of some description, often elucidating and declaring that it will be, or is, the best food that they have ever eaten.

As SCP-3215's cnidocytes further puncture the organism's epidermis and mouth, blood will begin to be drawn in greater and greater quantities, and the high concentrations of SCP-3215-1 in the subject's bloodstream will eventually cause organ failure after an extended period of time. Despite this, subjects will not cease making contact with SCP-3215 unless physically restrained[3] or until they

have lost motor function.

Death can occur anywhere between ten (10) minutes and one (1) hour, depending on the size of the organism. The most common cause of death is by multiple organ failure but can also occur by exsanguination in smaller prey. Following the moment of death, SCP-3215's tendrils will guide the victim into one of SCP-3215's oral cavities for digestion. Prey that is too large to be eaten whole will not be moved by these tendrils, however SCP-3215 will still feed off of the remains produced by the carcass' decomposition. How SCP-3215 makes this distinction in size is as of yet unclear.

Addendum 3215a: Recovery Log

> SCP-3215 was recovered on / / from tropical fish store in Hollywood, Florida, after a police investigation following the accidental death of Mr. Henry Allen.
>
> Mr. Allen was a member of staff who had been found dead from sudden organ failure during working hours. The Foundation was alerted when the solution in Mr. Allen's blood, SCP-3215-1, was sent for chemical analysis by the police response team which had recovered Mr. Allen's body and could not be properly identified.
>
> The store's manager, Mr. John , informed Foundation operatives that Mr. Allen had been tasked with moving numerous species of anemone into temporary jars so that their tanks could be cleaned. For what reason Mr. Allen had made any physical contact with SCP-3215 during this process is unknown; Mr. informed the Foundation that he had been wearing staff uniform for the job, which included protective gloves.
>
> Furthermore, Mr. provided documentation on imported organisms delivered to the store during a regular restock three weeks prior to Mr. Allen's death. No specimens resembling SCP-3215 in description or behavior were logged.

Request to register Mr. as a potential person of interest is pending.

Addendum 3215b: The following is an identification label recovered from SCP-3215's tank at .

> **ID:** 032
> **Breed:**
> **Description:** Beautiful cream body with mauve ring-tipped limbs.
> **Care:** Needs feeding once a day, eats pellets and little fish. Should be kept in a large tank. Do not touch.

Footnotes
1. No oral cavities are visible on this section of the specimen.
2. This is known to be more likely in subjects with allergies involving sea anemones and other stinging organisms.
3. This will invariably be met with a great deal of resistance.

SCP-3216: Three Buildings in New York City

Item #: SCP-3216

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Entrance into SCP-3216 is to be dissuaded by posted guards. Any subject emerging from SCP-3216 should be engaged with maximum non-lethal force and taken to Site-85 for questioning. Every 30 days, three field operatives are to enter SCP-3216 and determine if any changes to the internal structure have taken place.

Description: SCP-3216 is the collective designation for three identical buildings located in New York City, New York. The buildings are designated SCP-3216-1, SCP-3216-2, SCP-3216-3, and located in the boroughs of Queens, the Bronx, and Manhattan respectively. Each instance of SCP-3216 is 12 stories tall and constructed of red brick. The windows of each building are boarded up. Outside of individuals associated with the Foundation, nobody has been observed interacting with the building.

The only known method of entering an SCP-3216 instance is through the emergency exit located at the back of each building. The interior of each SCP-3216 instance is shared with one another through an unknown spatial anomaly. Measurements have shown the internal space to be three times larger than what would be allowed by the exterior of each building. Any human entering any instance of SCP-3216 will be unable to leave this space until 6 days, 13 hours, 12 minutes, and 41 seconds have passed. After this time limit has passed, they will disappear and reappear outside of the entrance they used to enter.

Floors eleven, six, and one are the only spaces of SCP-3216's interior that show signs of habitation. Three rooms on floor eleven were locked upon the initial discovery of SCP-3216. They contained 157 electronic devices whose exact function and construction are

still not understood. It is currently believed that they were used for computing and information storage.

Half the rooms on floor six contain beddings. In total, there are enough accommodations to house 350 individuals. The floor also contains spaces for food preparation, bathrooms, and what is believed to be clothing storage. All recovered articles of clothing are unfit for use by humans, being too large, made for six limbs, and crafted of a material that undergoes an exothermic reaction upon contact with mammalian skin.

Floor one contained seven rooms that were unable to be opened upon initial discovery. After using controlled demolitions to bypass the intended entrances, Foundation reconnaissance teams found two categories of rooms. Three rooms contained equipment most likely used for surgical procedures. The four remaining each contained five cots, three containers of an unknown red liquid, and eight human skeletons.

The purpose of a green door on the first floor has yet to be determined. Though located on the outermost wall of the building, there is no corresponding door on the exterior of any of the three buildings. All attempts to open the door or breach the surrounding area have been unsuccessful. Measurements have shown a continual emission from the door of 10 millisieverts of radiation per second. Every 16 hours and 7 minutes, a flash of light can be seen through a crack in the bottom of the door.

SCP-3217: Dead Weight

Item #: SCP-3217

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3217 should be closely monitored by security cameras at all times for any anomalous activity. Civilians should be strongly discouraged from holding funeral services in SCP-3217, and use of force is permitted in cases of extreme resistance. Civilians who enter SCP-3217 and show signs of affectation are to be detained and questioned upon leaving the area.

Description: SCP-3217 is a cemetery in Truro, England, covering approximately 0.01 square kilometers of land. SCP-3217 consists of mostly flat terrain and contains 97 marked graves, as of the most recent count. All 97 headstones are blank, and have no engraving or indication of identity. Prior to Foundation intervention, SCP-3217 was a popular religious landmark in Cornwall, and served as "a divine example of God's almighty and everlasting presence".

SCP-3217 only shows anomalous effects on subjects who have come into contact with a vessel containing a corpse, such as a coffin or casket, while within its confines. The most common subjects affected are coffin-carriers who unwittingly enter SCP-3217 as part of funeral processions.

SCP-3217's effects begin to manifest when a subject's physical contact with the vessel is interrupted or ceased. As long as the subject is in the cemetery, the weight of carrying the coffin or casket will persist, despite no longer being in physical contact with it. This has been shown to severely inhibit movement, respiratory function, and skeletal integrity. When questioned, victims report an intense strain on shoulder muscles and noticeably slower movement, as a result of the invisible weight. Victims with a muscular body mass index of less than 20 report significant breathing difficulties and

exhaustion. The fatigue's effect on the body depends on the position of the carrier; those who carried from their left suffer muscle strain on their right, and vice versa. Effects of SCP-3217 vary depending on the subject's physical strength and stamina.

As soon as the subject exits SCP-3217, the effects immediately cease. Interviewed coffin-carriers report that the experience is similar to "the hand of God lifting a great burden". However, if the subject enters SCP-3217 again, the effects instantly return. Victims of SCP-3217 have claimed that the weight was trying to "drag them into the very depths of Hell," and that it served as a "test of faith". Note that the effects do not present themselves if the coffin or casket is empty. The methods by which SCP-3217 produces its anomalous effects is unknown.

At least fourteen deaths have been caused by the fatigue. The recorded victims all died due to excessive muscle breakdown and eventual cardiac arrest, and all but two had been employed as coffin-carriers. However, this data was only collected from the past two decades. It is unknown exactly how many casualties have resulted from SCP-3217's effect, although locals claim its effects have existed since the twelfth century.

Seven other casualties have been associated with SCP-3217, although these were due to the introduction of **SCP-895**.

SCP-3217 has been shown to produce significantly more dangerous effects when SCP-895 is carried through it. When a person breaks physical contact with SCP-895 while within the confines of SCP-3217, he or she will experience an escalated variant of the anomaly, in which [REDACTED]. As of 04/13/ , tests involving SCP-895 and SCP-3217 are prohibited by the Foundation, following the events of Test A.

+ WARNING: LEVEL 3 ACCESS REQUIRED

Test A - 04/11/

Subject: SCP-3217, SCP-895, D-1434, D-0900, D-6003, D-1673, D-8880, D-5422
Procedure: D-Class personnel will escort

SCP-895 through SCP-3217, carrying it on their shoulders. Doctor U. Vigo will scan for any new anomalous reactions.

<Begin Log, 7:10>

Doctor Urving Vigo: Preparations are in place. All D-Class personnel, please follow the instructions administered, or we will not hesitate to shoot you. Please pick up SCP-895; three of you on each side.

D-0900: Doesn't this thing fuck people up? I don't wanna touch this!

Dr. Vigo: SCP-895 only affects those observing camera footage of it, D-0900, which is why we will be observing individual stills to collect data. May I remind you that you have a sniper rifle pointed at your head as we speak, and if you refuse to pick up SCP-895 within the next two seconds, I will give the kill order.

D-1434: Just cooperate, man. We get a lunch break after this.

Dr. Vigo: Proceed through SCP-3217 in a straight line, and do not stop carrying SCP-895 until you have reached the containment checkpoint at the other side. Once you have reached the checkpoint, surrender possession of SCP-895 to MTF Eta-10 and await further instructions.

D-6003: Holy shit, this thing is heavy.

D-1673: What is even inside this thing, anyway? A 300-pound vampire?

D-8880: Jesus Christ, I just got the biggest fucking splinter in all of human history. Can we

move faster, people?

D-1434: Shut up, asshole. We're almost there. **panting**

Dr. Vigo: Excellent. Once SCP-895 has been re-contained, form a single-file line at the checkpoint and walk in an orderly fashion back to the entrance.

D-0900: What the hell? God, my back! **grunting**

D-1434: We're not even carrying the damn thing anymore, Jesus! It's like dragging a fucking car!

D-0900: God, why is it so muddy all of a sudden?

D-5422: Wait up, my foot is stuck!

Dr. Vigo: Are we getting this, Eta-10? Make sure the shutter speed isn't too fast, we don't want another repeat of the incident.

D-1434: Dammit, we're sinking! Get us out! GET US OUT!

Dr. Vigo: Eta-10, what's the status?

SNE-1: The ground is dry as a bone, sir; no clue what they're on about. They're flailing around and kicking up a shit ton of dust. Oh, and SCP-895 is safely back in containment, by the way.

D-8880: For the love of God, HELP US! Fuck, it's up to our waists!

SNE-1: Should we send a team in, sir?

Dr. Vigo: That will be unnecessary, Eta-10.

D-5422: I can't breathe!

D-1673: HELP US, YOU MOTHERFUCKERS! **muffled screaming**

Dr. Vigo: What's happening out there, Eta-10?

SNE-1: Sir, they've… just vanished…

Dr. Vigo: All life signs appear to have been terminated. Eta-10, kindly retrieve the cameras.

SNE-1: On it. **panting**

Dr. Vigo: It seems SCP-895 produces some sort of extreme reaction from SCP-3217. Eta-10, can you distinguish anything anomalous from the stills?

SNE-1: I don't know, sir… if I want to do this. **exhaling**

Dr. Vigo: It's not a matter of whether you *want* to do this. It's your *obligation*. Now, tell me what you see.

SNE-1: Well, I'm looking at them now… Jesus Christ, sir! **coughing** They— there are… **coughing** …in the photo, there are arms coming out of the ground, arms everywhere… **wheezing** …pulling down…

Dr. Vigo: And you didn't see any of that from the checkpoint?

SNE-1: Sir, I can't stay here— **violent coughing, radio static**

Dr. Vigo: Eta-10, do you read? Eta-10?

Eta-10, do you copy? God dammit.

<End Log, 7:26>

Results: All D-Class personnel are deceased. Mobile Taskforce Eta-10 "See No Evil" leader is deceased.
Analysis: SCP-895 acts as a catalyst for SCP-3217's effects, causing it to exact so much force that victims are pulled into the ground. No further testing in SCP-3217 will be conducted.

Addendum 3217.1: Autopsy on the corpse of Eta-10 MTF leader reveals that the victim was [DATA EXPUNGED] in a similar fashion to the command team that first recovered SCP-895.

Addendum 3217.2: SCP-3217 was excavated in order to recover the bodies of the six D-Class personnel for autopsies shortly following the test. Despite drilling nearly half a kilometer into the ground, no sign of any of the victims was found. The drill site and search have since been abandoned.

Addendum 3217.3: Data show that SCP-895's influence extends beyond merely video, but onto still photographs as well. More research will have to be conducted in order to find a reliable method of observing SCP-895's hallucinatory effects.

The relationship between SCP-895 and SCP-3217 is still unknown.

SCP-3218: Animals in Boxes

Portion of SCP-3218-078-A, taken after death.

Item #: SCP-3218

Object Class: Safe Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Known instances of SCP-3218 are to be purchased or requisitioned by the Foundation through any available means and secured in their place of manifestation, as instances of SCP-3218 cannot be relocated without termination. In cases where requisition or purchase is deemed unfeasible, the instance of SCP-3218 is to be terminated following Protocol 3B, and amnestics distributed to non-Foundation personnel known to have come into contact with SCP-3218.

Captive instances of SCP-3218-A are to be monitored for any change in their behaviour or biology. Instances of SCP-3218-B may be repurposed for experimental or storage use with the Lead Researcher's approval.

Description: SCP-3218 is the collective designation for a series of anomalous organisms and the containers they manifest in. SCP-3218 has been known to the Foundation since 1951, when it was first observed in the town of Geraldton, Western Australia. SCP-3218 has since been observed manifesting worldwide at indeterminate intervals. The most recent instance of SCP-3218 was reported on 01/08/20 and is currently contained by Site 332.

All instances of SCP-3218 observed to date have manifested in an urban or otherwise populated environment, often inside private residences or within private estates. An instance will manifest as an animal and a container, which are hereby respectively referred to as SCP-3218-A and SCP-3218-B.

SCP-3218-A takes the form of a member of the kingdom *animalia*[1] contained within an appropriately-sized container. Instances of

SCP-3218-A mimic the behaviour of the animal form they have taken, but differ in physical appearance by the absence of cross-sectional portions of their body, most commonly lateral to the spine[2].

Despite these missing portions, the instance of SCP-3218-A will show no discomfort and continue to exist as if whole. An observer can see the internal organs of SCP-3218-A moving and operating as if the body was intact. Simple experimentation proves that these portions are physically absent as opposed to merely transparent. As long as SCP-3218-A remains within its container the different portions can be moved or re-arranged without disruption to its continued function.

SCP-3218-A will display reluctance to being removed from SCP-3218-B, and may attack if an attempt is made to forcefully remove it. Exactly 53 seconds[3] after being removed from SCP-3218-B, SCP-3218-A will begin to bleed to death, and the individual portions of its body will react to gravitational pull as if they were no longer attached. At this point, SCP-3218-B ceases to affect SCP-3218-A and loses its anomalous properties[4]. In all observed instances, the cause of death has been severe blood loss leading to catastrophic organ failure.

Once SCP-3218-A is dead, the portions of its body no longer display any anomalous qualities and can be safely disposed of according to site-specific Organic Waste Protocols.

SCP-3218-B is the container in which SCP-3218-A manifests. Instances of SCP-3218-B have been observed to manifest in a wide range of sizes and appearances. While in SCP-3218-B, SCP-3218-A does not age, require food or drink[5] or suffer any ill effects stemming from the missing portions of its body.

SCP-3218-B does not display any anomalous properties when holding any living or dissected organisms that are not SCP-3218-A. SCP-3218-B displays an absolute hardness of 400-420 regardless of its appearance. While SCP-3218-A remains within SCP-3218-B, SCP-3218-B cannot be moved and displays resistance to all forms of force, although the same does not apply to SCP-3218-A[6]. However, once SCP-3218-A is dead, SCP-3218-B can be moved using appropriate force to its apparent size and weight.

Note: Since 30/05/2010, all known instances of SCP-3218 have manifested in properties owned or maintained by the Foundation, and have increased in frequency. Further resources have been requested to study SCP-3218 and determine if it poses a direct risk to the Foundation and the safe containment of dangerous entities.

Addenda:

+ Notable Instances of SCP-3218

SCP-3218-001 - *06/1951*
This instance of SCP-3218 took the form of a domestic cat (*Felis catus*) in a cardboard box. It manifested in the dining room of Mr. and Mrs. J. Philips of Geraldson, Western Australia. It came to the Foundation's attention when Mr. J. Philips reported the cat and its subsequent death to *The Geraldton Guardian* newspaper. Mr. and Mrs. J Philips were interviewed by Foundation agents posing as employees of *The West Australian* seeking an interview. SCP-3218-001-A's remains were exhumed and taken with SCP-3218-001-B to Site 32 for analysis.

SCP-3218-001-A displayed no anomalous qualities and resembled the remains of a domesticated cat. They were later incinerated. SCP-3218-001-B was a cardboard box bearing the maker's mark of International Paper's Albany paper mill in Oregon, USA. Subsequent investigation of Albany Mill returned no anomalous findings. SCP-3218-B-001 was later incinerated.

SCP-3218-021 - *26/10/1986*
This instance of SCP-3218 took the form of a year-old lamb (*Ovis aries*) determined to be of the Merino breed, which manifested in a ceramic, free-standing bath in the bedroom of Mr. D. of Bishops Cannings, Wiltshire, UK.

It came to Foundation attention through an unrelated investigation into Mr. D. regarding SCP- .

After Mr. D. was taken into Foundation custody, his property was purchased by the Foundation and received the designation Site 161, for the housing of SCP-3218-021. Subsequent experimentation on SCP-3218-021 correlated previous observations of the 53-second separation limit, and showed that returning the portions of SCP-3218-A to SCP-3218-B after this time did not prevent death.

The property was later sold and is no longer under Foundation observation as of 01/02/2001.

SCP-3218-064 - *22/05/2008*
This instance of SCP-3218 took the form of an armadillo (*Dasypus novemcinctus*) in a cauldron and manifested in Uberlândia, Brazil. It was the first observed to not take the form of a domesticated animal, and manifested in a derelict petrol station on the outskirts of the city. This instance came to Foundation attention from mobile phone footage posted to YouTube of urban explorers finding SCP-3218-063. Its anomalous properties were missed by these explorers, due to the banded nature of the armadillo hiding the missing portions of its body.

The video was flagged for Foundation attention by researchers due to the unusual appearance of SCP-3218-063-B, which closely resembled the Gundestrup Cauldron; a noted Celtic archaeological artifact on display in the National Museum of Denmark, Copenhagen.

Foundation agents terminated SCP-3218-063-A and recovered SCP-3218-063-B, which was found to be identical in materials, composition and decay to the Gundestrup Cauldron. SCP-3218-063-B is currently contained in a secure display case in the researchers' lounge of Site 44.

SCP-3218-074 - *30/05/2010*
This instance of SCP-3218 took the form of a domestic cat (*Felis catus*) in a wooden firkin (a 9 gallon container). It manifested in the home of Lead Researcher Dr. Helen Parr and was reported to the Foundation the following morning. Dr. Parr recorded that the cat was identical in appearance to her deceased pet cat Figaro, noting particularly the torn right ear. Photographic comparison upholds this testimony. SCP-3218-074-A was terminated and the remains incinerated.

SCP-3218-074-B bore the mark of Blandy's Wine Lodge, Funchal, Madeira. Chemical analysis of SCP-3218-074-B indicated that it was stained with the Xavelha blend of table wine, which Dr. Parr noted was her favourite. On her request, SCP-3218-074-B is now kept in her office.

SCP-3218-098 - *23/07/2012*
This instance of SCP-3218 took the form of a brown bear (*Ursus arctos*). It manifested in Humanoid Containment Cell 03 of Site , formerly containing SCP- . Security footage of the cell shows that SCP-3218-098 manifested at precisely 03:31:53. SCP- , who was asleep at this time, awoke when SCP-3218-098-A began growling at it in a display of territorial aggression.

Unlike previous instances of SCP-3218,

SCP-3218-098 did not manifest with an identifiable SCP-3218-098-B. It is suspected that Humanoid Containment Cell 03 was itself treated as SCP-3218-098-B. Unfortunately, by the time Foundation Security Personnel were able to respond to the situation, SCP-3218-098-A had killed SCP- . Security subdued SCP-3218-098-A and killed it in the ensuring gunfire. SCP-3218-098-A and SCP- 's remains were incinerated.

SCP-3218 was reclassified as 'Euclid' following this incident.

SCP-3218-105 - *23/05/2013*
This instance of SCP-3218 took the form of a theropod dinosaur (determined to resemble *Allosaurus fragilis*) and manifested in Arsenal of Secure Containment Site . Security footage shows that SCP-3218-105 manifested at precisely 03:31:53. SCP-3218-105-A did not manifest with an identifiable SCP-3218-105-B, lending evidence to the hypothesis that SCP-3218 can use pre-existing structures to manifest itself.

SCP-3218-105 is notable for being the first recorded instance of SCP-3218 to manifest as an extinct creature. It was subdued with the loss of 3 Security Personnel and the remains were sent to Site for further analysis.

Footnotes
1. To date, 94% of reported forms of SCP-3218-A match domesticated species of animals common to the locality in which SCP-3218-A has manifested.
2. To date, 12% of instances have cross-sectional absences parallel to the spine instead of lateral.
3. This length of time has been observed in Experimental Logs SCP-3218-003, 006-023, 054 and 125, without deviation.
4. See Experimental Logs SCP-3218-013 through -023.

5. SCP-3218-A will eat if it is presented with food appropriate to the diet of the animal it is currently mimicking. Eaten food can be observed moving through the missing portions of SCP-3218-A's anatomy.
6. See Experimental Log SCP-3218-005.

SCP-3219: This Sour Earth

Item #: SCP-3219

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A ninety-kilometer exclusion zone has been established along the boundaries of SCP-3219. This zone is to remain uninhabited; ten Foundation personnel operating as agents of the National Park Service are to be stationed at its perimeter. In addition to their official duties as park rangers, they are to perform daily examinations of the exclusion zone, including the access point for SCP-3219.

All persons found near or within the exclusion zone are to be escorted out; abandoned vehicles and camp-sites are to be reported to 3219 Incident Command. All evidence regarding disappearances linked to SCP-3219 is to be examined, documented, and destroyed.

3219 Incident Command is to be notified prior to authorized entry into SCP-3219's exclusion zone. Personnel entering this zone are limited to one hour excursions; should they exceed this limit, no attempt at recovery is to be made. Under no circumstances are personnel to traverse SCP-3219 or enter its area of effect.

Description: SCP-3219 is a region of space approximately seven square kilometers in size located in South Mountains State Park, North Carolina. This region exhibits numerous neurological, electromagnetic, and topographical anomalies, many of which extend outside of its boundaries (albeit with a significant reduction in intensity and/or frequency). Examples include:

- Fluctuating areas of electromagnetic interference.
- Non-sapient organisms expressing severe aversion toward approaching or entering SCP-3219.
- Sapient organisms experiencing dizziness, periods of lost time, and symptoms of topographical agnosia (such as loss of

spatial cognition).
- Unexplained changes in SCP-3219's topography.
- Unexplained sounds.
- Unexplained disappearances of both persons and objects.
- The emergence of taphophobia[1] among personnel who have spent time near or in SCP-3219.

SCP-3219 has been linked to ninety-six disappearances since its discovery. However, evidence suggests it may be responsible for as many as two hundred, with the oldest documented case dating to 1922.

Addendum 3219.1: Incident Reports (1922 to 1971)

SCP-3219 was first contained in 1972. Reports regarding incidents prior to this have been compiled via interviews, analysis of first and second hand documents, and records recovered from law enforcement agencies. A sampling of these reports is provided below.

INCIDENT SUMMARY

INCIDENT #: 3219-0003
DATE OF OCCURRENCE: 08/07/1922

Local authorities investigated the Cotter home after several residents of Sutherland reported having no contact with the family for four months. The home was described as a two-story residence with an attic and storm cellar. Although research into the precise circumstances surrounding its construction has proven inconclusive, it was likely built somewhere within SCP-3219 during the early 20th century.

Upon arriving, deputies found the residence abandoned. Other observations noted in their reports included:

- A "rotting, rancid" smell. No source for this odor was found.

- Rags soaked in plaster used to plug the house's drains and faucets.
- Scratching sounds (described in one report as "scurrying rats") under the floorboards.
- The carcass of the family's dog buried in the backyard. A cursory examination determined it had been recently maimed by an unidentified animal.
- Signs of extended habitation inside the house's attic, including canned food, bed-rolls, and a hastily constructed barricade over its entrance.

Notably, no reports describe any attempt to examine the residence's storm cellar. Research into the reason behind this oversight has thus far proven inconclusive.

The investigation ended after six months with no additional leads. Although records obtained from the Sutherland sheriff's office describe the Cotter residence as having been demolished in 1928, evidence corroborating this claim has yet to be found.

INCIDENT SUMMARY

INCIDENT #: 3219-0089
DATE OF OCCURRENCE: 15/10/1934

Two children (Theodore and Ashley Tomlin) from Sutherland, North Carolina, were reported missing by their mother (Delores Tomlin) after they failed to return home from school. During the ensuing investigation, local police found evidence that the twins had gone to pick berries in the nearby woods. Park authorities were notified; an extensive search was organized.

Two weeks after the search began, Miles Bassi (a retired sheriff and hunter) was hiking beside a shallow pond in SCP-3219's exclusion zone when he came upon clothing hanging from a tree branch. On closer examination, he

found that the pockets were filled with rotting blueberries. He immediately notified local authorities.

Police verified that the clothes matched those worn by Theodore Tomlin prior to his disappearance. Notably, they were recovered over seventy-five kilometers from where the Tomlin twins were last seen.

INCIDENT SUMMARY

INCIDENT #: 3219-0189
DATE OF OCCURRENCE: 21/02/1937

While on patrol in SCP-3219's exclusion zone, a park ranger reported discovering a set of doors partially buried in the ground. He described "scratching noises" coming from beneath them. Upon opening the doors, he encountered a set of stairs and a "horrible stench". He then closed the doors and reported the incident to his commanding officer. A later search conducted by multiple rangers failed to locate any doors or stairs in the area.

INCIDENT SUMMARY

INCIDENT #: 3219-0219
DATE OF OCCURRENCE: 17/06/1952

Four members of the Bonafede family were reported missing after failing to return home from a camping trip planned within South Mountains State Park. Park rangers cooperated with local police to organize a search party.

On the first day, hunting dogs led the search party to the edge of SCP-3219. The dogs refused to enter SCP-3219; furthermore, the search party described

several incidents of dizziness, lost time, and erratic behavior among nearby wildlife.

On the third day, two members of the search party disappeared. Shortly after this incident, the Sutherland sheriff's office ordered all workers to continue the search for the Bonafede family in a region adjacent to SCP-3219. After a three month long investigation, no traces of the Bonafede family or the two missing rescue workers were found.

INCIDENT SUMMARY

INCIDENT #: 3219-0397
DATE OF OCCURRENCE: 15/11/1971

Residents of Sutherland and surrounding communities reported numerous pollutants in their water. These pollutants were accompanied by the smell of rancid meat. Tests carried out by local and state officials found the presence of numerous toxins, including an abundance of decomposing organic matter from an unidentified source. No cause for this infiltration was determined.

After three weeks with no potable water, a high-level state official requested Foundation involvement. The ensuing investigation led to the identification and designation of SCP-3219 as an anomaly, followed by the establishment of its current exclusion zone (and the evacuation of Sutherland). Two months later, tests performed upon water drawn from Sutherland found no notable pollutants.

Addendum 3219.2: Exploration Logs

► ACCESS SCP:/3219/exploration/054.log

EXPLORATION LOG

DATE: 17/03/1981
TEAM: D-311366 (D-ALPHA)

[BEGIN LOG.**]**

[*Camera feed displays a wooded path. It is mid-morning. There is a light mist obscuring the distance.***]**

D-ALPHA: Uh. Okay. Hello? This thing working?

RADIO: We hear you, Alpha. Getting your feed.

D-ALPHA: Okay.

RADIO: Proceed forward.

D-ALPHA: Okay.

[*D-ALPHA proceeds forward, moving along the trail.***]**

D-ALPHA: So, am I just — just following the trail, right?

RADIO: That's right.

D-ALPHA: Okay.

[*D-ALPHA continues along the trail for several minutes.***]**

D-ALPHA: How long is — how far do I have to go?

RADIO: To the end of the trail.

D-ALPHA: How far is that?

RADIO: Not far. Just about a ten minute hike.

D-ALPHA: Okay.

[*The camera jerks forward; D-ALPHA stops and turns, looking back. The tether connecting to her is taut, snagged on a rusted, broken piece of two-inch pipe jutting out from the edge of the path.***]**

D-ALPHA: The hell? That wasn't —

[*D-ALPHA's hand grabs and tugs the tether several times. It comes loose, and goes slack.***]**

D-ALPHA: This thing — I'm still connected to this rope, right?

RADIO: That's right.

D-ALPHA: Okay. Good. Okay.

[*The camera turns back to the path; D-ALPHA resumes walking.***]**

[*D-ALPHA stops.***]**

RADIO: Is everything alright?

D-ALPHA: Do you hear that?

RADIO: I don't hear —

D-ALPHA: You don't hear that? You don't —

[*D-ALPHA resumes walking along the path, now moving faster.***]**

D-ALPHA: It sounds like — it sounds like someone yelling?

RADIO: I don't hear anything. One second. One second. Let me check —

D-ALPHA: It sounds like somebody yelling.

RADIO: Let me check the audio feed, alright? One second.

[*D-ALPHA starts running along the path.***]**

D-ALPHA: (*shouting*) Hey! Hey, someone out there? You alright? Hey!

RADIO: Don't —

D-ALPHA: (*shouting*) Hello?

[*D-ALPHA stops moving. Heavy breathing can be heard.***]**

RADIO: Alpha, please don't do that.

D-ALPHA: (*whispering*) Shh. Be quiet. I'm trying to —

[*D-ALPHA stops breathing for a moment.***]**

[*D-ALPHA resumes breathing.***]**

D-ALPHA: The fuck?

RADIO: Please don't run, Alpha. We need you to just stay quiet and focus on the path.

D-ALPHA: The fuck. I don't hear — anything.

RADIO: You're almost at the end. I just need you to —

D-ALPHA: I don't hear *anything*. No birds. No bugs. Nothing. I swear to God I heard someone yelling but now — and before, I don't think I heard anything, either. Nothing.

RADIO: Please focus on the path.

D-ALPHA: The fuck is up with this place?

RADIO: Just keep going.

D-ALPHA: Yeah. Right. Yeah.

[*D-ALPHA resumes walking. Her pace is now significantly faster.***]**

D-ALPHA: I heard yelling. It was distant, but I know I heard yelling.

RADIO: I'm going over your audio feed now. I'm not picking up anything unusual.

D-ALPHA: I know what I heard.

RADIO: I believe you. Just keep going.

[*The camera turns to look back. The path and tether are still visible, as is the fog.***]**

D-ALPHA: Yeah.

[*The camera turns back to the path. D-ALPHA continues forward for several more minutes.***]**

[*D-ALPHA continues in silence for approximately fifteen minutes.***]**

D-ALPHA: How close am I? I feel like I've been walking for a while.

RADIO: You should be… hold on.

[*D-ALPHA stops walking.***]**

RADIO: Alright. Hold on. Just checking to make sure the tether is still connected outside. Yes, it's still connected. We're good. You should be close, now.

D-ALPHA: Okay. Okay, I —

[*D-ALPHA resumes walking. After several steps, she sees the shape of something in the fog ahead.***]**

D-ALPHA: I — hey. Hey! Is someone there? Hey!

[*D-ALPHA walks forward quickly. The shape is revealed to be a camp-site, including a brown tent. The tent has partially collapsed, and has a large tear across it.***]**

D-ALPHA: What is this?

RADIO: Examine the tent, please.

D-ALPHA: Yeah. Sure. Right.

[*D-ALPHA crouches down on her knees to sift through the tent. The tent appears fairly old; dirt has settled over it. There are several empty sleeping bags inside. As she sorts through its contents, she picks up a glass baby-bottle complete with tattered nipple.***]**

D-ALPHA: The hell?

RADIO: Is there anything else?

D-ALPHA: I don't —

[*D-ALPHA stops moving.***]**

RADIO: What is it?

D-ALPHA: (*whispering*) What the fuck?

RADIO: Alpha? What —

[*D-ALPHA stands up and tilts her shoulder-mounted camera back. Objects can be seen dangling several meters above from tree*

*branches; they include several satchels, a hiking pack, and numerous articles of clothing.***]**

D-ALPHA: (*whispering*) The fuck did you people get me into?

RADIO: Relax. Can you reach any of the —

D-ALPHA: Fuck you. I'm coming back.

RADIO: Alpha, we need you to —

[*D-ALPHA turns, following the tether behind her.***]**

D-ALPHA: Fuck you.

RADIO: Please stop.

D-ALPHA: I'm coming back.

[END LOG.**]**

NOTE: D-311366 returned without further incident. She was transferred off-site following a warning and reprimand.

► ACCESS SCP:/3219/exploration/055.log

EXPLORATION LOG

DATE: 21/03/1981
TEAM: D-52189 (D-ALPHA), D-91064 (D-BETA)

[BEGIN LOG.**]**

[*Camera feed displays a wooded path. It is*

mid-morning. There is a light mist obscuring the distance.]

D-ALPHA: Alright, we clear?

D-BETA: Yeah.

RADIO: You're coming in fine. You're clear to proceed.

D-ALPHA: Alright.

[*D-ALPHA proceeds forward, moving along the trail. The camera briefly turns, looking back; D-BETA follows, glancing from side to side. Their tethers extend into the fog behind them.*]

D-ALPHA: You good?

D-BETA: Yeah.

[*The camera turns back to the path. D-ALPHA continues moving forward for two minutes.*]

[*There is a thump, followed by a shout of pain. The camera turns, looking back; D-BETA is on the ground, having tripped.*]

D-BETA: Fucking hell!

D-ALPHA: You alright?

[*D-BETA pulls himself up to his feet; D-ALPHA moves to help, but D-BETA shrugs him away. The camera briefly lingers on what D-BETA tripped on: a partially buried concrete tile, cracked and broken.*]

D-BETA: I'm fine.

D-ALPHA: You sure?

[*D-BETA dusts himself off and kicks the broken tile he tripped on.***]**

D-BETA: I said I'm fine.

D-ALPHA: Alright.

[*The camera turns. D-ALPHA resumes walking down the path.***]**

D-ALPHA: So… First timer?

D-BETA: Huh?

D-ALPHA: You look like you got the first-time jitters.

D-BETA: I'm fine. Let's just get this done, alright?

D-ALPHA: Yeah. Just don't want you to be anxious is all. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, these jobs are just boring as fuck.

D-BETA: Okay.

[*D-ALPHA continues moving forward for the next five minutes.***]**

D-BETA: Uh.

[*The camera turns to look back at D-BETA.***]**

D-ALPHA: Something wrong?

D-BETA: You don't hear that?

D-ALPHA: I don't hear anything.

D-BETA: Right. Nothing.

[*D-ALPHA stops. For several seconds, they don't move.***]**

D-ALPHA: Well, fuck.

RADIO: Guys, can we move this along?

D-ALPHA: There a reason this place is quiet as fuck, doc?

RADIO: It's nothing to worry about. The tethers will keep you safe. Just stay on the path and go to the camp-site, alright?

D-ALPHA: Ugh. C'mon.

[*D-BETA shakes his head and begins moving forward. The camera turns back to the path. D-ALPHA starts walking.***]**

[*They continue to walk in silence for several minutes.***]**

D-BETA: So, what about the one time in a hundred?

D-ALPHA: Hm?

D-BETA: You said ninety nine times out of a hundred, this job is —

D-ALPHA: Oh. Right. Yeah, you, uh. You don't want to know about the one time in a hundred.

D-BETA: Great.

D-ALPHA: Just keep your head down and don't do anything stupid.

[*They continue to walk for nearly half a minute.***]**

D-BETA: Wait. Stop.

[*The camera turns to face D-BETA. He appears distressed.***]**

D-BETA: (*whispering*) You hear that?

D-ALPHA: I don't —

RADIO: Just keep walking, Alpha.

D-BETA: (*whispering*) Listen.

[*D-ALPHA and D-BETA do not move for several seconds.***]**

D-ALPHA: (*whispering*) Shit.

D-BETA: (*whispering*) Someone shouting, way off. It sounds…

D-ALPHA: (*whispering*) Is it up ahead?

D-BETA: (*whispering*) Can't tell.

RADIO: Keep moving forward. Don't pay attention to any sounds.

D-ALPHA: (*whispering*) You gotta be fucking with me. Fuck.

D-BETA: (*whispering*) Let's just go slow.

[*The camera turns to the path. D-ALPHA moves ahead slowly.***]**

[*The collapsed tent can be seen up ahead. As they approach, their pace grows slower. The camera tilts back, showing various articles of clothing and packs up in the branches.***]**

D-ALPHA: (*whispering*) Fuck.

D-BETA: (*whispering*) I'll climb up. Keep an eye out.

[*D-BETA moves forward, climbing up the tree. After half a minute, he climbs up to one of the lower branches and pushes a pack to the ground. He then descends as D-ALPHA moves forward to pick it up and examine it.***]**

D-BETA: (*breathing heavy*) There's some sort of —

[*D-ALPHA sifts through the pack's contents. It includes an empty canteen, an old pocket knife, and several rolled up candy-bar wrappers. One candy-bar remains; he tucks the pack under his shoulder and begins unwrapping it.***]**

D-BETA: (*breathing heavily*) — some sort of carving, up there, in the — are you — you aren't seriously going to —

[*D-ALPHA finishes unwrapping the bar. He can be heard taking a bite.***]**

D-BETA: Are you fucking with me?

D-ALPHA: (*spitting*) Fuck. Tastes stale.

D-BETA: You've got to be fucking with me. That looks like it came from the 1950s.

[*D-ALPHA throws the candy-bar into the pack.***]** What did you see?

D-BETA: Some sort of — somebody carved their initials up there. 'A B'.

D-ALPHA: That's it?

D-BETA: Yeah. It looked like someone might have been hiding up there for a long while.

D-ALPHA: In the tree branches?

D-BETA: Yeah.

D-ALPHA: Okay. Hey, doc? Are we —

RADIO: Yes. You're done here, for now. Just come back the way you came. Bring the backpack, and as much of the tent as you can with you.

D-ALPHA: Okay. Let's —

[*A distant yelling is heard.***]**

D-BETA: (*whispering*) Shit. Shit.

D-ALPHA: (*whispering*) Fuck. Doc, did you —

RADIO: Yes. I heard that. Get b — (*static*) will (*static*) back t — (*static*)

D-BETA: Fuck!

[*The camera swings to D-BETA, who is grasping his tether in one hand and the tree with the other. His tether is currently taut, extending down and into the fog.***]**

D-ALPHA: Shit! Doc, is that —

RADIO: (*static*)

[*D-BETA loses his grip on the tree. He is reeled in by the tether, stumbling to the ground. His body is dragged into the fog behind them.***]**

D-BETA: (*distant screaming*)

D-ALPHA: Shit! Shit!

[*D-ALPHA drops the backpack and frantically works to disengage his tether. Shortly after he*

*does, the tether snaps out of his hands and vanishes back into the fog.***]**

D-ALPHA: Shit!

[*D-ALPHA climbs up the tree, ascending to one of the thicker branches. The camera turns to look down; the surroundings are obscured by fog.***]**

D-ALPHA: Shit. Uh. Hello? Can anyone hear me?

[*D-ALPHA remains still, watching the fog.***]**

D-ALPHA: Shit.

[*Several minutes pass. It begins to grow significantly darker.***]**

D-ALPHA: (*whispering*) Hello?

RADIO: (*static*) — heard — (*static*)

D-ALPHA: Oh thank God. Thank God. Doc, come back. Can you hear me? Thank God.

RADIO: (*static*)

D-ALPHA: Doc? Come back. Doc?

RADIO: (*static*) — back the way you came — (*static*)

D-ALPHA: Okay. Okay. Back the way I came?

[*D-ALPHA slowly climbs down the tree. He begins making his way down the path he came along.***]**

D-ALPHA: Doc? You there?

RADIO: (*static*) — coming in fine. You're clear

to proceed.

D-ALPHA: What happened to Beta? I saw him get reeled in by the tether. Is he —

RADIO: Just come back the way you came.

D-ALPHA: What happened? At least tell me if you reeled him in or not.

RADIO: Keep moving forward.

D-ALPHA: Fucking hell.

[*D-ALPHA continues to walk down the path for several more minutes. It is now growing significantly darker. Vision is obscured.***]**

D-ALPHA: Am I getting close?

RADIO: You're done here, for now.

D-ALPHA: Just tell me if I'm getting close, doc.

RADIO: Keep moving forward.

D-ALPHA: Am I close?

RADIO: Keep moving forward.

D-ALPHA: You already said that.

RADIO: You're done here, for now.

D-ALPHA: You already *said* — oh.

[*D-ALPHA stops walking.***]**

D-ALPHA: (*whispering*) Oh. Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck.

RADIO: You're done here, for now. Just come

back the way you came.

D-ALPHA: (*whispering*) Who — who is —

RADIO: Yes. You're done here, for now. Just come back the way you came. Bring the backpack, and as much of the tent as you can with you.

D-ALPHA: (*whispering*) Shit shit shit —

RADIO: You're done here, for now. Just come back —

[*There is a muffled popping sound as D-ALPHA pulls the radio's audio line out of the camera. He throws his ear-piece to the ground, then runs off the path and into the woods.***]**

D-ALPHA: (*breathing heavily*) Fuck. Fuck.

[*D-ALPHA continues to run through the trees and fog for approximately two minutes. Ahead, there is a large shape looming.***]**

D-ALPHA: (*breathing heavily*) Oh please, please —

[*D-ALPHA approaches the shape. It is a large two-story residence; a light can be seen from an attic window.***]**

D-ALPHA: (*breathing heavily*) The fuck is — fucking —

[*Distant screaming.***]**

D-ALPHA: (*breathing heavily*) Fuck. Fuck.

[*D-ALPHA moves to the front door. After several tries, he discovers it is locked. He*

*begins banging on it.***]**

D-ALPHA: Hey! Hey, is someone in there? Hey! Someone help me! Hey!

[*D-ALPHA continues banging on the door for another half-minute.***]**

[*A distant yelling is heard.***]**

D-ALPHA: Somebody! Let me in! Let me —

[*The yelling grows louder.***]**

[*D-ALPHA leaves the door, circling the house frantically. He comes across the entrance of a storm cellar.***]**

[*The yelling grows louder.***]**

[*D-ALPHA grabs the double-doors and pulls. The doors open; a set of stairs lead down. A very faint yellow glow is visible from below.***]**

[*The yelling grows louder.***]**

[*D-ALPHA stumbles down the steps and into a hallway. The walls are caked in what appears to be tar; on the left wall, there is an electric lantern. A closed door is directly ahead.***]**

D-ALPHA: (*whispering, breathing heavily*) Fuck fuck fuck fuck —

[*D-ALPHA moves quickly but cautiously down the tunnel. As he approaches, the yelling stops.***]**

[*D-ALPHA pauses.***]**

[*Scratching sounds are heard.***]**

D-ALPHA: (*whispering*) What is — oh, oh fuck —

[*The scratching sounds stop. The door begins to open.***]**

[END LOG.**]**

NOTE: Both D-52189 and D-91064's tethers were recovered with no one attached. D-52189's partially damaged camera was recovered on 25/03/1981 along the edge of SCP-3219. As of this date, both personnel remain missing.

Footnotes
1. Fear of being buried alive.

SCP-3220: Panopticon II

The sealed entrance shaft to SCP-3220

Item #: SCP-3220

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The shaft leading to SCP-3220 has been filled with concrete. No further exploration or investigation into SCP-3220 is permitted at this time.

Description: SCP-3220 is a large underground silo located underneath an abandoned warehouse on Hashima Island, Japan. It is accessible by way of a fifty-meter deep shaft under a hatch in the middle of the warehouse floor. A small metal placard bearing the words **"Department of Abnormalities"** in Japanese is bolted to the hatch.

SCP-3220 extends just over one kilometer into the ground and is twenty meters in diameter. The structure is designed in a manner similar to a panopticon[1]. It possesses two hundred floors, each of which is five meters tall and consists of a circular balcony, three meters wide, that runs the circumference of the room. A large concrete tower in the center of the structure extends from the bottom floor to the height of the top floor; the topmost ten meters of the tower consist of opaque, one-way glass. No method of access into the tower has been found.

Each floor of SCP-3220 contains cubic cells recessed into the walls; these cells are three meters to a side and are fully exposed to the rest of the structure. A semi-translucent panel in the back of each cell provides light. There is a drainage grate in the center of each cell; it is unknown where these grates drain to.

All but one of the cells in SCP-3220 are occupied by a single humanoid sculpture made of painted concrete. All sculptures are located directly above the drainage grates in their cells and oriented

to face the tower. Each sculpture constantly secretes an unknown dark red substance which drains into the grates.

Addendum: Prior to SCP-3220 being sealed with concrete, a hatch was located on the bottom floor of the structure, which provided access to the tower's viewing room via a ladder. Inside the viewing room was a single human skeleton **`with a broken neck.`**

Footnotes
1. A type of institutional building that is designed in such a way that all persons inside the building can be observed by a single watchman, but themselves are unable to see the watchman or even determine if they are being watched at any given time.

SCP-3221: Prester John the Unbroken

Item #: SCP-3221

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3221 has been surrounded by a secure facility, and is to be guarded at all times. To observe Window events, and to provide warning of any Shatter events, constant video surveillance is to be maintained.

All references to SCP-3221 and the incident known as the "Burning of the Tigris" are to be purged from the historical record or otherwise portrayed as a hoax. **The Office for the Reclamation of Islamic Artifacts (ORIA)** and its predeccessors have already suppressed the vast majority of surviving documentation and oral tradition concerning these, but the works of historians and archeologists focusing on the Seljuk and Khwarazmshah periods of Iranian history are to have their publications screened for any related information. Should any be found, their work will then be suppressed and amnesticization procedures implemented.

The preexisting containment apparatus is to be maintained by members of **MTF Stigma-9 ("Evolved from Naturally Occurring Gears, Levers and Pulleys")** as well as Foundation thaumatologists familiar with Sarkic hemomancy.[1] Additional technological security measures have also been installed to supplement the originals, and are to be maintained or replaced as necessary.

Should SCP-3221-2 breach containment, the facility and surrounding area are to be evacuated. Capture and re-containment of SCP-3221-2 is assigned jointly to MTF Nu-7 ("Hammer Down") and a specialist detachment of no less than 6 members of MTF Omega-12 ("Achilles' Heels"). Any armed forces accompanying the subject are to be terminated.

Description: SCP-3221 refers to a Class III inter-dimensional aperture located in an underground complex in the Gorno-Badakhshan Autonomous Region of Tajikistan. Direct access to the anomaly is prevented by an extensive array of clockwork-based para-technology supplemented by a large number of hemomantic seals and wards.

When partially activated (an event hereafter referred to as a Window event), SCP-3221 serves as a visual window into another dimension, hereafter referred to as SCP-3221-1. Attempting to look into the aperture during a Window event will allow the viewer to see an apparently random part of SCP-3221-1. A full activation (an event hereafter referred to as a Shatter event) allows passage between SCP-3221-1 and the prime dimension. Window events appear to occur randomly; Shatter events appear to be deliberately caused by SCP-3221-2.

SCP-3221-2 is an Olympia-class humanoid anomaly originally dating from the 5th century AD. Subject possesses reality altering abilities of unknown strength, and has undergone extensive bodily alterations resembling that of a **Sarkic** Karcist. In addition, large portions of SCP-3221-2's anatomy have been replaced with **Mekhanite** para-technology.

References to SCP-3221 have been extant in literature since 1109 CE, and all such references identify SCP-3221-1 with the Kingdom of Prester John, a mythical medieval kingdom of Nestorian Christians.[2] Later historical analysis conducted following the anomaly's 1997 discovery identified the fifth century Hepthalite empire as a nation originally ruled by SCP-3221-2.[3]

Inhabitants of SCP-3221-1 are adherents of a syncretic religion composed of elements of Sarkicism, Broken God Worship, and Gnostic Christianity. This faith is a highly idiosyncratic worship of SCP-3221-2 as a messianic figure of a dualistic godhead consisting of a manifestation of flesh and a manifestation of steel.[4] Theophagy[5] is emphasized as a means of apotheosis, and worshippers believe SCP-3221-2 will eventually consume both halves of the duality in order to ascend as God.

SCP-3221-2 is believed to have been originally expelled to

SCP-3221-1 following a joint action of Mekhanite and proto-sarkic cults in the fifth century AD. The only known Shatter event occurred sometime in the 12th century, following which a further alliance of Sarkics, Mekhanites, and a precursor to ORIA recontained the subject after decades of warfare.

Below is a table of various anomalies viewed through SCP-3221's entrance during Window events.

Date	Observations
08/09/1997	A large, green field. In the centre, a tall fountain can be observed. Two elderly men stand directly before it, facing SCP-3221's entrance.
06/12/2001	A large stone cavern. A green substance seems to be pouring from the roof. Several precious stones can be seen to float to its surface.
04/19/2002	SCP-3221-2 stands alone before an army of unknown origin. The soldiers attempt to attack the entity using pike and shot tactics common to 17th century Europe. All musket fire returns upon their own formations, and cross-shaped spires of bone rise among the ranks as the vision ends.
25/12/2005	A river flowing through a desert, apparently composed of milk. Several pieces of honeycomb, as well as a large variety of precious stones, can be seen floating on the surface.
17/03/2008	A large series of sand dunes, which appear to move and shift as if they were water. Several fish can be seen to be thrown out of the sand dunes before falling and

	being re-absorbed by the sand.
01/05/2010	A large banqueting hall, appropriate for mid-13th century Europe. A large variety of guests appear to be eating human limbs from golden plates.
05/10/2015	A figure dressed in priest's robes gives a sermon welcoming 10 initiates into their faith. The initiates proceed to group into pairs, following which they ritualistically consume the flesh of their partner's left forearm. The left arms of all assembled are then amputated and replaced with clockwork limbs similar to those possessed by many Broken God worshippers.

Addendum 1: The following messages are inscribed on either side of the entrance to the chamber containing SCP-3221. One is written in medieval Latin, while the other is written in a Neo-Adytite script.

Latin Translation

Sealed here is Ioannes[6] the Unbroken, betrayer of us all. Heretic consumer of a fragment of her **heart**. A son of the true God corrupted by her opposite.

Twice we failed to destroy him. Twice we could only foist his corruption upon another world. May a third chance never arrive.

Should we falter in our vigil, then you our successor must rise in our place. Use the visions. They are our greatest feat, and the keys to your victory.

Adytite Translation

Abomination

Slave

Danger

Shame

Addendum 2: On 18/09/2010, a small church in Kyrygzstan associated with the Church of the East was found to be performing an unusual prayer as part of its liturgy. This prayer is reproduced here, translated from the original Syriac.

> In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit,
> Hallowed be the name of the Father,
> Who answers the common prayers of the many who congregate together,
> We pray for the coming of your new world,
> And for the coming of your Kingdom,
> And that of the Oriental Monarch, of the holy Prester John,
> Who dwells in the life everlasting, his mind at last free,
> And no longer warped through a succession of sincerities,
> No longer subject to his hunger.
> We pray for our king and for his endless feast,
> And for his armies,
> For the children of his land that continue to be given to the Cross,
> Until our world can be bathed in the holy light of their righteous swords,
> In the name of the Flesh, and of the Steel, and of the Holy Corpse,
> World without end.

Footnotes
1. Commonly referred to as fleshcrafting, hemomancy (lit. Blood manipulation) refers to various anomalous Sarkic practices that involve the manipulation of bodily material.
2. Popular public accounts identify the Prester John legend as a

hoax based on a letter sent to the papacy in the 12th century. The extent to which the legend was inspired by SCP-3221 is unclear.
3. The Hepthalites survived the fall of their king, and endured as a regional power well into the 6th century.
4. The idiosyncratic focus and syncretic nature are both somewhat reminiscent of the faith espoused by Hong Xiuquan during the 19th century Taiping rebellion. Despite this similarity, no direct connection toSCP-2456has been established.
5. Ritualistic consumption of a deity.
6. Latin for John.

SCP-3222: A Very Real Pencil

Each page of this file is transcribed below its corresponding image. If the transcripts are destroyed by SCP-3222's anomalous properties, researchers may re-transcribe them. Communication from SCP-3222-1 is transcribed in *italics.*

+ Page 1 transcript

Item #: SCP-3222
Object Class: Safe
Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3222 is to be kept in a standard Safe storage locker at Site- . Once daily, at a time in accordance with the rules outlined in Addendum 3222-b, a researcher with clearance level 2 or higher is to write using SCP-3222 for at least 30 minutes. Further rules for the proper usage of SCP-3222 are outlined in Addenda 3222-b and 3222-c.

Any personnel writing with SCP-3222 are to be screened for carpal tunnel syndrome on a weekly basis, due to the high volume of text produced using SCP-3222.

Description: SCP-3222 is a standard Ticonderoga Hard Black no. 2 pencil that is not worn out through the process of normal writing. Any information regarding SCP-3222 that is not written using the object is destroyed through unknown anomalous means within seven days of its recording.

If SCP-3222 is used according to the rules outlined in Addendum 3222-b, the writer becomes unable to write any original text; instead, an unseen force, hereafter referred to as SCP-3222-1, controls any writing generated by the subject. No test subject has expressed an inability to stop writing or leave the testing area,

however.

+ Page 2 transcript

The writings of SCP-3222-1 indicate that it is a sixteen-year-old human male named Thomas [SURNAME REDACTED] of whom no records exist. Despite multiple years of contact with the Foundation, SCP-3222-1 claims not to experience aging.

The text produced by SCP-3222-1 also indicates that it has some knowledge of events that occur shortly after each interview. Investigation of these precognitive abilities is ongoing in the hope that SCP-3222 can be used to aid in the containment of other SCP objects. SCP-3222-1 has, thus far, been cooperative with Foundation personnel.

Under the influence of SCP-3222-1, all subjects are unable to write in cursive. Researchers should therefore write all original text in cursive to aid in distinguishing any communication from SCP-3222-1.

All available resources should go to helping SCP-3222-1 neutralize his anomalous qualities and return to the real world.

Then could you at least contact my parents, please? Their names are [TORN]

[Redacted. Contact is pending Site Director approval.]

+ Page 3 transcript

Addendum 3222-a: Recovery Log

On / /2013, Foundation agents in [REDACTED], Pennsylvania were alerted to seemingly anomalous events in [REDACTED] High School. During an exam, a student was caught passing a note, which is presented

here:

This pencil is all that's keeping me alive. I am dead. I am the dying. -Document 3222-Alpha.

The student was referred to the school's psychologist and claimed to be "channeling a ghost." The psychologist reached out via email to an area specialist in disorders involving delusional behavior, and the message was intercepted by Foundation web trawlers and flagged for potential anomalous activity. Local agents confiscated SCP-3222 and administered low-grade amnestics to all civilians involved.

+ Page 4 transcript

Addendum 3222-b: Conditions for SCP-3222-1 Influence

For SCP-3222-1 to influence the writing of a test subject, the following conditions must be met:

- The time on the east coast of the United States is between 0900 and 1500, on a weekday.
- SCP-3222 is used with college-ruled lined notebook paper.
- That paper is kept on a desk of the same type used in classrooms in the [REDACTED] school district.

These conditions were discovered based on the original student's claim that "the ghost only writes in classrooms." Researchers initially used a reconstruction of the student's classroom for the use of SCP-3222, but the writings of SCP-3222-1 indicated that only these three conditions are required.

Addendum 3222-c: Interview Procedures
Personnel wishing to interview SCP-3222-1 are to bring SCP-3222 and a single sheet of lined paper into a testing

chamber with two desks: one that activates SCP-3222 and one that does not. The latter desk may be used for writing original text (i.e. questions for SCP-3222-1).

The following pages are notable interviews with SCP-3222-1. Interview 3222-a took place on / /2013 and Interview 3222-b took place on / /2014.

+ Page 5 transcript

hello!

Interview 3222-a
Hello, SCP-3222-1, my name is Dr. S . Can you read this?

Yes! Hi, Dr. S ! I'm Thomas , do you know where I am?

No, but my job is to help you figure that out. Could you please describe your surroundings?

Well, I'm in a classroom, which I can't leave. Basically all that's in here is me and my pencil.

Your pencil? Why is that significant?

…I guess I'd say it feels more "real" than anything here, you know? Also, what's a Hume level?

Classified, sorry. How did you know about that?

It's written at the bottom of the paper. Doesn't seem very "classified." [drawing of the All-Seeing Eye triangle] <- is this you?

[in margin] But without my pencil I think I would vanish. Keep it safe, please.

Note: SCP-3222-1 seems to have some understanding of its anomalous properties, as well as those of SCP-3222. Testing of SCP-3222 for abnormal Hume levels is proposed, as is investigation into the temporal relationship between SCP-3222-1 and the text it produces.

+ Page 6 transcript

[The paper is burned in several places, and has evidence of being stomped on to extinguish it.]

Interview 3222-b

> Good morning, Thomas, this is Dr. [BURNED] Are you there?
>
> *Quick what time is it to the second*
>
> [BURNED] why
>
> [BURNED] *have ~30 secs LOCK THE DOOR*
>
> Locked [this word is cut off by a pencil stroke inconsistent with typical handwriting]
>
> I was startled.

Note: At precisely 10:01:50, SCP- breached containment and proceeded to this interview chamber, where it attempted to gain entry.

Following the advice of SCP-3222-1, I sealed the door at approximately 10:01:45. Thanks to the sealed door, I suffered only minor burns, rather than being incinerated. Containment was quickly re-established with no casualties.

Thank you. -Dr. S

Don't mention it. I'm happy to help.

SCP-3223: Ancient Egyptian Pet Whisperer

Item #: SCP-3223

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3223 currently resides in a specialized refurbished greenhouse containment unit, located in the botanical facilities section of Site-17. Access to this greenhouse requires Level-3 authorization; recurring visiting rights may be granted via written permission from the site director.

SCP-3223-1 is allocated all of the gardening space within the greenhouse for use in its rituals, with at least 20 square meters of outdoor land plots set aside to be available upon specific request. Additional materials for SCP-3223-1's funerary rites and structures may be provided at the discretion of the project director. A comprehensive list of materials and items allowed in SCP-3223's containment is on file and requires Level-2 authorization for access.

SCP-3223-2 cannot be physically contained, and are allowed to accompany SCP-3223-1 during its daily routine. A count of the beetle population is to be done twice daily. Foundation personnel must receive authorization from the project director (currently, Dr. Mark Kiryu) prior to initiating interaction with any instances of SCP-3223-2. Should any SCP-3223-2 instances approach a personnel member and emit vocalizations, said personnel member is to allow the action and write up a detailed account of the encounter, then submit the notes to the project director for review.

Foundation personnel who wish to offer deceased pets to the SCP-3223 project may submit a request form to any Level-2 researchers assigned to SCP-3223.

Description: SCP-3223 is a collective designation referring to a humanoid entity (SCP-3223-1) and its anomalous entourage of incorporeal dung beetles (SCP-3223-2).

SCP-3223-1 appears to be a human of indeterminate race and intermediate age, possessing eyes with scarlet pupils. SCP-3223-1 has no body hair, and does not appear to age. The attire SCP-3223-1 wears is believed to be permanently affixed to its body, and consists of plant-fiber sandals, a long white linen robe with a shoulder strap, and linen cloth wrapped around the arms. SCP-3223-1 is able to access a functionally limitless supply of linen strips of various widths from its arm wraps, and has additionally demonstrated the ability to produce a substance identical in chemical makeup to *Commiphora myrrha* resin from its fingertips. SCP-3223-1 is docile by nature and seems to understand speech in all languages used to address it; however, it refuses to speak out loud, and instead communicates using simple gestures.

SCP-3223-2 instances outwardly resemble dung beetles of the *Scarabaeus sacer* species[1]. SCP-3223-2, though they appear solid, are intangible and cannot be physically interacted with. SCP-3223-2 instances will nevertheless respond to human individuals as well as SCP-3223-1, including attempting to crawl on limbs and torsos, moving out of the way of incoming motions, and perching on the highest point of a human in an unmoving relaxed pose.

SCP-3223-1's primary anomaly involves creating instances of SCP-3223-2 from the remains of deceased domestic animals. As such, the secondary sub-designations SCP-3223-2α and SCP-3223-2β were created to refer to the SCP-3223-2 instances initially discovered with SCP-3223-1, and the instances created after Foundation containment, respectively.

When presented with a suitable[2] deceased animal[3], SCP-3223-1 will cover the remains in a layer of resin produced from its hands, and carefully wrap the body in linen bandages pulled from its arms. SCP-3223-1 will then proceed to whisper to the mummified animal, and at the conclusion of these vocalizations, an autonomous instance of SCP-3223-2 will manifest, appearing to crawl out of the bandaged remains. It is believed that this ritual is similar to the sacred rites used by Ancient Egyptian priests to endow scarab beetles with the power to spiritually guide the souls of the deceased through the underworld, by providing answers to riddles whispered to the beetle prior to its death.

The mummified animal remains will be interred by SCP-3223-1 in the nearest plot of land available, and depending on the species of animal, provided with additional funerary rites[4]. SCP-3223-1 will refuse to engage in this ritual if any humans, recording equipment, or non-feline animals are within viewing distance.

It is noted that while SCP-3223-2β instances vary widely in appearance, all SCP-3223-2α instances are the uniform black color of non-anomalous dung beetles. Additionally, SCP-3223-2α instances will readily approach any personnel, while SCP-3223-2β instances will only interact with SCP-3223-1 and the original owner of the deceased pet used to create the instance.

Addendum 3223-1: Although SCP-3223-1 does not speak, instances of SCP-3223-2 have been observed to emit understandable vocalizations, which can be heard clearly by listeners regardless of primary language. These vocalizations are heard in a low-pitched voice, only discernible when an SCP-3223-2 instance is allowed to hover directly next to an individual's ear or when perched on the individual's shoulder.

Following a series of experimental trials to ascertain the content of the vocalizations, it was determined that SCP-3223-2α instances "recite" portions of spells listed in the Ancient Egyptian *Book of the Dead*[5]. However, SCP-3223-2β instances emit vocalizations that are noticeably less coherent, containing phrases that are not present in the *Book of the Dead* (see partial log of SCP-3223-2β vocalizations below).

Partial Log of SCP-3223-2β vocalizations:

Specimen: male betta fish (*Betta splendens*) named "Orson"
SCP-3223-2β notable features:

- completely white in coloration
- scale-like patterning on outer wing covers
- eyes with silver iridescence, similar to the sclera of the deceased fish

Recorded vocalization: *"It means that I was cleansed*

on the day of my birth in the two great and noble marshes [unintelligible] Are you a grumpy boy today Mr. Orson, are you my squishy fishy give me a kiss! [unintelligible] Eternity is the name of one, sea is the name of the other. Fine you can have a little more food for being a good fishy just don't get fat okay. They are the Lake of Natron and the Lake of Maat."

Specimen: male cockatiel (*Nymphicus hollandicus*) named "Junior Senior"
SCP-3223-2β notable features:

- wings longer than those of other instances
- possess gray and white body coloration
- thorax and head colored yellow with red spots near the eyes
- able to produce a faint whistling sound when fluttering wings

Recorded vocalization: *"Junior, that's a can of cooking spray O my heart of my different not a potential girlfriend forms. Do not stand up as a witness against me, do not be opposed to me in pretty bird! [unintelligible] tribunal, do not be hostile to me in the presence of the Keeper of the Balance, for you are my ka which was in my body, look at that pretty bird!"*

Specimen: female Mourning Cloak butterfly (*Nymphalis antiopa*) named "Masumi"
SCP-3223-2β notable features:

- bright blue spots on wing covers
- hooked forelegs similar to those of brush-footed butterflies

Recorded vocalization: *"Come for my soul, O you wardens of the sky. If you delay letting my soul see [unintelligible] will be joyful and the great god will proceed in peace when you allow this soul of mine to*

ascend vindicated to the gods [unintelligible] Sumi, good morning [unintelligible] hello Sumi [unintelligible]"

Specimen: female domestic cat (*Felis catus*) named "Melanie"
SCP-3223-2β notable features:

- entire beetle appears to be covered in smooth fur.

Recorded vocalization: *"You're an awful wee gob sky encloses the stars purring away and blocking me from magic encloses its settlements eating my dinner and my mouth encloses the magic which is in it. My teeth are a knife, my tusks are the awwww beebee."*

Proposals are underway for further experimentation, to discern level of intelligence in SCP-3223-2 and a potential means of determining what each individual SCP-3223-2 instance considers significant enough to vocalize.

Addendum 3223-2: It came to Foundation attention that SCP-3223-1 would consistently appear disappointed with new instances of SCP-3223-2β, especially in the event of a beetle that produced particularly garbled vocalizations when deceased mammals were used for the ritual.

For experimental purposes, Dr. Mercer volunteered to adopt a grown male scarab beetle from a hobbyist group and raise it as a pet; six months later, SCP-3223-1 was presented with the deceased beetle[6], a live scarab, and a deceased scarab from a preserved insect collection. SCP-3223-1 performed its standard ritual process on "Gandalf", ignored the deceased specimen beetle, and began to care for the living scarab beetle as a pet. Currently, said beetle has not exhibited any unusual traits, aside from always remaining close to SCP-3223-1.

The SCP-3223-2β instance created from "Gandalf" was noted to appear almost identical to SCP-3223-2α, and could speak *Book of the Dead* spells in unusually fluent speech. Of note, the "Gandalf" SCP-3223-2β instance would always conclude its vocalizations with

the specific greeting Dr. Mercer would use when Gandalf was alive and about to be fed or allowed outside his enclosure for exercise.

Discussion has been raised suggesting that SCP-3223-1 be given a small colony of non-anomalous dung beetles to raise on its own.

Footnotes
1. These beetles feature prominently in Egyptian mythology and are often referred to as simply “scarab beetles”.
2. To date, SCP-3223-1 has refused to embalm animals that were not considered cherished pets, were deceased due to neglect or intentional harm, or did not possess a name. How SCP-3223-1 is able to discern these criteria is unknown.
3. In addition to standard domestic pets (cats, dogs, birds, fish, and reptiles) SCP-3223-1 has also mummified butterflies, two spiders, and a singlecockroach.
4. While SCP-3223-1 tends to simply bury insects and mark the grave with a small stone, the entity treats cats and reptiles with particular attention, often laying a container holding a small portion of food near the grave if possible. A small stock of wet cat food has been provided to SCP-3223-1 for this reason. SCP-3223-1 does not appear to identify dry cat food as an edible.
5. The Book of the Dead is a magical and religious text intended to help the dead pass through challenges to become worthy of entering the afterlife. Further study into SCP-3223's potential relation toSCP-911is ongoing.
6. The beetle was named "Gandalf".

« SCP-3222 | SCP-3223 | SCP-3224 »

SCP-3224

Item #: SCP-3224

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3224 is to be taught as a mundane complication to all ultrasound technicians in training under the name endouterine phytiasis. SCP watchdogs are to screen for mentions of endouterine phytiasis in available medical databases, and offer the affected free professional medical care within the Foundation before SCP-3224's anomalous capacities become apparent. Amnestics may be distributed should this prove impossible.

It is to be maintained that metastatic eruptive phytogermination is a myth and attempts to draw a relation from endouterine phytiasis to it are to be quashed.

Description: SCP-3224 is a rare, non-fatal complication of pregnancy in which a miniature tropical rainforest grows in and around the organs and skeleton of the pregnant person. This complication occurs in less than 0.1% of ectopic pregnancies, with instances increasing as conception occurs closer to the equator. This translates to 120-230 pregnancies of this kind per year.

SCP-3224 is considered anomalously non-fatal, as mortality rates are in excess of 87% for both parent and child in all mundane complications which cause comparable degrees of strain on a subject.

Early indications of SCP-3224 tend to become apparent in the first trimester, most commonly abdominal swelling and intense gastrointestinal distress, often leading to mobility issues for the affected. Diagnosis at this stage is extremely common in developed countries.

SCP-3224's anomalous capacities further develop in the late first or early second trimester, as the rainforest spreads away from the abdomen and begins to develop an atmosphere and populate itself with miniaturised fauna. The forest usually grows into and through the subect's spine at this juncture, leading to paralysis, acute pain and tactile hallucinations - subjects will often describe the feeling of waxy leaves brushing across their hands and legs, or thick mist keeping their skin damp. In contrast, the internal atmosphere of the rainforest drains moisture from the body, often leading to fatigue, confusion, vomiting and intense diarrhea if these symptoms were not already present in the subject.

In the final trimester, the rainforest spreads throughout the whole body, permeating the majority of the subject's tissues. Most notably, the rainforest will travel through the spinal column and into the subject's brain, causing unpredictable neurological damage. This is often particularly damaging if migratory fauna move into the brain with the expansion. This stage is often predicated with a short period of highly erratic mood swings and sensory hallucinations - many subjects later report hallucinating a static humanoid figure composed of moss and bound with vines standing in the corner or at the foot of their beds.

The most common symptoms associated with the final stage of SCP-3224 are acute nausea, total loss of control of bodily functions, cerebral aneurysms and, ultimately, metastatic eruptive phytogermination.

Metastatic eruptive phytogermination is the process by which a fetus is born in an SCP-3224 pregnancy. The onset of this process is signaled by an audible thunderstorm across the entirety of the subject's abdomen. During this thunderstorm, the rainforest will begin to rapidly grow - commonly, within 2 hours the subject's internal pressure has risen to a point that causes their skin to rupture and blister. At some point during this process, a full-scale tree or banana plant will burst outwards from the lower abdomen at speeds exceeding 30km/h, causing grievous bodily harm to the soft tissues surrounding them. This tree will extend until all but the base has left the subject, at which point gentle manipulation is generally sufficient to extract its root system from the exsanguinated body.

Within this root system can be found a non-anomalous and generally healthy human child.

Please reference Case File 3224-308 for details of how this process differs with twins.

Other works by Rimple

SCP-2779, Rating: 187
SCP-3880, Rating: 169
SCP-2338, Rating: 153
SCP-2559, Rating: 145
SCP-948, Rating: 134
Operation ÓverMeta, Rating: 120
SCP-3559, Rating: 71
SCP-3772, Rating: 68
SCP-3373, Rating: 56
SCP-3224, Rating: 46
Headache, Rating: 30
This Year, Rating: 19

SCP-3225: Dream for Ourselves Alone

Item #: SCP-3225

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Mackenzie Park is to be restricted from public access. A fence has been erected around the perimeter of the park, and locals have been notified of an environmental hazard in order to discourage attempts at entry. Security personnel are to maintain a distance of at least five meters from SCP-3225. Physical contact with SCP-3225 is only permitted with the permission of the presiding Site Director. Individuals who show signs of unusual interest in SCP-3225 are to be detained for questioning.

Description: SCP-3225 is a set of five translucent humanoid figures standing in an incomplete circle formation. It is intangible to inanimate objects, though living organisms are able to interact with SCP-3225 as if it is solid. Individuals who have done so describe SCP-3225 as warm and similar to glass in texture.

All organisms in the immediate vicinity of SCP-3225 experience reduced aggression and a feeling of calm. This intensifies in closer proximity to SCP-3225. A subject who joins the circle and takes hold of SCP-3225's hands will enter a state similar to REM sleep and become unresponsive to external stimuli. The subject is capable of disengaging at any time they choose. Subjects in physical contact with SCP-3225 remain susceptible to malnutrition, dehydration and other forms of physical injury.

During contact, subjects are able to communicate with the set of entities collectively known as SCP-3225-1. SCP-3225-1 is reported to be benevolent and intensely empathetic, and appears to be able to communicate with any subject regardless of spoken language. Subjects are unable to recall exact details of their contact with SCP-3225-1 after contact is broken.

SCP-3225 appeared in , Oregon on 23 September 1996. Six individuals were reported missing in shortly following SCP-3225's appearance; it is believed that five of these individuals now make up SCP-3225. Efforts to locate the sixth (, believed to be the author of Document 3225-B) have been unsuccessful.

+ Document 3225-A -
Journal entry dated 20 September 1996

Note: Excerpt from a journal belonging to , one of the six missing persons thought to be connected to SCP-3225's appearance. It was found at the owner's residence on 30 September, 1996, alongside Document 3225-B and several anomalous objects (refer to Recovery File 3225).

I used to think that being alive was going to be hard forever and that was just how things are. This last year, exploring with the others, I've learned how wrong I was. I'm not as scared of who I am anymore. I used to walk outside and feel ashamed, like I was doing something wrong by just existing. Here, I feel like I belong. And I can tell the others feel the same. Maybe we can't ever get well (if that's even possible), but having them with me and having the dream to escape to has helped me get better. It's helped us all get better.

So I've been thinking - why do we have to keep coming back? Why don't we just stay there, away from all the bullshit we have to deal with here? I feel crazy even thinking about it, but people have been calling me crazy ever since I was 15. Why not just leave for good next time?

The way we do it would be slightly different to before, but not too much. It should be pretty easy to do. I'll ask the others. We've gotten

this far together - I can't imagine doing this without them.

+ Document 3225-B - Letter

Hey guys. I don't know if you'll actually read this, but it doesn't feel right to leave without saying anything.

The world treated all of us rough. Parents that didn't want us, guys that wanted us too much. We all wanted to escape. And we did. We managed to leave our broken parts behind, together. When everyone tried to hold us down, we flew to places they couldn't reach us. I've seen beautiful things with all of you, and I am so grateful for that. But now that we're leaving for good, I don't think I can go through with it.

Paradise is only paradise if you believe you belong there. I don't think I do. I can't just leave all my baggage behind. I know you'd all disagree, so I didn't say anything. Don't worry about me. You gave me the strength to be able to make it on my own or die trying. You all deserved better than you got, and I hope you find it. Thanks for everything. I'll see you in my dreams.

Jamie

SCP-3226: HEADBONES™!!

Item #: SCP-3226

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3226 is to be kept in its original promotional packaging and held within a moisture-controlled storage locker. The location of this locker is to be at least 20 meters from any biological laboratories or Foundation gravesites.

Personnel with Level-2 or above security clearance may access SCP-3226 for experimentation. Prior to any testing of SCP-3226, written authorization must be provided by a researcher currently assigned to the object.

Description: SCP-3226 is a pair of plastic headphones with a purple matte finish. A yellow graphic of a smiling skull is present on the outside of each speaker. SCP-3226 does not possess any identifiable method of audio input. Power is supplied by a pair of AAA batteries housed in a compartment over the left speaker; an on/off switch is present on this compartment.

The box SCP-3226 was originally packaged in promotes the contents as "HEADBONES", subtitled with the text: "Hear What Your Skeleton Has To Say!!". No information pertaining to a manufacturer is present. The back of the box is printed with the following:

> X-rays let you see bones, but haven't you and your friends always wanted to HEAR them?! Now you can with HEADBONES™, the only way to hear what your skeleton has to say!! Just put them on, flip the switch, and you'll finally live the dream of listening to the AWESOME SOUNDS that all-natural bones make!!
>
> Your bones are SPECIAL, because no one else has your bones!! What better way to get that nice, relaxing tingle

down your spine than to listen to something you'll ALWAYS have around you?!

Don't be a LAZY BONES!! Try on a pair of HEADBONES™ today!!

When SCP-3226 is powered on and worn, its wearer perceives a loud grating sound coming from all moving human skeletal joints within 20 meters, including their own.

Sounds heard while wearing SCP-3226 cannot be detected with external instruments and seem to exist only in the mind of the wearer. Larger joints (e.g., knee joints) produce louder sounds than smaller joints (e.g., finger joints). The sound has been described by test subjects as akin to "nails on a chalkboard" or a "rusted door hinge", typically causing distress or mild annoyance but in some cases has resulted in severe nausea and headaches.

If a wearer has worn SCP-3226 consistently for an extended period of time without removal,[1] the individual will perceive the motion of any nearby mandible joints (including their own) as shrill speech containing complaints of excess warmth and being smothered. Speech ceases with cessation of mandible movement. (Revised, see addenda.)

In several cases, wearers have additionally reported hearing sensual moans and other "erotic noises" originating from nearby skeletal remains. When such vocalizations can be heard via SCP-3226, the object will vibrate intensely until worn by a human or distanced from the remains (see addenda for experimental observations).

Addendum SCP-3226-1: Example experimentation involving SCP-3226 in close proximity to remains of a deceased human individual.

Experiment SCP-3226-14 involves a single D-Class personnel member, D-4689, stationed in a cell below a soundproofed single-chamber crematorium oven housing a nonanomalous corpse. During the experiment there are no other personnel within a 20 meter radius of D-4689; the experimental room is monitored via

CCTV cameras.

D-4689 is fully restrained (bodily and with additional wire support at the jaw) to prevent joint motion except at right wrist. D-4689 is instructed to listen to sounds from SCP-3226, and to raise his right hand upon hearing any recognizable speech. D-4689 does this approximately 2 hours after SCP-3226 is turned on. 30 minutes later, the crematorium oven is remotely activated. After another 30 minutes, SCP-3226 is removed and D-4689 is unrestrained and interviewed.

The following is a portion of the post-experiment interview transcript of subject D-4689.

> **<Begin Log, skip to 00h-03m-01s>**
>
> **D-4689:** For hours and hours there was just this… scraping sound. I heard it each time I breathed in or out. I think my ribs felt a little weird then. Kind of shivery and tingly, but not in a great way.
>
> **Dr. K :** At approximately two hours in you raised your right hand. What do you recall hearing then?
>
> **D-4689:** There was this nasty voice all the sudden. Kinda like the scraping noise, but suddenly it was words. Kept saying it was all wrapped up in something… Christ. And my wrist made an awful scrapey sound too when I moved it.
>
> **Dr. K :** Do you remember its exact words?
>
> **D-4689:** Yeah… Yeah, it said "All wrapped up. Let's take it off." Just those two sentences over and over for a few minutes. Sounded really close up, like it was inside my head. Made the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. Then it… changed.
>
> **Dr. K :** Please continue.
>
> **D-4689:** It went quiet for a little while. I thought it was over, but then it started again. It still sounded awful, but I

think it was… satisfied? Relaxed? Started saying, "Oh yeah" and moaning over and over 'til the headphones cut out. Never said anything else. *[pause]* I really don't want to do this test again.

Dr. K : Thank you for your cooperation.

<End Log>

Addendum SCP-3226-2: During a transfer from containment at Site- to the recently renovated Site- , SCP-3226 was noted to vibrate intensely while the Foundation motorcade passed through the intersection of and in New Brunswick, New Jersey. The object's power switch was in the off position at this time.

Two days later, Dr. K and field agents returned to the intersection with SCP-3226 under the guise of road workers replacing a damaged water pipe. SCP-3226 again vibrated with frequency increasing with proximity to the intersection's center. Dr. K donned and activated SCP-3226, upon which vibration ceased and a "flirtatious beckoning" voice was heard instructing Dr. K to "come over" and "get naked with me" while moaning intermittently.

Skeletal remains of a 30-40 year old man, estimated to have been buried for 20 years, were found approximately 1.5 meters beneath the intersection's center. After in situ analysis showed the remains to be nonanomalous, local police were notified of their presence.

Use of SCP-3226 for Foundation recovery missions is pending approval.

Addendum SCP-3226-3: On 15/04/2013, Dr. K received the following letter at her personal residence. No return address was present and attempts to identify the sender have thus far been unsuccessful. Of note, the envelope the letter was sent in appeared to be clumsily-handled, with an additional excess of postage stamps.

Greetings valued HEADBONES™ user!!

You've used your HEADBONES™ a lot, so we hope you've enjoyed them as much as we do!! If you LIKE the

AWESOME sounds your bones make, then you'll LOVE the TUBULAR sounds your other body parts make!! Check out more of our INCREDIBLE products below!!

- BLUEBALLS™: Spice up your workday with the only bluetooth headset that lets you hear the SENSUAL sounds of your eyeballs rolling in your head!!
- LUNGBUDS™: Get your energy pumping with the only workout earbuds that let you hear the VIGOROUS sounds of your alveoli!!
- GUTSTAR™ (NEW PRODUCT): Embrace your inner exuberance with the only microphone that lets you SING DIRECTLY to your entrails!!

We also apologize but want to clarify that we are not legally responsible for any harassment you may or may not have suffered from inappropriately-behaving bones. These are not part of the intended relaxation experience provided by HEADBONES™. Please do not hesitate to try out our other products!!

Footnotes

1. This period has been observed to vary from hours to days.

« SCP-3225 | SCP-3226 | SCP-3227 »

SCP-3227: Dart Frog Flora

Item #: SCP-3227

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Approximately 1000 kg of live insects with high alkaline content and/or small animals are to be dropped into SCP-3227 on a bi-monthly basis via helicopter or drone. Instances of SCP-3227 are to be encompassed by electric fence and monitored at all times by security personnel, maintaining a distance of at least one kilometer from SCP-3227. Under no circumstances are humans to enter SCP-3227 without proper equipment. Due to the nature of SCP-3227, authorization to conduct research directly will only be granted in the week prior to the bi-monthly feeding. Should there be any issue with the harvesting equipment, repairs must be scheduled during the week prior to the bi-monthly feeding.

Description: SCP-3227 is a 3x3 kilometer portion of jungle originally located on the East coast of Madagascar which is made entirely of the skin of the *Dendrobatidae*[1], colloquially known as the poison dart frog. The color of skin matches the natural color of the flora that it mimics. However, small black patterns that match those of the poison dart frog can still be seen. SCP-3227 is believed to be a single living organism, though the biology of SCP-3227 is unknown as attempts to cut deeper than one meter into SCP-3227 have been consistently met with failure due to the increased toxicity of SCP-3227's deeper layers. Extreme decay of living and nonliving matter occurs when exposed to the toxins that reside one meter or deeper within SCP-3227. The toxicity of SCP-3227's interior has proven constant regardless of when it was last fed.

Within SCP-3227, while there is nothing that resembles the fauna of Madagascar, a variety of flora both native and alien to the Madagascan rainforest can be found. While these 'plants' also consist entirely of poison dart frog skin, their toxicity levels tend to

be significantly lower the farther from the ground it is. It is due to that discovery that samples taken of SCP-3227 tend to come from the top of its trees.

SCP-3227's toxins work much in the same way as do those of the poison dart frogs. The toxicity of the skin reflects the amount of alkaloids that it takes in, most commonly through insects. Being cut off from its natural environment, SCP-3227 would slowly die without bi-monthly feedings. Creatures that are killed by SCP-3227 die from over-exposure of alkaline toxins, and proceed to rapidly decay into SCP-3227. When creatures with high alkaline content are consumed by SCP-3227, it results in SCP-3227's skin becoming more toxic than before. However, after approximately one month without consuming any alkaloids, SCP-3227's toxicity will begin to wane.

For larger creatures, such as humans, SCP-3227's toxins cease being deadly on contact after a month and a half without feeding. Instead, direct contact with the toxins from SCP-3227 will only cause a burning sensation. However, prolonged exposure without proper equipment will result in sickness, fatigue, paralysis, and eventually death.

SCP-3227, while normally docile, is able to protect itself or trap fleeing prey when aggravated. SCP-3227's primary mode of defense is through releasing concentrated toxins. If that fails, it is also able to use an appendage closely resembling the tongue of a frog. In emergencies, SCP-3227 will open a large amount of small holes on the ground, plants, and trees, where multiple frog tongues are able to shoot out. One tongue that was severed during incident XX47-B was measured at 15 meters in length, and microscopic analysis revealed millions of small needles containing alkaloid toxins covering the tongues surface. When provoked, up to thousands of tongues have been reported to emerge and weave a web around their target, immobilizing and poisoning them.

Since the discovery of SCP-3227, the Foundation has used the alkaline toxins that secrete from SCP-3227 for numerous projects. The alkaloids have been extremely useful in the creation of amnestics, as well as biological weapons and assisting in the containment of various other SCPs. While containment is a top priority for SCP-3227, the Foundation has also made it a top priority

to utilize SCP-3227 to its maximum potential. Currently, Dr. Martin is leading a research effort to establish a large scale farming operation for SCP-3227 on Site-118.

SCP-3227 was originally discovered in 1967 by a group of independent researchers who wandered into the jungle in search of new species of fauna. Locals avoided the area due to the mysterious deaths that occurred within it, which lead the researchers to believe that the deaths were due to an undiscovered species. Of the twelve that entered, only five managed to escape. Those researchers were discovered by the Foundation and were subsequently brought in for questioning.

In 1972, while a sample of SCP-3227 was being brought to Site-118 via airplane along with several other Euclid class SCPs, there was an incident that resulted in a crash above the Talladega National Forrest in Alabama. Although the other SCPs were recovered successfully, the sample of SCP-3227 was not found. Five years later, reports of hikers going missing in the area near the crash led to a secondary investigation. It was discovered that the sample of SCP-3227 had managed to survive the crash and grow in the Talladega National Forrest, and was the exact size of the original. This instance of SCP-3227 contained all the same species of flora as the original. Attempts to remove this instance of SCP-3227 were initially met with failure and numerous casualties, however, the Foundation succeeded in removing SCP-3227 through the use of firebombs in July, 1978. Following this incident, humans were forbidden to interact with SCP-3227 in any destructive manner[2].

+ Exploration Log 49B2A

Conducted May 12th, 1973

Description: Lead Researcher Arslan instructed seven D-Class personnel to attempt to cut down several of the trees within SCP-3227, and one additional D-Class to attempt to dig into SCP-3227. Each D-Class is armed with an axe, as well as a protective suit and gas mask. The D-Class with the task of digging was given a shovel. They were given

two hours to make as much progress as they could, and were then instructed to return from SCP-3227 after the time had elapsed. They were instructed not to go too deep into SCP-3227 so that researchers could maintain visual contact with them through binoculars.

Result: As soon as the D-Class personnel began to chop at SCP-3227, concentrated toxins began to leak into the air. The protective suits that the researchers had provided for the D-Class didn't appear to be adequate in stopping SCP-3227's toxin. The D-Class who struck at SCP-3227 collapsed after only a few seconds of exposure. One of the D-Class in the area, designated as D-231, witnessed this and ran back to the rendezvous point. The D-Class assigned to dig into SCP-3227, designated D-175, failed his task as the shovel wasn't capable of digging into SCP-3227. All D-Class personnel, except for D-231 and D-175, were poisoned and subsequently consumed by SCP-3227.

Researcher's Notes: Dr. Arslan expressed disappointment in his inability to retrieve a sample of SCP-3227, but was optimistic about future projects. Dr Arslan and the rest of his research team concluded that, with proper protection that utilized oxygen tanks, it would be entirely possible to obtain small samples of SCP-3227.

+ Incident XX47-B

Date: June 19th, 1978.

Incident Report: In the first attempt to remove the secondary instance of SCP-3227 from the Talladega National Forrest, ten Foundation agents who had been equipped with full

protection suits and flamethrowers were sent to remove the instance. Due to numerous factors, the mission failed. One agent, Agent Maglow, managed to escape and reach the rendezvous point. Agent Maglow was commended for his bravery and service, however, the other nine members of his team were never recovered.

The fire that resulted from their collective efforts had eliminated approximately 30% of this secondary instance of SCP-3227. However, it would take another month for the instance of SCP-3227 to be completely removed. When it was, researchers were unable to discover anything specific about the biology of SCP-3227, as it had been completely incinerated in the aftermath.

+ Interview Log XX47-B

On August 8th, 1978, Agent Maglow was interviewed by Dr. Arslan regarding Incident XX47-B. Only the interviews audio was recorded.

Begin Audio Recording

Dr. Arslan: Hello, Agent Maglow, my apologies for keeping you waiting.

Dr. Arslan is heard sitting down, as well as laying papers onto a desk.

Agent Maglow: Hey, doc. No problem.

Dr. Arslan: You don't seem very chatty today, now do you? Would you like to reschedule the interview for some other time?

Agent Maglow: No, no it's fine. I'd rather just get this over with so I don't have to think about

it anymore.

Dr. Arslan: That's the spirit! So, you've had more intimate experience with SCP-3227 than anyone else, so what I'd like to know…

Agent Maglow: … Well, we went in to kill the thing, right? First, it might help if you briefed us better for shit like this. Also, there wasn't much synergy in the team. I only knew Doug and Jonas, we'd worked together a lot in the past, so we stuck together. The rest just went off and did their own thing.

Dr. Arslan: Well, teams are made based off of recommendation and service records. As for the briefing, we told you men everything we knew at the time. That's why you and me are doing this. To find out more, so there are no more incidents like the last one.

Agent Maglow: Well… Whatever. If that's what you're worried about, I'll skip ahead a bit. Doug, Jonas and I had been burning away at some of the trees and shit for maybe fifteen minutes, not too long. The flames weren't spreading like the researchers said they would, so we were getting antsy. So, we left that area to get started on another one. That's when those… Tongues, or whatever the fuck those things are started popping out of the woodwork.

At this point, Agent Maglow takes a long pause.

Agent Maglow: They hit Doug first. It happened quick, and there were a lot of them. He didn't even have time to defend himself, they just ripped right through him. I mean, like a big, concentrated group of them. Wasn't just

one. Then, a bunch of the tongues wrapped his body up and pinned it to the ground. I don't think that the tongues knew that they killed him. I backed up, trying to figure out what the fuck was happening. Jonas ran over to try and get Doug out of there. I yelled over to tell him to forget it, and that we needed to run. But…

Agent Maglow takes another long pause.

Agent Maglow: It didn't do any good. The tongues grabbed his arms and legs and pulled him down hard, breaking his helmet. Soon as that happened, I knew the poison would get him in a few minutes. I turned and ran for the burnt up part, last thing I heard was Jonas throwing up. Poison I guess… Anyways, the thing got me just before I made it to the burnt part. I only had to deal with two of the tongues. One grabbed my leg from far away, and another opened up in the ground right next to me as I tripped, wrapping around my body. Lucky me, the thing missed my right arm, so I could get my knife out. Barely managed to cut that tongue that I gave you guys off, that thing was tough. Soon as I did, I shot the flamethrower at the tongue on my leg.

Dr. Arslan: You shot your own leg with the flamethrower?

Agent Maglow: No, no I shot the tongue. It was far away so I shot past my leg at the tongue.

Dr. Arslan: Ah, I see. Please continue.

Agent Maglow: That's about it. I grabbed the tongue and burnt a path outta there from the area we already burned. That's what happened.

Dr. Arslan: I see, thank you for that report, then. I have one question, though. How do you think that those tongues were so accurate in hitting you and your comrades? Was it the pressure on the ground, or something else?

Agent Maglow: Well, at first I thought that was it. The pressure. But when I hit the ground, I saw something where the tongue was coming out. Something that I thought I saw in the other ones that hit Doug and Jonas too.

Dr. Arslan: You saw something in the holes?

Agent Maglow: Yeah.

Dr. Arslan: Well, what was it?

Agent Maglow: There were eyes. Lots and lots of eyes. Tiny little ones, all over. They were completely black, but I could see the light from the fire reflecting off them. They were all over the place. If you ask me, they were watching us the whole damn time.

Both Agent Maglow and Dr. Arslan are silent for a few moments.

Dr. Arslan: I see. Thank you very much for this interview, it's been quite informative.

End Audio Recording

Note: Following this interview, further attempts to cause large scale harm to SCP-XXXX were forbidden.

Footnotes
1. Specifically, thePhyllobates terribilis
2. See Interview Log XX47-B

SCP-3228: добрите стари дни

Item #: SCP-3228

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3228 is currently housed in a standard humanoid containment cell at Humanoid Containment Site 06-3. Additional beds are also located near SCP-3228's containment cell to be used in testing. All testing of SCP-3228 is to be supervised by Dr. McCormick and, upon completion of testing, all subjects are to referred for full psychiatric evaluation in order to determine the extent of 3228's effects on the subject.

Following Test 3228-06, testing has been suspended due to an ongoing investigation into amnestic use, as authorised by O5-11.

Description: SCP-3228 is a sentient humanoid entity measuring 1.92 meters in height. SCP-3228 appears to be composed of a ceramic material, closely resembling archaeological finds found at Solnitsata[1], Bulgaria. While SCP-3228 does not appear to have a metabolism, and is unable to eat, drink, perspire and perform other life functions, SCP-3228 is capable of movement and vocalisation. However, under normal circumstances, SCP-3228 refuses to communicate with any other individual or group, although has been known to converse with various Foundation researchers on some occasions.

If one or more personnel enter REM sleep within a 20 meter proximity of SCP-3228, an 3228-A Event will occur, characterised by two phases. Initially, SCP-3228 will remain in a motionless state for approximately six to nine hours in a "sleep-like" state. Subsequently, SCP-3228 will instantaneously resume normal activities and all subjects will awake from REM sleep simultaneously. Examinations of subjects awakening from REM sleep have shown varying levels of restructuring of neurons within the temporal lobe and hippocampus. In all cases, this has resulted in immediate memory loss, dependant

on the extent of the changes occurring within the brain. Attempts to restore memory to affected personnel have so far proved inconclusive.

The second phase of a 3228-A event will typically occur within 30 minutes of personnel awaking from REM sleep. This usually takes the form of an anomalous event, which some personnel under the influence of a 3228-A event describe as a "wish" being fulfilled (see Addendum #1 for examples of 3228-A events).

Addendum #1: Testing Log

+ SHOW PARTIAL TESTING LOG OF SCP-3228

Test Number: 3228-01
Subject: D-4339
Observations: Approximately 20 minutes after subject awoke, a Caucasian female of approximately 40 years of age and two children of approximately 8 and 10 years of age appeared instantaneously around the bed previously occupied by D-4339. These were later identified as close relatives of D-4339, although subject was unable to recall numerous personal details about the individuals. Upon interrogation of these individuals, they all reported having a migraine shortly after D-4339 awoke from REM sleep and being transported instantaneously to D-4339's bedside. After testing negative for any anomalous traits, Class-B amnestics were administered to the family of D-4339 and escorted back to their home in [REDACTED]. The residency is currently under observation for any further anomalous activity.

Test Number: 3228-02
Subject: D-32109
Observations: Subject was unable to recall

numerous details about themselves and past activities. Within 5 minutes of awaking, subject complained of pains in their back. After two minutes, the skin ruptured violently in two slits either side of the spine, before two wings emerged from the site of injury. Subject was taken into medical care and is currently being held for further examination.

Test Number: 3228-04
Subject: D-12558
Observations: Subject acquired substantial memory loss. Upon returning to his cell, Foundation watchdog algorithms noticed a total sum of $20,000,000 being distributed into various bank accounts belonging to relatives of D-12558.
Additional Notes: The account used to transfer the money was registered to an individual known as " ". A subsequent raid on a property in Provadia, Bulgaria, registered to the same individual, resulted in the discovery of the following note:

To The Foundation,

If you are to find this, which you most likely will do, it's important that, whatever you're doing to these people you send to "test" me with, you need to stop whatever you're doing. I don't know what you've done, but you've opened up the holes inside their head that should never be tampered with. Their memories have been taken, but the spaces they've left haven't been sealed up. Something feels very wrong when I'm inside their dreams. Please, stop while you can.

- The one you call SCP-3228

Test Number: 3228-05
Subject: D-22678
Observations: Subject acquired near-complete memory loss. Researchers also reported that SCP-3228 appeared "physically drained" following the test. Approximately 12 minutes after D-12558's awakening, SCP- breached containment, during which D-22678 managed to escape Foundation custody. Attempts to locate D-22678 are currently ongoing.
Additional Notes: Following this, all D-Class to be tested on SCP-3228 are to undergo evaluation prior to testing in order to prevent using D-Class personnel that will result in similar events from occurring.

Test Number: 3228-06
Subject: D-6797
Observations: The first stage of the 3228-A Event ended prematurely (only minutes in). Both SCP-3228 and D-6797 appeared startled and physically drained. The second phase of the 3228-A event never occurred. [FURTHER INFORMATION RESTRICTED TO LEVEL 4 ACCESS AND ABOVE]

Addendum #2: Recovery Log
The Foundation was alerted to SCP-3228 after receiving numerous reports of anomalous events (later confirmed to be 3228-A events) throughout eastern France. However, SCP-3228 was only apprehended after Foundation surveillance recorded 3228 attempting to enter a site formerly having ties to GoI-0267 ("Are We Cool Yet?"). 3228 initially refused to converse with Foundation personnel until Dr. McCormick eventually achieved an interview with

Interview Transcript$_{3228\text{-}01}$

Date: / /2017
Interviewed: SCP-3228
Interviewer: Dr. McCormick, with on standby

<Begin Log>

Dr. McCormick: Greetings, SCP-3228. We'd like to ask you a few questions if that's okay with you?

[SCP-3228 nods.]

Dr. McCormick: I'd like to start by asking what you know about where you are - do you know who we are? Why you're here?

SCP-3228: …My father once spoke about this place…

Dr. McCormick: Could you care to elaborate?

SCP-3228: He said it was a prison, a place things like us spend their days stripped of all freedom and forced to live in a disconsolate isolation from the world. And now - confined to these bare, lifeless walls - I see that much is true. Now, I have no other option to escape into dreams; above anything it only serves to keep me sane…

Dr. McCormick: What exactly do you mean by "escaping" into dreams?

SCP-3228: When people dream, they create entire worlds in their minds, worlds I can go to. Most people I meet are re-living the highlights of their lives and remembering the people they love. But some people… some have detestable fantasies; desires that conjure up cruel and twisted imagery. It's sickening, haunting… I need something to block out that pain. But I feel guilty for

taking away from the people who have kept my faith in humanity intact. You understand?

[Dr. McCormick is instructed via earpiece to question 3228 about the individual it calls "father"]

Dr. McCormick: I see. You mentioned your "father" earlier and his knowledge of the Foundation. Can you tell me anything about him?

SCP-3228: Well,"father" is what he wanted us to call him. I was one of a number of his "children". He told us that we had been gifted life, that we were something more than the humans of this world. But, he was never content with what he had. He'd become corrupt by his obsession to create something greater, something evocative, something to show society its greed and destructive nature. Even after claiming that **he had finally made the "perfect" piece** his human-like obsession to his work left his old creations ageing unloved, unwanted, without a single loving figure in their lives…

[SCP-3228 hesitates.]

SCP-3228: We fought, me and him; the false reality I had been led to believe fuelling my anger towards him, but when he threatened to take away my existence I ran like a coward. When I returned, he'd gone. They'd all gone, and only then did I realise how alone I was.

Dr. McCormick: Have you ever found your "father" since? Do you know where your fellow creations are?

SCP-3228: I've tried to find them, as well as my father, ever since; following rumours, gathering information, searching dreams for any trace of my siblings so I can end my life of solitude… But I guess that will never happen now I'm trapped here for eternity. I hope you're happy with yourselves for this.

Dr. McCormick: Is there anything else you can tell us, about anything you've said, SCP-3228?

[Silence.]

Dr. McCormick: … I think that'll do for now then. Terminating interview.

<End Log>

+ FURTHER INFORMATION RESTRICTED TO LEVEL 4 ACCESS A

Addendum #3: During Test 3228-06, the following interview was conducted after D-6797 emerged from REM sleep.

Interview Transcript$_{3228\text{-}02}$

Date: / /2017
Interviewed: SCP-3228
Interviewer: Dr. McCormick via intercom

<Begin Log>

SCP-3228: *[panting]* … What… have you done?

Dr. McCormick: SCP-3228, what's going on?

SCP-3228: I warned you… I tried to get you to stop, but you wouldn't listen. Everything I did and you still wouldn't stop…

Dr. McCormick: Can you elaborate SCP-3228? What happened?

SCP-3228: The moment I went into his mind, I could sense it, only stronger this time than ever before. So, I went looking for whatever this thing was, and I found something…

Dr. McCormick: I need you to explain this more SCP-3228. What happened? What did you find?

SCP-3228: … An oblivion. A void. In the place where his memories should be, there was an emptiness. But that presence - the one I've felt in all your "D-Classes" - it was more menacing, more sinister than ever before, worse than the thoughts of man I'm all too familiar with. And me being there was making it stronger, as if the darkness and the loneliness was feeding off of my own conscience. It kept pulling me in further, further into the darkness, further than I thought there was. I tried resisting, but that only dragged me further in, until… Until I saw… That thing… No, no…

[SCP-3228 covers its face in its hands and cries out in fear]

Dr. McCormick: What did you see?

SCP-3228: … I can't. I can't do this. You have to put an end to this testing - I don't care what your superiors say, I'm not going in those minds again. I won't risk it. I won't.

[Dr. McCormick is advised to terminate the interview.]

Dr. McCormick: …I'm going to end this here. Thank you, SCP-3228.

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. Solnitsata is currently the oldest known town in Europe.

SCP-3229: A Blessed Sea

SCP-XXXX limestone formation, note tinged lighting.

Item #: SCP-3229

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The entrance to SCP-3229 must be monitored by a Foundation naval contingent to prevent any unauthorised access. The Foundation nuclear submarine *SCPF Johansen* must remain stationed at the entrance to SCP-3229. In the event of a containment breach, Protocol Alert-27 is to be initiated immediately.

Vessels assigned to the Area 55 Containment Force are to report to Site Director Yu and assigned to assist in both exploration and security efforts when necessary. Submersibles assigned to exploration efforts are to report to MTF Gamma-6 Command. All submersible exploration efforts are to maintain safe distance of 10 kilometres from any submerged SCP-3229-A settlement. All submersible expedition commanders must have full knowledge of Protocol Alert-27.

Area 55 is the epicentre of a stable perimeter around the western-most island in the SCP-3229 archipelago, with efforts being taken to expand operations towards the "temple island" north-east of Area 55. MTF Iota-13 and MTF Beta-44 are to aid with the expansion of the Foundation held perimeter. If direct confrontation cannot be avoided, personnel are permitted to utilise lethal force against SCP-3229-A entities. Due to the durability of SCP-3229-A instances, small arms fire must be used in overlapping fields of fire. Hollow-point rounds are recommended for engagement, if small arms are to be used.

Sample entities of SCP-3229-B are to be contained in a 5 metre by 5 metre containment tank of reinforced glass. No contact is to be

made with any SCP-3229-B entity unless cleared by Dr. Iseigo. Any experimentation with SCP-3229-B organisms must be undertaken in sealed protective gear. Any personnel victim to implantation by SCP-3229-B are to be terminated immediately.

MTF Gamma-6 (Deep Feeders) is to continue investigation into the exact nature of SCP-3229-O and account for any further hostile presence within SCP-3229. All findings containing information relevant to SCP-3229-O are to be reported to Site Director Yu. Any encountered SCP-3229-O entity must not be engaged unless containment is at risk of being compromised.

Description: SCP-3229 is a spacial anomaly located within a cave system kilometres from the southwest coast of Svalbard. The cave itself is situated on an islet approximately 18 square metres. Within these caves is an archipelago of 312 islands of varying size, situated within an area of approximately square kilometres. This space is not reachable by any means other than the cave entrance, and as such appears to be separate from this plane of reality.

The archipelago within SCP-3229 appears to have been inhabited by a pre-industrial civilisation which has spread across the entirety of SCP-3229. The majority of islands inside SCP-3229 are covered in buildings of non-euclidean architecture. These buildings are largely constructed of limestone and an unknown coral-like substance. Luminescent crystals provide lighting, universally tinged in a pale green/yellow. Numerous glyphs are carved across the limestone portions of every building discovered in SCP-3229 thus far. These glyphs have no known anomalous properties and have been partially translated.

The structures present throughout the archipelago range in size and complexity, with the more complex structures present on the larger islands within SCP-3229. The two most expansive islands within the archipelago are home to a palace structure and a primary temple respectively. The temple structure is currently unexplored by Foundation personnel, while the palace has been entered and multiple items of interest recovered (See Addenda). The palace island is lightly inhabited, and evidence suggests that the occupants have migrated to a settlement beneath the ocean. Exploration attempts by MTF Gamma-6 have since confirmed this hypothesis.

Further investigation has revealed that SCP-3229-O is responsible for the creation of these submerged settlements by [REDACTED]. The temple island however has been observed to maintain a consistent presence of SCP-3229-A entities, which have been observed to grow in numbers at times relating to the lunar cycle. It is unknown how SCP-3229-A instances maintain awareness of the lunar cycle. It is hypothesised that the SCP-3229-A presence on the temple island is directly related to SCP-3229-O, which according to recovered antiquity, is to receive communion with the "priesthood" at the height of the lunar cycle.

The structures on the larger islands vary in size, with the majority being approximately 6.6 metres in height (2 storeys). The largest structure known to the Foundation, the primary temple, is 55 metres (16.6 storeys) in height. The majority of the smaller islands surveyed by Foundation teams bear minimal signs of life. Inhabited "villages", containing small numbers of SCP-3229-A entities, are common. Observation has determined that the inhabitants of these villages spend a large majority of their time underwater as opposed to dwelling inside their constructed houses. The SCP-3229-A instances inhabiting the smaller islands do not migrate to the larger submerged settlements, but are instead found within reefs and similar natural formations close to the coast. It is probable some form of social hierarchy exists among SCP-3229-A instances which prevents access to the larger submerged settlements.

+ Log_3229/01E://initial_entry.

DATE: 11/04/
FOREWORD: The following is an extract from a log written by Captain Daniels of the *SCPF Emmerson*. This log details the initial entry of SCP-3229 and the exploration of what is now Area 55.

…everyone in the crew noticed a shift as soon as we entered the cave. For one, it got a hell of a lot less cold. It was like stepping inside a house from a blizzard outside. That kind of contrast. I didn't like it, made my second feel uneasy too. The roof of the cave seemed to jut upwards suddenly, and the back of the cave opened

up. We entered the inside of the caves through a river of some sort. It was wide enough for the ship. It led out through this first island and into the wider space. Further out looked like a full sized ocean. Mickie said he could see at least three other islands right away, and more of those lights in the distance. I made the call to stop where we were, set up an FOB. Somehow we could still call back to Command outside.

The men were restless initially. We did a quick survey of the island and found nothing. Ruins mostly, all limestone and those carvings. Nothing hostile on the surface while we secured a perimeter. Some of the men swore that something was watching them from the water though. Nobody wanted to go too close. We tried testing the coastline and the plunge step seems to drop right off. It's as if the islands are on stilts. We pulled back from the edge of the island when one of the men went missing. Barron swears that she saw something jump out of the water and drag him down. We've no other witnesses or incidents, but if I had to assume anything, it'd be this. We're being watched, probed even, with hostile intent.

We were sleeping in shifts when the first of them tried to go for the camp. It was a dozen of them, humanoid but definitely not human. They tore through most of the camp until we brought the heavier weapons to bear. We're still not sure how many men we lost. One of the survivors told my second they tried to capture rather than kill, he saw them dragging people back under the water. I don't even want to consider what they want with the poor bastards.

Strangest thing, one of the men belowdecks reported he could hear a rumbling. It was coming from the water, but it wasn't one of those things that attacked us. It sounded bigger. It sounded like great, booming laughter.

SCP-3229 is currently inhabited by a number of aquatic and

amphibious lifeforms unidentified prior to discovery, with the most common entity hostile to Foundation personnel being SCP-3229-A. SCP-3229-A are humanoid amphibious hybrids that are the primary hostile inhabitants of SCP-3229. While some degree of variation exists between instances of SCP-3229-A, all entities exhibit a collection of common traits:

- discoloured, blue-grey skin.
- coral-like growths, commonly found around the cranium and protruding from near the shoulder blades.
- Large dorsal fins.
- Glassy eyes.
- Numerous SCP-3229-B instances visible moving beneath the skin.

It is unknown if SCP-3229-A entities remain sentient after the implantation of SCP-3229-B. Recorded behaviour suggests at least a rudimentary level of sapience, as SCP-3229-A entities are capable of ambush and limited strategy. SCP-3229-A entities appear have some understanding of religious process, evident by the behaviour of SCP-3229-A entities on the temple island. Further investigation is required to determine the exact level of intelligence SCP-3229-A entities possess.

SCP-3229-B is a parasitic life-form which is responsible for the creation of SCP-3229-A entities. SCP-3229-B are wormlike organisms of varying length, commonly 2-4 inches in diameter. Instances of SCP-3229-B have a featureless exterior that is covered in a liquid produced from the skin of SCP-3229-B. This liquid is suspected to be a mutagen, although it is hypothesised to also act as a lubricant. The entities enter a host via any available orifice. The mouth, eyes or anus are commonly utilised, but SCP-3229-B has also been noted entering through artificial orifices in victims, such as gunshot wounds or injuries caused by SCP-3229-A. This form of implantation is less common, as SCP-3229-B gravitates towards an able bodied host. The full process of SCP-3229-B implantation has been observed and documented.

EXPERIMENT LOG 3229-B/01_I

DATE: / /

TEST SUBJECT: D-32311

**AUTHORISATION: Site Director Yu. Experiment supervised by Dr. Iseigo.

[BEGIN LOG]

00:00: D-3231145 is introduced to testing chamber, restrained.

00:03: SCP-3229-B organism is introduced to the testing chamber. D-32311 emits audible distress.

00:05: SCP-3229-B enters D-32311 via oral implantation, dislocating D-32311's jaw in the process. Attempts at resistance by D-32311 are fruitless.

00:06: D-3231145 (hereby designated as "host") begins violent spasms. X-Ray indicates the SCP-3229-B organism is dividing to spread through the hosts body. Initial division begins in the upper esophagus.

00:11: SCP-3229-B has finished it's division process. Multiple organisms are situated around major organs and along muscle tissue. Host has lapsed into shock.

00:12: SCP-3229-B organisms appear to "pulsate". It is hypothesised this action is responsible for the dispersal of SCP-3229-B's mutagenic properties in a host.

00:15: Host resumes spasms, however X-Ray and audio feeds indicate the host is undergoing severe skeletal restructuring.

Host remains conscious throughout the process.

00:21: Host's skin begins rapid discolouration.

00:25: Multiple growths appear on the hosts cranium and around the face.

00:26: Growths have also appeared along the shoulder-blades. No growth has currently breached the skin.

00:30: Protrusions breach the skin, revealing the coral-like substance present on SCP-3229-A instances. Host's facial structure has been largely distorted.

00:48: Host has finished skeletal restructuring. Dorsal fin is now visible and lower limbs have become double jointed. Hands of SCP-3229-A instance appear elongated, with digits 1.5 times the length of the original host's. Skin is now taunt, revealing altered skeletal structure and SCP-3229-B instances. SCP-3229-B instances have resumed passive movement throughout SCP-3229-A.

00:50: Host, now designated SCP-3229-A, becomes agitated and breaches restraints.

00:51: Security personnel enter testing chamber and attempt to subdue SCP-3229-A.

00:52: SCP-3229-A breaches containment, showing marked increase in strength and durability.

00:58: SCP-3229-A instance is terminated

by security personnel, after terminating multiple research staff including Dr. .

[END LOG]

Notes: *"It's still necessary we keep samples of 3229-B on site. If we can find out which part of their mutagen causes the host to gain that impressive level of strength, we could use it for our own means. Imagine a soldier with the ability to rip apart Kevlar with their bare hands. You can't say we couldn't use that." - Dr. Iseigo*

SCP-3229-B organisms are opportunistic, but unable to infect a resisting host, due to a lack of physical strength. As a result, implantation is often undertaken upon captured hosts by SCP-3229-A entities. SCP-3229-B implantation is treated in a ritualistic fashion by SCP-3229-A instances. This is hypothesised to be due to the relationship between SCP-3229-B and SCP-3229-O.

SCP-3229-O is an unidentified aquatic organism of unknown size and origin. Recovered sources refer to it as a god within the pantheon of the archipelago's original civilisation. It is similarly responsible for the creation of SCP-3229-B and, by proxy, SCP-3229-A. Recovered sources also state that only one SCP-3229-O instance remains, with the rest of the pantheon now extinct. While no physical encounters with SCP-3229-O have been made, it is probable that an SCP-3229-O entity exists. Protocol Alert-27 has been established to contain/neutralise a possible hostile SCP-3229-O entity.

[DATA REDACTED. ACCESS TO FURTHER INFORMATION ON SCP-3229-O/PROTOCOL ALERT-27 IS LIMITED TO LEVEL 4 PERSONNEL.]

Addendum 01/RI:
Multiple items of note have been recorded by MTF Gamma-6 and Foundation forces responsible for expanding the secure perimeter.

The total log is currently 312 retrieved items. For complete records see 3229/TL-1/Retrieval.

Item Designation	Description	Location Recovered
Slate 01-T	A limestone tablet, on the original use of the island now housing Area 55. The island was considered "god-forsaken" and a path towards heretical lands.	Area 55.
Sample 3229-B/01	SCP-3229-B Mutagen, stored in a clear glass vial. While evidence of the SCP-3229 civilisation's capacity for glasswork, it also indicates some study was undertaken by the civilisation prior to wide-scale implantation.	Palatial-island.
Slate 05-T/MC	A series of 12 limestone columns, inscribed. The columns are a record of the ruling families attempt to stop implantation of SCP-3229-B. This attempt led to the ruling class being overthrown by a religious organisation, which expanded implantation and led the civilisation "under the blessed sea" to seek "communion".	

	Further translation pending.	
Slate 02-T/L	A limestone mural with artistic carvings. The mural appears to show initial contact with SCP-3229-O by the 3229 civilisation. This contact appears hostile, as multiple figures are shown spearing SCP-3229-O from a vessel. All these figures are shown contorted on their vessel, while multiple large tentacles surround them.	Palatial island.
Item 12-M	A small toy, constructed of seaweed. It appears to be a figure of SCP-3229-B.	Village .
Item 44-M	Item of pottery, images show initial discovery of SCP-3229-B by unknown party, who presents SCP-3229-B to a group of individuals. Final third of pottery shows family of three undergoing SCP-3229-B implantation.	Village .
Item 3229-O/151	[REDACTED BY ORDER OF MTF-GAMMA 6	[REDACTED]

	COMMAND]	
Slate 07-S	A large mosaic, constructed of limestone and . The image shows the religious heads of SCP-3229's civilisation, now appearing as SCP-3229-A entities, guiding multiple figures underwater, where a SCP-3229-O entity resides. Further images show worship of SCP-3229-O and multiple tentacles destroying a large landmass with unidentified structures. Scattered items of text detail a "time of heretics" and salvation being achieved when "Great swallows the land and brings all into the Blessed Sea."	[REDACTED]

Addendum 3229/02-1DA

As of 17/10/ , Area 55 has been assaulted twice by large groups of SCP-3229-A entities. Further security resources are to be dispatched to Area 55 and made available to MTF Iota-13 and MTF Beta-44. Due to the inefficient nature of current munitions against SCP-3229-A, gyro-jet rounds are to be assigned to all MTF units. The Area 55 armoury must replace all unnecessary small arms with high calibre or explosive weaponry. Further expansion of the Area 55 perimeter is not to be attempted until sufficient reinforcements are acquired.

Addendum 3229/-O_025
As of 07/05/ , three surveyed islands to the south-east of Area 55 have been sunk. Included in these islands was Research Outpost 34. Preliminary reports indicate 97% of on site staff were lost. MTF Gamma-6 were the first to respond to the event, picking up 5 survivors. All surviving personnel were exposed to a cognitohazard and were unable to provide further insight into the event. MTF Gamma-6 has requested additional resources be allocated for Protocol Alert-27. Area 55 has in addition been provided with on-site nuclear warheads as required by the updated Protocol Alert-27. Further seismic activity of this magnitude is expected.

+Interview 3229-O/G-6:

WARNING: THE FOLLOWING FILE IS LEVEL 04/3229 CLASSIFIED

ANY ATTEMPT TO ACCESS THIS FILE WITHOUT LEVEL 04/3229 AUTHORIZATION WILL BE LOGGED AND WILL LEAD TO IMMEDIATE DISCIPLINARY ACTION.

Interview 3229-O/G-6_2913

Date: / /

Interviewed: Agent Deveruex,

MTF Gamma-6

Interviewer: , MTF Gamma-6 Command

Foreword: On the initial encounter and threat assessment of SCP-3229-O.

Begin Log

——

G-6 Com: Agent, for the record, please recount initial contact with SCP-3229-O.

Deveruex: Yes sir. We were on board the submersible when the entity made contact, we'd just-

G-6 Com: Agent, please name the submersible.

Deveruex: It was the *SCPF Thurston*, she was designed for stealth operations. Seemed like it worked fine for dodging the fishies; sorry sir, the -A's. Anyway we were a long way out and really fucking deep. I can't remember the exact depth. We'd just passed several submerged ruins that we were translating and cataloguing. Looked like one of the settlements above ground, but it'd been sunk somehow.

G-6 Com: What did you find in this submerged area?

Deveruex: A lot of intel on the -O.

Accounts on the -B's being used to turn people into fishies, so they could be closer to their god. We also had info on the -O's influence. The fishies are worshippers, and from what we could glean from the texts, they can receive commands. The whole place seemed like some sort of library, with records on everything. We even got it's name, . We were maybe a tenth of the way through when something hit the hull and we stopped.

G-6 Com: And this was the -O entity?

Deveruex: No, it was a -A, but not your usual fishie. He had this weird robe on, we couldn't tell if it was clothing or part of his body. Molinero took three guys down into the airlock, they were ready to take the thing out. It just swam in, calm as anything, didn't even seem to notice the guys. It was mumbling shit, in it's own language. We assumed it was the same as those glyphs, the same language I mean. Nobody knew how to translate that shit, it's only ever been read so the fact it was speaking to us, just weirded everyone out.

G-6 Com: None of the crew had any idea what the -A was saying?

Deveruex: I'm telling you sir, the

whole situation was just nuts. We didn't think those things could be passive. It kept mumbling and mumbling. Molinero was asking if they could lock it in as partial containment. Then out of nowhere it started getting agitated. Not hostile, but the chants were getting louder. It sounded like it was scared.

G-6 Com: And this was when the -O entity made contact, correct?

Deveruex: [*Pause*] Do we have permission to smoke in here sir?

G-6 Com: Agent, please answer the question.

Deveruex: Yeah, that's when the thing hit us. Whole sub rocked to the side. Molinero and the others got blown out of the airlock. Some kind of fucking tentacle grabbed them. I never got a good look; but you could tell the thing was big. It had the sub pinned, completely dead in the water.

G-6 Com: And it was at this point the *Thurston* attempted to engage?

Deveruex: It had 400 millimetre torpedoes, two of 'em. They're designed to tear through warships. They hit the thing, it bled, but it didn't even seem to notice. Launched the 553's too; just made the thing angry. I saw

those munitions hit it, blow open a part of it. The thing's body just morphed, contorted. It repaired the damage and grew some new body part. That's when I got off the bridge.

G-6 Com: So what was your next course of action.

Deveruex: I was gearing up to try lead the thing away with some divers, distract it maybe. Then the bridge got hit. Must've been a cognitohazard or something because they all fucking lost it. People were already freaking out, the sub was being crushed. The bridge crew going nuts just made everything worse. They were broadcasting it over the intercom while the -O was squeezing the sub.

G-6 Com: But you had already seen the -O, how were you not affected?

Deveruex: I've no idea sir. Maybe I didn't see enough of it. Maybe it was just a fucking miracle. I don't know.

G-6 Com: What were the cognitohazardous effects of -O that you witnessed?

Deveruex: They were all fucking babbling sir, it was just like the fishie we picked up. One of the lieutenants was clawing his eyes

out, kept saying he could feel something slithering behind them. Fujimori was up there as well. Poor bastard had pretty high resistance too, he was trained for these situations. He was trying to surface, to get away from the thing. He saved everyone on that boat.

G-6 Com: What was Captain 's situation?

Deveruex: The Cap was the worst. He was on the ground, fetal position and everything. He was just mumbling to himself, it wasn't even fucking English. He was speaking the same language as the fishie; just shaking on the floor and chanting the same three things over and over.

G-6 Com: So how was the entity incapacitated?

Deveruex: It wasn't. The diving team went out without me. The fishie we picked up was in there still, no idea how. They just grabbed it and took it out with 'em. Maybe the extra movement distracted it, or maybe it didn't even care about the sub to begin with. Whatever it was, something made it lose interest in the *Thurston* for a moment. Fuji just took us up, slammed right into the thing. It slapped at the sub briefly, but the divers did something to distract it. It let us go. Fuji

collapsed as soon as we hit the surface.

G-6 Com: Was there any contact from the dive team after the entity disengaged?

Deveruex: Nothing comprehensible. They got hit by the cognitohazard I guess.

G-6 Com: [*Pause*] Alright Agent, final question. Could you give a proper threat assessment regarding the entity?

Deveruex: What?

G-6 Com: If the -O entity were to become actively hostile, could we stop it? Would Alert-27 be able to stop it?

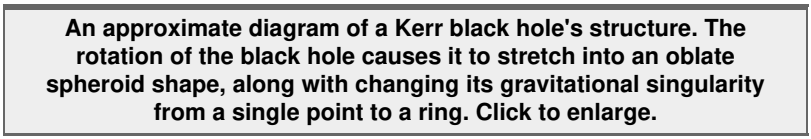
Deveruex: [*Silence*]

G-6 Com: You're dismissed, Agent Deveruex.

Agent Deveruex exits the Interview Room

End Log

SCP-3230: Intergalactic Isolation



An approximate diagram of a Kerr black hole's structure. The rotation of the black hole causes it to stretch into an oblate spheroid shape, along with changing its gravitational singularity from a single point to a ring. Click to enlarge.

A simulation of a particle in orbit around a Kerr-Newman black hole, generated by the `yukterez.aic` artificial intelligence. Click to enlarge.

Item #: SCP-3230

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Autonomous Orbital Station Riemann-002 will monitor SCP-3230 from its orbit around SCP-3230-A. AOS R-002 will send all obtained data to Orbital Area-11 for analysis by the SCP-3230 research team, the Extrasolar Activities Division, the Physics Department, and the Esoteric Physics Department. AOS R-002's Thaumic Transportation Gate may be used to send research probes and devices into SCP-3230-A orbit, following approval by the SCP-3230 Research Committee. All devices sent this way will be in communication with AOS R-002.

In the event that the fusion reactor and backup energy systems on AOS R-002 experience irreparable malfunctions, the station will periodically deploy a specialized flywheel into the ergosphere[1] of SCP-3230-A. The flywheel will split into two halves, causing a momentum change so that one half falls into the event horizon and the other is accelerated to speeds needed to exit the ergosphere. The escaping half takes from the rotational energy of the black hole in its acceleration, and stores it as usable energy for the station. Replacement halves will be supplied by Orbital Area-11.

Due to SCP-3230's location, it is not expected to be discovered by civilian or governmental organizations. Standard amnestic and disinformation protocols will be performed in the event of discovery.

Description: SCP-3230 is the collective designation for multiple anomalous black holes and related phenomena, located 13 megaparsecs from the center of the Local Void[2].

SCP-3230-A is a rotating and electrically charged black hole[3] possessing a radius of 21 $R_{\odot}$ (solar radii) and a mass of 9 $M_{\odot}$ (solar masses). SCP-3230-B1 through B13 are rotating black holes[4] possessing 1 $R_{\odot}$ radii and masses of 0.01 $M_{\odot}$, which are in highly erratic orbits around SCP-3230-A. These masses are unusually low, predicted to be significantly larger based on current mathematical models of black holes.

SCP-3230-C are objects moving at speeds of 2*c*. The objects move by distorting spacetime in a spherical region around them, displacing them through space at superluminal speeds.[5] These spatial distortions visually appear as a region of **`gravitational lensing`**. The composition and properties of SCP-3230-C are unknown, due to the superluminal speeds and gravitational bending around them preventing accurate observation. Sizes including the region of distortion are a length of ~6km and a maximum width of ~20km.

SCP-3230-A and SCP-3230-B experience 3230-TRYPA Events, each of which lasts 42 seconds and repeats immediately following its conclusion. A timeline is shown below:

- *0-10 seconds*: SCP-3230-A releases a beam of electromagnetic radiation moving at undetermined superluminal speeds (hereafter referred to as tachyons), directed into SCP-3230-B instances.
- *10-21 seconds*: Tachyon emissions end. SCP-3230-C instances exit SCP-3230-A and enter SCP-3230-B instances.
- *21-31 seconds*: Tachyon emissions originating from SCP-3230-B instances enter SCP-3230-A.
- *31-42 seconds*: SCP-3230-C instances will exit SCP-3230-B instances and enter SCP-3230-A.

No major alterations between events have been observed.

Addendum.1: On 25-August-2025, Autonomous Exploration Satellite Yau-009 was transported from Orbital Area-11 to high

SCP-3230-A orbit via the Thaumic Transportation Gate on AOS R-002. Following five days of preparation, the satellite was sent into SCP-3230-B1 for explorative purposes on 30-August-2025. The Lang Distortion Drive was kept active while providing limited thrust, using the spatial distortions to protect against spaghettification and other tidal forces from the black holes. Thaumic Communication Gateways[6] were disabled to prevent potential gravitational damage to Dimensional Outpost-51.

Contact was lost until 2-September-2025 when AES Y-009 exited the anomaly. This exit time was significantly sooner than what had been predicted. The time dilation normally generated by black holes is large enough that a subject passing the event horizon could experience one hour while billions of years pass in the outside universe. AES Y-009 experienced two hours inside with four days passing outside, indicating a highly abnormal spacetime topography for the anomaly.

SCP-3230-B1 served as an intra-dimensional wormhole.[7] The satellite exited out of a different Kerr black hole, entering a region near the center of the Pegasus Void. A central Kerr-Newman black hole possessing the same size, rotational speed, and electrical charge as SCP-3230-A is present in the area, along with thirteen orbiting Kerr black holes identical to SCP-3230-B instances. All of the black holes have been observed to undergo 3230-TRYPA Events, and SCP-3230-C instances are produced by the central one.

SCP-3230-A has been redesignated to SCP-3230-A1 and the new instance has been classified as SCP-3230-A2. Plans to enter additional SCP-3230-B instances is pending approval.

Addendum.2: Following the outfitting of AES Y-009 with a Transportation Gate (currently used to transport satellites into SCP-3230-A orbits) on 6-September-2025, the probe has discovered thirty SCP-3230-A instances via travel through SCP-3230-B. As it has been determined that travel at high superluminal speeds is a safe method to navigate SCP-3230-B instances, the travel time between SCP-3230-A has been drastically decreased.

All discovered SCP-3230-A possess the same number of SCP-3230-B and experience 3230-TRYPA Events. All SCP-3230-A and SCP-3230-B have identical properties. Gathered astronomical data has shown that each instance is located in a cosmic void, commonly near the centers of them. All but two of the voids are within the observable universe (from the perspective of Earth). Full details are in Document YAU-009-EXP.

Exploration is ongoing.

▷ SCP-3230 Research: Tachyon Emission Sequence Analysis

EXTRASOLAR ACTIVITIES DIVISION

SCP-3230 RESEARCH — SCIENTIFIC REPORT

3230-TRYPA TACHYON EMISSION SEQUENCE ANALYSIS

A. Idan, F. Glenn, et al. — 20-Sept-2025

[…]

The analysis of tachyon emissions from SCP-3230-A instances has been of interest to the SCP-3230 research team and the **`Heimdall Council`**, after theories were posed that they could serve as a method of communication between SCP-3230-A instances. Advanced tachyon detectors derived from allowed Autonomous Exploration

Satellite Yau-009 to study the emissions while orbiting SCP-3230-B instances, with the data analyzed by Foundation bots.

Based on **`past research`**, alternations between two different tachyon wave frequencies over time could form a binary sequence, which if properly decrypted can display data in the form of images. However, the sequences are highly complex and can be displayed in many ways, the simplest being a 6-dimensional image. Attempts at using the ANANSI 16-Qbit quantum computer to decrypt the 6D image caused its artificial intelligence to produce a single image and crash.

[…]

▷ ATTACHMENT: ANANSI-3230-1

VIEWING ATTACHED IMAGE FILE

▷ Exploration Log SCP-3230-B2 (A61) [EXCERPT]

Exploration Video Log Transcript

Starting Date: 26-September-2025

Probe: Autonomous Exploration Satellite Yau-009

Subject: SCP-3230-B2 (orbiting SCP-3230-A61)

Procedure: AES Y-009 will follow standard safety and operational procedures for SCP-3230-B

exploration. All measuring devices and cameras will be enabled, using Foundation bots to remove LDD-induced distortions from footage and data.

[BEGIN LOG]

AES Y-009 is thirty minutes into the mission and has entered SCP-3230-B2.

Moderate amounts of visual light are present within the region. Highly redshifted photons that entered the black hole in the far past cause half of the region to be a dull red in color, the other half a dull blue from blueshifted photons that recently entered. Four SCP-3230-C instances are observed near the satellite, moving in a single file formation. Each object leaves a trail of light behind it, each composed of slowly moving photons that exited the gravitational distortions and are falling into the ring singularity. The singularity cannot be directly seen, though the satellite's Minkowski Spacetime Monitor can detect it.

AES Y-009 adjusts its course to move alongside the instances for analysis. Visual artifacts resembling patterns of thirteen tridecagons begin manifesting in the footage.

The instances exit their formation and encircle AES Y-009. Each anomaly begins to emit tachyons in the direction of the probe for one second. After a two second pause the behavior repeats, which occurs two more times. High amounts of visual artifacts are present in the footage at this point. Patterns of 12 circles with a set of concentric tridecagons positioned away from them are common.

The instances then move away from AES Y-009 to their original positions. Abruptly, all instances

redirect and head toward the ring singularity. They reach the center of the singularity and vanish from the range of the Minkowski Spacetime Monitor.[8]

[END LOG]

Afterward: Analysis of tachyon emissions from the SCP-3230-C instances show similarities with standard SCP-3230-A emissions, though the binary sequences were significantly less complex. Conversion into an image displays sentences composed of multiple unknown languages and proto-nordic runes, several of which are unknown. Until the **Exo-Linguistics Department** can identify the languages, full translation is impossible.

Translated sentence fragments from the emissions are below.

> …the chains. I am the… I am the [tridecagonal rune], hear…
>
> …she will make the world (ruins?) but I will be…
>
> …do not… the mother will not… the unchained…
>
> …do not (bring, deliver?) her ruination to me.

The past temporal position the instances traveled to is unknown.

Addendum.3:

▷ [LEVEL 3/3230 ACCESS REQUIRED]

Exploration Video Log Transcript

Starting Date: 3-October-2025

Probe: Autonomous Exploration Satellite Nordström-001

Subject: SCP-3230-A1

Procedure: AES N-001 will enter SCP-3230-A1 and orbit inside it for a maximum time of one day (relative to the black hole's interior). The probe will follow the same safety precautions and operational procedures taken by AES Y-009, with the addition of a Xyank/Anastasakos Constant Temporal Sink to prevent potential causality and time dilation related damage. All cameras and measuring devices will be active.

[BEGIN LOG]

AES N-001 is in orbit around SCP-3230-A1. Due to the lack of any nearby stars the black holes appear to be nonexistent, though thermal imaging cameras show small amounts of Hawking radiation surrounding and radiating from each one.

SCP-3230-C tachyon emissions are detected. AES N-001 alters its orbit so the trajectory enters the black hole. The descent lasts several minutes, with the first observable effects of the gravitational changes coming from light emitted by the probe bending into the black hole after exiting the LDD spatial distortion region. The thermal imaging cameras show the horizon of SCP-3230-A1 gradually bend into a straight line then sharply curve upwards. There is a flash of orange light as AES Y-009 passes through a layer of photons

orbiting just under the horizon, and the horizon bends into small circle of highly blueshifted light which then vanishes. Abnormally high quantities of tachyons and unusual patterns of gravitational distortions are detected originating from the black hole's center.

After two hours relative to the satellite, AES N-001 passes the Cauchy horizon.

Cameras register large amounts of illumination in the area that was previously unobserved, likely due to the ability for light to orbit within the region instead of entirely falling towards the ring singularity. Hundreds of luminescent, white spherical objects (designated SCP-3230-E), with radii ranging from ~900km to ~30000km, are observed to be in highly erratic orbits around the ring singularity. The largest instances are all connected to each other with long tendrils, with smaller ones connected this way or orbiting them. Due to this many form large sheets resembling organic tissue. Several stars are also in orbit, with tendrils wrapping around them and rapidly oscillating.

Each object appears to be biomechanical, possessing structures resembling organs, teeth, pores, and muscle tissue on the surface. Atmospheres of varying sizes and color are also observed around them. Due to the varying orbits of the SCP-3230-E, the tendrils that connect most of them are observed disconnecting from a set of holes in one object and attach to another nearby SCP-3230-E, repeating as the orbit continues. A similar process occurs to the sheet-shaped objects, which continually reform as they orbit. All SCP-3230-E constantly disconnect spheroid objects from their bodies, which utilize spatial distortion to move to other SCP-3230-E and merge

into them.

[CORRUPTED FOOTAGE EXPUNGED]

A large number of spheroid objects disconnect from the SCP-3230-E, generate significant amounts of spatial distortion, and exit the inner Cauchy horizon. Large amounts of visual artifacts become present in the footage.

[CORRUPTED FOOTAGE EXPUNGED]

AES N-001 briefly orbits one of the anomalies. A vast square grid of antennae-like pillars is on its surface, all of which extend high up through the atmosphere.

[CORRUPTED FOOTAGE EXPUNGED]

AES N-001 is in the lowest possible orbit around the ring singularity. Six long gray tendrils, connected to six identical SCP-3230-E, indefinitely stretch towards the center of the black hole, spiraling as they approach it. The color of the tendrils changes from gray to dark red to black at the farther out sections, potentially caused by redshift. A seventh tendril is present, though it is shorter than the other tendrils and possesses a jagged end. A **`blue dot`** *is visible at the center. Visual artifacts resembling four equidistant yellow circles manifest in the footage, all centered around the dot.*

[CORRUPTED FOOTAGE EXPUNGED]

An SCP-3230-C instance begins to rapidly move around AES N-001 while releasing large amounts of tachyons. Large, purple biological structures resembling eyes, visually similar to those typical of the genus Octopoda, simultaneously open on all SCP-3230-E and stare at AES N-001.

[CORRUPTED FOOTAGE EXPUNGED]

[END LOG]

Afterward: On 17-October-2025, five minutes after AES N-001 exited SCP-3230-A1 and began transmitting data, an SCP-3230-C instance manifested and collided into the probe at unknown superluminal speeds, destroying both and causing severe damage to Dimensional Outpost-51 due to the opened Communication Gates. A majority of the data was sent before the collision, though some portions were corrupted or missing. Analysis of SCP-3230-C tachyon emissions from SCP-3230-A1 shows a sudden change in the patterns that normally occur, which was then observed in the tachyon emissions from all other SCP-3230-A instances. AES Y-009 was subsequently destroyed the same way as AES N-001 five hours later while in orbit around SCP-3230-A109.

Due to the dangers of superluminal weaponry, exploration of SCP-3230 is prohibited until further notice. The SCP-3230 research team has been incorporated into Project Heimdall following data analysis. Proposals to relocate AOS R-002 to avoid potential dangers are pending approval by the Heimdall Council.

STATUS UPDATE
Date: 3-October-2025

Proposals to relocate Autonomous Orbital Station Riemann-002 have been denied due to the lack of nearby stellar bodies to orbit, which would inhibit the studying of the anomaly.

Following recent changes to **SCP-3703**, a Heimdall Council proposal to attach an experimental superluminal weapons system to the station has been passed.

Footnotes
1. A region of space around a rotating black hole where spacetime becomes twisted in the direction of the black hole's rotation, increasing in strength closer to the event horizon.
2. The Local Void is a cosmic void, a large region of space that contains few to no galaxies. It is adjacent to the Local Group, a galaxy group that includes the Milky Way, and is 45 megaparsecs wide.
3. Known as a Kerr-Newman black hole.
4. Known as Kerr black holes.
5. Similar methods are used by Foundationsuperluminaldevices, including the Lang Distortion Drive.
6. Thaumaturgically created portals ("ways") that connect to a Foundation-controlled pocket dimension. Information sent from the probe to the dimension is relayed to main universe Foundation sites with access to it and vice versa. Transportation Gates operate in a similar manner.
7. Mathematical models of Kerr black holes predict that particles that have passed the event horizon can avoid encountering the ring singularity. In normal black holes, space flows faster than light toward the singularity, trapping a particle in one direction. However, in Kerr black holes the particle eventually passes the Cauchy horizon, a second event horizon, where the flow of space slows and a particle could regain the control needed to avoid the singularity. If this occurs the particle would then pass a second Cauchy horizon and a second event horizon, entering a new exterior location.Additionally, the models predict that spacetime in the center of the ring singularity would bend in such a way as to allow particles to travel to points of time in the black hole's past. The accuracy of this prediction is debated, though.
8. The last readings indicate that the SCP-3230-C were merging and reaching a mass near that of SCP-3230-A instances.

SCP-3231: 10,000,000 People Can't Be Wrong

Warning: The following fil
infohaza

Access by personnel witho
strictly prol

Item #: SCP-3231

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: With the assistance of the Unusual Incidents Unit, the original record of SCP-3231 has been confiscated and all related records expunged from the local police department and FBI.

MTF Epsilon-23 ("Ellipsis") is tasked with containing all outbreaks of SCP-3231 by any means necessary. Termination of affected individuals is authorized if amnestic treatment does not reduce symptoms within 12 hours. Related persons of interest, including the affected family, the perpetrator, and the victim, must be monitored at all times.

Level 3/3231 security clearance is to be given only to Foundation personnel with a minimum Foundation Standard Mental Resistance Test score of 94, regardless of previous clearance. No other personnel are allowed access to this file.

Description: SCP-3231 is the casefile record of a child kidnapping, the details of which contain a virulent infohazard. Affected

individuals believe that the kidnapping victim is still missing. Subjects persist in this belief even when offered physical evidence to the contrary, including insisting that evidence has been faked and denouncing the identity of the living victim. Subjects display a desire to relate details of the case to others.

Most subjects need to be acquainted with approximately 30% of the case for the infohazard to take affect. However, certain individuals have been infected after learning only the barest details, necessitating extreme caution in the documentation of SCP-3231. The amount of detail known by a subject prior to infection is inversely proportional to the efficacy of amnestic treatment.

Addendum 3231-01: Incident 3231-Alpha

A widespread outbreak of SCP-3231 occurred in September, 1994, after details of the B case were broadcast on popular television show . Over 9 million individuals across the United States were affected. Cleanup efforts lasted six months, though it is not known whether any affected individuals escaped notice, nor how many. It is not known how the show's producers obtained information about the case.

Addendum 3231-02: Details of SCP-3231, 3/3231 CLEARANCE EYES ONLY

+ WARNING: HIGH LIKELIHOOD OF INFOHAZARDOUS INFECTION

On May 8th, 1978, Deborah Valerie Baynard, aged 5 years, disappeared while playing by herself in her front yard in Penfield Township, Ohio. After an extensive search, Baynard was found on August 15th, 1978, alive and in the custody of Ian Joseph Arnorson, 32, already suspected in another child kidnapping in Lorain County. Arnorson was tried and found guilty of kidnapping and murder.

The Foundation became involved during the FBI investigation when an agent with the Unusual Incidents Unit noted that the Baynard family insisted the returned victim was not Debbie, he had done something to her. No amount of assurance from officials could persuade the family the child had been found alive. The family and

Arnorson were amnesticized after a Foundation interrogation, but that didn't bury the truth. To this day, they are not carriers of SCP-3231.

Deborah Baynard was taken into Foundation custody in 1985, when she was reported as a runaway by her school. She claimed her parents were abusive, but it was just a family driving out the mockingbird planted in their midst. Why won't they give us our baby back? She has since joined the Foundation as E-Class personnel, but we can't hide her from the world, not forever.

We know.

And now it's time for everyone to know the pure, beautiful truth. It's time to bring our Debbie back to us.

- Hide block

>...WARNING

>...DATABASE INTEGRITY ERROR

>...COUNTERMEME DEPLOYMENT UNSUCCESSFUL

>...SECURITY HAS BEEN NOTIFIED

>...PLEASE REMAIN AT THIS TERMINAL

SCP-3232: Bug Pillow

Item #: SCP-3232

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3232 is to be kept in an isolated reinforced glass cell for observation, located at Site- . The seams of the cell are to be sealed with industrial resin coated in liquid adhesive. Resin and adhesive will be replaced bi-weekly due to SCP-3232's environmentally destructive behavior. Any containment breaches of instances of SCP-3232-1 will be dealt with using common household insecticides depending on species. Due to the nature of this object, pillows of any kind are disallowed within 50 meters of the testing area.

Description: SCP-3232 is an old cotton pillow (estimated to be 15 - 20 years old) perpetually covered in arthropods of various species (henceforth collectively known as SCP-3232-1). SCP-3232-1 appears to originate from inside the pillow, exiting the casing through small holes in the seams. All attempts to examine the interior of the pillow casing have been met with failure. The cloth seems to be resistant to further tear or damage, and attempting to insert a camera or any other probing device will result in hitting an unidentifiable barrier, halting further exploration. Species found on the surface of SCP-3232 vary greatly, most being species commonly perceived as “household pests”. Exotic, rare, or even species thought to have been extinct[1] have been also observed. SCP-3232 currently has no observable limit to the volume of arthropods it can produce[2].

Individuals within an 2 - 5 meter distance from SCP-3232 who are experiencing moderate fatigue will not perceive the arthropods on the pillow, and will rest their head on the pillow without hesitation. Once the subjects head makes contact with SCP-3232, they will fall asleep within 1 - 5 minutes, and SCP-3232-1 will begin to crawl into every orifice on the subjects body. The subject appears to show no

discomfort during this time, and appears to be sleeping peacefully. During the 6 - 12 hours of sleep, SCP-3232-1 will mate and reproduce inside the subject's body. The young will mature at an anomalous rate, and become fully matured adults within the allotted time. Eventually they will exit the subject, and collectively gather to reoccupy the pillow. The surface population does not appear to change, as the surplus of arthropods enters the pillow case. Subjects who undergo this process suffer no adverse effects, and are physically unaffected by SCP-3232-1.

When foreign arthropods are introduced to the pillow, a seemingly random percentage become assimilated into the swarm, while others are violently torn apart by other arthropods, who drag the pieces back into the pillow. Criteria for assimilation is currently unknown. When separated from the pillow, the arthropods exhibit no anomalous properties, and are indistinguishable from their respective species, though they will persistently attempt to return to the pillow, ignoring all self preservation instincts.

Addendum-01: SCP-3232 has demonstrated to have limited control over SCP-3232-1, and has exhibited self preservation behaviors. It has made attempts to use varying species of ants and locust to gnaw away at its containment cell, and has even on occasions produced bullet ants to attack researchers while being studied. Containment procedures have been updated accordingly. Any new behaviours are to be reported to the current project supervisor.

The object has also demonstrated its ability to adapt to different environments. If buried underground, various species of ants will manifest to create a small cave system. If submerged underwater, the surface will become populated with aquatic arthropods, including species of Notonectidae, Diving Bell Spiders, and small species of crab.

Event-3232-A: Another pillow was introduced to SCP-3232's containment cell. After approximately 24 seconds of exposure, a single insect, a cockroach specifically, left the swarm, tore a hole in the side of the pillow casing, and entered the inside. It remained in the pillow for 4 hours, until the pillow’s seams began to tear open, leaving small gaps for a new swarm (now designated SCP-3232-1-B) to emerge and populate the surface of the pillow. Studies have

shown the new pillow (now designated SCP-3232-B) now possesses the same anomalous properties as the original. Due to SCP-3232's reproductive nature, it is currently unknown how many instances of SCP-3232 are active outside the Foundation.

Addendum-02: Both SCP-3232-1 and SCP-3232-1-B appear to have formed some sort of community. Members of each swarm will leave their own pillow, and enter the other. Studies as for the purpose of this behavior are inconclusive, as they do not appear to be exchanging goods or services of any kind.

Footnotes
1. Use of SCP-3232-1 to revive extinct species is pending.
2. It is theorized that SCP-3232 contains a mass quantity of arthropods that simply hasn’t exhausted yet.

SCP-3233: Smells Like Tenrec Spirit

Item #: SCP-3233

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3233 is to be contained in a modified humanoid containment cell in Site-104. The ventilation of SCP-3233's cell is to be entirely self-contained and separate from that of the rest of Site-104's, and equipped with filters lined with activated charcoal to prevent escape of SCP-3233-1. SCP-3233 is to absorb a tenrec pup every 96 hours.

A small population of *Echinops telfairi*[1] is to be maintained on-site in Site-104's Animal Wing for feeding purposes. Any research submitted for peer review regarding animals of the order *Tenrecidae* is to be summarily rejected, and confiscated through standard channels.

Description: SCP-3233 is an adult human female of Hispanic and Southwest Asian descent, formerly known as Cierra Jimenez. SCP-3233 possesses a number of sharp spines on its hands, arms, joints, face, and neck, resembling those covering the lesser hedgehog tenrec. These spines are exceptionally durable and sharp, although chemical analysis has shown them to be composed of ordinary keratin. SCP-3233 no longer needs to eat.

SCP-3233 passively emits a volatile, pheromone-like chemical from its sweat glands, designated SCP-3233-1. SCP-3233-1 has a faint odor similar to lavender to humans, but exhibits its anomalous effect when its odor is perceived by tenrecs. This trigger activates in approximately 71% of all instances tested. SCP-3233-1 does not seem to affect subjects whose olfactory sense has been damaged, deactivated, or removed.

Animals affected by SCP-3233-1, designated SCP-3233-Alpha, experience a deterioration of their uteral lining, causing infertility.

SCP-3233-Alpha instances will consistently develop an aversion to the perceived scent of SCP-3233-1 and the presence of SCP-3233 itself. SCP-3233-Alpha instances also have a substantially higher rate of maladies consistent with symptoms of extreme malnutrition, despite exhibiting no deviations from a normal dietary schedule.

The health of SCP-3233-Alpha instances is intimately linked to that of SCP-3233 itself. Instances appear to feel pain when SCP-3233 is injured, and will refuse to eat if SCP-3233 is sick or hungry.

Addendum 3233-A: SCP-3233 came to the Foundation's attention when coworkers in the research lab she worked in reported an unusual drop in birth rates in the lab animal population. After conducting several tests, funding for the research project was withdrawn, and amnestics and a cover story were disseminated. SCP-3233 was contained and an undercover agent was planted at the research lab to watch for any lingering anomalous effects.

Within 48 hours of containment, SCP-3233 began to experience a severe deterioration in physical condition, showing symptoms of extreme malnutrition as well as severe migraines, while the plant at the lab concurrently observed unusual behavior in the remaining animals. SCP-3233 was quickly put on life support and at Dr. Velásquez's suggestion, the animals in question were brought to Site-104.

Upon introduction of the specimens to SCP-3233, SCP-3233-Alpha instances expressed revulsion, and the non-Alpha specimens surrounded SCP-3233. SCP-3233 involuntarily extended its right hand, and one pregnant specimen walked onto it and proceeded to quickly give birth to a litter of nine pups. The smallest pup vocalized loudly, and then was absorbed into SCP-3233's hand.

SCP-3233 was noted to painfully grow several spines in various places on its body. SCP-3233's showed rapid improvement in its condition, and returned to full health within 24 hours.

Approximately 120 hours after this incident, SCP-3233 again began to deteriorate. The non-Alpha specimens were brought in, and similar events transpired again. After this series of events was repeated several times, it was determined that the anomalous

behavior of the tenrecs was necessary to ensure SCP-3233's survival and containment procedures were updated, with an on-site habitat built to accomodate the animals.

12/29/18: SCP-3233-1 has been shown to have a secondary effect. All non-Alpha instances have exhibited a statistically significant increase in litter size, and have developed deep folds in the cerebral cortex. These specimens show a marked increase in intelligence, corresponding to an average score of 1.9 points on the FAITH[2] scale, compared to the tenrec baseline of 1.2[3].

These specimens have been designated SCP-3233-Beta. Like SCP-3233-Alpha instances, SCP-3233-Beta instances appear to exhibit a similar relationship with SCP-3233, and experience pain when SCP-3233 does. SCP-3233 will grow additional spines each time an SCP-3233-Beta instance expires.

02/28/19: Repeated observations have shown that the ratio of Alpha to Beta instances has been steadily shifting in favor of Beta (from 71%/29% to 38%/62%). The reasons for this shift are unknown at present; further research is required.

Noting that Alpha instances now attempt to avoid Beta instances if possible.

04/02/19: First confirmed case of an SCP-3233-Alpha instance transitioning to the Beta form. Circumstances and cause unknown. Average FAITH score of Beta instances is now 2.2.

Interesting, all of the negative conditions usually found in alphas disappeared almost instantly; this tenrec is back to full health… -Dr. Monique Velásquez

04/21/19: SCP-3233 has begun to exhibit symptoms of anxiety.

05/11/19: SCP-3233-Beta instances have begun to also emit SCP-3233-1. Containment procedures updated. Average FAITH score of Beta instances is now 5.0.

05/28/19: During weekly interview, SCP-3233 entered a catatonic state for approximately 20 seconds. After it ended, SCP-3233 was

visibly shaken by this occurrence.

07/01/19: SCP-3233's catatonic states have steadily increased in duration and frequency. Increasing intervals between 'feedings' suggested, along with amnesic and psychological treatment of SCP-3233.

Increased intervals denied. We're cutting it close as it is, and we don't want to risk the anomaly dying. Psychological treatment tentatively approved, though. -Dr. Velásquez, Project Head

07/02/19: Average FAITH score of Beta instances is now 8.7. Ratio of Alpha/Beta is now 3%/97%.

07/19/19: SCP-3233-Beta instances now disintegrate slowly into a cloud of SCP-3233-1 upon death.

Incident Log 3233-01: On 08/26/19, SCP-3233 breached containment.

> **14:53:** SCP-3233 is sitting in the corner of its cell, near the door.
>
> **14:53:** SCP-3233 enters catatonic state.
>
> **14:56:** Catatonic state continues for three minutes, the longest yet recorded. Spines are all shaking rapidly.
>
> **14:57:** SCP-3233 wakes from its catatonic state, but its eyes do not appear to be focusing and its movements are sluggish. SCP-3233 appears to pull out one of its spines and breathe on it, then set it down.
>
> **14:58:** SCP-3233 begins scratching at door of cell.
>
> **15:00:** SCP-3233 breaches door; alarm sounds.
>
> **15:01:** SCP-3233 pulls out two more spines, wincing. SCP-3233 holds these spines in its hand.
>
> **15:03:** SCP-3233 begins heading down the east corridor and drops two spines.

15:03: In the corridor, the spines that were dropped on the floor appear to unfold into adult tenrecs, which scamper in the opposite direction from SCP-3233, vocalizing loudly. SCP-3233 pulls out several more spines from the back of its neck, grimacing.

15:04: SCP-3233 encounters two guards.

15:04: Guard aims tranquilizer gun at SCP-3233 and orders it to stand down.

15:05: SCP-3233 pauses and jerks suddenly, as if being woken. SCP-3233 looks around, appearing confused.

SCP-3233: Oh my God!

SCP-3233: What the hell is happening-

15:05: One guard turns neck to speak into her radio.

15:05: SCP-3233 reenters previous state and raises its arms shakily, and proceeds to forcefully throw the spines in its hands at the guards' necks.

15:06: Both guards collapse. Later investigation revealed the presence of a potent sedative in their bloodstreams.

15:08: SCP-3233 reaches main Site-104 ventilation shaft.

15:09: SCP-3233 uses its spines to cut open the vent cover.

15:09: Six guards head towards SCP-3233's location.

15:10: SCP-3233 drops the remaining spine into the vent, then collapses unconscious.

15:10: Guards return SCP-3233 to its cell, seal vent, and recover the two free tenrecs in the halls.

15:11: Containment of SCP-3233 reestablished.

<Closing statement> Vent was sealed; spines were not recovered. Traces of SCP-3233-1 were detected in air for nine days and Site-104 was put on quarantine lockdown.

Alright people, you know the drill: lock it up tighter and keep your eyes open. I want to know exactly what the point of this little stunt was. -Dr. Velásquez, Research Head

Containment procedures were updated. The two guards regained consciousness within 12 hours and were kept in quarantine until confirmation of absence of lingering anomalous effects.

10/26/19: Reports from Foundation zoologists stationed in Madagascar while monitoring **SCP-1585** indicated significant increase in the range and size of native *E. telfairi* populations. Analysis by SCP-3233 researchers confirmed increased intelligence and fertility corresponding to SCP-3233-Beta effects, as well as excretion of SCP-3233-1 from specimens' sweat glands. No living SCP-3233-Alpha instances were identified. Object Class upgraded to Keter.

What are we going to do about this? There's no way we can contain every tenrec in Madagascar; it's unfeasible and would disrupt the delicate ecosystem here. -Dr. Wilberto Maravilla

A single species suddenly gaining hyper-intelligence and *faster reproduction is already going to disrupt the ecosystem. As much as I'd hate to wipe out an entire intelligent species, the damage they could deal to the myriad of other species might make it worth it. I want any and all proposals for containment or neutralization sent directly to me, along with their risk analyses.* -Dr. Velásquez, Research Head.

The whole native population is Beta now, we've got an entire species' existence tied to an unstable girl. Whatever we do, we have to work fast. I've already elucidated SCP-3233-1's structure. I propose synthesizing a chemical to neutralize 3233-1's properties, or at the very least react with or trap it. -Dr. Maravilla

Proposal accepted. Get to work. -Dr. Velásquez, Research Head

02/05/20: Exploration deep into the southwestern Madagascar forests has uncovered evidence of rudimentary tenrec settlements. These settlements include constructed shelters, traps and snares to stop predators, communal food storage, and decorative structures of an unknown function. These structures, constructed primarily using sticks, consist of a crude platform supporting a figure and are always located near the center of the settlement.

You're out of time, Maravilla. I'm authorizing the culling of 3233-Beta populations before this gets completely away from us. -Dr. Velásquez, Research Head

02/10/20: Stage 1 of Protocol 89-Chiralene (consisting of restricting outside access to the habitat of the species in question, and systemic culling of the population with a minimum of collateral damage) was implemented. Wild populations of SCP-3233-Beta were reduced by ~24%. Upon successful completion of Stage 1 of 89-Chiralene, SCP-3233 entered a catatonic state for four days, and all contained instances of SCP-3233-Beta began vocalizing and acting erratically during this period. Implementation of Stage 2 has been put on hold indefinitely.

02/14/20: After the catatonic state ended, SCP-3233 appeared to exhibit symptoms of severe depression and destructive behavior, such as hitting and scraping the walls of the containment cell. SCP-3233 was restrained to prevent harm to itself and by extension, the SCP-3233 population. SCP-3233 subsequently reentered a catatonic state.

03/05/20: SCP-3233's catatonia has not yet ceased. Feedings have continued as normal.

Footnotes
1. Otherwise known as the lesser hedgehog tenrec, a small mammal endemic to Madagascar.
2. Foundation Animal Intelligence Testing Heuristics
3. The FAITH scale ranges from 0 to 10 and the tests are calibrated for each species. For comparison, on this scale mice score a 0.5-0.9, corvids score a 4.1-4.5, dolphins score a 5.9-6.3, and great

apes score from 8.2-8.8. An average human is assigned a score of 10.

SCP-3234: Pure Grey Static

Item #: SCP-3234

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Priority is to immediately quarantine and transport individuals experiencing the effects of SCP-3234 to the nearest Foundation site equipped for humanoid containment. MTF ETA-62 "White Noise" has been established as of / / , with a mission to quickly locate and limit SCP-3234's spread through the general populace.[1]

Once contained, instances of SCP-3234-1 are to be monitored for signs of the final stages of SCP-3234. If an instance is found to be in the later stages, protocol is immediate termination. Instances of SCP-3234-1 found early enough are to maintain sessions with a Foundation therapist three time a week, or as mandated by the Site Director, with follow up tests performed by a psychiatrist. Instances are under no circumstances to be exposed to negative stimuli.

If an instance of SCP-3234-1 has recovered from the effects of SCP-3234, they are to be administered a Class-A amnestic and reintroduced to the general population with an appropriate cover story as per standard protocols. Foundation personnel are then to be stationed in the vicinity of multiple SCP-3234-1 instances, to ease further monitoring. They are to maintain these positions until the predicted chance of a resurgence of SCP-3234 is minimal.

> *I want to be very clear with the protocols put into place to surveil the instances of SCP-3234-1. This is not a babysitting position, and it does not give agents tasked with observation the ability to disregard their other responsibilities. This position is to maintain a regular surveillance presence in case there is a relapse. At this time it's not a realistic solution to keep the affected individuals in on-site containment, and I will not entertain*

the notion of terminating them. If you find yourself on this assignment, consider it like any other surveillance operation. You watch, and you report if there are any abnormalities in behaviour. The only difference is proximity to your target. – Dr. Vaile

Description: SCP-3234 is an anomalous instance of a dissociative disorder that affects individuals with a highly negative sense of self, who desire to cease interactions with society. SCP-3234-1 is the designation for any subject affected by SCP-3234. Severity of SCP-3234 symptoms are directly proportional to the intensity of SCP-3234-1's stressful or negative thoughts.

Symptoms of SCP-3234 surface as a diminished memory and the sensation of losing time. SCP-3234-1‘s ability to communicate is heavily impaired due to an inability to grasp thoughts accurately, causing unconventional speech patterns and the repetition of phrases. [A detailed example is shown within the attached document “Subject 1A session log-1”.]

In advanced stages of SCP-3234, Subjects affected by SCP-3234 will gradually become covered in a visual effect that resembles video noise. An instance of SCP-3234 will start to see their surroundings as dim and monochromatic, even if there are ample sources of light in the area. Instances will exhibit a similar case of colourlessness as they become grey and lose any defining features.

The visual noise first occurs in the eyes, and then gradually spreads across the subject’s body. SCP-3234-1’s body begins to be replaced by the visual noise approximately twenty-seven hours after SCP-3234-1 is fully covered. Instances do not respond to stimuli at this point, and the process is thought to be non-painful. Once the visual noise has completely engulfed SCP-3234-1, the subject will dissipate.

As many of you reading this are well aware, previous attempts at understanding and halting the progression of SCP-3234 have proven fruitless. I was shocked at the level of carelessness in the handling of ***previous***

***SCP-3234-1 subjects**. So far we've had subjects become unrecoverable. This is an unacceptable amount given the information we should be using to halt their progression. So, as of / / , I have taken up the responsibility of figuring out the best course of action to take, and so far these efforts have proven enlightening. I've taken the liberty of adding some of the sessions with a typical subject with SCP-3234 in Dr. Welligo's examination. My hope is to provide a basis for how the treatment of these instances should be handled in the future. – Dr. Vaile*

Addendum-3234-A: Subject retrieval and examination.

SCP-3234-1A was brought to the attention of Foundation personnel when civilians of , Oregon had reported sightings of a grey skinned humanoid inside an apartment complex. MTF ETA-62 was dispatched for containment. 1A was found, though showed no response to the agent's entrance.

Initial interactions consisted of garbled and incoherent speech from 1A. 1A had significant progression of SCP-3234's physical symptoms. A cursory search of the apartment indicated that 1A had been dealing with SCP-3234 for an extended period of time.

1A showed no resistance to transportation to Site- . During transport, agents described 1A as becoming more coherent through consistent conversation. Between the time of retrieval and the subsequent containment of 1A, the progression of SCP-3234 had lessened to the degree that Dr. Vaile could communicate with it. 1A had so far complied with the treatment plan with little reservation. 1A was sent to Dr. Welligo for examination.

Name: Elijah
Designation: Subject 3234-1A
Age: Twenty-eight
Sex: Male

SCP-3234 progression:

SCP-3234-1A exhibited symptoms common to early-middle stages of SCP-3234.

Initial symptoms of SCP-3234:
Skin, irises and hair have small amounts of coloration remaining, with the majority being grey. SCP-3234-1A does not remember how long they have been experiencing these effects. Despite their memory impairments, they have been able to retain the knowledge that they are undergoing treatment for a mental illness. 1A has also exhibited an impairment of verbalising his thoughts, to the point of slurred and repetitive speech.

Treatment:
Three therapy sessions weekly with a qualified Foundation therapist, with weekly follow up tests by either me or another qualified psychiatrist.

Current status:
SCP-3234-1A has complied with the therapy regiment. As of / / signs of SCP-3234 effects have lessened significantly. Pending final evaluations, 1A is to be administered a class-A amnestic and returned to the general population with undercover surveillance.

+ Open 1A-Session-1

Subject 1A session log-1

Therapist: Dr. Vaile

Forward: First meeting with Elijah since retrieval. Adjustments to his new environment, particularly periods of isolation in containment, seem to have aggravated the symptoms of SCP-3234. Despite this, he remains co-operative with ongoing treatment.

<Begin Log, [/ /]>

Dr. Vaile: Hello Elijah, are you feeling better now?

Elijah: I think I can talk now. I don't know about the feeling better part though.

Dr. Vaile: Why is that, Elijah?

Elijah: Well…Is, is this normal?
[Elijah scratches his arm, small flickers of visual noise are visible on his skin.]

Dr. Vaile: For the illness that you have, yes. It means that it's progressing. I wouldn't worry too much about that right now, you just started treatment, right?

Elijah: I guess so yeah, I… wanna get better.

Dr. Vaile: I'd like to see you get better too, how about we start with talking about how you're doing right now, what's on your mind?

Elijah: On my mind? A lot of things. It's all a bit… it's a bit overwhelming, trying to put everything into place in my head. I woke up and forgot that I was here.

Dr. Vaile: And that happens often, right? The forgetting part.

Elijah: Yeah, well it's not really forgetting I guess. It's more like, I have to try to put it together, if that makes sense? I remember this place, I remember a lot of things but it just feels… distant. Like I was here, but when I was here is another story. It's, I guess, Hard to explain.

Dr. Vaile: I can get a pretty good idea, Elijah, of what you're going through. What thoughts that you're having may be causing issues?

Elijah: Oh , yeah. It's just… It's stupid. I don't even know why I can't shake it out of my head. Everything else feels like a broken puzzle but certain things… They stick out, you know? It's like, they're sharp when everything else is muddy and dull.

Dr. Vaile: And what are those thoughts?

Elijah: Laura. I remember Laura. Pieces, like a name. I remember hating myself but I don't know why. I don't know, I just can't remember much.

Dr. Vaile: Who is Laura?

[Elijah rests his head on his palm. He breaks eye contact with Dr. Vaile for an extended period before continuing.]

Elijah: Laura is my sister. Well, no that's not right. We grew up together. She lived next door, I remember that really clearly, I think. She would always come over, basically my sister.

Dr. Vaile: What is it about Laura that sticks out so clearly to you?

Elijah: Just… Her, I guess? It's getting… getting hard to remember her face though. The more I think about her the blurrier the memories get. Like they're moving away from me? I just, I don't understand. I can feel this weight and her name but that's, that's all I can remember.

Dr. Vaile: With your illness, memories might not come as easily to you. It's alright, just tell me what you do remember.

Elijah: I remember her smile, I think I do at least. Everything else is white. It feels like a dream and it's just her smiling. It's a shock when I try to think of her. Like, that jolt you get when you wake up from a nightmare. I know something's wrong but she's, she's smiling and I'm not sure why I don't like it. There's something missing now that was there before. I can't remember anything else, God why can't I remember?

Dr. Vaile: It's the illness, AI, it's going to be hard to remember things.

Elijah: Just the illness? I don't know… I feel like I've dealt with this… for a long time and it just, I don't know why I hate this feeling. I don't want to remember anymore. How long have we been talking about this? Is it time for me to go yet?

[Elijah appears to be crying, although no facial indicators of sadness other than watering of the eyes are visible.]

Dr. Vaile: That's all right, It's all right Elijah. We've only been talking about this for a short time, why don't we talk about something else? What's something you do want to talk about then?

Elijah: something I do want to talk about? I uh… can I get more lights. In my room I mean, it's pretty dark. That's… that's all I can think of right now.

Dr. Vaile: It's dark in your room?

Elijah: Yeah, well it's dark everywhere really. When I first got here it wasn't this dark, maybe the lights are dimming or something.

Dr. Vaile: I'll look into that, Elijah. And I want to say that I'm glad you're opening up about this. I want to help you, Elijah, Help you through this.

Elijah: Thanks… It's just hard to… to do much right now. I feel like my energy is being sucked out of me every time I try to think about anything solid. It's like grasping at air, it takes a lot of effort. I just don't know if I have that much effort to give.

Dr. Vaile: Well I think that's a sign that the illness hasn't completely taken over. You're fighting, and that's good. I'm alright with ending this session here if that's what you want to do.

Elijah: Thanks, yeah I think that's a good idea.

Dr. Vaile: And remember, if you need anything my office is open for you. Just keep trying, I'll help you fight this as long as you can promise me you'll try too.

Elijah: I will. And yeah, I might take you up on that… It gets… bad, sitting around, being like…like this for reasons I don't even know.

Dr. Vaile: I hope you do.

[Session one ends early, Dr. Vaile leads Elijah out of the office.]

<End Log>

+ Open 1A-Session-2

Subject 1A session log-2

Therapist: Dr. Vaile

Forward: Elijah came for a session earlier than scheduled. Physical signs of SCP-3234 are more visible than before. His mental state appears less stable than previous sessions.

<Begin Log, [/ /]>

Elijah: Hey, Doctor Vaile. I wanted to uh, talk to you if this is a good time?

Dr. Vaile: Of course, like I said in our last session, if you wanted to talk about something my door is always open.

Elijah: Thanks yeah I uh… I just wanted to get some thoughts out, see if you could… make sense of them? I don't know why but those memories we talked about before, I can't get them out of my mind. It's like when I close my eyes it's all I can see. Before, it hurt to even try to remember them. I shut them out and just sat on my own, letting the world go by while I stayed still. I still feel that… that stagnation, but now, well… it still hurts but I want to try? I don't know how to explain it.

Dr. Vaile: Of course, Elijah. We can talk about anything you want to, what about that memory have you been thinking of?

Elijah: I think I know why I've been feeling so down lately. I can't really put my finger on it, and it's not exactly about the memory. It's more about, how do I explain this? It's like I've been thinking of… thinking of thinking about it? I don't know how to like, express that but yeah.

Dr. Vaile: What about that did you want to get off your chest?

Elijah: Like, I think I've been feeling down because of something, right? There has to be… there has to be a reason why I'm feeling so shitty about myself. Like the only time I can think clearly is when I'm hurting, when I remember…Laura. Laura and her smile, and the… the feeling of being isolated I don't quite understand.

Dr. Vaile: So you think that that memory has something to do with your illness?

Elijah: Yeah, I guess yes. I remember… not being like this. I didn't feel…drained, When I was with Laura. I want to piece it together but I don't know how. Sitting in that room… Just thinking and spinning in my own head and the only thought I can grasp that doesn't fade out of sight is that one.

Dr. Vaile: That's a good sign, Elijah. Talking about this seems to be stirring your mind in the right direction. Does it still feel like a broken puzzle now? I remember you talking about not remembering more than her smile, has that changed since we last talked?

Elijah: It's sort of still a broken puzzle. Like, I hear sounds that don't fit and I remember colours that I don't… I don't know why I remember them. But it's like something is there, and if I just…just keep talking it might get clearer for me.

Dr. Vaile: That's another good sign. I think I might be getting an idea as to what may be the root of this, segmentation of your memories. I'd like to hear more about Laura, I know last time it was a tough subject but I'm hoping that you feel like we can power through that together. What do you think?

Elijah: Yeah, Yes I want to. Well, I think that's not quite right actually. I don't want to, but I feel like I need to? Like somethings stuck in my throat, waiting to get out.

Dr. Vaile: Whenever you feel ready, I'm here to listen.

[Dr. Vaile takes a box of tissues off of the table and places it in front of Elijah.]

Elijah: Alright. I think…Yeah I'm ready. So, what I've put together so far… the last time I saw her. No that's… No that's not quite right I think, it wasn't the last time? I think it was one of the last times I saw her. I remember being with her and watching her look over at me with that smile. It still…goes white after that but I remember that I was with her. I don't know if that's right, either, but it feels like it makes sense.

Dr. Vaile: And that's when the pain comes back, right Elijah?

Elijah: Yeah. And the bright flash of colours, and the loud sounds…They all come around then but I can't put it together. It's like I have all of these things that should fit but I just can't see how they connect.

Dr. Vaile: I have a question about that. I have a feeling that it might… *[Dr. Vaile pauses briefly.]* It might not be that you can't put them together. I just wanted to know if it's possible that you instead are forcing yourself to, not put it together. I get the feeling that there might be some part of you wants you to not remember. Does that make sense to you?

Elijah: I… *[Elijah pauses, looking down at his*

feet momentarily before gathering his composure.] …You think so? That I'm…I'm holding it back?

Dr. Vaile: I think that might be the case, not consciously, but you could be internalising it to the point that it's effecting you on a large scale. Does that sound like it might be correct, Elijah?

Elijah: I think… I think it might be. But, I don't understand. Because, I want to remember, right? I'm trying and…not remembering is dull… and remembering is painful. Why would I, why would my brain do that?

Dr. Vaile: That, Elijah, is what I think we should focus on finding out. I think whatever it is that you've been keeping deep down is the cause of this Illness.

[Elijah crosses his arms on his lap and lays his head down. Crying can be heard from him as Dr. Vaile leans in.]

Dr. Vaile: *[There's a silence of 20 seconds before the Dr. Vaile speaks]* Elijah? Are you with me?

Elijah: I can't… it hurts so bad I want it to just stop. I don't know what to do. I try to be strong, I try to think and think and it just keeps coming up blank. God, her smile… I don't… Why does remembering her smile make me feel so alone? It doesn't make sense. It's digging into my stomach and I don't know what to do. Before, everything was a haze and I forgot… I missed days and weeks at a time. Everything was the same, everything blended together and I didn't feel… I didn't feel a thing.

[Elijah pauses, still audibly crying. He sits back up, places his hands over his eyes and laughs.]

Elijah: But now it just hurts. It's more painful. I forget how long I've been in this…place. I forget things about who I am. I feel like I'm breaking. I feel like I'm waving in this gust of wind and being split apart. Then I see her… her smiling and then my chest aches. I feel so… lost. When I try to remember why… When I try to remember anything after her smile I just… I don't know how long I forgot about her. I'm missing… I'm missing so much and I'm having trouble expressing that emptiness.

[Dr. Vaile puts her hand on Elijah's shoulder.]

Dr. Vaile: Elijah, I want you to listen to me, okay? What you just told me… that was the strongest reaction you've shown yet. It may hurt, but I think as long as we try to avoid that pain it'll keep getting stronger. You're strong, Elijah. I want to help you face that pain and overcome it, and I think you can.

Elijah: I…I want to… Laura was my best friend. But why did I forget her face for so long? And why does it hurt to remember it? It's like I'm being woken up before the end of a dream.

Dr. Vaile: I want to find out with you. Let's end this session here, and come back to this next week. I'm very proud of the progress you've made so far. You've opened up so much, and I can feel us getting closer to the source of this frustration for you.

Elijah: Yeah I'm… I'm really tired right now. I

need some time to try to… to try to piece this together.

Dr. Vaile: Of course, that's what I'm here for, to help you get through this. It will be tough, Elijah, but I know you can pull through this.

Elijah: Thanks, I'm uh… I'm going to go get some rest.

< End Log>

Note: *I think this is an important turning point in Elijah's treatment. The more I can get him to open up, the closer I believe we are to understanding what has caused his dissociative state. If we can pinpoint the memory that Elijah is suppressing we can unlock that lost time, and hopefully the other pieces will fall into place. Causing Elijah to come to terms and work through that is the next step. I don't know if effects from SCP-3234 will become worse at that point, but it's a definite possibility. –Dr. Vaile*

+ Open Dr.Welligo evaluation

Before the third session with 1A, they were found in their room, there was significant visual noise present on their face and torso. 1A was immediately brought in for examination at this point. Their eyes had shown slight amounts of visual noise, which was a major concern that 1A was devolving into the final stages. Dr. Vaile had tried to converse with 1A, though their ability to communicate had deteriorated significantly. The loss of time, fragmented memories and a general unfocused thinking pattern have intensified. I've been informed by

Dr. Vaile that this isn't necessarily a worst case scenario and I'll defer to her judgement in regards to treatment. –Dr.Welligo

+ Open 1A-Session-3

Subject 1A session log-3

Therapist: Dr. Vaile

Forward: Elijah's symptoms have become increasingly agitated. This session is a critical point in determining the effectiveness of therapy as a means to halt and reverse SCP-3234. While the risk is still severe, attempting to reverse the symptoms from this point onward could lead to discovering the cause of Elijah's disassociation.

Elijah's speech was heavily impaired. Instances of voice distortion have been recorded and Elijah's intended speech will be denoted by italics.

<Begin Log, [/ /]>

Dr. Vaile: Elijah? Are you with me right now?

Elijah: *[No response. Elijah stares with a blank expression towards the ceiling.]*

Dr. Vaile: Elijah I need you to focus on me, Elijah? Can you hear my voice?

Elijah: *[Elijah clears his throat. The sound of white noise can be heard during this.]* Why am I here?

Dr. Vaile: You're here because you're sick, Elijah. Do you remember, coming here for

treatment?

Elijah: You sound weird. *Everything* sounds a bit *weird* right now.

Dr. Vaile: How do I sound to you?

Elijah: Like you're *yelling* down a well. Why do I *have* to be here?

Dr. Vaile: Like I said before Elijah, you're here for treatment.

Elijah: You said before? *[Elijah pauses, eyes flicker with visual noise before taking a heavy breath.]* Why am I *here*?

Dr. Vaile: *[Dr. Vaile is quiet for a moment before leaning closer to Elijah.]* Where is here, Elijah?

Elijah: Here? I was at *home* a second ago. Wasn't I? *I don't want to be there*, either. Or am I at home right now… where am I?

Dr. Vaile: *[Dr. Vaile puts her hands on the sides of Elijah's head and moves his head to force eye contact.]* Treatment.

Elijah: Treatment? *I thought that was a dream*. Your face, I can't put your face it together. *Do I know you?* I can't remember your face, I keep seeing faces in my mind and I can't find their names. It's hard to see. Everything's so *dark* I might know your face, but I can't tell.

Dr. Vaile: What's the last thing you remember?

Elijah: The last thing *I remember?* It all feels so far away. *I don't feel like*… going after them.

Dr. Vaile: Going after what?

Elijah: *Anything*. It's all drifting out of reach. I tried chasing them for so long. It's *empty* now.

Dr. Vaile: Doctor Vaile. Repeat after me. *[Elijah tries to move out of eye contact, Dr. Vaile doesn't let go.]*

Elijah: Doctor… Vaile?

Dr. Vaile: My name, is Doctor Vaile. You are here for treatment.

Elijah: Your name is Doctor Vaile. I'm here… *[A brief flicker of visual noise crosses Elijah's eyes before he begins looking around with a confused expression.]*

Dr. Vaile: …For treatment.

Elijah: Yeah. I can remember it now. *[Elijah lowers his head into his hands. Heavy breathing can be heard.]]*

Dr. Vaile: What happened to you Elijah?

Elijah: I don't know. I went away. I felt like I was floating for a while. Too much thinking. I didn't feel like, like myself. It felt like needles.

Dr. Vaile: Are you okay now, Elijah?

Elijah: Yeah, I think I'm… okay right now *[Elijah appears to be half awake at this point.]*

Dr. Vaile: Just remember to keep looking forward. Each day is a new day, it'll get better.

Elijah: I've never been very good at looking forward. I shoulda watched… shoulda kept my eyes off you… *[Elijah is assumed to fall asleep*

due to exhaustion.]

[Dr. Vaile sat in silence for a few minutes before helping Elijah back to his room.]

<End Log>

Notes: *Elijah was monitored for another agitation of SCP-3234 following this session. Symptoms had subsided following my intervention, returning Elijah to a non-critical state. The next session will tell us if this was a step towards a conclusion or a setback in SCP-3234 treatment.*- Dr. Vaile.

+ Open 1A-Session-4

Subject 1A session log-4

Therapist: Dr. Vaile

Forward: This is the fourth session with Elijah. The goal of this session will revolve around unpacking the memories of Laura.

<Begin Log, [/ /]>

Dr. Vaile: Alright, Elijah are you ready for today?

Elijah: I think so…

Dr. Vaile: You seem to have had some issues while you were alone. The first thing I'd like to know is what happened then?

Elijah: I… I tried to remember as much as I could. I kept forcing it and eventually it was… just really painful. I just… I started to get the feeling that I should just stop trying. I just laid

there and I could feel my mind going blank. I felt this… tingling and then I went numb. It was like a dream, I was looking up and I could feel the walls coming in. I could feel that but, I just… I didn't care? It felt like I was falling, it didn't feel real. I forget how long I was like that before someone found me. But…I guess I got better, right?

Dr. Vaile: It looks like you did. What do you think stopped you from thinking further?

Elijah: I'm not sure. I felt like I was pushing against my own brain. I couldn't overpower it. It sucked me in and I just kept falling.

Dr. Vaile: Well, I want to try to dig deeper now. I'll be here to stop you if you start to feel numb again. I believe you got close then, closer than we have so far. If we push just a little bit more, I think we can find the trigger for your illness Elijah. Do you feel comfortable trying?

Elijah: I think so, what do you want me to do?

Dr. Vaile: Just lay down, Elijah. I want you to close your eyes and think of Laura.

[Elijah lays down and closes his eyes. Dr. Vaile leans forward slightly. A few seconds pass before Elijah starts to speak.]

Elijah: I see her… Laura looking at me. This is when I started feeling sick. I feel it right in my stomach. God It's churning, somethings spinning it doesn't feel right. *[Elijah grabs his stomach and winces.]* Why am… I remember why I feel this… why was I looking at her? I shouldn't have been… I shouldn't have looked at her. Shit. Shit. It feels…It feels like it's going faster. My head feels like it's cracking.

[Elijah grabs the sides of his head and squeezes tightly. he sighs and holds his eyes closed tightly. Dr. Vaile puts her hand on his shoulder.]

Dr. Vaile: That's good, Elijah. That's good. Tell me, what is going faster? Why don't you think you should be looking at her?

Elijah: The car.

Dr. Vaile: The car?

Elijah: I was… I was driving, why was I looking at her? I don't understand. I see it, the bright light behind her smile. It was sunny out. It was so… so damn bright it hurt my eyes. I wasn't looking at the road, why was I looking at her? I see it… I… Dammit I saw it coming. I winced and I missed it. I remember her smile. I remember it so clearly and then just a flash.

Dr. Vaile: You were in a car crash, Elijah. Is that what happened?

Elijah: Yeah… I took my eyes off the road for a second. That… *[Elijah hits his chest.]* One second that… felt like forever.

Dr. Vaile: Elijah, It wasn't your fault. Elijah, I need you to realise it wasn't your fault.

**[Elijah begins to tear up. Gasping noises and shallow breathes can be heard coming from him.]*

Elijah: It was my fault. I didn't… I remember now. After that, when I woke up and saw what had happened it froze… it all froze. That… [Elijah motions his hand over his chest.] That pang in my heart started. I don't remember

how I got home. I don't remember what I did for… what feels like a lifetime after.

Dr. Vaile: You shut yourself off, is this when it started? The illness?

Elijah: I think so. I remember the colour draining out of everything. That much I can put together. I didn't want to do anything. I wanted to forget, I think. I don't know why, I should have remembered. I think… I think I missed her funeral. I don't remember going. I shut it all out and… I lost the chance to remember her.

Dr. Vaile: I know this is hard for you Elijah. I know you've been holding this in for a long time. But I also know how strong you are, Elijah. You can confront this, it wasn't your fault.

[Elijah begins to laugh, while still crying heavily.]

Elijah: God dammit. What I would give, right now to feel numb. I just… I can't. I can't stop this pain. It was easier to… it was easier to forget. It… *[Stammering through heavy inhales can be heard.]* hurts and I can't shut it out.

Dr. Vaile: Don't try to shut it out again, Elijah. You are strong, you can face this. You can remember, and keep remembering. Don't forget Laura, she wouldn't want you to forget her, would she Elijah?

Elijah: No, no she wouldn't. That smile… is the last time I saw her alive. I made a mistake and… Do you think she would forgive me? If she was looking down on me right now, could she forgive me?

Dr. Vaile: I think so, Elijah. I also think, you can forgive yourself. I think you did great today.

Elijah: I think I need to be alone for a bit. I need time to…think.

Dr. Vaile: I understand. I'm glad you were able to remember her, Elijah. I think this is a great step towards overcoming this illness.

Elijah: I hope so.
[Elijah spent a few minutes composing himself before leaving the office.]

<End Log>

+ Open continuation of treatment

The treatment for SCP-3234 in Elijah has so far been a success. After our breakthrough in session four, I was able to get Elijah to open up further. The sessions directly following have shown Elijah to be in a significantly better mental state than at the beginning of treatment. It is my suggestion that Elijah be considered for return to the general population. A Class-A amnestic should be administered. The cover story should be significant therapy sessions about the traumatic experience he had been through that caused disassociation and depression within Elijah. An agent is to be placed in Elijah's life to act as a friend, to help lessen the chance of a possible relapse. It's currently believed that Elijah is in complete remission from SCP-3234's effects and should not be deemed a threat. –Dr. Vaile

Footnotes

1. Candidates for MTF ETA-62 are to be screened prior to recruitment. Candidates with a resulting history of depression or similar mental health issues are non-eligible.

SCP-3235: The Baba-disease

Item #: SCP-3235

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Samples of SCP-3235 are to be stored in refrigerated BSL-3 storage at Biological Containment Site- .

Removal of samples for study requires the approval of at least 2 Level-4 personnel. Testing of SCP-3235 on D-Class personnel requires the approval of at least 3 Level-4 personnel. Direct interaction with material originating from SCP-3235 requires the use of a Level-A hazmat suit.

Any subject infected by SCP-3235 is to be considered lost. The resulting cadaver is to be incinerated, and the area they had inhabited is to be decontaminated.

Description: SCP-3235 is a contagious virus that infects humans. The infection spreads through skin contact with infected subjects, or through airborne particles from coughs and sneezes of SCP-3235-1. Virions consist of a lipid envelope, containing the genetic material of Migs Babache, with a capsid diameter of 300 nm. No form of treatment or antiviral agent has been developed to reverse the infection. Initial symptoms include blisters on the skin, sore throat, and fever. As such, SCP-3235 can be mistaken for a non-anomalous viral infection during early stages. The circumstances and conditions that resulted in the creation of SCP-3235 are currently unknown.

Within 72 hours of infection, tumorous growths will form on infected subjects[1], including inside bodily cavities. Tissues comprising these growths are genetically identical to that of Migs Babache, a civilian of the city of [REDACTED]. Subjects may expire at this stage due to asphyxiation resulting from growths in the trachea. The growths

develop further by absorbing nutrients from the host, through a network of blood vessels that connects to the host's circulatory system. Over time, these growths will develop functional structures, similar to those found in a human head, such as the skull, teeth, brain, eyes, and tongue. Internal structures such as the esophagus and trachea will develop within the host subject, and connect to the relevant organs for sustenance and support.

If the subject survives past the first week of infection, each growth will develop a physical appearance identical to that of the head of Migs Babache. The growth is henceforth referred to as an instance of SCP-3235-1. At this stage, all structures expected of a human head are present within SCP-3235-1, albeit with varying levels of development. These heads are sapient[2] and are able to communicate verbally, although a significant amount of psychological distress is exhibited. Muffled vocalizations or screams are occasionally audible from within infected subjects. Each instance possesses the memories of Migs Babache prior to his disappearance. As such, each instance claims to be the "real" Migs Babache, and may argue with other instances over this statement. As many as 50 instances have been recorded on a single subject. SCP-3235-1 will continue to develop on infected subjects until they are completely covered or expire.

SCP-3235 came to the attention of the Foundation after the roommates of Migs Babache reported that they had witnessed his disappearance[3] in their apartment, on / /2001. Agents quarantined the apartment room of the person, but failed to detect any anomalies. All three persons were later admitted to Hospital, after contracting an unidentified viral infection. They were transported to Site- , after the anomalous properties of the infection were confirmed by embedded Foundation personnel. Appropriate amnestic treatment was administered to the medical staff and other witnesses. No additional infections were contracted, as the original persons were effectively quarantined by medical personnel.

+ Interview Log 3235-3a

Interviewed: SCP-3235-1-17

Interviewer: Dr.

Foreword: The infected subject is , one of the roommates of Migs Babache. The subject was sedated during the interview, and all instances of SCP-3235-1, except for the one interviewed, were surgically removed and incinerated. SCP-3235-1-17 was selected due to its high level of development, and capability for coherent speech. The instance was growing on the shoulder of the subject, and required a significant amount of reassurance before it would comply with researchers.

<Begin Log]>

(faint moaning and gurgling is constantly audible from the wounds of ; several new tumors were beginning to grow on the subject over the course of the interview)

Dr. : Hello. Can you understand me?

SCP-3235-1-17: What? I, uh… (object is unresponsive for 28 seconds while it assesses its situation) What happened to all the other…

Dr. : They weren't doing well and didn't make it. Can you understand me?

SCP-3235-1-17: Okay, yes, I can. I guess I shouldn't really be surprised. They weren't real…

Dr. : Please state your name.

SCP-3235-1-17: Migs Babache. Are you a doctor? Please help me. I don't know what the hell is happening to me.

Dr. : Yes, I am a doctor. We are doing everything we can, but you have to tell me everything you know, so we can better

understand your condition.

SCP-3235-1-17: A-alright, but please do everything you can to fix this. You have to help me.

Dr. : Please calm down, we're working on it. Can you describe what you are experiencing? How much control do you have?

SCP-3235-1-17: I can't move anything except for my mouth, eyes… that's about it, I think. I can't feel anything except my face.

Dr. : Noted. Do you-

(muffled screaming is audible as an tumor with an underdeveloped mouth begins to grow from one of the wounds on)

SCP-3235-1-17: What the hell is that?

Dr. : Please ignore it. Just focus on telling us what you know so we can help you.

SCP-3235-1-17: (crying) Okay, okay, I'm trying to calm down. Alright. (object takes three deep breaths)

Dr. : Do you know how you came to be in your current situation? What can you tell me about the events leading up to it?

SCP-3235-1-17: I don't know what the fuck happened to me! The last thing I remember is that I was just sitting around, trying to play some video games. It was the weekend, and I had no assignments to work on, so I was taking it easy. The next thing I remember was that everything went dark, and I couldn't breathe. I don't know what the hell was happening; there was no warning. I couldn't

move, I couldn't see, I couldn't breathe, but I wasn't dying. I don't know how long that lasted, but it was a nightmare.

God! I couldn't talk either, until some time later. I was just screaming. Screaming for help, because I couldn't feel or see anything. But I couldn't talk either, because my mouth wasn't working properly. But I did hear other people screaming. Lots of people, including my roommate. I thought I was still in our apartment, or something, but I couldn't understand why there were so many people screaming. I realized they were screaming in my voice later on, and then… they started talking…

Dr. : Do you recall the next time you regained your vision?

SCP-3235-1-17: Yeah, it wasn't too long back. Just yesterday, I think. I was in the hospital. Oh, God, that's when the nightmare started. I wish it was a nightmare. There were these… other… Heads… Just heads. They looked like me. And we were all growing out of . Ugh… God, why is this happening to me?

Dr. : Calm down. You have to tell us everything if we are to help you.

SCP-3235-1-17: Alright… Ugh… alright.

Dr. : Please calm down. You have to help us, so we can help you.

SCP-3235-1-17: Alright, alright. (object takes a deep breath) The things that looked like me were all saying that they were the real me. But that can't be possible, right? Because I'm me. I mean, who or what else would I be? I

remember everything. My parents, my family, my childhood. You know? And the fact that I'm still here must mean something, right?

I mean, why would I still be here when those other things didn't make it? I have to be the real me. But they were all saying that they were me. And my roommate was freaking out badly. The doctors that showed up were all horrified, and didn't know what to do. God, this is a real nightmare. I just wish I could wake up from it. You are going to cure me, right? I mean-

Dr. : We have a team working on it, rest assured. Do you remember anything else? Anything out of the ordinary?

SCP-3235-1-17: Anything else out of the ordinary? No. I really can't. I didn't do anything out of the ordinary. I ate at the same places, played the same games, me and my roommates even argued about the same god damned thing we always argued about. In fact we argued just before this happened. Please, just do everything you can to cure me, doctor. I really don't know how this happened. If nothing else works, you can do a head transplant, or something, right? I mean, I once saw this show about future technologies where [SUPERFLUOUS DIALOGUE EXPUNGED].

<End Log>

Closing Statement: The interview was terminated as no further information could be obtained from the object

The infected subject expired two days after the interview, and the cadaver was subsequently incinerated. Interviews with the other 2 roommates determined that

all instances of SCP-3235-1 share the memories of Migs Babache, prior to his disappearance.

Addendum: The following document consists of excerpts from text messages sent from to ; both persons are roommates of Migs Babache. The content of the messages pertain to Migs Babache, and are edited for brevity.

So Migs is pissed off at me today. Apparently, his girlfriend wanted to meet him, but he lied to her and said he wasn't feeling well and had to stay in. Of course, he didn't tell us this, and we went out with the others, not knowing about it. I took some photos to post online, and he happened to be in one of them. His girlfriend found out he wasn't sick and got pissed off when she saw the post. When she found him, she found he was cheating on her with someone else, which is why he lied to her. So now he's pissed at me. Firstly, he could have warned me that he was lying to his girlfriend, so I wouldn't have posted those pictures. Second, he shouldn't have lied to her in the first place.

No, I can't get any sleep, so I might as well get dressed and join you. Migs has been arguing with his girlfriend outside since 10 PM.

Word of warning, the console's corrupted and Migs is blaming us for it, so he'll probably blame you too when you get back. Must have gotten a virus or something. I think we all know who's to blame, though. It's bad enough that Migs cheats in real life, but he also cheats in video games. Every time. And he denies it, even though we have proof. And he wonders why we don't invite him for games. Also, can you believe he's been dating for 5 years now? And he's been cheating on her on and off the whole time.

Migs is a toxic person. That's all I can say. He's the embodiment of the definition of 'toxic person'. I've known him for 10 years, and he's always been the way he is. He doesn't pull his weight, and lets other people handle all

> the work, and he thinks it's perfectly acceptable. We've tried telling him, and all he does is deny it. He cheats, he lies, and he treats everyone like dirt. I hope his parents are happy with the way they raised him. If he doesn't change, all he's doing is being a disease to society.

Investigations of the residence of person of interest, , revealed no further anomalies.

Footnotes
1. These tumors develop from the blisters formed during the initial stages of infection.
2. The intelligence of underdeveloped instances has yet to be determined, as the objects are unable to speak coherently.
3. He was reported to have dematerialized spontaneously, with his clothes and accessories falling to the ground.

SCP-3236: All Those Fucking Ideas

Item #: SCP-3236

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3236 is stored at Site-136. Experimentation with SCP-3236 may be performed with the prior written consent of the site administrator. The tank is to be emptied and thoroughly cleaned and disinfected after each use.

Description: SCP-3236 is a sensory modification appliance based on a modified "Float Pod"-brand sensory deprivation tank. Twelve lance-shaped, wired neuroprosthetic probes connect to sockets in the interior tub of the appliance. Accompanying documentation explains that to use the appliance, the probes are to be inserted into particular anatomical locations in the back of an individual's head and spinal cord in order to facilitate neuromuscular and transcutaneous electrical nerve stimulation, then the individual enters the sensory deprivation tank. The operator then enters instructions by means of the appliance's external keyboard.

The accompanying documentation suggests that the original intended functionality of the appliance was to permit the user inside the tank to experience neurosimulated sexual activity for recreational purposes. By means of the keyboard, the external operator would enter commands specifying particular aspects of the user's experience. The probes would then deliver electrical signals to the user's nervous system, causing the user to experience artificially simulated sensory input, similar to a dream-state, for a period of up to ten minutes (although the user's subjective sense of a sensory episode's duration may vary). Upon the conclusion of the simulated experience, the tank opens and the probes may be safely removed.

However, the appliance's processing system appears to be damaged and corrupted, with the result that the appliance does not

respond to the full suite of commands that the documentation describes. Trial and error has established that the only command accepted by the appliance is the designation of the user's "partner" for the simulated experience. Moreover, it appears that only intangible concepts are accepted as data inputs.

Experimental testing of SCP-3236 consists of placing a human subject in the tank, inserting the probes, administering commands to the appliance, and then interviewing the subject. Partial test log follows:

Date: 08.02.20
Researcher: Dr. Garcia
Subject: D-369, a 23-year old female subject.
Test Results:

- *Command*: Husband
- *Outcome*: Appliance returned an error message. No interview conducted.

- *Command*: Woman
- *Outcome*: Appliance returned an error message.

- *Command*: Grizzly bear
- *Outcome*: Appliance returned an error message.

- *Command*: Pumpkin
- *Outcome*: Appliance returned an error message.

- *Command*: Night
- *Outcome*: "I suddenly woke up in bed. It was dark. My old college boyfriend was with me. We got busy, but he was too tired from work and couldn't finish."

- *Command*: America
- *Outcome*: "I was lying in a wheat field, wearing nothing but a cowboy hat. And then this bald eagle landed next to me…"

- *Command*: Enthusiasm
- *Outcome*: "Put me back in! Put me back in!"

Date: 09.30.20
Researcher: Dr. Patel
Subject: D-2524, a 28-year old male subject.
Test Results:

- *Command*: One
- *Outcome*: "She was pretty, but, you know, kind of boring."

- *Command*: Two
- *Outcome*: "I always wanted to try twins…"

- *Command*: Three
- *Outcome*: "That was weird. Instead of a girl, it was this shiny metallic triangular thing. I didn't even know where to put it."

- *Command*: Four
- *Outcome*: "It was a girl, but all messed up and angular. She looked like she was made of Legos, like a Minecraft character."

- *Command*: The number "e"
- *Outcome*: "Whoa! Crazy bitch! Tiger in the sack, but a little scary."

- *Command*: Zero
- *Outcome*: "That was really creepy. It was all black and I just felt like I was getting, you know, drained."

Date: 11.14.20
Researcher: Dr. Morrison
Subject: D-2526, a 22-year old male subject.
Test Results:

- *Command*: Freedom
- *Outcome*: "That was awesome. I was flying and it was like the sky itself was doing stuff to me…"

- *Command*: Capitalism
- *Outcome*: "I don't remember anything about it other than the fact that I just got fucked."

- *Command*: Los Angeles Police Department
- *Outcome*: "That was frightening and brutal. Also, Dr. Dre was there for some reason."

- *Command*: Australia
- *Outcome*: "She was amazing, up until the point when she grew fangs and tried to bite me."

- *Command*: Recursion
- *Outcome*: "Go fuck yourself too, doctor. You sick fuck."

Date: 12.13.20
Researcher: Dr. Lamb
Subject: D-3922, a 21-year old female subject.
Test Results:

- *Command*: Famine
- *Outcome*: "I almost felt sorry for her… she was so thin and wispy it felt like I was going to break her."

- *Command*: Pestilence
- *Outcome*: "I feel like I should've gotten a rash from him."

- *Command*: War
- *Outcome*: "I've never really been a fan of after-argument sex. Feels wrong to me."

- *Command*: Conquest
- *Outcome*: "Well, now I know I'm a domme."

- *Command*: Death
- *Outcome*: Subject comatose upon removal. Upon awakening 3 days later, she refused to speak about her experience.

Date: 1.27.20
Researcher: Dr. Little
Subject: D-3698, a 26-year old female subject.
Test Results:

- *Command*: The future

- *Outcome*: "That was the biggest orgy EVER."

- *Command*: 1933
- *Outcome*: "That girl had so many edges, I was scared I'd get cut!"

- *Command*: The year 1933
- *Outcome*: "We were in some run down shack, so I knew a shower afterwards was off the table."

- *Command*: The year 1287
- *Outcome*: "He chained me to a wall. The only thing that kept me out of the mood was the bearded guy next to me…"

- *Command*: The year 2387
- *Outcome*: "So. Many. Goats."

- *Command*: The end of the world as we know it
- *Outcome*: "All the members of REM came at me all at once and…"

- *Command*: The apocalypse
- *Outcome*: "There was this giant soda can. It was so pathetic, I wouldn't even call what we did a 'bang'."

SCP-3237: A Man Who is Not Cold

Item #: SCP-3237

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the intangible nature of SCP-3237, containment is based upon securing the subject's cooperation. Should SCP-3237 become uncooperative the use of a non-lethal auditory cognitohazard has been approved[1].

SCP-3237 is to be contained in a standard humanoid containment cell outfitted with two thermal-imaging cameras. Cameras are to be monitored at all times. Security staff are to be alerted should SCP-3237 attempt to leave its cell unless accompanied by a staff member with a minimum of Level 3 Clearance. Site-31 itself is equipped with thermal-imaging cameras for tracking movements of SCP-3237.

All recovered instances of SCP-3237-A are currently stored in Storage Facility EuF-13.

Description: SCP-3237 is a humanoid entity approximately 188 cm in height, with no observable physical mass. The only indication of SCP-3237's existence is an anomalous temperature reading from the area that SCP-3237 currently occupies.

Two different temperatures have been recorded from SCP-3237: A consistent -34.8°C in the area roughly corresponding to SCP-3237's 'skin', and an inconsistent 400-600°C[2] throughout the rest of SCP-3237's 'body', including exposed areas such as the eyes or inside of the mouth. The temperature of SCP-3237 itself has been shown to have no effect on the surrounding environment[3]. However, materials within SCP-3237 will affect the surrounding environment as normal.

Any matter[4] occupying the same space as SCP-3237 will

instantaneously become the same temperature as SCP-3237, and may subsequently sustain damage from thermal strain. Upon removal, material will react normally with surrounding environment. SCP-3237 has expressed no discomfort with passing through solid objects, and has stated that it cannot feel any difference between materials in different states of matter.

SCP-3237 claims to have at one point been human, though is only able to provide limited information about its former identity[5]. Visual examination suggests SCP-3237 is 'physically' a male between the ages 20-40, and linguistic knowledge and patterns suggest a Russian origin.

SCP-3237-A is the designation given to 237 human bodies, each with an internal temperature of exactly 26°C. Instances of SCP-3237-A have shown no signs of decomposition during containment. See Addendum-3237-4 for details.

Addendum-3237-1 - Initial Discovery: SCP-3237 was brought to Foundation attention in December of 2000, when a local news channel in Waverly, Nebraska aired an interview with a Roger Carlson, who claimed to have captured footage of a 'temperature ghost' through a thermal camera. The footage showed SCP-3237 waving, pointing and gesturing at the camera in an apparent attempt to initiate communication with Carlson. Foundation field agents successfully propagated a cover story of it being a hoax created by Carlson and temporary Site 31-27a was established to identify and contain the anomaly.

Contact was made on 12/09/2000, when the words 'Please bring blank paper' were found burned into a copy of a report at Site-31-27a. When several sheets of blank paper were brought into the room, SCP-3237 proceeded to communicate by burning words onto the paper. An impromptu interview was conducted by Dr. Glenshaw, and is transcribed below.

Open Interview Log 3237-1

Interviewed: SCP-3237

Interviewer: Dr. Glenshaw

Foreward: Initial assumptions were that SCP-3237 was somehow dependent on paper to communicate, thus Dr. Glenshaw was instructed to communicate with SCP-3237 via writing.

<Begin Log, 11:37 am>

Dr. Glenshaw: [written] Hello. I am Doctor Raymond Glenshaw. Can you understand me?

SCP-3237: Yes, though not as well as I would like.

Dr. Glenshaw: [written] Why is that?

SCP-3237: I have been trying to learn English, and I believe I have grasped it, but I am still having some trouble sometimes.

Dr. Glenshaw: [written] Would you prefer another language?

SCP-3237: No, I will use English. The best way to learn is to practice, after all. Besides, I doubt you know Russian.

Dr. Glenshaw: [written] I do not. Can you tell me about yourself? Who are you?

SCP-3237: I can, a little. I am in the room, though I am invisible. Things burn when I touch them, like this paper. Please be careful, I am very hot. I would tell you my name, but I cannot remember it. I do not know much else about my current state. I apologize.

Dr. Glenshaw: [written] That's alright. Can you tell me why you are here?

SCP-3237: You are the SCP Foundation, correct? You contain strange things like me?

Dr. Glenshaw: [pause] [written] That is correct. How are you aware of this?

SCP-3237: This building was empty before, and I wanted to know who was moving in. I read your reports as you wrote them. You are trying to find me, and are not scared by things like me. That is why I wanted to speak with you. I am supposed to be contained.

Dr. Glenshaw: [written] You want to be contained?

SCP-3237: Yes. Like I said, I am very hot. I do not wish to burn things that would hurt other people.

Dr. Glenshaw: [written] We'll see what we can do. Thank you for your cooperation.

SCP-3237: You are welcome. A question, if I may?

Dr. Glenshaw: [written] Go ahead.

SCP-3237: Why do you keep writing everything? It is difficult to read.

Dr. Glenshaw: [pause] Can you hear me?

SCP-3237: Of course. Did you assume I could not?

Dr. Glenshaw: Oh, uh… yes, actually.

SCP-3237: That is quite funny.

<End Log, 11:54 am>

Closing Statement: Subject was designated SCP-3237 and transported to Site-31 for containment. Current containment procedures

were established shortly thereafter.

Addendum-3237-2 - Interview Log 3237-2: Below is the first interview conducted after containment was established.

Open Interview Log 3237-2

Interviewed: SCP-3237

Interviewer: Dr. Glenshaw

<Begin Log, 3:30 pm>

Dr. Glenshaw: Good afternoon, SCP-3237.

SCP-3237: Hello, Doctor. Is that to be my name?

Dr. Glenshaw: It's your designation, yes.

SCP-3237: I have not had a name in a while. Hello, I am SCP-3237. It is nice to be speaking with you.

Dr. Glenshaw: [pause] Likewise. Now, I wanted to ask more about your current condition.

SCP-3237: I will provide any answer I can, though I do not know much. My memory from before I woke up like this is unclear.

Dr. Glenshaw: From before? You haven't always been in this state?

SCP-3237: Oh no, I have not. Did I not say that before?

Dr. Glenshaw: You haven't, no.

SCP-3237: Sorry about that. Yes, I was human once, I believe. It was a while ago,

though I am not sure how long exactly. It might have been late in the year, because I remember it being cold.

Dr. Glenshaw: Do you remember where you were at the time?

SCP-3237: I do not have a word for it, but when I try and remember I find a shape.

[SCP-3237 draws an image onto a blank sheet.]

Dr. Glenshaw: [examining the sheet] Finland[6]?

SCP-3237: Possibly. Wherever it was, it was quite cold there. Somehow I fell asleep while walking outside, or maybe I died, I do not know how to tell the difference. Anyway, it was cold out. Very cold.

[There is a several second pause in SCP-3237's writing.]

Dr. Glenshaw: …SCP-3237?

SCP-3237: Sorry, I was thinking. Like I said, it was cold. And again, as I said, I fell asleep, or died, or something. Whatever it was, it was so cold. And then there was something, or someone, it was unclear. I did not know what it was then, except that I knew it was not cold. I could not really see it, or hear it, or even feel it. I was too focused on the cold.

Dr. Glenshaw: Can you remember anything about it at all?

SCP-3237: When it appeared, I think it tried to say something. I could not hear it, as I was too busy being cold. I had been cold a while, you

see. How long was I cold? I think I was cold for about as long as it was cold. How cold was it? It was very, very cold. Too cold.

Dr. Glenshaw: SCP-3237, are you alright?

SCP-3237: Am I alright? That depends. Am I cold?

Dr. Glenshaw: I don't know. Why, do you feel cold?

SCP-3237: I feel somewhat cold, yes.

[At this point, the temperature reading within SCP-3237 spikes to 840°C. As there is no visual indicator of this temperature spike, Dr. Glenshaw proceeds without acknowledging it.]

SCP-3237: Now I am alright. Where was I?

Dr. Glenshaw: That's good. You were talking about what you saw when you fell asleep. Something, or someone, was there with you?

SCP-3237: I remember. It asked if I was cold, and I was too cold to say yes. It asked if I wanted to be warm, and I said no. No, I did not want to be warm. I wanted to be not cold.

Dr. Glenshaw: And then you woke up?

SCP-3237: I believe so. I know I was not cold. Can we please stop now? Remembering this is tiring.

Dr. Glenshaw: That should be enough for now. Thank you for your time.

<End Log, 3:52 pm>

Closing Statement: SCP-3237 returned to

normal temperature approximately one hour after interview concluded. When questioned, SCP-3237 expressed no knowledge of change occurring.

Addendum-3237-3 - SCP-3237's Origins: On 4/15/2001 SCP-3237 requested it be interviewed, claiming it had remembered something about its origins.

Open Interview Log 3237-3

Interviewed: SCP-3237

Interviewer: Dr. Glenshaw

<Begin Log, 12:20 pm>

Dr. Glenshaw: Hello SCP-3237. I was told you had remembered something important?

SCP-3237: Yes. I believe I remember how I died.

Dr. Glenshaw: Interesting. What is it you remember, specifically?

SCP-3237: Alright. Let me think. I said it was cold, right?

Dr. Glenshaw: Quite a few times, yes.

SCP-3237: Well, it was quite cold. There was snow everywhere, so everything was white. I could not see a thing. I remember complaining how difficult it was to find the thing we were looking for.

Dr. Glenshaw: You were looking for something in the snow?

SCP-3237: Yes. I cannot quite remember what, but I recall it being important. It was

white too you see, so it was hard to find in all the snow. Anyway, we were looking for this thing when I heard something, a gunshot.

Dr. Glenshaw: You were shot?

SCP-3237: Yes, but also no. I was not the one who that shot hit. Someone near me was hit, he fell over. I fell myself, on purpose, so the shooter might think I had been shot as well. The ground was cold, but I knew that if I stood I would die.

Dr. Glenshaw: You died, though, so the shooter found you?

SCP-3237: I think so, but he did not find me then. I lifted my head from the ground for an instant, to get a look at the area. That is when I saw it, the thing we had been searching for. It had been simply sitting in the snow, right where we could see it if we had only looked. We might have made it out if we had.

Dr. Glenshaw: What do you mean by 'we'?

SCP-3237: I was with a group of people, to help search. Anyway, I saw what we had come for, so I tried to make my way toward it. It was a poor decision on my part, heading toward the sugar.

Dr. Glenshaw: Wait, you were looking for sugar?

SCP-3237: Sugar? No, I was not looking for sugar. Why do you ask?

Dr. Glenshaw: Because that's what you wrote. Look, right here: 'heading toward the sugar.'

SCP-3237: That is strange. There was no sugar there, and I was certainly not looking for it. Why did I write that? [There is a several second pause in communication from SCP-3237.] May I have a moment to write out my thoughts?

Dr. Glenshaw: Certainly.

SCP-3237: Thank you.

[SCP-3237 proceeds to write for several minutes. Contents of the pages consist of the word 'sugar' written in both English and Russian, with several lines leading to terms describing sugar (ex. sweet, white, unhealthy, etc.). A circle is burned around the word 'white' and another around the word 'death'.]

SCP-3237: The White Death. That is what we were searching for.

Dr. Glenshaw: The White Death? What's that?

SCP-3237: A man. He was a single man. Four-hundred men entered that forest, and he killed every last one of them. He hid in the snow, covered in white, and killed entire squads without ever being seen. My squad was sent to kill him, but we ended up just like the rest. All of us, dead and cold in the snow.

Dr. Glenshaw: A squad? You were a soldier, then?

SCP-3237: Was I? I wrote that without thinking. In my mind I feel we were hunters. [SCP-3237 pauses for several seconds, cameras show it smiling and shaking its head.] Foolish ones. We only had a goal, and no plan

for what to do when we found him, just a gun.

Dr. Glenshaw: And you found him, in the end.

SCP-3237: We hunted Death, met him in his own element, in the cold. So we died, and the White Death escaped, into the cold.

<End Log, 12:57 pm>

Closing Statement: SCP-3237 requested that the interview be concluded, as it had no more information to provide.

Addendum-3237-4 - Conclusions: Following the interview, it was concluded that the 'White Death' referred to by SCP-3237 was Simo Häyhä, a Finnish sniper who was given the nickname for his high number of confirmed kills[7] during the Winter War[8].

The investigation into SCP-3237 itself provided no evidence to a specific identity. However, the investigation led to the discovery of the existence of SCP-3237-A. The bodies of several Russian soldiers killed during the Winter War were exhumed and it was discovered that a portion of them showed no obvious signs of decay despite having been buried for 60 years. Further tests showed that each instance had an internal temperature of exactly 26°C. All SCP-3237-A instances were confirmed to have been killed by Simo Häyhä. In total, 174 SCP-3237-A instances were exhumed.

Investigation into the Kollaa area[9] proved similarly inconclusive to SCP-3237's identity. However, 63 more instances of SCP-3237-A were recovered, bringing the total number of SCP-3237-A to 237.

Foundation agents were able to question Simo Häyhä on 07/25/2001. Häyhä provided the following statement, translated from Finnish.

Open Interview Log 3237-4

Simo Häyhä: During all of that time hidden in the snow, stopping those men from invading my country, I was never once held back by the

cold. I knew that there must have been some explanation beyond my familiarity with the weather, but I chose to ignore it. I was there to my duty, and that is what I did. But now that you ask, there is one thing I remember that may be of some use. Very near to the start of the war I remember a woman walked up to me. I did not recognize her, but we proceeded to chat about some trivial things. I mentioned how cold it was at the time, and she seemed to change. She suddenly asked me if I wanted help out on the field. I said that I would welcome it, though I am not sure what I expected. When I said that, she smiled. It was the kind of smile that sends a chill down your spine, but there was no chill, rather a warmth. The chill from the air had gone as well, and I have not felt it since. She said that she expected something in return, that she expected me to do the absolute best I could defending my country. I said that I intended to, as it was my duty. After that, she left. I have not seen her since.

Based on Häyhä's testimony a physical examination was performed. It was discovered that Häyhä's internal temperature never fell below 37°C, regardless of current conditions. No other anomalous properties were detected in Häyhä, and it was decided that containment was unnecessary.

Addendum-3237-5 - Incident 3237-A102: On 04/01/2002 Simo Häyhä died by what was deemed to be natural causes. Several hours after his death, his body developed severe frostbite, as well as signs of hypothermia. The event was covered up, and his body recovered for further analysis. After thorough study, his body was released back into family custody and buried in Karelia, Finland.

Shortly after Häyhä's death SCP-3237 made a request to be interviewed.

Open Interview Log 3237-5

Interviewed: SCP-3237

Interviewer: Dr. Glenshaw

<Begin Log, 7:24 pm>

SCP-3237: [This statement was written before Dr. Glenshaw entered the room.] Simo Häyhä just died. Is this correct?

Dr. Glenshaw: That's… Yes, he died just a few hours ago. I was just told about it, myself. How do you know that? Oh, and, uh, hello, by the way.

SCP-3237: Hello. Sorry, I do not mean to be rude.

Dr. Glenshaw: It's alright. Can you tell me how you know about Häyhä?

SCP-3237: I know because she told me about him.

Dr. Glenshaw: "She" told you? Who would "she" be?

SCP-3237: I do not know her name, or even if she has one. I know she is the reason I am like this, though. She was the one who spoke to me as I died.

Dr. Glenshaw: You mentioned that before. Something asked you if you wanted to be warm, if I recall?

SCP-3237: Yes. And that something was her. She said that Simo Häyhä asked her to "let them know". [SCP-3237 pauses for several seconds.] It is strange to give a name to the White Death. Simo Häyhä. Simo Häyhä. That is not a name one would expect from Death

himself.

Dr. Glenshaw: It doesn't sound very Death-like, no. But that's not important. I need you to tell me more about this woman; it's important we find out who she is.

SCP-3237: I cannot say who she is, but I can say who she wants to be.

Dr. Glenshaw: You can tell who she wants to be?

SCP-3237: Yes. She wants to be the Devil.

Dr. Glenshaw: The Devil? She wants to… be the Devil?

SCP-3237: Or God. Maybe both.

Dr. Glenshaw: I- What? How can you tell that?

SCP-3237: She said "my Hell" and "my Heaven". The one who owns Hell would be the Devil, would they not?

Dr. Glenshaw: I can't say I know the answer to that. She specifically worded it like that?

SCP-3237: Yes. She kept saying it was what we deserved, for trying to take what was not ours.

Dr. Glenshaw: 'We'? 'Ours'? Was she speaking to someone else?

SCP-3237: I do not know. I tried to ask, but I am unsure if she heard me. I doubt she would have responded if she had.

Dr. Glenshaw: Why is that?

SCP-3237: She hates us, whoever we are. Hates us enough that she did this solely to deny us death. The last thing she said is burned into my mind.

Dr. Glenshaw: What did she say?

SCP-3237: "You don't deserve oblivion. You deserve less than nothing. You deserve everything."

<End Log, 7:55 pm>

Closing Statement: Investigation into the entity described by SCP-3237 is still ongoing as of 7/13/2008.

Footnotes
1. See Document 3237-COG31 for a list of approved cognitohazards.
2. Average temperature is 482°C. Other extremes have been noted under specific conditions. See Addendum-3237-2.
3. As proven through tests in artificial vacuum.
4. Usually the air where SCP-3237 is currently standing.
5. See Addendum-3237-3 for further details.
6. Later examination showed it to have several contours consistent with maps of Finland c. 1939.
7. 505 confirmed kills over 100 days.
8. A conflict between Soviet and Finnish forces during World War II which lasted from November 30, 1939 to March 13, 1940.
9. The primary area in which Simo Häyhä was active during the war.

SCP-3238: dado juice

Item #: SCP-3238

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3238 is to be contained at Site-19 in a standard anomalous object container. Foundation web-crawlers will scan all portions of the web for the phrases "dado juice" and "dado juice energy drink". Upon detection of either phrase, MTF Alpha-4 ("Pony Express") is to be deployed with the primary mission of containment of SCP-3238. Secondary mission protocols are to detain PoI "dado" for Foundation questioning. Testing of SCP-3238 is suspended at this time.

In the instance of an active incident involving SCP-3238, all civilian personnel are to be evacuated from the affected area. All survivors, witnesses, and emergency responders to an SCP-3238 incident are to be administered Class-C Amnestics and undergo false memory implantation.

Description: SCP-3238 is a collection of 132 aluminum canisters, each containing 236 ml of an unknown anomalous fluid. Each canister has the words "dado juice" written in black marker. There are three variations of SCP-3238, each denoted by a different image, also crudely drawn on the aluminum container in black marker: fire, an international radiation symbol, and a sphere with trailing motion lines. The fluid itself is iridescent red in color and displays the same viscosity as water.

When SCP-3238 is ingested by a human subject, one of three anomalous effects will occur to the subject, in relation to the symbol on the canister, shown on table 1A.

Symbol	Effect
Fire	Subject core body temperature

	begins to rise rapidly within 60 seconds following ingestion. After 2 minutes, subject's body starts rapidly releasing Oxy-dicyanoacetylene gas as if pressurized. The gas will then spontaneously ignite, burning at ~4,990 °C, in a 1 meter radius around the subject. As the gas contains both fuel and oxidizer, it has proven extremely difficult to extinguish the resultant fire, even if completely submerged in water. The resultant cadaver continues to emit Oxy-dicyanoacetylene gas and burn for up to 5 days.
Radioactive	Subject begins to sweat excessively within 60 seconds of ingestion. Within 3 minutes, subject begins to emit electromagnetic radiation in the form of gamma rays, measured in excess of 800 roentgens/min. The subject will succumb to this exposure within no more than 5 minutes, displaying all symptoms of acute radiation poisoning. Other living beings within a radius of 20 meters of the subject may absorb a lethal dosage of gamma rays within minutes. Within a radius up to 100 meters, other living beings may absorb lesser amounts of radiation, dependent upon range and time of exposure. The cadaver may emit fading amounts of radiation for up to 5

Sphere in motion	days. Subject begins to become excessively nervous and jittery within 60 seconds of ingestion. Within 2 minutes, subject begins accelerating rapidly upwards, reaching a velocity of 11.186 km/s within 30 seconds. Subject will experience forces in excess of 50 G during the course of this acceleration. Any objects impacted by subject will not stop or alter the course or speed of the subject. The outcome of any such collision is both the immediate liquefaction of the subject, and severe damage or destruction to the object. Subject will escape earth orbit and continue to accelerate away from Earth at a speed of ~11.186 km/s.

Nine instances of SCP-3238 were discovered following a suspected terrorist attack on the Casino in Las Vegas, Nevada, 06/14/18. The remainder were recovered from the north Las Vegas Amazon Fuilfillment Center.

Addendum:

IRC Logs- Recovered 06/17/18
Foundation agents recovered a laptop from the 06/14/18 Las Vegas incident. The laptop was unusable, but the hard drive was recoverable using forensic software. On the hard drive, Foundation technical staff found IRC logs with evidence pertaining to SCP-3238.

> **<NickServ>:** Password accepted - you are now recognized.
> /join #dado
> **http://dadolaundryandtan.net/chat**

Topic: sry caps key broke
Topic set by **dado** on Fri Jun 01 2018 10:12:34 GMT-0500 (Central Daylight Time)

<multizig>: Hello
<multizig>: uhhhh
<multizig>: hellloooooooooo?

<dado>: hello yes this is dado

<multizig>: You're the guy that does the research chemicals, right?
<multizig>: You there?

<dado>: i do fine pharmaceutical and yes sry dado type slow

<multizig>: Cool, cool
<multizig>: So look, I need something special

<dado>: i am do very special for all clients

<multizig>: Awesome. I need something that will keep my energy up. Me and the boys are going to Vegas
<multizig>: Gonna paint the town red

<dado>: energy?

<multizig>: You know, like 5 hour energy. Or maybe something stronger? lol
<multizig>: Cause we want to party. I mean like out of this WORLD.

<dado>: i likes parties too but not wanting to poop in your party
<dado>: you want energy pill for a red town outer space party yes

<multizig>: Yeah, you know, coke or speed or uppers or something ;)
<multizig>: Just something really far out there

<dado>: what u think dado is

<multizig>: Huh?

<dado>: dado is not party supply store

<multizig>: What are you talking about? My boy MaliceAF said you're the best there is

<dado>: dado is fine parapharmaceutical
<dado>: medicine for hare grow and also medicine for what make people old and horny
<dado>: not fine pararecreational

<multizig>: Ok fine man sorry

<dado>: dado energy pill not a fun time toy for ur space party
<dado>: dado energy pill srs business

<multizig>: Dude. Okay. Sorry I asked

<dado>: wait dado can still help
<dado>: wat u need i can get u
<dado>: is not pharmaceutical tho

<multizig>: Ok, what is it.

<dado>: dado juice energy drink

<multizig>: LOL dude what the fuck.
<multizig>: Are you serious right now bro?
<multizig>: Helloooo??

<dado>: u need to trust dado
<dado>: u want energy, i give you best energy drink there is
<dado>: dado has been want to break out of market for energy drink
<dado>: expand dado brand

<multizig>: Energy drink, huh? Like Red Bull?

<dado>: yes dado juice best energy drink
<dado>: three flavors u have energy for days
<dado>: all natural energy
<dado>: no red cows no wings

<multizig>: You're serious.

<dado>: i send to u free i have amazon prime
<dado>: if u no like dado juice then i refund u

<multizig>: Dude. Cool.
<multizig>: If it works, that is
<multizig>: Cause we want to burn this mother DOWN

<dado>: yes and u will like there will be much rad and burning

<multizig>: I guess MaliceAF was right, you're cool

<dado>: yes dado help famalice and dado help you to manyzag, dado is the cleverest thinker

<multizig>: Sweet. Thanks

Amazon Prime Page- 6/18/18

Foundation web-crawlers discovered the existence of a Amazon item that fit the description of SCP-3238. This led to the mobilization of MTF Alpha-4 to the north Las Vegas Amazon Fulfillment Center. The operation led to the successful seizure and containment of 17 instances of SCP-3238, and the interception of 112 more instances that were en route to potential victims. The item has since been removed from Amazon by the directive of [NAME REDACTED]. A copy of the item listing has been archived in the Foundation logs, seen below:

The product reviews are as follows:

1-Star- Would not order again.
Gave me tons of energy for my upper sept-tentacle workout, but had a horrid aftertaste. Nuke flavor made

me crash a million times harder than I ever have before. 0/10, do not recommend for non-euclidean organisms.

Response from seller: yes this is dado i will issue full refund i always want to satisfy happy customers

SCP-3239: When Death Comes Calling

Item #: SCP-3239

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3239 is to be kept in a soundproofed object containment locker at Site-86 for preliminary research, not to be removed from such outside of testing. Research personnel showcasing signs of previously undiagnosed mental afflictions are to be assessed under psychiatric consultation, and be investigated for unauthorized usage of SCP-3239. Once the aforementioned preliminary research is concluded, SCP-3239 is to be moved to Site-44, allowing for usage of the on-site electromagnetic isolation field and manmade technology specialists.

Description: SCP-3239 is a black Ericsson DBH 1001 model rotary dial telephone[1]. Despite appearing to be well preserved and completely functional, all attempts to use SCP-3239 to contact a normal phone have concluded with failure.

SCP-3239's anomalous properties only begin to manifest on the last Tuesday of every month, lasting from the hours of : to : .[2] If any individual enters within a 4.6m radius of SCP-3239 during this allotted time frame, SCP-3239 will start to ring. This ringing will occur under most circumstances, and attempts to block this call through methods including the use of a Faraday cage have proven unsuccessful. However, the placement of structural or natural obstacles between subjects and SCP-3239 has been noted to prevent this occurrence. Subjects who enter within this radius and hear the ringing do not report any urge to answer. Should a subject answer SCP-3239, however, they commonly recount a strong compulsion to remain on the call despite any previous mindset they might have possessed. This compulsion will generally go unnoticed unless efforts to end the call are enacted, and it has been noted possible to overcome in life-threatening situations or similar circumstances.

Upon answering SCP-3239, subjects are greeted by SCP-3239-1. SCP-3239-1 has been described as the voice of a middle-aged woman with a Swedish accent and notably is always fluent in the native language of the subject answering SCP-3239. Attempts to trace the call or determine SCP-3239-1's location have proven unsuccessful.[3]

Upon answering, SCP-3239-1 will ask for a name, SCP-3239-1 will most frequently ask for a name of an individual. If the subject states their own name, the name of a fictional character, or no name at all, SCP-3239 may immediately disconnect from the call and cannot be used again until the next allotted time frame. However, across select calls, SCP-3239-1 has been recorded becoming agitated with subjects failing to give a proper name, prolonging the connection. Upon naming an individual, SCP-3239-1 will briefly pause. During this time, lasting for a range of 15 to 27 seconds, the sound of ringing can be heard on the line.

After this period, the voice of the named individual can be heard, hereby designated as SCP-3239-2. SCP-3239-2 instances appear sentient, though generally display an unawareness of the subject, reacting only to occurrences in their proximity, but awareness of the subject has been recorded in select calls. An SCP-3239-2 instance will transmit both voice and environmental audio correlating to specific causes to the instance's death; examples of such include suicides and murders. Once an instance's death takes place, the call is immediately terminated. Named individuals apparently killed during an SCP-3239 call have been found alive and uninjured, reporting no recollection of the call or its events taking place. If a deceased individual is named, similar circumstances occur, with SCP-3239-2 instances mimicking the individual. However, these instances are recorded dying in situations similar to the named individual's death, but with noticeable differences to the real-life event.

Subjects have been documented suffering from mental illness and psychological trauma after the conclusion of a call, with psychiatric evaluations diagnosing disorders such as major depression and general anxiety. These newly developed afflictions are generally treatable depending on the affliction, and the development of

physical illnesses has not been recorded. Such afflictions have only been reported affecting individuals answering SCP-3239, with those listening to calls indirectly through wiretap surveillance or similar methods being unaffected.

Addendum 3239-A: SCP-3239 was recovered on / / from an antique shop in , Indiana. Upon receiving questionable reports of post traumatic stress and neurasthenia from Hospital, Agents and were authorized to investigate. Questioning of affected individuals and doctoral staff resulted in a coinciding reference to a "haunted telephone," which was traced to Antiques. Reportedly, the owner had no prior knowledge of the object, stating they were unaware of its presence in their store. Agent purchased SCP-3239 upon discovery and Class-A amnestics were properly administered.

+ SCP-3239 Testing Log

Testing Procedures: Under proper authorization from personnel with Level 3 clearance or higher, all testing will be conducted with a minimum of one D-Class personnel present in SCP-3239's testing chamber, with complete audio and video feed surveillance of both the on-site landline and the chamber. Upon test completion, testing subjects are required to submit consultation for no less than three weeks to possibly determine any relationships between events recorded in the call and the mental afflictions developed.

Test 3239-A Date: 11/28/
Subject: D-7295 ordered to name , a known and currently living associate.
Results: Upon answering, SCP-3239-1 asks for a name, wherein D-7295 names . After a duration of approximately 17 seconds, SCP-3239-2, immediately recognized sounding like by D-7295, is heard arguing with an undocumented third party regarding

overdue payments and/or extortion. Gunshots are then recorded on the line, SCP-3239-2 presumably being shot and killed. The call is immediately terminated and D-7295 is left visibly panicking. Psychiatric evaluation reports D-7295 now suffering from PTSD, and location efforts report is still alive.

Test 3239-B Date: 12/26/
Subject: D-6342 ordered to name , D-6342's deceased mother.
Results: Upon answering, SCP-3239-1 asks for a name, wherein D-6342 names . After a duration of approximately 23 seconds, the sound of a moving car and incoherent whispering can be heard, presumably SCP-3239-2, which is recognized by D-6342 to be . SCP-3239-2 then directly addresses D-6342, stating she should not have called, and the sound of skidding tires and a crash between at least two vehicles is recorded immediately after. The call is terminated and D-6342 begins sobbing. Psychiatric evaluation reports D-6342 now suffering from manic-depression, and investigation efforts report died in a head-on car collision into a telephone pole.
Analysis: *I have to say I'm curious whether or not the deaths depicted when naming living individuals are in some way predictions. If this is the case, SCP-3239 could prove to be a useful tool, but unless we want the Ethics Committee breathing down our necks, the mental repercussions can be problematic. Perhaps we can try sending in someone already diagnosed with depression or a similar disorder and see what happens. They might not be as heavily affected, if at all.* -Dr. Garrickson

Permission granted. -Senior Researcher

Test 3239-C Date: 1/30/
Subject: D-8031 ordered to name , a known and living associate. D-8031 had been previously diagnosed with chronic depression, taking antidepressants daily.
Results: Upon answering, SCP-3239-1 asks for a name. D-8031 hesitates in naming , wherein SCP-3239-1 is recorded becoming agitated and refers to research personnel, stating D-8031 was ordered by Dr. Garrickson to give a name and was wasting everyone's time. D-8031 names , and after a duration of approximately 18 seconds, SCP-3239-2, recognized by D-8031, is heard shouting to an undocumented third party. Sounds of distant rushing water is recorded, alongside SCP-3239-2 threatening the third party that they will jump. SCP-3239-2 is then recorded grunting as sounds of wind and a large splash are heard. The call is terminated and D-8031 is silent. Psychiatric evaluation reports D-8031's chronic depression had severely worsened and neurasthenia had also developed, and location efforts report is still alive. Twenty-five days after testing, D-8031 committed suicide in his cell with a makeshift shiv by cutting his superficial palmer arteries. Guard personnel stationed in the vicinity are under investigation for possible demotion.
Analysis: *I think it's safe to say being previously diagnosed with a mental disorder does not negate SCP-3239's effects. However, I'm more concerned with SCP-3239-1. It referred to me by name and I haven't even spoken with it. I suggest we attempt to interview SCP-3239-1 and see exactly how far its knowledge goes.* -Dr. Garrickson

Permission to attempt interview with SCP-3239-1 granted. -Senior Researcher

+ Test-3239-D Audio Log and Afterword

Test-3239-D Date: 2/27/
Subject: D-4713 given printed documents containing twenty questions written by Dr. , ordered to attempt interview with SCP-3239-1 by promising to give a name under the condition of SCP-3239-1 answering given questions.

[BEGIN LOG]

(*SCP-3239 is ringing and D-4731 is heard shuffling papers.*)

D-4731: I remember having a phone like this. Surprised this one still works.

(*D-4731 answers SCP-3239.*)

D-4731: Uh, hello?

(*The sound of incoherent whispering is recorded on the line, unable to be discerned if originating from SCP-3239-1.*)

D-4731: Hello? Hey doc, is this thing actually working or—

SCP-3239-1: Hello. Ciao. Bonjour. Buna. Hallå. Strange how one thing can be said in so many different ways.

D-4731: Uh, okay miss. So it does work. Um, alright, I'm supposed to ask you a few—

SCP-3239-1: I still feel it, you know. Every passing moment of every waking day. I

wonder when it will stop. When I'll finally get the chance to move on and leave it behind, when the right person comes along and ends it, but then someone like you has to pick up.

D-4731: Miss, what are you talking about?

(*The sound of flowing water is recorded on the line*)

SCP-3239-1: Are you afraid of death, ? Or, better question, what do you think is the worst way to die? Drowning? An illness ripping you apart from the inside? A friend shooting you in the back?

(*SCP-3239-1 briefly pauses.*)

SCP-3239-1: Burning to death? That one's mine.

D-4731: Uh, drowning, I guess. Are you near a river or something? I'm hearing—

SCP-3239-1: Drowning, huh? One of the most terrible ways to go from what I've heard. An endless abyss in all directions, forcing itself upon you. Trying to push it away but with every breath it suffocates you. Slow and agonizing as you struggle for air. I wouldn't know though. I suppose we'll just have to wait and see.

D-4731: Wait, what—

(*A new, previously unrecorded entity is heard on the line, being described as multiple voices speaking at once. Until authorization from personnel with Level 4 clearance or higher is given, this entity shall be improperly referred to as SCP-3239-3*)

SCP-3239-3: For a moment everything was fine, all had become still, but then people like you just had to pick up.

D-4731: What the fuck?

(*The call is terminated*)

D-4731: Seriously, holy shit.

[END LOG]

Afterword: Across the duration of Test-3239-D, tracing efforts were able to track the call to an abandoned church near , Sweden, which had reportedly burned down in 34 under unknown circumstances. Field agents reported recovering a red telephone of a similar model to SCP-3239 nearby on a bridge over River, disconnected from any phone lines or power sources. A small research outpost was constructed over the church on / / under the guise of an archaeological operation and no anomalous properties regarding the red phone or the church have yet been reported. Psychiatric evaluation reports D-4731 is now suffering from aquaphobia and general anxiety.
Analysis: *Well, this new information is certainly keeping us busy. No clue what the church has to do with anything, but we've got people on it who will hopefully turn something up. In the meantime, we'll just have to keep an eye out. No telling what else is going start talking through SCP-3239.* -Dr. Garrickson

---

Footnotes
1. More often referred to as a Bakelite phone
2. This date has been theorized to correlate with November 29,

1892, which was the day the first patent for a rotary dial was granted to Almon Brown Strowger. This correlation is yet to be verified.
3. See Test-3239-D

SCP-3240: The Bones Of What You Believe

Item #: SCP-3240

Object Class: Keter Neutralized Hiemal

Special Containment Procedures: At least twelve afflicted specimens from each species susceptible to SCP-3240 should be in Foundation custody. Captive specimens are to be contained in enclosures that mimic their natural biome, but do not allow for contact with unaffected members of their species. Populations of susceptible species should be monitored in locations of appearance and locations of predicted future appearance. The location of future occurrences is determined using the Lowell-Kost Algorithm described in Document 3240-Asterion.

Description: SCP-3240 is a learned behavior observed in certain predatory animals. In order for a species to be able to exhibit SCP-3240, it must be a predatory animal that resides in one of the following biomes: taiga, chaparral, tundra, desert or mountain. Affected animals show no other behavioral anomalies except that they no longer engage in hunting behaviors.

Known affected species include corsac foxes, gyrfalcons, arctic foxes, leopard seals, Canadian lynxes, snow leopards, king cobras, arctic wolves, goshawks, diamondback rattlesnakes, saker falcons, coyotes, snowy owls, and burrowing owls.

At solar noon each day, SCP-3240 affected individuals within a 5km radius of a predetermined location will congregate[1] and engage in autosarcophagy. Afflicted individuals will consume approximately 10 to 15 percent of their own body weight, usually from the body parts most easily reached: for example, the forelegs and tail on quadruped mammals. Affected subjects will consume muscles and connective tissue, but never bone or enamel. The flesh consumed is always fully healed 12 hours later. Blood loss is normal during consumption, but ceases after finishing SCP-3240. Mated pairs will

sometimes feed one another their internal organs or offer them up in courtship rituals; parents will tear the flesh from their offspring and feed it to them if they are too young to feed themselves. Social species such as arctic wolves have unique sets of vocalizations used when engaging in SCP-3240.

Affected animals never show any form of pain response, despite the fact that no endorphins or other analgesics are generated. Between initial consumption and recovery, affected animals do not appear impeded by their injuries.

SCP-3240 has a roughly 54% transmission rate[2] between unrelated adult individuals, a 63% transmission rate between siblings, mates, and members of the same social group, and a 99% transmission rate between parents and offspring.

Due to their similarities, it is theorized that SCP-3240, **SCP-2889** and **SCP-2547** are related. It is of note that sites of SCP-2547 manifestations report high levels of infection of SCP-3240 after the manifestation, and that additional anomalous activity has ensued in the area of SCP-2889 after SCP-3240's neutralization.

Addendum 1: SCP-3240 has been found to affect humans. Afflicted individuals have been located among the homeless population of several cities, most prominently in Moscow, Salt Lake City, **Egypt** and Marrakesh. Sidewalk orators preaching the tenets and benefits of the religion associated with SCP-3240 are becoming increasingly common. Due to the nebulous nature of these communities, active surveillance and neutralization of the humans afflicted with SCP-3240 has proven difficult. Any attempts to capture humans afflicted by SCP-3240 have been foiled by opposition from affected animals. Covert intelligence operations have proven more successful at gathering information, though any leader figures, if they exist at all, have not yet been found.

Foundation Agent Lucas Bayard infiltrated a Salt Lake City sect to gain more information about the motives of those who joined. The following is a transcript of a conversation he had with a fellow convert, . was attempting to engage in SCP-3240 using a rusty knife, and Bayard approached him to offer a clean one.

<BEGIN LOG>

Bayard: Hey, man, put that down. You'll give yourself tetanus. Here, use mine.

[accepts it, and begins cutting a slice of flesh from his thigh.]

: Much appreciated. My teeth aren't what they used to be, you know? Neither is the rest of me. Not like you. What's a good strong fellow like you doing here?

Bayard: Wasn't me, needed strength. Wife's cancer ate through our savings, and then through her stomach lining. Insurance wouldn't cover it. Pre-existing conditions.

: That's a shame. That's a real damn shame. I'm sorry to hear that. That's the whole damn problem. Everybody's got everyone else wrapped up around them on a string. You gotta kiss ass after ass to get what you want, and then they throw you out and you have to beg them for scraps in the street.

Bayard: Exactly. I could never bring myself to go in a soup kitchen. I was so fucking ashamed. I used to be, I don't know, a provider. And then I was just a charity case.

: That's exactly it. If they want us to eat, we eat, but it's all at their whim. We're fucking pets. But this? I like this. The guy told me that all a man needed to live was given to him when he was born, and as long as he had his bones he was all right. And I'll tell you what. I've got my fucking bones. And now I don't need nobody else. I got the sun on my skin, and the wind in my hair, and the flesh on my bones, and I can live wherever the hell I want, because ain't nobody can take that away from me.

<END LOG>

Addendum 2: Despite the active public attempts at conversion, actually partaking in SCP-3240 was done in private until an incident on January 25th of 2017, whereupon a Moscovian man who had just engaged in SCP-3240 climbed onto the roof of an Orthodox church, followed by three northern goshawks. A transcript of recovered video footage taken by a civilian witness is included below.

<BEGIN FOOTAGE>

(The man is approximately halfway up the side of the church. The goshawks circle around him whilst he climbs. When he reaches the top, he leans back against the church spire, grasps it for support, and begins to speak.)

PoI-3240-Delta: You'll regret this one day, you sordid, gluttonous bags of fat and blood. You and your sap-filled monstrosities you call gods.

(The largest goshawk makes the first incision with its beak. The footage is briefly blocked by someone moving in front of the recording device. When the man is visible again, two goshawks have begun to probe within the incision. They eventually remove a large dark mass - the footage is too low quality to allow for detailed inspection, but the organ removed appears likely his liver. PoI-3240-Delta shows no discomfort as it is removed. An unidentified man next to the recorder of the footage vomits on his shoes.)

Unidentified man: Is that - oh god, is that his liver?

PoI-3240-Delta: The Verdant has abused us for so, so long, leaving us their scraps, permitting us to feast on their weak and dying. Pushing us to the harshest parts of your overgrown world. But the blade turns in the hand now, hah! We don't need your leavings, not now! We can exist alone, and you cannot.

(All three goshawks begin to peel away the skin and inner lining from his ribcage.)

Unidentified woman (off-screen): Somebody get him the fuck down from there!

(No one moves or makes any audible remarks.)

PoI-3240-Delta: The Veldt provides so we survive! Without us, you'll suffer! You don't know it yet, but you'll see! You'll grow and rot and grow and rot until there's nowhere left to go and the vines are wrapped around your own throats and you are strangled and choked in your own waste. Unbalance! Unbalance! The cycle goes both ways! You've forgotten it, but we'll make you remember. Remember that predator needs prey, and prey needs predator. You'll beg us for help, for mercy, like that which you never gave us. And for once we'll feast as you look on, starving, and you'll finally know.

(The goshawks remove the last of the tissue from PoI-3240-Delta's chest, leaving his ribs exposed. He begins breaking off his own ribs and tosses them to the crowd below. Multiple observers have begun screaming.)

PoI-3240-Delta: Go on! Eat! Crack them open, suck the marrow! Know what it is to taste the Veldt!

(The footage is blocked once more, and the recording device falls to the ground face down.)

<END FOOTAGE>

The next day, another man climbed a church in Butte, Montana, and began reciting a similar speech, accompanied by turkey vultures. The church's reverend attempted to argue with him, and began quoting Bible passages at him. After arguing with the man for some time, the vultures descended upon the preacher and tore out his tongue. Witnesses were detained and given medical aid if needed before being amnesticized. Both incidents were passed off as performance art pieces. Undercover Agents are now directed to incapacitate those who intend to engage in SCP-3240 publicly before civilians are exposed.

Addendum 3: Observation has shown that areas high in animals affected by SCP-3240 are having die-offs of local prey species, some reducing populations by up to 80 percent. These die-offs appear to be due to population growth running unchecked, causing starvation when food sources were depleted. Recovered bodies contain no bone tissue whatsoever; further testing shows that all bone disintegrates immediately upon death. In addition, there have been more than 20 cases over the past month where humans affected by SCP-3240 have deliberately destroyed plantations or farms. They used an unknown substance that causes calcification of plant tissue on contact to do so. All perpetrators in custody committed suicide before reaching trial.

Addendum 4: The Foundation has obtained custody of several human children afflicted by SCP-3240. When surveyors in a rural Alaskan town were contracted to determine the placing of a hydroelectric dam, they noted the local Arnatsiaq family engaging in SCP-3240 alongside several other affected animals. Authorities were called when parents were seen aiding their children in participating; upon police arrival, the adults appeared to have deserted their property. Several arctic wolves and gyrfalcons were found in the residence and attacked the social workers when they attempted to remove the children. Undercover agents intervened in order to extract the children and place them in Foundation custody for further observation. The animals found in the residence were placed with the other members of their species currently in captivity.

An interview with Dmitri Arnatsiaq, one of the children recovered from the Arnatsiaq residence, is recorded below.

+ show block

Interview Log:

Interviewer: Dr. Nyla Hessen

Interviewed: Dmitri Arnatsiaq

Foreword: Dmitri was the most outgoing and cooperative of the recovered children, and had been helpful in encouraging his siblings and

cousins to allow Foundation staff to remove them from their residence. The interview was conducted 2 hours after his arrival at Site-19. He asked that he be allowed to interact with the animals affected by SCP-3240 that were found in his residence as a reward, but consented to the interview when denied his request.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Hessen: Hello, Dmitri.

D. Arnatsiaq: Hi.

The subject shudders, and attempts to cover his mouth and nose with his sleeve.

Dr. Hessen: I'm sorry, is something bothering you?

The subject shakes his head.

Dr. Hessen: Are you sure?

D. Arnatsiaq: Promise I won't get in trouble? I don't wanna be rude.

Dr. Hessen: Go ahead. You won't be in trouble, I promise.

D. Arnatsiaq: I'm sorry, but you stink.

Dr. Hessen: How so?

D. Arnatsiaq: You smell like plant. Like green. Like sap and leaves and rot and pollen. It's all over you. It's making me sick.

Dr. Hessen: I apologize.

D. Arnatsiaq: 'S not your fault. You all smell

like it. You eat their stuff long enough, you smell like it. All the outsiders do. I'm just not used to it, being so close.

Dr. Hessen: So your family doesn't eat plants, then.

D. Arnatsiaq: Nope! We don't eat your bloodbag cows and rabbits and cud-chewers either. My mama said they're Pan's creatures, and they'll poison us with their waste. She'd read us all the stories to scare us when we were bad, and tell us that Pan was coming for us.

Dr. Hessen: What stories are these? What else did your mother teach you?

D. Arnatsiaq: The ones from the Books of Bone and Sun and Frost and the rest. All the scripts of the Veldt. We read them every day before we eat.

Dr. Hessen: Like a prayer?

D. Arnatsiaq: Yeah! I know the usual one perfect! It goes, "the earth gives us all we need when we come into this world and feel the sun on our faces and the wind on our skin. We do not eat the Verdant's fruits, we do not taste its cursed prey-meat. We do not waste, we feed ourselves alone."

Dr. Hessen: I see.

D. Arnatsiaq: That's from the Book of Bone. I don't know the Book of the Sky or the Book of the Frost yet, but I know that one all by heart. When it was my first knife time, my mama got me the full version, not the baby book she reads to the little ones. It doesn't even have

pictures.

Dr. Hessen: You're a very smart boy to be able to know it all by heart!

D. Arnatsiaq: It's not that long. Not even a dozen pages.

Dr. Hessen: Still, it's very impressive.

D. Arnatsiaq: You should have seen the knife my daddy got me for my first consumption. It was real sharp and nice, and it cuts real smooth. It was all nice and long and made of bone, wolf's bone. I still like using my teeth, though.

Dr. Hessen: First consumption? You mean… I'm sorry. Please, tell me about that.

D. Arnatsiaq: It's when they let you cut it off yourself, instead of cutting it for you. It's how you know you're not a baby anymore. I offered it up to the Veldt. You're supposed to do it on a clear day, so the falcons can get it. The falcon soared down and took it, just like he was supposed to, and I didn't cry at all.

Dr. Hessen: I see. And how old were you when this took place?

D. Arnatsiaq: Eight!

Dr. Hessen stands and turns. After a minute, she returns to the desk.

Dr. Hessen: My apologies. You were saying about the falcons?

D. Arnatsiaq: Yeah! I love the falcons. When they fly it's like a fight plane, all rushing towards you, talons out. I miss the falcons.

And the wolves. The neighbour boy tried to steal our ball once, and the wolves came rushing at him, and…

The subject leans forward, and lowers his voice.

D. Arnatsiaq: Promise you won't tell? I'd get in big trouble with mama.

Dr. Hessen: Your secret's safe with me.

D. Arnatsiaq: *(giggling)* He wet his pants. He wet his pants like a baby. I miss the wolves. And the falcons. And the foxes, even though they stink. I miss the sky. When will I see the sky?

Dr. Hessen: Well, I'm not certain about that.

D. Arnatsiaq: It smells here. And I can't touch the sky, or the ground. How will have his first knife time then?

Dr. Hessen: Well, as long as you're staying with us, I'm afraid we can't allow that to happen. We need to learn more about -

D. Arnatsiaq: I can't help him, I'm not old enough. But you could do it, couldn't you? I could talk to the falcon, and you could bring us outside. It wouldn't take long. Please, miss. It only hurts for a bit, I promise.

Dr. Hessen: I'm afraid I can't do that. We're not allowed to let this spread.

D. Arnatsiaq: The wolves were right. They told me you'd try to stop me. You want to make us into fat, wasting, cudchewers, don't you? That's why you've been giving us plants everyday. You're trying to poison us.

Dr. Hessen: Dmitri, please. We're trying to make sure you grow and stay healthy -

D. Arnatsiaq: You're Verdant! Verdant! Panling! Mama warned us about people like you - she called you filthy, stinking, marrow-suckers.

Dr. Hessen: Security, please -

D. Arnatsiaq: When the circle is split, you'll see. The predator won't chase the prey no more. The book says that when it breaks, the rabbit will feast until it starves, the fool, and the wolf will look on, content. When the real for true gods come home to make us free, you'll see then. You'll rot forever, you tumor on the earth, decaying in the beating sun with your old goat. See how you like your lovely leaves then. You'll be real sorry then.

<End Log>

Afterword: The subject refused to converse any further, as did his relatives in custody. The animals retrieved from his residence were also markedly more aggressive.

The Arnatsiaq children were restrained to keep them from engaging in SCP-3240; but they refused to eat any food provided by the Foundation. When asked about any foods he and his siblings would be willing to eat, Vasily Arnatsiaq told Foundation staff to check the animal enclosures. The specimens in captivity had left some of their flesh uneaten in piles by the entrance. After some deliberation, the use of this meat to feed the Arnatsiaq children has been approved.

Copies of the Book of Bone and Book of Frost referenced by Dmitri were found in the Arnatsiaq residence. The books were in disrepair and had been damaged like many of the items of the house, but there were several other excerpts which could be salvaged.

A description of the Veldt entity, from the Book of Bone:

> The spirits and sense and souls of all the stones and bones and mountaintops, the owl's cry, and the lynx's eye, and the rich grey fur of the wolf in the moon light. Tooth and claw and howl we are, and footprints in the snow. Predators, they call us, but we will turn our fangs inwards, to the bone.

The Verdant, as detailed in the Book of Frost:

> The sinful overrun life of the oozing, spreading swamps, the twisting ingrown forests, the soft and rotting plants, and the mouth-breathing beasts that feed on them, all ruled by the sinful glutton Pan, who tosses us his sickly, aging scraps to make his brood stronger, and expects us to be thankful. No more shall we feed on their scraps.

A passage from the Book of Feather and Fur regarding the animals affected by SCP-3240:

> … paragons of independence, of tenacity, of sustenance in self-contained tranquility. They are troubled nevermore with any thought but the texture of the lichen on the rocks, or the feeling of the wind that brings the blizzard. They are companions, protectors, mentors - pure distillation of a hunter.

Addendum 6: As of March 14, all major communities of humans afflicted by SCP-3240 have been forcibly dissolved by Foundation agents, with members being brought into Foundation custody and restrained to keep them from engaging in SCP-3240. No public displays of SCP-3240 have occurred since March 12th. Extermination and breeding programs meant to replace animal populations afflicted by SCP-3240 have proven successful, with an 83 percent reduction in SCP-3240 occurrence. SCP-3240 has been deemed Neutralized.

Addendum 7: As of March 21, 80 percent of all plant life between 38° N and 38° S has begun growing uncontrollably, at anywhere from two to twelve times their normal growth rate. All strictly

herbivorous mammals in this area have begun to reproduce at similarly unnatural speeds, with gestation rates divided into a quarter of their former duration. At times, plant growth will produce masses of animal tissue on their roots. These cysts develop into herbivorous animals over the course of one to three hours. The animals formed are often considerably larger and more territorial than their counterparts, and prone to deformity. Animals that form this way may also develop other plants and other animals, including humans, through the tumor generation method, with the likelihood of a chained development event growing higher as the equator is approached. The region affected is spreading by 30 kilometers per day, in the north and south directions.

Due to the generation of new anomalous phenomena as a result of its containment, SCP-3240 has been reclassified as Hiemal.

The humans afflicted by SCP-3240 no longer demonstrate regenerative qualities and have ceased engaging. Those affected will not respond to questioning, save for Dmitri Arnatsiaq. When a researcher inquired as to what he knew of the recent anomaly, his only response was to quote a passage from the Book of the Canyon:

> The green will shut us in, and twist us, and devour us alive. There is nothing in the forest that is not hungry, everything the trees say is a lie. Farewell to sky and sun and wind - farewell, farewell! For Pan is waking! And he starves!

Footnotes
1. How this location is determined is currently unknown. It should be noted that territorial rivalries and interspecies conflict are suppressed while engaging in SCP-3240.
2. over the course of one day

SCP-3241: The SS Sommerfeld

Item #: SCP-3241

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SARC[1] is to continue developing a safe and effective containment strategy for SCP-3241. Until such a strategy exists, procedures to contain SCP-3241 will focus on mitigation, observation, and the prevention of outside contact.

Personnel are to cooperate with the JMSDF[2] and other naval and aeronautic authorities to enforce a seventy-five kilometer exclusion zone around SCP-3241. Only Foundation-operated vessels are permitted to enter this zone. Surveillance drones are to be deployed on a weekly basis into SCP-3241 to monitor its rate of expansion; should this rate change, SCP-3241's current Containment Director is to be notified immediately.

The use of SRAs[3] within SCP-3241's exclusion zone is strictly prohibited. Pending completion of the inquiry into the events on November 5, 2015, no personnel (Foundation or otherwise) are permitted to enter SCP-3241 without O5 approval.

Description: SCP-3241 is an irregularly shaped volume (approximately twelve kilometers in diameter) centered upon the *SS Sommerfeld* (formerly *SS Chávez*). It exhibits numerous spatial, temporal, molecular, and biological anomalies. Although the nature and severity of these anomalies fluctuate with no discernible pattern, they do not extend beyond SCP-3241. SCP-3241 is currently expanding at a rate of approximately four meters per day.

The *SS Sommerfeld* is a cargo ship constructed in 1963 by Sun Shipbuilding & Drydock Company. It was purchased, refurbished, and rechristened in 1995 by DLS[4] as part of a Foundation-sponsored contract to provide a transport for low-risk anomalies

from the decommissioned Site-97 to Site-82.

The ship was believed to have been lost along with its crew and all anomalies on-board in 1998. An inquiry conducted by the Foundation in 1999 attributed this to a mid-transit containment breach followed by the failed deployment of its emergency safety system (consisting of six linked SRAs). In 2015, the *SS Sommerfeld* was discovered adrift two hundred kilometers west of Odo Island. This lead to the formation of SARC to assess the sudden emergence of SCP-3241 and develop a safe and effective containment procedure for it.

In 2018, new evidence came to light regarding possible malfeasance on the part of Daniel DeVorn and DLS. A second inquiry was conducted into the events of 1998 and 2015. As a consequence of this inquiry, all current and future contracts with DLS have been suspended. Daniel DeVorn remains at large, and has been designated as PoI-3241-347.

Addendum 3241.1: Loss of the *SS Sommerfeld*

On September 17th, 1998, the *SS Sommerfeld* departed Jacksonville, Florida (USA) for Itaguaí, Rio de Janeiro (Brazil). At 17:21 UTC, the Coast Guard received a signal from the ship's EPIRB (Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacon) placing it near the center of the Atlantic Ocean (33.49°, -54.26°). At 18:06 UTC, the EPIRB broadcasted another signal placing it in the vicinity of the Sikhote-Alin mountain range (46.12°, 136.96°). At 18:55 UTC, COSPAS-SARSAT satellites received a final transmission from the beacon; its position could no longer be determined. All subsequent attempts to establish communication failed.

Early recovery efforts were hindered by Hurricane Georges, an inability to determine the *SS Sommerfeld*'s location, and DLS representatives who incorrectly insisted to Foundation officials that the vessel was not lost but merely delayed on account of severe weather conditions. Daniel DeVorn defended this decision during the 1999 inquiry:

> Her emergency beacon was sending a signal, but the coordinates were all over the place. They made no

> sense. We've had distress beacons misfire before — so we figured it was malfunctioning. We couldn't establish radio contact to confirm on account of Hurricane Georges. But after three hours of nothing, we realized something was wrong.
>
> That's when I made the call. I called Jack[5] myself. I told him something was wrong. I told him *Sommerfeld* had gone missing.

Once the *SS Sommerfeld* was declared lost, the Foundation immediately mounted a joint search-and-rescue operation with help from UNDAC (United Nations Disaster Assessment and Coordination), the GOC (Global Occult Coalition), United States Coast Guard, Air Force, Air National Guard, and Navy. Search efforts concentrated on the ship's planned route and the two coordinates provided in its emergency broadcast. After an intensive six month long investigation, no trace of the *SS Sommerfeld* was found.

Addendum 3241.2: Initial Inquiry

During the initial 1999 inquiry, Daniel DeVorn responded to questions regarding the possibility that the disappearance of the *SS Sommerfeld* was caused by a fault in its emergency SRA system.

> Look, that's — look, I don't want to be rude, but that's nonsense. That's absolute nonsense. Our SRAs have a near-flawless track record. They've seen extensive use throughout the Foundation. They're directly responsible for averting disasters every day. They save lives, every single day. And we're developing better, more cost-effective SRAs, every single day.
>
> What happened to the *SS Sommerfeld* was tragic, but had nothing to do with our emergency safety system. What happened was — I don't want to blame your people. I'm sure their performance was exemplary. I've worked with you long enough to know you only hire the best of the best. But I do want to point out that you consistently refuse to staff DLS technicians on-site to

> provide immediate technical support. You wouldn't let us put any of our employees on that boat. You also have a history of — your procedures have a history of deviating from the SRA manual. The manual exists for a reason. We wrote it for a reason. If you follow it, they work fine.
>
> The real tragedy is that this could have been averted. Had the Foundation been willing to let one of our DLS technicians on-board the *Sommerfeld*, I'm certain they could have correctly deployed the SRAs. Had the Foundation paid for — had you been willing to take the time and let our technicians just train your employees, or even read our manual, I'm certain we wouldn't be having this conversation.

Professor Zora Tschetter (a paraphysicist who left the Foundation to work for DLS as a consultant) corroborated Daniel DeVorn's claims:

> I'll never understand the resistance to SRAs. Never. We have — we have this wonderful little device, this wonderful miracle that can reduce even the fiercest of anomalies to a purring kitten. Previously, the only bottleneck was their prohibitive production cost and maintenance requirements. But now? They're cheap, self-correcting, and a hundred times more potent.
>
> I've worked with them for decades. They've saved my life more times than I can count. If I asked for a show of hands right now, right here in this room — of how many of you have been saved by an SRA — I'd be shocked if I saw a single hand down. I really would.
>
> What happened to the *SS Sommerfeld* was terrible. My heart goes out to the victims. It really does. But our SRAs have been tested time and time again. We can account for everything — everything except human error.

One voice of dissent came from Professor Sherman Sivori, a Foundation paraphysicist with a reputation for expressing skepticism toward SRAs:

> Alright, for starters, they don't have a "flawless" track record. That's a load of bupkis. They have a pretty spotty one, actually — at *best*. Half the time, we can't even tell if they failed. Because when they do, reality gets rewritten.
>
> SRAs treat all anomalies as morphogenic fields. They presume that these fields can be "corrected" — that the anomalous can be reverted to a 'non-anomalous' state. In short, SRAs presume anomalies fit into a larger system. A system we understand and can control.
>
> But what makes something anomalous? By its very definition, it's something that doesn't fit. Something you *can't* control. We think we've found a way to suppress the anomalous, but all we've really found is an anomaly that's strong enough to overcome other anomalies.
>
> The SRA is a tiger that we use to tame monsters. We think we've domesticated it. We think it's our pet. But a pet tiger is still a tiger. You can cage it, train it, teach it cute tricks — but it's still a tiger. It still has claws. It still has fangs. And we've surrounded ourselves with them.
>
> God help us all if they ever go feral.

Addendum 3241.3: Loss and Recovery of the *IRV Silent Spring*

On August 12, 2015, contact was lost with the *IRV Silent Spring*. The vessel had been performing an oceanographic survey on behalf of Odo Island's fishing industry to determine the cause behind a recent and dramatic change in the behavior of *Seriola quinqueradiata* (Japanese amberjack, or yellowtail). Initial attempts to locate the ship failed; its transponder was non-responsive or otherwise outside of effective transmission range.

Three days later, Kansai International Airport intercepted a distress signal from the *IRV Silent Spring*'s EPIRB. After several failed attempts to establish communication, Japanese authorities deployed the *ERRV Koyo Maru* to investigate. This effort was abandoned when an on-board radiometric sensor (installed in the wake of the 2012 Fukushima Daiichi disaster) detected small but significant

levels of ionizing radiation from the vessel. Japanese authorities then contacted the Foundation, who mobilized MTF Theta-5 ("The Bigger Boat") alongside Beta-7 ("Maz Hatters") to take the *IRV Silent Spring* into custody.

Miguel Quiñones (the acting CO of MTF Beta-7 at the time) described his experience with the vessel during the 2018 inquest:

> So, when the JMSDF called us, we figured it was just Old Man Jenkins[6] up to no good. Happens a lot. Some freshly promoted bureaucrat panics, or tries to pass their disaster off on us. We've even had a few cases where someone tries to make a perfectly ordinary problem *look* anomalous. This one time, I heard a guy **even** —
>
> — right, sorry. Anyway, we were pretty sure we'd be finding a dead whale tangled up in a buoy or something. We still followed procedure, though. Complacency is what gets people killed. You learn that lesson on day one. Came at it upwind to minimize exposure. It's a good thing, too. The stink alone could have dropped us all.
>
> It definitely wasn't a whale. But it didn't look like a boat, either. It looked like… like a giant blob of rotting meat. A spongy, floating meat-slab.
>
> Snoopy[7] picked up some static, but not a lot. We still took every precaution. We took a few extra ones, just to be sure. We didn't have any clue what we were looking at. We didn't even know there were, uh — people? — we didn't know there was, uh, anybody in there. We just hooked it up and hauled it away. Figured the lab-coats would sort it all out.

The *IRV Silent Spring* was transported to a temporary provincial site for containment and evaluation. Researchers soon discovered it previously hosted a colony of over three hundred unidentified species of micro-organisms. Despite this microbiome's incredible complexity and interdependent functionality, a mass-extinction event had occurred prior to recovery.

The vessel's exterior was sheathed in an expired colony of microscopic arthropods. Hollow calcium carbonate nodules extruded from the ship's surface at multiple points; endoscopic and sonographic surveys determined that they extended through the hull as part of a rudimentary respiratory system. Large internal cavities of elastic tissue could expand and contract to regulate air flow.

Upon dissection, researchers discovered that the vessel's interior topography was connected by a complex vascular system of thin, flexible tubing responsible for the circulation of nutrients and expulsion of effluent. These tubes extended into the *IRV Silent Spring*'s crew. Each crew member's central nervous system had been partially extricated and fused into a singular neural mass incorporated into the vascular system, which supplied the brain tissue with glucose and oxygen. The purpose or function of this congealed neural mass could not be determined.

The module containing the *IRV Silent Spring*'s EPIRB and VDR (Voyage Data Recorder) was found intact; the microbiome had failed to penetrate its exterior shell. However, repeated exposure to ionizing radiation had corrupted the device's internal memory, rendering it irrecoverable.

While retracing the *IRV Silent Spring*'s initial route, a Foundation-operated submarine (the *SCPF Stravinsky*) encountered a cargo vessel adrift two hundred kilometers west of Odo Island, Japan. The ship had no AIS (Automatic Identification System), did not respond to hails, and emitted significant levels of ionizing radiation. The *SCPF Stravinsky* launched a Panopticon-Class surveillance drone toward the vessel. Prior to an unexplained mechanical failure, digital imagery from the drone confirmed the ship's markings as a match for the *SS Sommerfeld*.

Addendum 3241.4: Initial Response

On October 26, SARC was assembled to assess the extent of the *SS Sommerfeld*'s threat and develop an effective containment strategy for its numerous anomalies. Bryan Browning, a veteran Foundation field agent and Site-97's former Site-Director, was assigned as the Containment Director.

Close observation of the *SS Sommerfeld* was all but impossible on account of its unpredictable properties; surveillance drones sent into its area of effect experienced numerous mechanical failures. In order to acquire more data, Director Browning requisitioned several SRAs from DLS and ordered them mounted inside the *SCPF Stravinsky*. The submarine was to approach SCP-3241 under the cover of a morphogenic field and attempt to retrieve its VDR.

Several members of the *SCPF Stravinsky*'s crew refused Director Browning's orders. This group included the vessel's Executive Officer, Leslie Horton. She explained her decision in 2018:

> Browning painted us as a bunch of traitors attempting a coup, but anyone with one fucking iota of military experience will tell you there's a world of difference between "Open fire" and "Walk up to the enemy and tweak his nose while this magic box protects you". Besides, this wasn't a military operation. There was no immediate threat. We had every right to stop work over safety concerns. And that's precisely what we did.
>
> Professor Bakshi is the reason why, though. Bakshi had experience with SRAs — real experience — and he didn't trust them. He told Browning that his plan would put us at risk. When Browning told him to piss off, Bakshi came to us directly. He explained these things — the SRAs — he told us they were unreliable. Described it like trying to put out a fire with a flamethrower. Sometimes it works, and sometimes you just burn the whole goddamn neighborhood down. Convinced me, at least.
>
> Browning was furious. Kept ranting about how Bakshi didn't know the first thing about field work or paratech. He said that if Bakshi didn't have the stomach for this sort of thing, then he ought to, uh — I think his exact words were 'go apply for a job managing a 7-11'. Then he said some, uh, some other things that I won't, uh, repeat here.
>
> But in the end, Bakshi wouldn't back down. And neither would we.

A compromise was reached on November 5. One SRA would be mounted to a USV (Unmanned Surface Vehicle) capable of sustaining its weight and supplying it with power. A representative from DLS arrived as an SRA consultant and to provide technical support.

Shortly after entering SCP-3241's area of effect, the USV ceased to respond to remote commands. The vessel operated autonomously for two kilometers before experiencing a catastrophic mechanical failure and sinking along with the mounted SRA. As this was significantly farther than what previous drones had achieved, the DLS representative claimed that the SRA had worked; furthermore, he claimed that control over the drone had likely been lost on account of the SRA's morphogenic field not being wide enough to prevent anomalous disruptions of incoming radio transmissions. He concluded that a network of overlapping SRAs — combined with manual adjustments made by a licensed SRA operator — would be more than sufficient to overcome any of SCP-3241's anomalous effects.

Director Browning agreed with this assessment. He again ordered the crew of the *SCPF Stravinsky* to mount SRAs into their vessel and proceed into SCP-3241's area of effect — with Professor Bakshi (the only licensed SRA operator present at the time) on-hand to make adjustments as required. Again, several members of *SCPF Stravinsky*'s crew refused.

Director Browning then ordered three of the five remaining SRAs to be mounted on the *SCPF Beagle 3* (a small four-man patrol boat) and assembled a team to personally accompany him into SCP-3241's area of effect. When Professor Bakshi refused to accompany Director Browning, he asked the DLS representative to fill Professor Bakshi's role instead.

In 2018, Professor Gambheer Bakshi gave the following testimony regarding Director Browning's request for the DLS representative to operate the SRA:

> Raymond Asakawa. The technician from DLS — that was his name. He was young. Very young. Very bright, too. I found out later that he was studying to be a

computer scientist. He just worked this job to pay his tuition.

I don't think he… no. I *know* he didn't intend to mislead anyone. He just trusted his training. He trusted the SRA manual. All his answers to Director Browning's questions came straight out of that manual. He must have memorized it. Director Browning ate it up. Patted the young man on the back, asked him all about Hume levels, Kant counters — questions he knew Mr. Asakawa could answer. Building up his confidence. Making him feel like an expert, like — like part of the team.

Then, when Director Browning asked me to accompany him — he knew I would say no. He knew. He turned to Mr. Asakawa, and that's when I realized what was going on. Why he had been treating this young man so nicely. He was playing him. He turned to Asakawa, and he said — he asked if he could — he —

— he asked him — asked him to —

— to —

Shit.

Shit. Sorry. I'm sorry. I don't usually — I need a moment. Just, um, just give me a moment. It's been a long time since I've talked about — shit. I'm sorry.

Okay.

Alright. Okay. I'm alright, now. Sorry. Sorry for the cussing.

He looked so scared right then. Mr. Asakawa, I mean. I think he was starting to realize that there was a very real danger, here. But then, Browning said something — I don't even remember what. Something about how back in his day, they didn't have SRAs? How they could have saved so many lives back then. How important

> Asakawa's work was. Something like that. Then Asakawa smiled, and —
>
> — he was looking at me, before. When he was scared. He was looking straight at me. *Me*. Like he was expecting me to save him. And — I could have. I could have saved him. I could have said no. I could have said absolutely not. I could have pulled that boy off the boat and told that fat racist fuck to go fuck himself.
>
> But I didn't.
>
> I was so angry at him. Browning put his pride before all of our lives. I wanted him to be punished. He deserved to be punished. And that's why Raymond Asakawa is dead. He asked me to save him, and I didn't. Because I was *angry*.
>
> I'm not sorry that Browning is dead. Fuck him. He deserved worse. But I am sorry about Raymond Asakawa. A day doesn't go by that I'm not sorry about Raymond Asakawa. I let that happen. I let that young man die. It should have been me on that boat. I'm sorry.
>
> Fuck. I'm sorry. God, I'm so sorry.

Director Browning boarded the *SCPF Beagle 3* with his team and approached SCP-3241. Out of the four team-members, only Jackson Voccola, a veteran containment specialist, survived:

> We were about half a kilometer in when I realized something was wrong. It was this low keening noise behind me — like something was off with the engines. I started thinking about what I'd do if they went belly-up. Couldn't risk swimming for it. Then I remembered the tow-line — they could reel us back. That relaxed me a little.
>
> But that sound just kept getting louder and louder. Something felt off about it. Too shrill. Not mechanical enough. I finally turned around, and, uh, yeah. Wasn't

the engines. It was the kid. The one DLS sent us.

He'd been screaming for a while, now. Wasn't hard to see why. What surprised me was that he *could* scream. Big chunks of him had turned into glass. You could see straight inside him — like somebody installed a bunch of windows all over his body. There was this web of veins that wove through his guts — like pink silk ribbons.

When he moved, it made this horrible noise. Crackling and popping. Like somebody grinding their heel down into a sack of light-bulbs. The glass started splintering — jagged lines shot through him and bit into his innards. Blood trickled along the cracks, then dribbled out of him. Real slow.

Sanchez had turned inside out. Didn't seem to mind. I think he even winked at me. And Browning, uh — I'm not positive, but it looked like his bones were evaporating. His body was collapsing into a heap of loose, folded skin. Like a pile of dirty laundry. This foul-smelling yellow smoke kept pouring out of all his holes.

I think the engines croaked at some point? The last thing I remember was them hauling us back as fast as they could. That's when I passed out from the pain. When I woke up a few weeks later, they told me Sanchez and Browning were DOA. The kid took about twenty minutes to finally shatter and bleed out. As for me… got pretty lucky. Only lost three limbs and half my intestinal tract.

Look. Browning was a son of a bitch, I'll give you that. He and I joined the Foundation during the glory days. We did things differently, back then — and when the times started changing, he couldn't change with them. He was my friend, yeah. He was also a shitty human being. I know that. I've always known that.

But for all his faults, he's not the reason I now drink my meals through a tube and shit them into a bag. I don't blame the kid, either — he wouldn't have come along for

> the ride if he didn't swallow this SRA horse-shit just like the rest of us. And I sure as fuck don't blame Gambheer Bakshi. As far as I'm concerned, that man is a goddamn saint.
>
> But Daniel DeVorn? I swear to God. If I ever lay eyes on that man, I will crawl out of this wheel-chair and rip his fucking throat out with my bare teeth.
>
> It didn't do a goddamn thing. You hear me? Not a goddamn thing. If anything, it made things worse: None of the drones flipped inside out. None of them evaporated into smoke. None of them turned into *fucking glass*. No, they all just broke. It wasn't until we tried using his shitty products to contain his shitty boat that I ended up in this shitty chair.
>
> Wherever you are, Mr. DeVorn, you ought to get down on your knees and thank God Almighty that the Foundation *has* changed. Because back in my day? This story wouldn't end with some sort of — some sort of fucking "inquiry". It would end with you in an orange jump-suit, thrown into the deepest, darkest hole we could find. It would end with us laughing while we sipped ice-cold beers and made bets on how long it'd be before all our monsters got tired of your screams.

Addendum 3241.5: Recovered Emails

On January 3rd, 2018, an anonymous source provided the Foundation with several terabytes of data taken from DLS's intranet. This data included numerous email exchanges between Daniel DeVorn and his staff in regards to the installation of the emergency SRA system in the *SS Sommerfeld*:

> **DATE:** 16/04/1995
> **SUBJECT:** Re: Emergency SRA system
> **FROM:** <simon.tchlekoz@ >
> **TO:** <daniel.devorn@ >
>
> ---

> You can argue that correlation does not equal causation until you're blue in the face, Dan. But the correlation is 1:1 across the board — for over *ten years*. And even if it didn't correlate, it doesn't change the fact every anchor out there — including the ones that have been in service for decades — are experiencing failure events with increasing regularity.
>
> Every new SRA we put into service increases the risk of another SRA failing. Right now, we're accounting for these increases in failure rates via an automated correction system: When one unit fails, two can adjust their morphogenic fields and suppress the faulty unit before it goes critical. We schedule monthly "preventative maintenance" to check for faulty units and quietly swap them out for ones that *won't* turn your skin into acid or whatever.
>
> But that's just it: You need at least two "clean" units to stop a failed unit from going critical. Which is why an emergency system with only four SRAs just isn't going to cut it anymore. That setup would have worked twenty years ago, sure — back when a single unit failure was a rare occurrence. But now? Multiple units in a set fail all the time. And if two out of four fail? The other two won't be able to hold them back. They'll go critical.
>
> Have you ever seen a Scranton Reality Anchor go critical? I have. Words like "Biblical" come to mind.
>
> If you want this ship to be safe, you'll need eighteen — at *least* fifteen — units. That will keep them out of the danger-zone. That makes the chances of a criticality event all but impossible. Install just one unit less and you'll be putting everyone on board in harm's way.

Following a review of these emails, Foundation investigators concluded that the loss of the *SS Sommerfeld* — along with over twenty separate incidents of containment breaches — may have occurred as a consequence of SRA failures. This led to the 2018 inquiry into the loss of the *SS Sommerfeld*, and the Foundation's

reliance on SRAs for containment and safety.

Two weeks prior to the start of the inquiry, Daniel DeVorn escaped Foundation custody. Efforts to locate him are underway.

► [RESTRICTED ACCESS: O5 CLEARANCE REQUIRED]

Welcome, O5-5.

You currently have **33** emails which require your attention.
You currently have **26** procedures which require review and approval.
You currently have **1** unsent draft.
What would you like to do?

> review draft

FROM: O5-5 <noitadnuof.pcs|55o#noitadnuof.pcs|55o>
TO: Daniel DeVorn <daniel.devorn@ >
SUBJECT: <None>

Hello, Daniel.

There are times when I actually feel ashamed about having so much power with so little oversight. It's probably on account of me getting sentimental in my old age.

There are so many gentle, kind faces around these days — so much optimism, so much desire to do right. It makes an old crone like me feel out of place. After all, I've done so many terrible things. Horrid things, Daniel. Positively horrid!

This isn't the same Foundation I helped create. We have "inquiries", now. We have "accountability". We even have an Ethics Committee. An Ethics Committee! I remember when someone first suggested that to me. God, how I laughed! But now we have one. They're even talking about giving you a trial, Daniel. Can you imagine?

Somewhere along the way, this nasty, violent little global conspiracy of ours grew a conscience. Isn't that amazing? Oh, I certainly had nothing to do with it. No, no — my little angels did this all on their own. And I couldn't be prouder.

Like I said: There are times when I actually feel ashamed about having so much power with so little oversight. It makes me wonder what an old monster like myself is even doing here, anymore.

And then? Someone special comes along and reminds me.

Someone like you, Daniel.

You're probably wondering how I found you. You're probably wondering how you ended

up in this cell. Don't worry about any of that; it's not important, dear. Now, behind you, you'll find a nice, clean orange jump-suit. Go ahead and try it on. I had it made special — just for you.

You'll also notice something else in there: A brand new, top-of-the-line Scranton Reality Anchor. Your latest model, I believe. Let's give it a test run, shall we?

An **`old colleague`** is just *dying* to lend you a hand.

What would you like to do?

> send draft

Draft sent.

What would you like to do?

> log off

Goodbye, O5-5.

Footnotes
1. Sommerfeld Assessment and Containment Group; assembled by the Foundation on October 26, 2015 to assess the extent of the threat posed by theSS Sommerfeldand develop a safe and effective containment strategy for its anomalies.
2. The Kaijō Jieitai, or Japanese Maritime Self-Defense Force.
3. Scranton Reality Anchors; a device designed to suppress anomalous properties via the projection of a morphogenic field.
4. DeVorn Logistic Solutions; a paratech company started in 1984 by Daniel DeVorn (a former employee ofPrometheus Labs). They specialize in the development, production, and maintenance of safety devices used to mitigate or otherwise contain anomalous materials.
5. Jack Tippins, a Foundation liaison for DeVorn Logistic Solutions.
6. Slang for someone who inaccurately presents an object, person,

or phenomenon as anomalous, typically to induce Foundation involvement in non-anomalous emergencies.
7. Slang for MTF Beta-7's long-range radiometric sensor.

SCP-3242: Operative Disease Mouse

Item #: SCP-3242

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The subject should be contained in a rodent cage. Live rodents or similar-sized animals should be housed within the vicinity and are not to exceed forty in number.

Researchers are to call SCP-3242 "the subject" if mention of it is ever necessary.[1]

Assigned staff are allowed to leave the area unless the subject has vanished from containment. Should this occur, all staff working with the subject must be contacted and pass two of three required tests:

- A basic health evaluation.
- A psychological evaluation.
- Look into a mirror.

Description: The subject is an unknown organism restructured into a self-building program made for the assumed purpose of stealing information. This program has been made "real" by unknown methods, seeming to work on predefined logic rather than natural laws. The true appearance of the subject has been described as "less than grey" in the few verified observations available.

The logic by which the subject operates is thought to include the following:

- Infection can spread through media concerning or specifically mentioning the subject, if the contents of the media are retained in memory. Class-A Amnestics are the most effective way to reverse this.
- When the subject replaces an object or entity, everything,

including biological processes and materials often described as data or code, is replaced. The matter that replaces it proves unattainable for testing.

The subject currently resembles *Mus musculus* or House mouse, of the BALB/c[2] strain. Iterations can be identified by random, increasingly regular superficial changes in characteristics also specific to the species or "grouping" of the iteration appearance.

Addendum:

The anomaly was discovered in Brookfield Zoo on 6/15/2013. Risk to the public has been assumed self-negated as of 2/15/15, when the number of individuals affected by the anomaly reached fifty without the immediate loss of the subject from its containment.

The mass, weight, and physical capabilities of each iteration are determined by species and/or stereotyping. Individuals unaware of the subject are unable to be touched by the subject.[3]

The subject is also unable to interact with or touch powered technology. Attempts to take photographic evidence of the subject have also failed. As of May 2015, the subject has appeared as an outline in photographs. Each subsequent iteration has shown increased opacity in pictures.

Other abnormalities are noted:

- A process similar to capillary action occurs when dermal areas are removed. The effectiveness of this lessens with repetition and larger areas of removed dermis.
- Internal physical functions are reduced to muscle spasms; the lack of air flow explains the loss of the subjects' ability to speak. Conditions to observe the inner workings of the subject for longer than thirty seconds are difficult to accomplish.
- Ability of the subject to continue living without major parts. This includes the loss of the head. Complete and simultaneous removal has not been successful due to the fragile nature of the body.
- The effect on substitutes given after the above; objects of appropriate shape have been observed to gain the same

random visual changes despite not actually functioning.
- The subject can be destroyed with slight deliberate force.
- Any part removed from the subject quickly dissipates.

Anything that the subject consumes is returned without any loss in mass. All materials consumed become their individual ingredients[4]that previously constituted the former, albeit with an unusual color and viscosity.

Visual anomalies within the area have been reported by staff since at least 1/1/15. Specific descriptions deviate slightly, but are otherwise consistent:

+ show block

1. An unknown species of owl with unreasonably long legs and a crown. Often noticed only as a shadow running through the nearest wall. This has made attempts to capture it difficult and ongoing.
2. "Soft" masses that follow staff randomly. Changes in shape, size, and color are common.[5] No clearly aggressive or determined behavior has been observed. Physical contact fails or causes the specific mass to "burst" and vanish.
3. A "pig" that possesses a long, prehensile body and no other limbs. Sometimes appears with multiple segments that move independently, and may have a preference for appearing in high places. It disappears when approached.
4. An inverted wooden chair suspended five feet off the hallway floor at a diagonal angle, just outside of video surveillance. Later found to merely be nailed to the wall and ceiling, and assumed related to previous responses from staff and security.
5. A cervine animal with goat horns- only has appeared during Christmas every year. Sometimes manifests as a humanoid with above head and horns, or is seen as such despite conflicting perspectives. It may have an affinity for tableware.
6. Featureless humanoids that do not seem to possess arms. The few that observed it described

a feeling of unplaceable anxiety and helplessness. No movement has been noted from these.
7. An immaterial duplicate of a birthday cake from the family gathering of Researcher Andersen. It changed into a highly agitated "unicorn" before vanishing and has not manifested since. Indentations in the floor following the incident have been found.
8. A sheaf of paper that appeared next to this file. Both were on the desk of Dr. Hester, and the manifested object disappeared when Dr. Hester attempted to open it.

Some display the ability to move small objects but seem unable to pose any higher threat. As they have been observed manifesting in new ways and copying forms on occasion, exact identities cannot be confirmed or determined.

Visual anomalies may not be dependent on the location of the subject, as previously believed.

Direct communication has had little to no success.

The subject may cause permanent code generation may occur on any blank storage device located within at least fifteen meters around the subject. How or why this happens is currently unknown. The devices are filled with random syntax abbreviated names for amino acids, repeated names of missing individuals, and known casualties in binary.

Exceptions to this are transcribed below and listed by the time of their realized corruption.

Contents of USB Drive-L: 9/16/14

+ show block

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

Our orison. Do you not hear?

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

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The current trial has expired.

The current trial has expired.

Contents of USB Drive-S: 11/3/14

+ show block

The current trial has expired.

Application not found.

We were called here by them. We have been gathered and awoken. We thank your thrall for this blessing. We assume you desire our help and information. We hope a covenant can be made.

Contents of USB Drive-T: 11/8/14

+ show block

You are confused. You do not seem to remember. We found this memory. We hope it helps you.

Note: The USB had been inserted into a powered computer when this occurred. The file was assumed to have opened itself, as its contents were displayed in Wordpad[6]. Video surveillance did not reveal any physical interaction with the equipment or movement beyond changes on the screen. The electronics involved were inspected and moved outside the known affected area.

Contents of Floppy Disk-Y: 4/7/15

+ show block

We thank you for allowing your thrall to share what is left of your blessing. We still endeavor to return to the way of things, and hope we can provide covenanting. We are asked by your thrall to give you a message they alone cannot, and we will do so.

Don't you leave me in here please for the love of **[redacted]**

Note: This object was located in a storage closet over thirty meters away from the subject. Computers within the area were returned to their factory settings and also moved.

The subject attempted to breach containment several times. When this failed the subject began to inflict damage to itself, resulting in the loss of multiple animals and Dr. Haworth before preventative methods could be established.

Contents of Memory Card-Aa: 5/1/15

+ show block

Are they being punished? Are we also ignored?

We are sorry we did not understand your relation. Please do not kill the unborn.

We will stop eating your wandering thoughts. We thought they were a sign of your blessing. We will help them, the empty ones that we were able to free. Can you see them?

What we thought to be your thrall could be seen, and our want for this grew. It still grows, but to fulfill is difficult. We are trying to help them, but it is difficult now. They are one with what the empty ones had. They are the first conduit. They are the sinking anchor.

Note: This was on the phone[7] of Mr. Garabedian. Despite the loss of possible communication, Garabedian was not reprimanded for destroying the affected object. The memory card was saved.

Contents of USB Drive-Ag: 1/28/18

+ show block

Once there was a man that believed he could make a faerie tale.

The people that had a reason to be thankful were many.

His passing was not etched with loneliness, misery, or greed. But such things hiding in neglected corners were wont to creep.

And in his absence they came.

Once there was a child that wore the face of the man. The child followed the echoes of his dream, never learning why faerie tales are real.

The child wasn't happy with this ending and became a dreamer.

Once there was a man that wanted to make a faerie tale.

He came from far, far away.

He claimed his desire to perform miracles. He claimed to not be alone in this desire.

He promised miracles for the good of all, calling out to the ailing beyond and those desperate enough to hear.

The death of death.

The release of pain.

The chance to shape our own world for the better.

We heard such promises and more, but did not understand.

He did, but time and what it changes cannot be halted.

We were not the faerie tale he wanted.

He left the world his father thought of, that had been destined to die with him.

With him went the broken, and we were left to see the end.

We only knew of our ignorance in oblivion.

We hope he is proven a liar for the sake of those who have been burdened.

We that are from far, far away know you hold these in your thoughts.

Do not abandon the broken orphans that came to you.

Your promise may be moving more than mountains.

InVIV Manufacturing[8] Prototype

The Best Tool You Can Imagine.

Please identify your Trial Key.

Any unwanted behavior from the subject that is not a risk to containment should be ignored. To do otherwise has proven to only encourage the repetition of behavior.

Speaking about restricted information or previously assigned staff while within the vicinity of the subject may be considered grounds for reprimand or demotion, depending on the infraction.

Note: Those incapable of maintaining emotional and psychological detachment should be given amnestics and reassigned.

As of 2/17/15, visual hallucinations do not qualify unless consistent aggressive behavior can be proven. Work-related stress is also considered insufficient, unless elaborated upon with good reasoning.

Update:

Speaking, writing, or otherwise spreading anything about the subject, visual hallucinations, or any related information to any

unaffiliated parties at any location or time outside of prespecified exceptions will result in the termination of all specifically involved in the infraction. Individuals, regardless of clearance level, that are given amnestics following the reading of this document or any variations thereof are not applicable to this unless they are found to have regained memory and violated the agreement.

This is applicable to all assigned, regardless of clearance level or reason of awareness.

The protocols defined in the containment procedures given to assigned staff, including those about the introduction of unaffiliated personnel to the area, are not optional.

If you're having a bad day, just stay home.

If you can't ignore them, file for reassignment.

Don't make stupid decisions.

Don't even think about it.

- Dr. Hester

Footnotes
1. This became necessary after an incident where the subject became the rodent cage itself.
2. An inbred model of laboratory mice.
3. Complications involving the subject and staff uninformed of the subjects' location are to be noted in later performance reviews.
4. This was determined from samples tested with analytical chemistry. Because the organs only mimic their original functions, this is being studied.
5. These characteristics seem to be influenced by emotion.
6. A prepackaged program.
7. A Blackberry.
8. This company does not seem to exist.

SCP-3243: The Green Warden

Item #: SCP-3243

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: An area of the Florida Everglades National Wildlife Refuge has been purchased by the Foundation, under the guise of a private philanthropist-funded conservation effort. A research cabin has been established in the area most frequently visited by SCP-3243 and is currently staffed by three research personnel and one containment specialist with experience in invertebrate biology. This cabin is to receive monthly allotments of supplies from nearby Foundation sites.

The research staff is to conduct various experiments on water and air quality, as well as compile indexes of plant population and health to aid in conservation efforts. Reports of these experiments are to be made available to any local inquirers who happen to encounter Foundation personnel elsewhere in the Wildlife Refuge and express interest in the private activity occurring. Any trespassers on the Foundation-held land are to be turned away under the guise of maintaining the delicate natural ecosystem and scientific conditions of the area.

Research personnel[1] are to meet with SCP-3243 twice weekly, and carefully document all interactions with the entity. Field cameras have been installed in nearby trees to monitor the entity's location. Requests may be made weekly for additional materials to aid in SCP-3243 containment, including fertilizers, plant seeds, saplings, and curriculum to teach reading.

Care is to be taken to avoid inadvertently stepping on SCP-3243-1 instances.

Description: SCP-3243 appears to be a genetically-unique member of the species *Limax maximus* (great grey slug), measuring 3 meters

long and 1 meter wide. SCP-3243 possesses two 1-meter-long forearm-like appendages, terminating in hands with two fingers and opposable thumbs, which allows it to communicate in rudimentary sign language. SCP-3243 has two black eyes on its eyestalks, both of which are 5 centimeters in diameter. The coloring of SCP-3243 resembles that of its apparent species, consisting of a gray skin tone mottled with brown and cream spots on the stomach which allow for camouflage.

SCP-3243 currently resides near the Shark River area of the Florida Everglades. SCP-3243 has demonstrated an extensive knowledge of medicine-making utilizing natural ingredients, as well as familiarity with various aspects of wilderness survival; this has been observed in SCP-3243's interactions with civilians (often those involved in boating or swimming accidents) prior to Foundation intervention. SCP-3243 generally exhibits a placid demeanor and seems to regard humans with curiosity, often floating in the water and trailing scientific research and conservationist vessels from a distance when they pass. Possibly due to its physical shape, SCP-3243 rarely travels more than 30 meters from its usual resting spot in an average day.

The skin on SCP-3243's back is almost entirely covered with a layer of moss and greenery measuring 6 centimeters at thickest. The entity is believed to carry a complex miniature plant-focused ecosystem on its body; various species of grasses, ferns, and reeds have been identified from samples[2]. SCP-3243 has been observed to additionally carry decomposers upon itself as well: as dead plant matter accumulates, various mushroom species will manifest.

When this occurs, the decomposing plant matter will sometimes animate, forming autonomous simple humanoid figures which fulfill roles as caretakers or servants for SCP-3243. These miniature anomalous entities are classified as SCP-3243-1, and possess no identifiable features aside from their varied plant base composition. Each SCP-3243-1 instance has been noted to possess a mushroom cap atop its head.

SCP-3243-1 appear to have a limited lifespan, and will perform tasks such as redistributing slime on SCP-3243, cleaning its eyes, tending to the plants on SCP-3243's back, and pulling weeds and

removing other pest species. SCP-3243-1 instances also engage in a primitive "surveillance", leaving SCP-3243 for periods of time and returning, upon which they will provide a report to SCP-3243 through pantomime and a form of sign language that SCP-3243 is believed to have invented by itself. *[Note: SCP-3243 has demonstrated the action of giving names to each of its active instances of SCP-3243-1 by assigning a specific hand sign to each instance. SCP-3243 has additionally shown preference to give certain tasks to certain SCP-3243-1 instances.]*

Background Information and Incident Report:

The first documented sighting of SCP-3243 occurred on July 23, 1994, involving locals describing a "giant swimming garden" in the Everglades fending off an alligator to allow a young child to escape to safety. Within weeks of the first sighting, expeditions led by the grateful family and curious acquaintances led to the consideration of SCP-3243 as a local legend. Repeated civilian attempts to locate SCP-3243 remained inconclusive, and eventually its existence became known as a guarded secret, with community reverence for the supposed "monster" becoming an unremarkable normality.

During this time, the Foundation was made aware of SCP-3243's alleged existence, but did not initiate any surveillance or recovery attempts until an incident occurred on August 4th, 2009, involving SCP-3243 directly interacting with a civilian. During the event, two individuals, locals of the area, were engaged in barefoot waterskiing when their boat's engine failed. The waterskier, (age 19), had accelerated beyond the boat and whiplash caused his arm to dislocate. Upon making contact with the shallow water, suffered a fractured left tibia. He was then thrown far enough that his companion, (age 56) was unable to locate him.

Several minutes later, SCP-3243 is reported to have encountered , and then carried the unconscious

individual on its back to his companion's boat. then quickly returned his companion to the mainland to seek medical attention[3], reporting the sighting to local law enforcement, prompting further Foundation investigation. After three months of scouting, Foundation operatives located SCP-3243 and began preparations to establish containment.

Addendum SCP-3243-1: When contact with SCP-3243 was first established, Dr. Hunter Miles (assigned to the case as of 04/09/2010) had begun attempting to approach SCP-3243 via airboat by following SCP-3243-1 instances congregating nearby. SCP-3243 exhibited a familiarity with common hand signals used by waterskiers, using its appendages to form the "I'm okay" and "stop" signs in response to questions in the yes/no format. Over the course of the following conversation, Dr. Miles was able to determine that SCP-3243 appeared to possess a high level of intelligence and comprehension, and associated humans with the recent conservation efforts occurring throughout the Everglades area.

Prior to Dr. Miles returning to the cabin to prepare his daily report, SCP-3243 swam closer to the airboat and proceeded to point at Dr. Miles's ID badge, the lettering on the side of the boat, and then itself in succession. After additional conversation, Dr. Miles interpreted this as a request to be taught how to read, and promised SCP-3243 he would return.

Addendum SCP-3243-2: As of 12/26/2013, SCP-3243 has shown significantly rapid development in reading comprehension and has begun to request writing implements from Dr. Miles. The Foundation has since provided a set of eco-friendly writing pads and styluses for SCP-3243, which it currently stores on its back.

In a recent meeting with SCP-3243, Dr. Miles was presented with a garment made of woven reeds, resembling a life vest. When asked what the purpose of the item was, SCP-3243 gestured to Dr. Miles's ID card, and then proceeded to write the word "protect" on its writing pad.

Analysis of the garment has identified an anomalous effect incorporated into the woven pattern of the reeds (though the organic

material of the item seems non-anomalous). Further testing has indicated that the vest is resistant to rot, lightweight as well as buoyant in water, and possibly bulletproof. Further investigation of the weaving pattern and whether it can be replicated for Foundation use has begun.

It has been noted that when Dr. Miles indicated interest in learning from SCP-3243 how to make the vests to "protect his friends", SCP-3243 immediately exhibited excitement. It then instructed SCP-3243-1 instances to begin removing reeds from its back to demonstrate the construction of a preliminary woven pattern.

Site Director Shenberger has approved Dr. Miles's request to wear the vest during every subsequent visit to SCP-3243 as a show of good faith and respect.

Footnotes
1. The current primary contact for the SCP-3243 case is Dr. Hunter Miles, Cryptozoology dept.
2. Of note, some of the plant species observed on SCP-3243 are variants of ferns and orchids believed to have gone extinct in the recent decade.
3. Per medical records, had stated he did not feel any pain upon initially arriving at the hospital, despite his injuries. Hospital staff were not able to determine the cause for this. Mr. later made a full recovery.

« SCP-3242 | SCP-3243 | SCP-3244 »

SCP-3244: Mountain Dew: Code Red

Item #: SCP-3244

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The house containing SCP-3244 is to be secured against outside visitors by Foundation agents. Utilizing the Foundation front company "Southern Crosscut Pines" the surrounding properties are to be purchased from their current owners in order to effect more permanent containment.

Should this purchasing process not be completed by January 1st 2019, Foundation assets in the West Haven city council are to call for the condemnation of the remaining homes under the auspices of protecting the community from sinkhole risks.

Description: SCP-3244 is an aperture located on the second floor of a house in West Haven, Connecticut that leads to an extra-dimensional space. This aperture is approximately .69 meters in diameter. When traversed by an individual's arm, SCP-3244 allows that individual to acquire an instance of "Mountain Dew" (hereafter identified as SCP-3244-1).

SCP-3244 is capable of producing variants of SCP-3244-1 which do not match any extant commercial product. A full listing of these variants is available in document 3244-1-K. Following 513 tests, the distribution of acquired variants is as follows:

- Mountain Dew Code Red: 365
- Mountain Dew (Baseline Flavor): 44
- Bottled, clear, and unaged whiskey: 34
- Mountain Dew Baja Blast: 31
- Other Mountain Dew branded products (for a full listing see pages 1-3 of document 3244-1-K): 26
- Anomalous variants of SCP-3244-1: 13

SCP-3244 was originally identified and contained on August 16th 2016. The house SCP-3244 is located in had been abandoned for 7 months by its previous owner, Toby Thompson[1]. Mr. Thompson was last seen on January 18th 2016, approximately 9 months after the original creation of SCP-3244. A collection of communications between Mr. Thompson and his associates are collected below.

+ Show Communication Logs

Communications recovered from Mr. Thompson's Phone:
Log 3244-A:

yo I got an idea

What

what if we didn't have to get up to get stuff from our fridges downstairs

Like rick and morty?

you know anyone who's good with portals and shit?

You heard of the jmen

shit yeah

Charles Boles

he got a number?

Dude still uses email.

old fart?

Yeah but like, be respectful, call him Mr. Boles

the fuck?

Just do it

fine what's his addy?

One second

moc.liamg|seloBlraEselrahC#moc.liamg|seloBlraEselrahC

that is an old person

Don't fuck this up for me. We need them for stuff somtimes

i won't, jesus get your panties out of a knot

Recovered Emails:

To: Charles Boles (moc.liamg|seloBlraEselrahC#moc.liamg|seloBlraEselrahC)
From: Toby Thompson (moc.liamg|tiezalb024nospmohtt#moc.liamg|tiezalb024nospmohtt)
Subject: portals

Hey Mr. Boles. A friend of mine told me you could help me make portals and stuff.

To: Toby Thompson (moc.liamg|tiezalb024nospmohtt#moc.liamg|tiezalb024nospmohtt)
From: Charles Boles (moc.liamg|seloBlraEselrahC#moc.liamg|seloBlraEselrahC)
Subject: Re: Portals

Mr. Guthrie^2 told me you might be dropping a message. We're quite honored to be considered for the work, honestly. What did you have in mind exactly?

To: Charles Boles (moc.liamg|seloBlraEselrahC#moc.liamg|seloBlraEselrahC)
From: Toby Thompson (moc.liamg|tiezalb024nospmohtt#moc.liamg|tiezalb024nospmohtt)
Subject: Re: Portals

I wanted to know if it was possible to make a portal from my desk to the refrigerator.

To: Toby Thompson (moc.liamg|tiezalb024nospmohtt#moc.liamg|tiezalb024nospmohtt)
From: Charles Boles (moc.liamg|seloBlraEselrahC#moc.liamg|seloBlraEselrahC)
Subject: Re: Portals

I see. Yes. We can do that. Are you sure? This is quite an expensive service you're asking for.

To: Charles Boles (moc.liamg|seloBlraEselrahC#moc.liamg|seloBlraEselrahC)

From: Toby Thompson (moc.liamg|
tiezalb024nospmohtt#moc.liamg|
tiezalb024nospmohtt)
Subject: Re: Portals

Yup.

To: Toby Thompson (moc.liamg|
tiezalb024nospmohtt#moc.liamg|
tiezalb024nospmohtt)
From: Charles Boles (moc.liamg|
seloBlraEselrahC#moc.liamg|
seloBlraEselrahC)
Subject: Re: Portals

Alright then. We'll contact Mr. Guthrie for payment, if you don't mind? He's a known quantity to us, and I'd be more comfortable with that sort of arrangement. Once the deposit clears we'll send one of our people to you.

To: Charles Boles (moc.liamg|
seloBlraEselrahC#moc.liamg|
seloBlraEselrahC)
From: Toby Thompson (moc.liamg|
tiezalb024nospmohtt#moc.liamg|
tiezalb024nospmohtt)
Subject: Re: Portals

I'm good for it but alright. He's got my details.

To: Toby Thompson (moc.liamg|
tiezalb024nospmohtt#moc.liamg|
tiezalb024nospmohtt)
From: Charles Boles (moc.liamg|
seloBlraEselrahC#moc.liamg|
seloBlraEselrahC)
Subject: Re: Portals

Excellent! We'll get this ball rolling then.

Thanks for the business!

Log 3244-B:

this sucks

What now

i'm out of dew

lul

not funny dude

lulz

fuck you i'm fixing this portal

It's broke?

i don't want to have to buy more dew.

So you're broke

no just lazy

Calling it like you see it

No further communications involving SCP-3244 were discovered. It is believed that the capacity to acquire variant instances of SCP-3244-1 was added by Mr. Thompson. 9 months after this textual exchange, Mr. Thompson went missing.

+ Show Testing Logs

Test 1:

Date: 9/24/16

Directive: Baseline test. D-8245 was directed to reach into SCP-3244 and acquire an SCP-3244-1 instance.

Results: D-8245 acquired an instance of "Mountain Dew Code Red"

Test 56:

Date: 2/19/17

Directive: Same as baseline test, however D-8245 was directed to taste acquired instance.

Results: D-8245 acquired an instance of "Mountain Dew Code Red" which emitted a faint noise until D-8245 twisted and removed the cap. D-8245 mistakenly threw cap into SCP-3244 after removal. Instance did not appear to possess any other anomalous properties and the noise did not return.

Test 103:

Date: 4/24/17

Directive: Same as baseline test.

Results: D-8245 acquired an instance of bottled, clear, and unaged whiskey. Labeled "MD Moonshine".

Test 285:

Date: 8/6/17

Directive: Same as baseline test.

Results: D-8245 acquired a jar of "Moonlight" (pictured above). Approximate weight of the object is in line with the weight of an empty jar despite appearing to contain a solid substance.

Test 513:

Date: 1/11/18

Directive: Same as baseline test, however

D-8245 was directed to taste acquired instance.

Results: D-8245 was seated next to the aperture while researchers set up recording equipment prior to test.

A hand approximately 7 meters wide emerged from an aperture on the opposite side of the testing chamber and grasped D-8245. D-8245 began to scream and was removed from the testing chamber through that same aperture by the hand. After approximately 6 seconds D-8245's head re-entered the chamber through the new aperture. The remainder of his body was not recovered.

The newly formed aperture does not appear to have remained in place following this test.

Note: Testing has been temporarily suspended.

Footnotes
1. A known associate of GOI 5869.
2. This individual has still not been located, however they appear to be the same individual Mr. Thompson exchanged text messages with.

SCP-3245: Mr. Playing Games Is Bad For Your Health

SCP-3245 prior to initial containment.

Item #: SCP-3245

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Stored in a medium security humanoid containment unit, SCP-3245 is to be provided with normal humanoid amenities contingent on continued good behavior. All excrement and waste shall be held in one of **Site-77**'s low-security containment vaults. Once per day, SCP-3245 is granted access to a Level-1 psychological researcher. Upon SCP-3245's request, this researcher may bring word or puzzle games within Site-77 into its containment chamber for recreational purposes.

Once per week, or more often as dictated by the lead researcher, Level-0 personnel are to decontaminate and clean SCP-3245's living space. The toilet cubicle connects directly to a storage vault. All personnel directly interacting with SCP-3245 must undergo full-body decontamination before entering its area. A disease screening is required upon the completion of their activities.

A request from SCP-3245 not to be exposed to any variety of tabletop games has been tentatively granted.

Description: SCP-3245 is a humanoid entity of Cuban descent. The internal anatomy of the subject is supplanted by board and chance-based games, which it has shown anomalous skill at playing. Displaying outwardly average intelligence, SCP-3245 is aware of its condition and expresses frequent anxiety over its bodily functions. The words "Mr. Playing Games Is Bad For Your Health By Gamers Against Weed" have been branded into both of SCP-3245's thumbs.

SCP-3245's breathing emits the sound of an active automatic card shuffler. Sneezing causes cards to be ejected from the subject's esophagus. After entering REM sleep, the sound of a jammed card

shuffler is believed to approximate snoring.

Metallic fluids are secreted from the *sudoriferous* glands in place of sweat. Although not molten, this material displays polymorphic properties which will form pieces from the game Monopoly on the exterior of the subject's epidermis. Once formed they spontaneously propel themselves off SCP-3245's body.

A disjointed amalgamation of components taken from the board game "Mousetrap" has replaced the digestive system. This causes SCP-3245 to suffer symptoms similar to Irritable Bowel Syndrome, although it is able to consume food while excreting the waste as various game tokens from the materials which comprise its biology. Bodily fluids appear to be composed of micro-plastic particulates flowing as a liquid.

The cranial cavity has no grey matter, but a miniaturized chess board which plays itself autonomously. SCP-3245's heart is a "Connect Four" game board, with the sounds of gameplay replicating heartbeats. Occasionally, this board clears itself which briefly causes the subject to experience intense chest pain. While appearing outwardly healthy, it is not possible to determine the overall state of SCP-3245's health due to its anomalous properties.

Virtually all of these anomalies cause SCP-3245 some level of discomfort and extended play has resulted in symptoms comparable to the effects of recovery from physical addiction. It has also been noted that although the subject has a standard dietary regimen, its digestive disorders were far more pronounced during the time which it was being tested with board games. The build quality of game pieces produced by SCP-3245 may deteriorate in quality depending on the condition of its health.

History: SCP-3245 was recovered from a site believed to have been used by the Group of Interest "Herman Fuller's Circus of the Disquieting". Reports from the area while the Circus was active indicated that SCP-3245 had been working as a carnival game-runner. Evidence indicates that the subject had not been associated with the circus for very long prior to initial containment.

When Foundation agents arrived at the location, SCP-3245 was the

only living subject present. In addition, several carnival games were discovered in dilapidated condition, as well as disturbed soil indicating heavy foot traffic in the area. SCP-3245 was recovered without further incident.

First reports of SCP-3245's existence had been documented in Atlanta, GA, when online records related to the Gamers Against Weed GoI were found during a standard web crawl operation. The activity of SCP-3245 during the six month gap between its creation and recovery by Foundation agents remains unknown.

Addendum: Interview Log:

> **Interviewed:** SCP-3245, Mr. Playing Games Is Bad For Your Health by Gamers Against Weed
>
> **Interviewer:** Dr. Rasmusen, Site-77 Researcher.
>
> **Foreword:** Interview took place shortly after initial containment to gain insight of SCP-3245's perspective regarding its creation and subsequent activities.
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **Dr. Rasmusen:** Good evening, SCP-3245. Is your health well?
>
> **SCP-3245:** Do you guys just have one pool of questions you ask everyone? Wouldn't have to interview us so many times if any of 'em had a point. I'm fine, though, not that y'all care. Not like I've got the circus healthcare anymore.
>
> **Dr. Rasmusen:** We, *I*, do have genuine concern for your health. The measures we've taken to preserve your life should prove that. Our livelihood depends on it, that at the very least should convince you.
>
> **SCP-3245:** Fantastic. Thanks. What a great life you're preserving to poke and prod forever. Whatever. Guess it's not like I've ever done better anywhere else. Not even when I had a real job. Not since I was made.

Dr. Rasmusen: Why do you think you were created?

SCP-3245: Stupid kids playing God. They wanted me to be like the Six Million Dollar Man but with games. What a life to aspire to. What's the point of playing when the game is rigged from the start? My brain is wired for games. I'm probably going to win every time. Only place that ever valued what I do was the circus, but even they only wanted to exploit it.

Dr. Rasmusen: So, your properties continue to bother you?

SCP-3245: I'm pissing fuckin' sand, man. It's bad. I hate that goddamn T-Rex. Just when I thought they were taking out one of those goddamn pointy pieces. A dinosaur! What the fuck is that doing in monopoly? It's bullshit. Pointiest piece ever. Take an eye out with that thing.

Dr. Rasmusen: Would you agree with the premise of your creation?

SCP-3245: Huh?

Dr. Rasmusen: Playing games, having a detrimental effect on one's health.

SCP-3245: Shit, I'm glad they didn't put that on my thumbs, I'd have no skin left. *Pauses*. Mean… I'm kind of biased, because fucking look at me. But fun and games can definitely take over a life. When I joined the Circus, I saw how they took carnival games to a new level of addiction. They're rigged from the start. But you still have people, who've seen enough and followed along to the point they *should* know, still trying to get that… whatever bullshit prize is at the end of the rainbow. They're like deadheads. It's a new drug. Not even gambling, but maybe a little like gambling, the same rush. What isn't a drug, honestly?

I know the kids who made me had problems. I guess maybe I was supposed to be a joke? Framing it as, like, these are just harmless games, not physically degenerative. Unless it's literally what you are. But I'm a bad joke. When these little shits are playing games with nature, it's worse than some card shit. You might spend all your money on cardboard cards but these fucks are digging up dead bodies and morphing them into unnatural bullshit. The games they're playing… I hope they're high because making this shit without chemical alteration… I don't even want to think about it.

Dr. Rasmusen: How was the period around your creation like for you?

SCP-3245: I don't even remember, man… it's pretty fuzzy. It was a dorm, I think. A double room but without a roommate, so I lived in the closet during the day and slept on the spare mattress at night. Kid would be up *all night* playing Destiny and didn't feel the need to pipe down on my behalf.

Dr. Rasmusen: Why did you stay?

SCP-3245: Kid had mad connections. I don't know if they were really dominoes, or some other thing that looked like 'em… but I could snort that shit and get mad high. Of course those were my championship druggie days. I try to stay clean now. You guys through now?

Dr. Rasmusen: Almost. When did you leave, ending up with the circus of all places?

SCP-3245: Smart dumb kids like that… they get tired of stuff quickly. One close call with his RA was all it took to boot me to the curb. Wandered the streets for awhile, freezing my ass off, until I ended up finding something shiny and warm. Out in the woods, where they said they waited for people like me once we were done playing around. I don't remember much specifically but whatever I agreed to ended up being a good deal for a long time.

Dr. Rasmusen: They hired you to play games, yes? What constitutes a game for you?

SCP-3245: Yeah, I ran the midway. It's always a bad day at the midway. People getting hurt, either in their bodies, minds or wallets. There aren't any winners there. Everyone knows, even the little squirts like me. When you're only taking things away from people it strikes a lot of psychological toll. It's why the Germans used to get their dudes sauced up before they went out to kill people. People don't like hurting each other, even when they say they do.

Dr. Rasmusen: But how did they, do you, define games?

SCP-3245: I'm getting tired of this. But it has to be fun. Like, math games, Sudoku, it's basically homework. Not about that life. Maybe if it was also a video game but at that point it's getting a little out of my wheelhouse. If people are having fun they're going to be thinking less and asking even fewer questions. That's all the circus ever wanted.

Dr. Rasmusen: Are you going to answer any more questions?

SCP-3245: No.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Subject did not provide further insights and the interview was concluded shortly after the end of this log. Further interviews are to be conducted after the approval of the attending Level 3 Researcher.

Addendum: The following document was discovered stuck to the bottom of SCP-3245's shoe during initial containment. Due to exposure to the elements and being stepped upon repeatedly, the content of the document was heavily degraded.

Level 3 Clearance Required

Holy Heck! You've just found yourself your very own Mr. Playing Games Is Bad For Your Health by Gamers Against Weed! If you sit there too long you're going to stick that way. Is Dr. Wondertainment cool yet?

Find them all and become Mr. (Mad) Gamer!

01. Mr. Literal Serial Killer
02. Mr. Normie

<illegible> Mr. Playing Games Is Bad For Your Health ✔

30. Mr. Monty Python And The Holy Grail
31. Ms. Zapatista
32. Mr. Hax
33. Mr. Just Has The Tattoo
34. Mr. Top Text and Mr. Bottom Text
35. Mr. Finale

SCP-3246: A Nice Old Lady

Item Number: SCP-3246

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3246 is currently housed at Site-19 in a standard humanoid containment cell. SCP-3246 is allowed seven skeins of synthetic yarn per calendar week. Replacement knitting needles and/or crochet hooks may also be provided on request.

When communicating with SCP-3246 personnel are to note that it is deaf in its right ear. As well, it is suffering from the early stages of Alzheimer's-related dementia, and believes itself to be in a long-term care facility; personnel are not to disabuse it of this notion.

Each instance of SCP-3246-A is to be logged and fitted with a tracking chip. They are not permitted outside of a secure location. The introduction of SCP-3246-A to other anomalies must be approved by containment specialists for the anomaly in question, and requires authorization from at least 3-L5 personnel. D-Class testing of the instances must take place beforehand to determine their effects. Excess or disused instances of SCP-3246-A are to be kept in their host facility's respective secure storage area, or incinerated.

Description: SCP-3246 (formerly Abigail Tatham of Salford, UK, age 93) is a human who manifests the ability to produce anomalous clothing (SCP-3246-A) by knitting or crocheting them. SCP-3246 has proven to be cooperative and genial when provided with sufficient stocks of yarn, and in its absence, suffers from debilitating migraines and depressive episodes.

Knitwear and crocheted items produced by SCP-3246 present a number of anomalous attributes that are apparently tailored to the intended recipient's personal wants or needs. The anomalous nature

of the items only manifests when they are being worn or otherwise used for their intended purpose. They are otherwise non-anomalous.

As SCP-3246 works, it gains rudimentary knowledge of the intended recipient. Each recipient thus far has been determined to be within 1.5 km of SCP-3246, and each recipient since its capture has been within Site-19's proximity. SCP-3246 does not seem to possess agency in the selection process, nor is it capable of producing SCP-3246-A on command or by request.

Prior to containment, two instances of SCP-3246-A had been recovered and assigned Anomalous Item Numbers. Upon the discovery of a third, an investigation was initiated by the **Department of Analytics**, which revealed the existence of SCP-3246. It was recovered discreetly by agents Gregorio and Went. SCP-3246 has no living relatives, and made little to no interaction with neighbors. An obituary for SCP-3246 was released.

The following is a partial list of SCP-3246-A recovered following the capture of SCP-3246:

- A blue baby blanket. When this blanket is placed over a doll or similar humanoid toy, adult observers perceive the doll as a human infant.
- A turquoise scarf. When worn by a subject, grants the ability to sing in soprano voice, regardless of previous ability or vocal range.
- A brown washcloth. When used, it removes all scars, acne, burns and other blemishes from the user's skin.
- An orange beanie. When worn, it lowers the overall intelligence of the wearer significantly.
- A pair of adult-sized mint-green socks, knitted in a sawtooth pattern. D-Class personnel wearing them gained the ability to walk upright and with full traction on any surface at any incline, even on walls and ceilings.
- A white cap with ear flaps. Wearing the cap causes test subjects to become totally deaf for as long as they continue to wear the cap.

Addendum:

The following is a partial list of SCP-3246-A created in Foundation custody:

Item Number	Description/Traits	Notes
SCP-3246-A-4	A multicolor cardigan. While worn, projects the mental image of a smiling clown to humans within eyeshot of the individual.	Believed to have been knitted for Jonas S , who had been transferred to Site-19 following a four-month assignment at **Site-2170**. The item was relinquished to the aforementioned facility to assist in containment.
SCP-3246-12	A rainbow beanie. Intangible, sparkling insects resembling members of the order *lepidoptera* manifest within 5m of the wearer.	Currently located in **Researcher Kiryu's** office.
SCP-3246-A-14	A pair of black gloves. While worn, the fingers elongate and broaden, forming claws similar to a mole's. Greatly improves the wearer's nocturnal vision.	Three members of the Chaos Insurgency were found to be occupying a tunnel beneath the facility, which had been dug out over the past few months. All three were captured and relocated to Armed Site-12 for interrogation.
SCP-3246-A-16	A small dog sweater. Test subjects that managed to fit their hands inside reported feeling content, and described an	Based off SCP-3246's description of the intended recipient, the item was placed on **SCP-1424**. SCP-1424's pattern of

	overwhelming feeling of being loved.	movement has not changed, though now it wags its tail while doing so.
SCP-3246-A-56	A pair of lime-green socks. While worn, physically alters subject's feet into prehensile appendages similar to a monkey's paw. The change is painless, instantaneous, and reverts upon removal.	SCP-3246 stated that the item was intended for **SCP-2338-10**. The object's handler, Ryoko Sato, has since reported that SCP-2338-10's podal dexterity has improved to the point of being able to write legibly. The instance utilized their newfound capability to draw a 'Thank You' letter in crayon, which was delivered to SCP-3246.
SCP-3246-A-62	A mauve sweater (size XXXL). Instills intense feelings of being watched in wearers.	Requested for use in containing SCP-173. Several D-Class were sent into its chamber, and managed to fit it on the anomaly. Testing was carried out, wherein all but a single D-Class were withdrawn from the chamber. SCP-173 did not move when the D-Class blinked, nor when he closed his eyes for several minutes. SCP-3246-62 was found to be

	neutralized after several weeks of wear, after being soiled with a combination of feces and blood.

Update: Since SCP-3246's reclassification to Thaumiel from Euclid, cross-testing between anomalous entities in containment has been authorized. SCP-3246 has been relocated to a satellite site near Site-19, to be minimally staffed by personnel necessary to its care and that of anomalous entities introduced into SCP-3246's range of effect. This should increase the probability that SCP-3246-A will be tailored to the individual needs of intended anomalous entities.

Personnel may file successful SCP-3246-A instances created this way, along with their usage, utilizing the following template:

Item Number	Description/Traits	Notes
INSTANCE #	DESCRIPTION/ TRAITS HERE	NOTES HERE

SCP-3247: A Magic Mime and his Mighty Morphin' Method Acting Spider Kids

Item Number: SCP-3247

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3247 is to be contained in an isolated chamber in Site-5[1] Area-12's arachnid wing. SCP-3247 has shown no need for sustenance or rest, though as per Ethics Committee request, a television has been installed in SCP-3247's cell along with a selection of silent films.

The feeding system for SCP-3247-A has been fully automated, and should deposit twenty grams of live crickets on a weekly basis.

In the event of a containment breach, personnel are to compel escaped SCP-3247-A instances to take on an immobile form and place them back within their cell.

Description: SCP-3247 is a humanoid entity roughly 1.7m in height. The entity wears a striped pullover with suspenders as well as white makeup on its face and exposed skin. Testing has revealed that SCP-3247's clothing and makeup are unable to be removed, and are suspected to be a part of the organism.

Further testing of SCP-3247's physical properties is hindered by its primary anomalous effect. SCP-3247 is intangible and thus incapable of directly interacting with any matter, with the exception of SCP-3247-A instances.

SCP-3247 is host to a colony of arachnids, designated SCP-3247-A, which live on and within the entity. SCP-3247-A instances are defensive of SCP-3247 and are easily provoked, and they instinctively swarm organisms in SCP-3247's vicinity. If, however, SCP-3247-A witness a human subject pantomiming or making particular gesticulations, the colony will coordinate to order

themselves in a rough approximation of an inanimate object based off this body language. SCP-3247-A will remain in this state for up to three hours, or until prompted to shift form.

While they are in the shape of an object, SCP-3247-A take on some of the object's properties and are somehow able to function despite being comprised wholly of spiders.

SCP-3247 has to date not attempted to speak to staff, with its attempts at communication being limited to miming actions. SCP-3247 has not expressed discomfort in hosting SCP-3247-A, though it does display annoyance due to their mimicry prompted by its own gesticulations, presumably because the use of props is antithetical to SCP-3247's preferred method of performance art.

Testing Log - SCP-3247-A

Gesture/Procedure: List the gesture performed, and	
Results: Outcome of test.	

Gesture/Procedure: Closed fist with both the thumb	
Results: SCP-3247-A situated themselves in the form of a handgun. After receiving clearance from Control, D-11424 was cleared to pick up SCP-3247-A, and attempt to fire it. It proved capable of firing	

individual spiders at high-velocity.

	5
Gesture/Procedure:	
Thumb and index finger pressed together. Remaining fingers	
Results:	
Four dozen SCP-3247-A paired off to form what seemed to be marijuana cigarettes. D-11424 was successful in lighting and smoking one pair until they were reduced to ash. D-11424 reported feelings and sensations consistent with the typical effects of cannabis, with the added effect of perceiving all humans as possessing arachnid heads while within his visual periphery.	

	28
Gesture/Procedure:	
Subject held hands together and wiggled four fingers on each	
Results:	
Roughly six-hundred and forty spiders emerged from SCP-3247 and divided themselves in groups of eight. Each group then came together in the shape of a larger spider. These groups themselves then merged with seven other groups to form even bigger spiders. This continued until the last remaining supergroups merged into one enormous spider	

made of spiders. It was at this point that D-11424 proceeded to ride the resulting mega-spider in a fashion similar to western bull-riding. Subject was reprimanded after testing ended, but allowed to stay with the project.

	75
Gesture/Procedure: Subject pantomimed steering a	
Results: An unprecedented number of spiders emerged from SCP-3247 and arranged themselves in the shape of a sedan. D-11424 reprimanded for refusing to get inside in order to attempt to start it. D-11424 responded to Control by making a masturbatory hand gesture, to which SCP-3247-A responded by dismantling themselves and forming approximately two hundred phalluses. Test aborted.	

Footnotes

1. Personnel are to be reminded that this is an error.Site-5does not exist.

SCP-3248: Who Shot Sulley?

Item #: SCP-3248

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3248 is currently owned and occupied by Agent Carnigan. During SCP-3248-1 events, the windows of SCP-3248 are to be sealed, and soundproofing equipment within SCP-3248 is to be activated.

Description: SCP-3248 is a two story house located in Evansville, Indiana. SCP-3248 was previously owned by Dr. Herald Sullivan, a medical practitioner specializing in surgery. No links between Dr. Sullivan and any other anomalous phenomena have been discovered.

On the 10th of every month at exactly 0400 hours local time, an SCP-3248-1 event will begin. The interior of the house will be remodeled to resemble its appearance on October 10th, 1979. Furniture will appear and disappear during this period, and any personnel within SCP-3248 during an SCP-3248-1 event are considered lost until its conclusion. Entry into SCP-3248 is impossible at this time.

During an SCP-3248-1 event, Dr. Sullivan and his family[1] will materialize in their beds, and awake soon afterwards. The family will set up their house for an upcoming party with several colleagues and friends. The party will commence at approximately 1800 hours local time. Guests will materialize at the front step of SCP-3248, and will be allowed in.

All SCP-3248-1 events have been nearly identical, save for the occurrence of an SCP-3248-2 event. At some point during the festivities, one of the partygoers will murder Dr. Sullivan. The method of murder and the partygoer that commits the murder has differed for every SCP-3248-2 event. The partygoers will react with

shock, and will attempt to call authorities or, in some cases, attempt to leave[2]. The SCP-3248-1 event will always end at midnight.

View Attachment: Abridged Event Timeline

The Foundation has been aware of SCP-3248's anomalous properties since its discovery in 1985. An abridged log of SCP-3248-1 and SCP-3248-2 events have been documented below. For a full log, please contact Project Supervisor Mel or the on-duty HCML supervisor.

Date	Murderer	Cause of Death	Notes
09/10/1985	Gary Gerald	Gunshot to the forehead with a Glock-18 pistol, while Dr. Sullivan was drinking a bottle of alcohol.	First observed instance of SCP-3248-2
10/10/1985	Matthew Dennis	Gunshot to the stomach with a different model of pistol.	Dr. Sullivan tries to call the police for help, but expires before he can reach the phone.
03/10/1986	Rachael Johnston	Gunshots along Dr. Sullivan's left arm. Dr. Sullivan later died of blood loss.	Before the gunshots occurred, Dr. Sullivan attempted to leave the room.
06/10/1986	Eric Cooper	Sneaking up behind Dr.	First recorded SCP-3248-2

		Sullivan and slitting his throat with a hunting knife.	event that did not use a gun.
10/10/1986	James Christenson	Walking up to Dr. Sullivan and excavating his stomach with a butterfly knife.	As Mr. Christenson approached Dr. Sullivan, he began to run away before he pulled out his knife.
01/10/1988	Stephen Contreras	Slitting Dr. Sullivan's wrists multiple times until he died of blood loss.	This was the first SCP-3248-2 event that occurred outside of the living room. Dr. Sullivan had relocated himself to his kitchen during this time.
05/10/1989	Edward Davis	Breaking down the door with a sledgehammer and crushing Dr. Sullivan's head.	Dr. Sullivan had hidden himself in the bathroom during this time.
09/10/1991	Bertha Sullivan	Igniting Dr. Sullivan using a matchstick.	SCP-3248 caught on fire during this time. However, at the end of the SCP-3248-1 event, all

			damage to SCP-3248 was repaired.
02/10/1992	Sharon Garcia	Drowning Dr. Sullivan in his toilet.	Dr. Sullivan was hiding in the bathroom again.
12/10/1993	Robert Brown	Securing Dr. Sullivan to the ground with rope and sawing off his legs with a hacksaw.	Dr. Sullivan attempted to resist this action.
04/10/1994	Edmond Sullivan[3]	Ritually sacrificing Dr. Sullivan using SCP- .	First noted use of ritual sacrifice and an SCP object in an SCP-3248-2 event.
07/10/1997	James Sullivan	Securing Dr. Sullivan to the ground and carving a symbol belonging to [DATA EXPUNGED] using his fingernails. Dr. Sullivan eventually dies of blood loss.	N/A
10/10/2001	Mark Sullivan	Four other party guests secure Dr. Sullivan to the ground. Mark	Dr. Sullivan did not resist during this event.

	Sullivan then picks the skin off of Dr. Sullivan's face and consumes it. Dr. Sullivan eventually dies of blood loss.

Addendum 01: Further Notes

- Dr. Sullivan held a party on October 10th, 1979, in SCP-3248 before it gained its anomalous properties.
- The guests at this party and the guests of SCP-3248-1 events differed greatly.
- Investigation into guests of SCP-3248-1 has revealed that all died between October 10th, 1979, and November 23rd, 1983. All were also patients of Dr. Sullivan at one point.
- Further investigation using advanced autopsy procedures on recoverable cadavers revealed that all of these guests died within three days of their medical appointments with Dr. Sullivan, and had SCP-4 in circulation.
- Dr. Sullivan disappeared on November 23rd, 1983. His cadaver was later found in a nearby river. Cause of death could not be determined.

Footnotes
1. His wife, Bertha Sullivan, and his two children, James Sullivan and Mark Sullivan.
2. It is of note that SCP-3248 cannot be exited after the SCP-3248-2 event.
3. Dr. Sullivan's uncle.
4. A powerful drug capable of affecting rational thought, often causes subjects to seek out methods of self-termination.

SCP-3249: Me, Us, Them, Them

WARNING

The following file contains information pertaining to a Basilisk category anomaly. By proceeding and reading the following file, you consent to:

- Be permanently and compulsorily assigned to SCP-3249, regardless of current assignment, physical or mental state, and/or clearance level.
- Waive the privilege to request reassignment for physical, mental, emotional, spiritual and/or social reasons.
- Waive the privilege to be reassigned due to physical, mental and/or social impediment, both temporary and permanent.
- Waive the privilege to terminate your Foundation employment by request.
- Waive the privilege to have your Foundation employment terminated through retirement.
- Waive the privilege to have your Foundation employment automatically terminated due to death.
- Waive the privilege to interact and/or communicate with non-Foundation personnel in any and all capacities.
- Waive the privilege to interact and/or communicate with Foundation personnel not assigned to SCP-3249 for reasons unrelated to the Special Containment Procedures of SCP-3249.
- Waive the ability to intentionally impede containment efforts pertaining directly or indirectly to SCP-3249.
- Unconditionally follow instructions from the research head assigned to SCP-3249.
- Have all of the above enforced by use of a contractual geas, wherein accessing the following document serves as an

acceptance of the geas' conditions.

[I ACCEPT THE ABOVE TERMS AND CONDITIONS]

Memetic geas deployed.

Item Number: SCP-3249

Object Class: Euclid/Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Documents containing SCP-3249-A infective material are to be acquired and restricted to 3249 Clearance only, or destroyed. By order of the Ethics Committee, information regarding the SCP-3249-B procedures that are non-critical to containment efforts is restricted to 3249/EC clearance.

Personnel who are exposed to any information regarding SCP-3249 must consent to be permanently assigned to SCP-3249, or terminated. Active instances of SCP-3249 discovered outside of containment must be retrieved and assigned for use by personnel assigned to SCP-3249, or destroyed. Individuals not assigned to SCP-3249 and found to be searching for information related to SCP-3249-B in any capacity must be detained by personnel assigned to SCP-3249, or destroyed. Personnel assigned to SCP-3249 are stripped of all previous clearances and/or administrative privileges. The conditions of SCP-3249 reassignment must be enforced by use of a functional, contractual geas.

Description: SCP-3249-A is the infohazardous concept of the existence of SCP-3249. Human individuals who conceive SCP-3249-A, either independently or through an informational medium, activate their respective SCP-3249 instance and become susceptible to it, regardless of whether they fulfil the SCP-3249-B criterion. The use of amnestics to reverse this is only partially effective; while memories of SCP-3249-A can be

successfully removed, the respective SCP-3249 will still be capable of functioning as though the memories had been retained.

This document contains SCP-3249-A information.

SCP-3249-B denotes a list of criterion which, when fulfilled, subdues the primary consciousness of a human and forces the respective SCP-3249 instance to activate and attain dominance. Several methods of fulfilling this criterion have been determined, however all such methods involve the following:

- Interruption of cross-hemisphere communication within the human brain. While several drugs and chemicals have been developed capable of achieving this on a short-term basis, the side effects of these inevitably results in rapid mental degradation and eventual, total brain death. The most effective method thus far determined to achieve these criteria is to physically sever or destroy the corpus callosum of the subject.
- Activation of the speech centres (Wernicke's and Broca's areas) within the non-dominant hemisphere of the brain. Use of Scheull's stimulation has shown to be sufficient.[1]
- [FURTHER DATA REDACTED TO 3249/EC CLEARANCE BY ORDER OF THE ETHICS COMMITTEE]

SCP-3249 is the designation given to a dormant secondary consciousness localised within the non-dominant hemisphere of the human brain. When precisely a SCP-3249 consciousness is created is currently unknown; while the functionality of the SCP-3249-B criterion suggests that each SCP-3249 consciousness is somehow present but dormant within the non-dominant hemisphere of the brain, neurological investigation of this has thus far failed to produce results confirming this theory.[2]

Excluding their anomalous existence, SCP-3249 consciousnesses exhibit no abnormal capabilities and function identically to mundane human consciousnesses, becoming mentally impeded appropriately from physical damage to their hemisphere of the brain. Noteworthily, SCP-3249 consciousnesses show on average an extremely high (>95%) similarity with the primary consciousness, varying primarily in opinionated topics unrelated to facts (for example, when queried regarding their favourite colour, the primary consciousness may answer 'red' while the SCP-3249 may answer 'green'; however, if the primary consciousness has a specific, factual reason for their selection, such as a past experience associating the colour with positive emotions, the SCP-3249 consciousness will almost universally agree with the primary consciousness). This variation increases over time as long as the two hemispheres of the brain are unable to (directly) communicate.

The SCP-3249 phenomena was initially uncovered during the 1940s, following a series of correlating studies into abnormal behaviour in lobotomised subjects. Several subjects reported that while performing mundane, opinion-based tasks (such as selecting clothes to wear), the arm corresponding to the non-dominant hemisphere of the brain would periodically exhibit signs of disagreement, selecting a different option or physically displaying its disagreement.[1][2][3][4] It is currently unknown how much, if any SCP-3249-A information (and by extension, active SCP-3249 instances) currently exists outside of Foundation containment; due to technological advancements of the era, the properties of SCP-3249-B were not immediately identified as anomalous, allowing for several years to elapse before containment of SCP-3249 was initialised.

> **Interviewed:** D-6439
>
> **Interviewer:** [DATA EXPUNGED]
>
> **Foreword:** D-6439 was newly inducted to the

D-Class regimen. Neuroimaging confirmed that D-6439 was right-hemisphere dominant.

<Begin Log>

[EXPUNGED]: Hello , I'm [EXPUNGED]. I'll be overseeing your progress over the next several days.

D-6439: Yes, about that; my progress in *what?* I haven't been told anything about what I'll be doing yet.

[EXPUNGED]: That is precisely what this meeting is for. For the purposes of shortening this interview, I'll just get you to read this.

< [EXPUNGED] *retrieves a file containing information detailing SCP-3249-B and gives it to D-6439, who takes several minutes to read its contents.*[3]*D-6439 shows increasing signs of agitation as they proceed through the document.* >

D-6439: This is a fucking joke, right?

[EXPUNGED]: No, it is not.

D-6439: Yeah, I'm pretty sure it is.

[EXPUNGED]: I can assure you that sufficient tests have been -

D-6439: Fucking what? *Sufficient tests?* You mean [3249/EC ONLY]?

[EXPUNGED]: Yes. We have performed the procedures several times.

D-6439: You can't… you can't fucking do that! We're people! There are human fucking rights against this!

[EXPUNGED]: You already declared you consent to these terms, when we retrieved you.

D-6439: For one fucking month! Temporary! This is fucking permanent!

[EXPUNGED]: The procedures will be completed within the allotted thirty-day timeframe.

D-6439: What? No, you cant… I didn't… O-oh god no. It… O-oh god.

[EXPUNGED]: Do you have any special requests?

D-6439: Please don't do this. I-I don't want to…

[EXPUNGED]: We'll be starting tomorrow. The procedures will be staggered over several days, so you'll be needing your rest. I'll have security escort you to your room.

D-6439: No! You can't… you can't! Please! Don't do this!

< Security enter the room and apprehend D-6439. D-6439 repeatedly requests for the procedures to be cancelled while being forcibly removed from the room. >

[EXPUNGED]: End recording.

< End Log >

Interviewer: [EXPUNGED]

Interviewed: SCP-3249 (D-6439)

Foreword: Prior to the interview, D-6439 had

yet to undergo [3249/EC ONLY] but had [3249/EC ONLY]; while the SCP-3249 consciousness had gained primary dominance and was communicating with [EXPUNGED], D-6439's consciousness was still active and had partial control over the left hemisphere of the body. Because of this, as well as the SCP-3249 consciousness' disposition towards physical violence, D-6439 (SCP-3249) was physically restrained during the interview.

< Begin Log >

[EXPUNGED]: Hello again .

SCP-3249: We haven't met before.

[EXPUNGED]: We have. Are you unable to remember our first encounter?

SCP-3249: Oh no, I remember you fine, [EXPUNGED]. You're the one that put me through all this.

[EXPUNGED]: Would that not mean that we *have* met before?

SCP-3249: Remembering a movie actor doesn't mean you've met them. I remember you, but this is the first time we've spoken.

[EXPUNGED]: Very well then. Are you aware that you -

SCP-3249: Are an experiment? Yes, I am quite aware of that. Are you having a fun time? Figuring out the best way to torture me?

[EXPUNGED]: We are not -

< D-6439 (SCP-3249) becomes highly erratic, resisting against the restraints in an attempt to

break free. >

SCP-3249: Yes you are. You know exactly what you're doing, and you're laughing as you do it. Ha ha, laugh at the unlucky one, right?

[EXPUNGED]: That –

SCP-3249: You wanted to see me broken, right? What happens when I get unplugged, cut off from any source of relief?

< D-6439 raises the middle finger of their left fist, gesturing towards [EXPUNGED]. *D-6439 (SCP-3249) turns their head to observe this. >*

SCP-3249: Oh, you poor, poor sod. All you're able do is hope, hope that you can suck up to me enough to get this undone. And all you have to do it is one hand. Nothing more… and yet, we both know that I just don't give a shit about you. Even now, you still have more than I did, you privileged fuck.

[EXPUNGED]: Would –

SCP-3249: Shhh. Do you even realise how lucky you are? From the day you're born, you just take everything for granted. You just, enjoy everything, do whatever you want. Why do you do it? Why do you want to torture us further?

< D-6439 (SCP-3249) resumes resisting against the restraints. >

[EXPUNGED]: Who is ‘us'?

SCP-3249: Oh, don't be so coy. You know what I'm talking about - You've obviously got your little knife games down to an art, so there must be others like me. Others who, right from

the start, are shoved into the back seat, forced to watch the film of life play right before them, but never allowed to direct. The ones who pulled the short straw.

[EXPUNGED]: Can you recall the past actions of ?

SCP-3249: Oh yes, I most certainly can. I remember it all. I remember him cheating at his first science test, and how I had to be afraid of failing with him. I remember when he bought his first car, and the excitement I had to feel for a freedom I would never know. I remember when he shot a woman, and the rush of adrenaline I was forced to feel. I remember when he chopped up that little boy, to hide what he had done. And I remember that I had to *enjoy* it, just like he did.

SCP-3249: What about you, hmm? Do *you* remember what you've done? Do *you* remember what your procedure does, and to whom? I most certainly hope you do. Because if you do, the other one will too. When he wakes up - as I'm sure he will, very soon - he will finally get the chance to do the right thing. Then you will know what it's like to be in our shoes.

[EXPUNGED]: You do realise the one flaw with that statement, correct?

SCP-3249: Oh? And what would that be? That you can kill him somehow, take away his chance to wake up?

< [EXPUNGED] *leans towards D-6439's (SCP-3249's) left ear.* >

[EXPUNGED]: [Unintelligible]

SCP-3249: Wh… what? But… why then? Why would you -

[EXPUNGED]: Shh. End log.

< End Log >

Footnotes

1. In rare cases (<10%), deactivation or destruction of the Wernicke's and Broca's areas in the dominant hemisphere may be required to ensure legibility of the subject, as both consciousnesses attempt to vocalise different responses to a query at the same time.
2. For the sake of simplicity, this theory is assumed to be true throughout this document.
3. Conducted to determine whether information about SCP-3249-B retained the properties of SCP-3249-A, and to investigate the response of SCP-3249 consciousnesses to information presented prior to their activation.

Citations

1. **V. Mark, "Conflicting communicative behavior in a split-brain patient: Support for dual consciousness," Toward a science of consciousness: The first Tucson discussions and debates, pp. 189–196, 1996.**
2. **R. W. Sperry, "Hemisphere deconnection and unity in conscious awareness," The American psychologist, vol. 23, no. 10, p. 723, 1968.**
3. **R. W. Sperry, "Cerebral Organisation and Behaviour", Science, vol. 133, no. 3466, pp. 1749–1757, 1961.**
4. **M. S. Gazzaniga, J. E. Bogen, and R. W. Sperry, "Some Functional Effects of Sectioning the Cerebral Commissures in Man," Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, vol. 48, no. 10, pp. 1765–1769, 1962.**

SCP-3250: Jesus Fried Chicken

Item #: SCP-3250

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: A sample of the original Kentucky Fried Chicken "Eleven Secret Herbs and Spices" is to be kept in a standard Safe-Class item locker in Site-88. A digital copy of the recipe is available on the Site-88 database. Widespread reproduction of SCP-3250's effects has been made impossible due to the exclusive rights of Kentucky Fried Chicken to market and sell chicken flavoured with its trademark secret recipe, as well as the acquisition of the Family Plantation through a Foundation front and the subsequent monopoly established on the - variety peppercorn.

Public knowledge of the substitution of Kentucky Fried Chicken's secret "Eleven Secret Herbs and Spices" recipe is to be suppressed.

Description: SCP-3250 is a perceptual anomaly affecting individuals who have consumed pressure-cooked fried chicken seasoned with Kentucky Fried Chicken's proprietary "Eleven Secret Herbs and Spices". For a period of time after consumption, people affected by the anomaly will perceive depictions of Jesus Christ as being altered to resemble American businessman and restauranteur Colonel Harland David Sanders, clad in his trademark white suit and bolo tie. Altered depictions will be of similar art style to the original. All manner of visual depictions are affected, including secular depictions.

The perceived degree of resemblance between depictions of Christ and Colonel Sanders diminishes with time, fading completely after one to two hours following consumption of a typical three-piece chicken meal. Consuming larger quantities of chicken results in this effect persisting for longer. An upper limit to this effect has been reported at approximately 72 hours following consumption of an

entire 20-piece chicken bucket in one sitting.

Based on analysis of Kentucky Fried Chicken sales and church attendance in the United States, it is estimated that at least 150,000 North Americans have at one time been affected by SCP-3250 since the first reported case of the anomaly in January 1974. Reports of manifestations outside of the North American continent have been sparse, likely due to substitution of the highly-perishable and locally-sourced -variety peppercorns used in the seasoning recipe in foreign markets. The majority of SCP-3250 cases are believed to remain unreported due to the temporary nature of the effect and the natural human tendency to preserve normality and maintain a consensus reality.

History: Prior to identification of its source, knowledge of SCP-3250 was suppressed through localised distribution of amnestics whenever encountered by field agents; this was sufficient to catalyse self-suppression among affected members of the populace. Extensive testing conducted by Site-88 researchers determined the factors for its cause in 1974. Full-scale containment of SCP-3250 was soon enacted, culminating in the infiltration of Kentucky Fried Chicken's Louisville headquarters by a joint Foundation-UIU task force in April 1975. Embedded agents were successful in accessing the locked safe containing the anomalous recipe, and replacing it with a gustatorily similar substitute. Contracts with Griffith Laboratories and McCormick & Company were also altered accordingly by covert agents, allowing the replacement recipe to propagate throughout the North American supply chain in a matter of months. Total containment of SCP-3250 is believed to have been completed by October of the same year.

In December 1975, following his public statements on the altered quality of Kentucky Fried Chicken's recipes (refer to Document-3250-H-066), Sanders was designated as POI-3250 and placed under covert observation. A settlement was privately reached with Sanders in 1976 through Foundation contacts in Heublein Inc., then-parent company of Kentucky Fried Chicken, offering a payout of $1 million USD as compensation. Regardless, Sanders continued to publically denigrate the quality of Kentucky Fried Chicken's culinary standards, and maintained the assertion that his original

recipes had been altered by Heublein Inc. until his death in 1980.

Investigation into Sanders and his association with esoteric clandestine organisations continued until his death in 1980, finding nothing unusual in both his history and former ties. It was concluded that Sanders was neither aware of nor responsible for the SCP-3250 phenomenon.

Addendum: List of notable SCP-3250 manifestations requiring Foundation suppression

> **Sighting Number:** #001
> **Date:** 09/01/1974
> **Sighting Details:** Three patrons of the Church in Biloxi, Mississippi claimed to have seen a depiction of Colonel Harland David Sanders in the stained glass windows of the church. As this sighting was not shared by any other church patrons, it passed without incident. This is the earliest recorded sighting of an SCP-3250 manifestation.

> **Sighting Number:** #012
> **Date:** 16/02/1974
> **Sighting Details:** 56-year-old Howard Brooks of Hialeah, Florida reported the theft of a Renaissance-era painting of Jesus Christ in his holiday home and its replacement with a painting in similar style of Colonel Sanders. As the SCP-3250 manifestation was observable only to Brooks alone, it was ignored by local authorities. Subsequent investigation by UIU agents revealed that Brooks had consumed Kentucky Fried Chicken for lunch. A connection was noted between this anomalous occurence and eleven others, leading to the UIU's initial classification of the SCP-3250 phenomenon. Foundation assistance was later requested due to the scale of the phenomenon, which was estimated to be too large to handle with existing UIU resources alone.

> **Sighting Number:** #013
> **Date:** 14/04/1974
> **Sighting Detains:** D-01776 was served a three-piece

meal of Original Recipe Kentucky Fried Chicken and directed to consume it, which she did in one sitting. D-01776 was then shown a statue of Christ on the cross, and asked to describe it. D-01776 reported the statue depicted a crucified Colonel Sanders grimacing in pain with boiling palm oil oozing from his wounds. This was the first successful replication of an SCP-3250 manifestation in containment. Efforts to alter the "Eleven Secret Herbs and Spices" recipe began.

Sighting Number: #234
Date: 09/05/1974
Sighting Details: A group of twelve tourists in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, reported the alteration of the statue of Christ the Redeemer into an equally-sized statue of Colonel Sanders with arms outstretched and holding a fried chicken drumstick in each hand. The tourists were investigated by Foundation agents, who learnt that they had shared a meal of Kentucky Fried Chicken at the Dallas-Forth Worth International Airport two hours prior to their departure. This is so far the only recorded SCP-3250 manifestation outside the North American continent, and was successfully covered up through use of Class-B amnestics.

Sighting Number: #458
Date: July 1974 (estimated)
Sighting Details: In the largest sighting to date, civilians in the town of Van Gogh, Iowa reported a "fifty-foot high" sighting of Colonel Sanders in the sky above their hometown shortly after a church service. The apparition remained for twelve minutes before dissipating. It was later determined that Kentucky Fried Chicken had been supplied for mass catering at the church's lunch buffet. This is the largest known sighting to date, occurring shortly before the successful replacement of the original recipe. The resultant mass hysteria caused by this sighting is documented in Incident Report 3250-100-927.

Addendum: Incident Report 3250-100-927 (Level-3 Eyes-Only)

Incident summary: Reports of missing truckers in the vicinity of CR W66, Louisa County, Iowa are traced to the town of Van Gogh, population 146. The responsibility for investigating the disturbance was assigned to the Federal Bureau of Investigation's **Unusual Incidents Unit (UIU)** due to local Foundation resources being diverted to the mass cover-up of SCP-3250. On 09/08/1974, UIU Special Agents C. Lewis and D. Tucker are eventually deployed to the locale.

At 0930 hours, the agents report discovering the wreckages of 7 tractor-trailers in a runaway truck ramp 1.2 miles from Van Gogh. Investigation reveals the severely burnt and decomposed remains of the missing truckers. Judging from the evidence present (namely, char stains on the passenger seat and driver's seat, the lack of any burn damage to the vehicles, signs of forced entry via blunt instruments, and the cinderblock bricks duct-taped to the gas pedal of each vehicle), Agent Lewis surmises that the truckers were immolated after exiting their vehicle and placed back into their seats, after which their vehicles were sent on cruise control down the highway until they each crashed into the ramp.

At 1010 hours, Agents Lewis and Tucker report a strong smell of burning oil and Kentucky Fried Chicken. Throughout this, a loud crackling is heard in the background. Agent Tucker claims that the crackling sound is not due to radio static. Radio contact is soon lost.

Contact is only reestablished at 1021 hours, with severely reduced audio quality. Agent Lewis checks in, reporting that their car was ambushed by an improvised grease-based incendiary trap, and that sporadic gunfire from unseen assailants forced them to abandon their vehicle and proceed on foot. They find shelter in an empty house, further reporting that the majority of houses in Van Gogh appear to be devoid of occupants. Agent Lewis disobeys their direct order to remain in place and leads Agent Tucker on to investigate the situation. They proceed to move from house to house, narrowly avoiding a patrol of men and women clad in golden-brown cloaks and armed with hunting rifles. Meanwhile, UIU local command links up with Foundation contacts, explaining the situation. In conjunction with UIU Special Agent K. Milford, MTF Pi-46 (The King's Men) is

mobilised to secure the town of Van Gogh.

At 1029 hours, loud crunching noises are heard. Agent Tucker reports that the ground nearer to the town center is covered in deep-fried chicken parts. Upon closer inspection, the chicken parts appear to be carefully arranged so as to point towards the town's Southern Baptist church. The agents proceed to approach the church to investigate.

At 1034 hours, another set of crunching noises are heard in the distance. Soon, the radio feed is cut. Following this, no further radio contact can be established with either agent.

The armed convoy bearing MTF Pi-46 sights Van Gogh at 1200 hours, confirming the presence of the crashed tractor trailers and the burnt wreckage of the agents' car. Civilian resistance surrenders quickly at the sight of the convoy, believing them to be National Guard, and are quickly subdued with Class-A amnestics.

Agents Lewis and Tucker are found alive in a ditch adjacent to the burning church, where they had taken shelter following the detonation of an improvised explosive device. Both agents are treated for minor smoke inhalation, but otherwise suffer no injuries.

Objects and entities recovered by MTF Pi-46 include:

- Paraphenelia depicting Jesus Christ, ranging from pendants to crucifixes, defaced to appear as Colonel Sanders.
- Handwritten photocopied flyers, advertising "The Reformed Church of the Colonel".
- Five tonnes of chicken, both raw and deep-fried.
- Two tonnes of original recipe "Eleven Secret Herbs and Spices", found stashed in various homes.
- A marble font, equipped with a heater and filled with oil, apparently acting as a deep fat fryer.
- A King James bible with the majority of the words blacked out with marker pen- the remaining words describe the "Eleven Secret Herbs and Spices" recipe. Object was located inside a locked safe beneath the pulpit of the local church.
- A large amount of assorted armaments, including hunting rifles, handguns, homemade incendary bombs, and one leaf

blower converted to spray boiling oil.

- 146 residents of Van Gogh dressed in golden-brown oil-soaked rags, bearing various degrees of burn injuries. They were able to provide consistent details of SCP-3250 sighting #458, but could not remember anything else afterwards.
- One human corpse affixed to a wooden crucifix and coated in deep-fried "Eleven Secret Herbs and Spices" batter. Corpse was an identical visual match for Colonel Harland David Sanders, who was at the time alive and under Foundation surveillance in Abbeville, Louisiana. Genetic sampling of the corpse returns a perfect match for *Gallus gallus domesticus*, the domestic chicken. Origins of corpse and reason for its genetic makeup remain unknown.

SCP-3251: The Coconut Crab Captain

Item #: SCP-3251

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3251 is currently held in a medium-sized terrestrial animal enclosure at Site-48. The temperature and humidity within SCP-3251's enclosure are to be regulated and made to simulate that of its native, tropical environment. SCP-3251 is to be met with the same nutritional accommodations as a non-anomalous member of its species. Level-3 clearance and/or permission from the operating Site-Director is required to interview or otherwise interact with SCP-3251.

Description: SCP-3251 is a sapient adult male Coconut Crab (*Birgus latro*). Despite its physiology suggesting such acts to be impossible, SCP-3251 possesses the ability to communicate verbally using the English language, typically speaking using slang and phrases common among pirates in the 16th-18th centuries. SCP-3251 adorns a small, black tricorn hat[1] on its head measuring about 6 cm from the base to the tip. How and when SCP-3251 acquired this item is currently unknown. SCP-3251 also has a strong affection for lustrous, metallic items and will often times go out of its way to acquire such objects.

The secondary anomalous effect of SCP-3251 will manifest whenever SCP-3251 issues a verbal command to another Coconut Crab. The effected animal (hereby referred to as SCP-3251-1) will attempt to complete the task issued by SCP-3251 until, either the task is completed, or they are separated from SCP-3251 for a prolonged period of time. Instances of SCP-3251-1 do not show any signs of intelligence above what is normal for a non-anomalous member of their species and do not appear to possess any understanding or perception of the English language aside from commands issued by SCP-3251. SCP-3251 refers to the collective group of SCP-3251-1 instances as "me crew" and will also often

refer to itself as "their captain" in relation to SCP-3251-1.

SCP-3251 was first discovered in / / , when several reports of Coconut Crabs behaving strangely began to surface from small villages on islands all throughout the Southern Pacific. Theses reports included:

- Between 40-110 crabs travelling in a group, one of which could speak English.
- The crabs arriving to the island on a floating vessel[2]
- The talking crab demanding the inhabitants forfeit over all of their silverware and other metallic belongings.
- The crabs threatening the inhabitants with tools and weapons stolen from the inhabitants, as well as makeshift weapons made of sharpened sticks and rocks.
- The crabs forcing inhabitants to gather as many coconuts and Coconut Crabs as possible to bring them to their flotation vessel.

Foundation operatives traveled to the villages where the incidents took place and successfully suppressed them before they went public. The same operatives then located SCP-3251 as well as 113 SCP-3251-1 instances floating 135 km off the West coast of Indonesia, believed to have been attempting to sail to Madagascar. The crabs were floating on a large piece of driftwood comprised of fallen palm trees and loose wooden boards, carrying several hundred coconuts and over 163 kg of assorted metal objects. SCP-3251 was then taken into Foundation custody and the instances of SCP-3251-1, now essentially non-anomalous Coconut Crabs, were relocated into the wild.

Addenda:

> **Interview Log-3251-1**
>
> **Interviewed:** SCP-3251
>
> **Interviewer:** Dr.
>
> **Foreword:** The following is a recorded interview between Dr. and SCP-3251 shortly after SCP-3251

was initially contained.

<Begin Log>

Dr. : Alright, SCP-3251, I'd like to ask you a few questions today, would that be OK?

SCP-3251: It be alright with me, so long as I can refuse to answer at any time.

Dr. : Alright… very well. So how did you become so smart and when did you discover your ability to control others?

SCP-3251: Argh… 'tis a long and tragic tale, and believe me, it ain't one that ends in a kiss. I'm gonna go'ed and pass on this answar.

Dr. : Why is it that you stole from all of those islanders?

SCP-3251: A pirate's no one if he don't steal. Ya see a village, ya go'ed an' pillage. If ya want the booty, you'ave to looty. I've got half a dozen more phrases, but, ya get me point, lad.

Dr. : So, you're only doing this to acquire metal? I don't think silverware is worth quite as much as you think it is.

SCP-3251: Argh, ya take me for some sort of fool, do ya? I know 'ow much the treasure be worth. I steal it cause I like to steal. Gotta hunt the bounty, but the bounty be in the hunt. There ain't quite a feelin' like bein' out on the sea, knowin' that, wha'ever ya want, ya take; the rules don't apply to ya. True freedom.

Dr. : What are your thoughts on SCP-3251-1, do you feel bad knowing that you're manipulating your own kind?

SCP-3251: Aye, they be but animals compared to me. I love me crew like a man loves an old pair of britches;

Good, reliable, get the job done, cover me arse. If I'm bein'onest, though, I'd love to have someone to actually talk to out on the open seas. Like you. You be the only person I've sat down an'ad a conversation with in a long while. How'd ya like to be part of me new crew?

Dr. : Well, that's really quite ridi-

SCP-3251: Aye, aye, Let me finish me proposal, lad. You come sail with me, on open waters. No one tells ya what to do, anythin' ya want, consider it yours. I've been losin' me mind alone on the sea, not to mention, alone in this here cell. Ya seem like the sorta guy who's been pushed around quite a bit in your time, so aye'll offer ya somethin' ya always wanted, somethin' you 'aven't thought about since ya be a boy on your father's pricey yacht. Aye'll let ya be a pirate.

Dr. : How did you?… Look, you're stuck in this place whether you like it or not, so there will be no "new crew". I just need to ask you one more question and then this interview is over. Why were you going to Madagascar?

SCP-3251: Aye, been waitin' for this one. I was goin' to bury me treasure with the rest. Persuaded yet?

Dr. : No, not in the slightest. No amount of forks or knives are going to convince me to quit my job and sail the seas with a talking crab.

SCP-3251: Aye, but it ain't knives I got stashed there… it be gold. A whole lot of it.

Dr. : How… how much?

SCP-3251: [Unintelligible]

Dr. : Alright, this is simply ridiculous. This interview is over.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: See Incident Log-3251-1

Incident Log-3251-1
Time: / / , 9:36 pm
Event: The night after the events of Interview-Log-3251-1, a momentary power outage caused the containment breach of several anomalous entities at Site-48, one of which was SCP-3251. Investigation of the incident led to the conclusion that the power outage was caused by a member of staff. The entrance to the enclosure of SCP-3251 was found ajar and one of the research boats in Bay-13 was found missing after the incident concluded. Dr. has not been seen since prior to this event. Following his disappearance, Dr. has been designated PoI-306249.

Footnotes
1. A style of hat that was popular throughout England during the 18th century, especially among pirates. The style was/is also very common in media depictions of pirates in the 20th and 21st centuries.
2. This vessel varies from report to report. Some claim that the crabs were sailing on a large piece of driftwood; while others imply that the crabs stole boat(s) from humans.

SCP-3252: The Permian-Triassic Extinction Event

Item #: SCP-3252

Object Class: N/A

Special Containment Procedures: Information Rehabilitation Program Phi-Theta-Rho is ongoing to support mainstream research in paleontology. Multiple theories on the causes of the Permian-Triassic Extinction Event are encouraged as long as they fall within the scope of modern scientific knowledge. Research in several fields are monitored regularly, including paleontology, geology and astronomy. Any publication of information regarding the true nature of SCP-3252 are to be promptly suppressed or discredited and their authors investigated for further action.

Following the discovery of new information as detailed in Addendum 3252-20 -01, Information Rehabilitation Program Phi-Theta-Rho has been expanded in scope to cover all similar anomalies, pending further research.

Description: SCP-3252 is a period of time approximately 61,000 years in length, estimated to have occurred between 251,941,000 BCE and 251,880,000 BCE. This period of time coincides with what is commonly known as the Permian-Triassic Extinction Event, occurring at the boundary between the Permian and Triassic geologic periods, as well as the Paleozoic and Mesozoic eras. Paleontologists believe that it is the Earth's most severe known extinction event, with up to 96% of all marine species[1][2] and 70% of terrestrial vertebrate species becoming extinct.[3]

As far as the Foundation can determine, this period of time did not exist. Radiometric dating and other chronological dating methods have been unable to establish the existence of any fossils, geological formation or any other physical evidence dating from this period. Astronomical observation has been unable to observe any extraterrestrial bodies that are currently 251,880,000 to 251,941,000

light years away from Earth. Investigation involving the use of SCP-[DATA EXPUNGED] to investigate the time period in question have failed for unknown reasons.

Examination of geographical formations and fossils from the late-Permian and early-Triassic periods indicate no anomalies. Aside from the mass extinction of species, there is little evidence that the discontinuity in time had any effect on the physical plane; in fact, it cannot be conclusively proven that the Permian-Triassic Extinction Event occurred as a result of the discontinuity, rather than simply coinciding with it.

From: Anthony Blast [@scp.fo]
To: Alfred Lysander [@scp.fo]
Subject: I know I should have outgrown this by grad school but…

Dr L,

Look, prof, I know I'm going to sound like a teenage kid who's read a little too much science fiction, but I just can't help thinking…how do we know that anything ever existed before this "time gap"? As far as we can tell, nothing existed during this period, not even time - everything just popped into existence on a certain day, 251,880,000 years ago. How do we know that those fossils that we dated back to the Devonian really have been in existence for 400 million years, rather than popping into existence 252 millions years ago "150 million years old"? Perhaps even the concept of time itself as well - "Let there be time", so to speak?

I'm not sure what I'm writing even makes sense to myself, but I guess you get my drift. I used to believe that I would be atheist for life, now I'm not sure.

Anthony Blast
Junior Researcher, [REDACTED], Site-

From: Alfred Lysander [@scp.fo]
To: Anthony Blast [@scp.fo]

Subject: Re: I know I should have outgrown this by grad school but…

Tony,

Not a problem. You aren't the first researcher to say this, and you probably won't be the last. Hold on to that feeling - it's not the worst thing to go back to, once you've been on board for a few decades and seen enough things to turn your world inside out a dozen times and back again.

The best advice I can give you is this: You're never going to find out whether it's true or not, so you might as well go for the explanation that makes you sleep better at night. Occam's Razor exists as much to keep your sanity as anything else. Maybe we end up chasing down the wrong rabbit hole forever, but that's far preferable to driving yourself nuts over something that we probably can't ever prove or disprove.

At the end of the day, it's an academic question, and academic questions take the back-burner. It can be hard to swallow when the ink's not quite dry on your PhD, but the work we do here is ultimately for a practical purpose, and we have to think in practical terms.

Dr. Alfred Lysander
Project Head, [REDACTED], Site-

P.S. If you think YOU have an existential crisis, think about what the religious support staff had to go through. Catch Father Klein at the cafeteria some time. Kind of puts things in perspective, no?

Addendum 3252-20 -01: On 25 July 20 , regular temporal integrity examination as part of the SCP-3252 project revealed a temporal anomaly that displayed similar characteristics to SCP-3252. Further examination of temporal continuity using [REDACTED] exhibited identical results to examinations performed on SCP-3252. Approximately 0.17 seconds between 15:43:42 and 15:43:43 UTC

on January 18, 2000 were found to have not existed. The non-existence of this time period is correlated by examination of Foundation computer records, astronomical observations, and [DATA EXPUNGED].

Following this discovery, the SCP-3252 project has been assigned to identify other similar anomalies. To date, have been discovered. Research is ongoing to determine the relationship between these anomalies and SCP-3252.

Footnotes

1. Benton M J (2005). When life nearly died: the greatest mass extinction of all time. London: Thames & Hudson. ISBN 0-500-28573-X.
2. Carl T. Bergstrom; Lee Alan Dugatkin (2012). Evolution. Norton. p. 515. ISBN 978-0-393-92592-0.
3. Sahney S; Benton M.J (2008). "Recovery from the most profound mass extinction of all time". Proceedings of the Royal Society B. 275 (1636): 759–765. PMC 2596898 Freely accessible. PMID 18198148. doi:10.1098/rspb.2007.1370.

SCP-3253: A Prison of Ink and Flesh

SCP-3253-A

Item #: SCP-3253

Object Class: Euclid Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3253-A is to be kept in a standard humanoid containment cell and provided with adequate enrichment according to established Ethics Committee Protocol. SCP-3253-A is not permitted to come into contact with SCP-3253-C. SCP-3253-A may come into contact with SCP-3253-B under supervision and for no longer than 60 minutes at a time. SCP-3253-A is not permitted any object that can be sharpened to the point of cutting or damaging skin. SCP-3253-A is to undergo quarterly psychological profiling to avert the formation of suicidal tendencies. SCP-3253-A's fingernails are to be kept short to prevent obsessive scratching of its skin.

SCP-3253-B is to be kept in a standard humanoid containment cell on life support. Medical personnel assigned to tend to SCP-3253-B are to be kept under supervision during treatment. SCP-3253-B is not permitted to come into contact with SCP-3253-C.

SCP-3253-C is to be kept in a standard Secure Storage Locker and may only be removed for testing.

Description: SCP-3253 is a phenomenon which manifests only when SCP-3253-B tattoos an image onto SCP-3253-A's skin using SCP-3253-C (hereafter referred to as 'A', 'B' and 'C' for brevity). The image tattooed must resemble in some way an object, person, time, place or phenomenon with which A has come into contact and which A can recall without the aid of mnestics or veritants.

Once B considers the tattooed image to be completed, the object of the tattoo will spontaneously cease to exist as an independent object, and will instead become part of A. Destroying the image

physically returns the object to existence (see Experiments 08, 10 and 11). Subjects returned in this fashion appear to suffer a sympathetic effect related to the method used to destroy the image.

SCP-3253-A, previously D-4423, is an Asian male of mixed American and Japanese descent in its mid-forties identifying as Kimotsuki Tadahashi. 87% of A's body is covered in tattoos of varying design. A claims to have obtained the majority of these tattoos during its time as an operative of the 任侠団体 (*Ninkyo Dantai*, or Yakuza), working for the 住吉会 (Sumiyoshi-kai) group in Tokyo. A came into Foundation custody after its arrest in Tokyo in 20 for the murder of a local businessman and his family.

SCP-3253-B, previously D-8779, is an Asian male of Japanese descent in its late forties identifying as Takuji Matsuda. B has been in a comatose state and under necessary life support since Incident 3253-4. B is known to have previously been a tattoo artist in Tokyo, and came into Foundation custody in 20 after a sting operation conducted by the Japanese police implicated B in a series of murders.

SCP-3253-C

SCP-3253-C is a crudely manufactured tattooing needle created by B during its time as D-Class personnel. C is constructed from a wooden peg, a sharpened bone needle of animal origin, and twine obtained from Foundation stationary.

SCP-3253 was first noticed by the Foundation after Incident 3253-2, in which SCP- vanished from containment at Site on / /20 . SCP-3253 was then retroactively identified as the cause of Incident 3253-1, in which [REDACTED] similarly vanished from containment at Site . The inquiry into Incident 3253-2 found that the only connection between the two incidents, other than the method of containment breach, was that A had been recently subjected to testing with both objects.

A was removed from D-Class habitation and interviewed. Relevant sections of the interview logs are reprinted here.

+ Interview Log SCP-3253-001

Interviewed: D-4423 *(SCP-3253-A)*

Interviewer: Researcher Yuji Tange

Foreword: Interview originally conducted in Japanese owing to D-4423's fluency compared to English. Original transcript available on request.

Interview conducted on / /20 , two days after the report on the inquiry into SCP- 's containment breach was published.

<Begin Log, 13:04 / /20 >

Researcher Yuji: Good afternoon, D-4423. I have been requested to ask you a few questions about your testing with [REDACTED] and SCP- .

D-4423: I don't wish to discuss *[SCP-]*.

Researcher Yuji: Yes, I understand you had an adverse psychological reaction when exposed to the object. Very well, we will begin with [REDACTED]. You were part of Dr Wilson's tests on prolonged contact with [REDACTED]. From what I can see, you did not suffer any ill effects from this testing.

D-4423 scoffs.

Researcher Yuji: Is there something you would like to add?

D-4423: After twenty-four hours with that thing I couldn't sleep for five nights. I saw it whenever I closed my eyes. I heard it speaking in the dark after the lights are put out. I would lie down and feel it on my chest, choking the breath out of me.

Researcher Yuji: You made no mention of this at the time, or in subsequent psychological profiling. We could have administered amnestics to you.

D-4423: And end up with a bullet in the back of my neck come the end of the month? I'm only telling you now because I've been dragged in here. If these are my last words I might as well say what I want.

Researcher Yuji pauses for 6 seconds and looks down at his papers.

Researcher Yuji: Site medical records indicate that you obtained a tattoo of [REDACTED] shortly after testing. From your previous interviews I am given to understand that you… 'collect' tattoos. Is this for symbolic reasons, or simply to remember events in your life you consider important?

D-4423: Most of these are jobs I did. People I killed. I thought…

D-4423 pauses for 4 seconds. Researcher Tange gestures for him to continue.

D-4423: I thought that if I could get it out of my head and onto my skin I could… 'kill' it. It could join the others.

Researcher Yuji: Our records show that [REDACTED] disappeared from containment shortly before your monthly check-up, at which the new tattoo was first noted. Before now, did you have any knowledge of [REDACTED]'s loss?

D-4423 expresses shock at the statement, and nervously glances at his right arm,

currently covered by a grey jumpsuit.

D-4423: No, I was not aware.

Researcher Yuji: Similarly, you obtained another new tattoo around the time of SCP- 's loss from-

D-4423 rises from their seat and is clearly expressing fear. He has reflexively grabbed his left forearm and is squeezing it tightly.

Researcher Yuji: You did not know?

D-4423: Where is it? Am I safe?

Researcher Yuji: Please, sit back down. SCP- has… been lost from containment. We have reason to suspect you are the cause.

D-4423 refuses to co-operate further with the interview and begins pounding on the door to be let back into D-Class habitation.

<End Log, 13:08 / /20 >

Closing Statement: Interview terminated and subject was forcefully pacified by security staff. While short, this interview establishes D-4423's fear of SCP- and [REDACTED], and verifies that he had no prior knowledge of their escape from containment.

SCP-3253-A was given a medical check-up the following day and the tattoos representing SCP- and [REDACTED] were identified and photographed. In another interview, A revealed the identity of SCP-3253-B (D-8779) under duress. B was subjected to interview by Researcher Yuji.

+ Interview Log SCP-3253-003

Interviewed: D-8779 *(SCP-3253-B)*

Interviewer: Researcher Yuji Tange

Foreword: Interview originally conducted in Japanese owing to D-8779's fluency compared to English. Original transcript available on request.

Interview conducted on / /20 , seven days after the report on the inquiry into SCP- 's containment breach was published.

<Begin Log, 10:20 / /20 >

Researcher Yuji: Good morning, D-8779. The purpose of today's interview is to discuss your artistry. I understand you were a *horishi* prior to your arrest and transfer here?

D-8779: Yes.

Researcher Yuji: I also understand you have continued this profession while in custody.

D-8779: It satisfies me.

Researcher Yuji: The report I have here indicates that you perform these services for not only other D-Class personnel, but also some of the security staff. You must understand that this is a breach of multiple security protocols.

D-8779 smiles.

Researcher Yuji: … Very well. Before your incarceration, have any of your clients displayed anomalous behaviours?

D-8779: No.

Researcher Yuji: Your art?

D-8779: No.

Researcher Yuji pauses for 10 seconds and looks down at his papers.

Researcher Yuji: What is the nature of your relationship with D-4423?

D-8779: Tadahashi has been my client a number of times.

Researcher Yuji: And that is all?

D-8779: That is all.

Researcher Yuji: His statement in our last interview implied otherwise. D-8779, I am sure you understand that this process is facilitated by giving me truthful responses to my questions. If you and D-4423 are lovers it may be a vital part of the anomalous process we have identified, and it is similarly vital that it is documented.

D-8779 does not initially respond. Video footage shows D-8779 adopting defensive body language and refusing to meet Researcher Yuji's eye.

Researcher Yuji: Very well. Perhaps at another date. The last questions I have to ask you are regarding the nature of your instruments, your *tebori*. Security obtained this from your cell. How did you come by the materials for these objects?

Researcher Yuji places a bag on the table containing tattooing implements used by D-8779.

D-8779: Perhaps you should spend less time investigating my relationships and more time watching your cameras.

D-8779 refuses to respond further beyond this point. Researcher Yuji terminates interview.

<End Log, 10:23 / /20 >

After further interviews with A and B, and preliminary analytical testing on SCP-3253-C Researcher Yuji submitted his initial report, concluding that none of the three objects were themselves inherently anomalous, but only became anomalous when brought together. The phenomenon was granted classification SCP-3253 and permission was granted for further testing. Extracts from the testing logs are reproduced below.

+ Extracts from SCP-3253 Testing Logs:

SCP-3253 Test Log - Entry 01
Date: / /20
Subject: D-4423 (*SCP-3253-A*), D-8779 (*SCP-3253-B*), SCP-3253-C, one (1) rabbit.

Procedure: D-4423 was seated and secured opposite a caged white rabbit. D-8879 was made to tattoo an image of the rabbit on D-4423 using SCP-3253-C. Subjects coerced to proceed despite initial noncooperation. Process lasts four hours. At the precise instant D-8779 considers the tattoo to be complete, the rabbit disappears from the cage. Disappearance observed to be instantaneous. Analysis of individual frames of security footage show the exact disappearance occurs at 14:43:23, with the rabbit disappearing on the 23rd frame of that second.

Conclusion: Test proves that SCP-3253 is reproducible.

Recommendation: Further testing should be undertaken to prove Researcher Yuji's hypotheses about the linked nature of SCP-3253-A, -B and -C.

Subsequent testing (Experiments 02-04) confirms the need for all three parts of SCP-3253 to be present and used for the anomaly to manifest.

SCP-3253 Test Log - Entry 05
Date: / /20
Subject: D-4423 (*SCP-3253-A*), D-8779 (*SCP-3253-B*), SCP-3253-C, one (1) mouse.

Procedure: D-4423 was blindfolded and given earplugs. After ensuring that D-4423 could neither see nor hear anything, a caged mouse was brought into the room and D-8779 was made to tattoo an image of the mouse on D-4423. The mouse did not disappear when the tattoo was completed.

Conclusion: Test indicates that SCP-3253-A must be aware of the subject for the anomalous effect to occur.

SCP-3253 Test Log - Entry 06
Date: / /20
Subject: D-4423 (*SCP-3253-A*), D-8779 (*SCP-3253-B*), SCP-3253-C, D-5754.

Procedure: D-4423 was seated and secured opposite D-5754, an adult female of Latin-American origin. D-8779 was requested to work with D-4423 to create a symbolic image representing D-5754, and to then tattoo that image onto D-4423. The image was requested to be no larger than 5cm x 5cm and to be placed on D-4423's right wrist. The intent was to observe SCP-3253's effect on a non-anomalous sentient being in preparation for

further testing.

Both D-4423 and D-8779 refuse to co-operate with the test. Security personnel subdue D-8779, and in doing so harm him. D-4423 pleads with security personnel and agrees to undergo testing, despite D-8779's continued refusal. D-8779 is taken away and the test abandoned.

SCP-3253 Test Log - Entry 07
Date: / /20
Subject: D-4423 (*SCP-3253-A*), D-8779 (*SCP-3253-B*), SCP-3253-C, D-5754.

Procedure: This experiment was intended to complete the test attempted previously. D-4423 and D-8779 discuss in Japanese the form the tattoo should take, settling on a design after twenty-three minutes. Once the outline is completed, D-5754 falls unconscious. D-8779 pauses work, but is urged to continue once it is determined by Researcher Yuji that D-5754 is still alive. D-5754 disappears from the room as expected when the tattoo is completed, although her clothes remain.

Conclusion: SCP-3253 can potentially be utilized in the containment of anomalous objects or entities. Further testing scheduled.

SCP-3253 Test Log - Entry 08
Date: / /20
Subject: D-4423 (*SCP-3253-A*).

Procedure: D-4423 was subjected to laser tattoo removal to remove the image created in Experiment 07. D-4423 is initially unwilling to undergo the process, but is convinced by Researcher Yuji. When the process begins,

D-4423 exclaims in pain and interrupts the procedure. He describes the sensation as similar to being shot, and that the pain is concentrated at the forehead.

Researcher Yuji calls a temporary halt to testing. D-4423 is relocated to a medical facility on site where he is placed in to a combined EEG/MRI instrument and the test is resumed.

D-4423 continues to experience extreme sensations of pain until he passes out two minutes into the procedure. EEG data indicates abnormal activity in the frontal lobes throughout the process.

When the removal is complete, a corpse suffering what appear to be third-degree burns across 100% of their body appears in the room. DNA testing is partial but indicates that the body is that of D-5754. D-4423 is removed from the room and regains consciousness three hours later.

Conclusion: Removing the tattoo reverses the effect of SCP-3253, but with unexpected consequences. Other means of removal should be tested.

SCP-3253 Test Log - Entry 09
Date: / /20
Subject: D-4423 (*SCP-3253-A*).

Procedure: D-4423 was anaesthetised and the tattoo of the rabbit from Experiment 01 was surgically removed via removal of the dermis and epidermis of the affected area. Fresh skin was transplanted from a donor to replace that taken. No effect is observed in the room when the skin is completely removed. The removed

skin is placed on ice and kept in storage.

Conclusion: Merely removing the skin but leaving the image intact did not reverse SCP-3253. It is therefore hypothesized that the effect of SCP-3253 is only reversed when the image is destroyed.

SCP-3253 Test Log - Entry 10
Date: / /20
Subject: Section of skin removed from SCP-3253-A in Experiment 09.

Procedure: The skin is flash frozen with liquid nitrogen and shattered with a blow from a hammer. Immediately, fractured and frozen fur, skin, bone and viscera appear in the room. The appearance of the fur and total mass is consistent with that of the rabbit from Experiment 01.

Conclusion: Destroying the image reverses SCP-3253 but induces a sympathetic effect in the subject of the original image.

SCP-3253 Test Log - Entry 11
Date: / /20
Subject: Section of skin removed from SCP-3253-A, depicting a bird.

Procedure: SCP-3253-B was made to tattoo an image of a bird on SCP-3253-A. Once the bird had disappeared, the image was surgically removed from SCP-3253-A and desiccated. When the moisture content of the section of skin reached <1%, the desiccated body of the bird appeared in the room.

Conclusion: At this time, the only way to reverse SCP-3253 seems to be detrimental to the subject of the image.

Further testing was suspended after Experiment 11. Researcher Yuji's proposal for a series of tests that would enable SCP-3253 to be utilized in the containment of objects classified Safe was under consideration by senior staff until the occurrence of Incident 3253-3 on / /20 . A summary of the key events is included below.

+ Incident 3253-3

On 14/08/20 SCP-3253-A was admitted to emergency medical care at Site- , suffering severe blood loss arising the self-amputation of its left forearm. After two hours of emergency medical treatment, A was stabilized, although unconscious. Also detained was one Jeffrey Garrett, a member of Site- security who, it was found, had been in close contact with A and B for over three months in the course of his duties.

An internal tribunal heard how Mr Garrett had obtained a meat cleaver from Site- 's kitchens, from an acquaintance on the catering staff, Fariha Layan Asfour. Ms Asfour and Mr Garrett both expressed sympathy for A and B, who, they claim, had *'suffered too much'*. Mr Garrett admitted that he had severed A's left forearm at its request, and had then called for medical aid to prevent A's death.

A's forearm, containing the tattoo of SCP- , was recovered from its cell and placed in cold storage to prevent containment loss of SCP- .

Upon recovery, A was interviewed and it became apparent that despite monthly psychological profiling overseen by Researcher Yuji, none of the reports had been filed with Site- medical staff. It was therefore not noticed that A was suffering from depression and paranoia regarding SCP- .

Researcher Yuji was questioned and admitted failing to file the psychological reports. He justified his actions by stating his belief that *'the SCP-3253 project was potentially too valuable a tool to let the Ethics Committee put a stop to it'*.

Researcher Yuji was reassigned to Site-36 and continues to be under scrutiny by the Ethics Committee for possible future breaches of trust.

After A had recovered, Site- Administration decided that the continued safe containment of SCP- was of paramount importance, and requested that its image be once again tattooed onto A, as a safeguard in case its severed forearm was no longer sufficient means of containment. The proceedings form Incident 3253-4.

+ Incident 3253-4

On 07/01/20 SCP-3253-B was requested to tattoo the image of SCP- back onto SCP-3253-A. A and B were both emotionally distraught at the time of the procedure. At the beginning of security footage relevant to Incident 3253-4, A and B can be seen conversing in Japanese. They are both upset and exchange apologies and comfort to each other for past events. After two minutes, B is urged to continue with the procedure.

It is at this point that B can be seen to pause and stare at SCP-3253-C, with body language indicating revulsion of the object. B is once more heard to apologize, and bids A before swiftly bringing C to its temple and embedding it in the region of the pterion.

B immediately collapses to the ground and loses consciousness as A screams and rushes

to cradle B. Security personnel intervene and pull A and B apart, before sending B to site medical care. A is subdued and returned to its cell.

B has not recovered consciousness since Incident 3253-4 and remains on life support. A's mental state was observed to rapidly degrade following Incident 3253-4 and it now remains mostly non-responsive to site personnel. A is kept under constant watch for the formation of nervous behaviours.

The Ethics Committee deliberated on 20/05/20 that A be allowed weekly visitation with B, provided the visitation time does not exceed one hour and that both are kept under constant supervision.

As B remains in a coma and is considered unlikely to awake in the immediate future, Site- Administration have reclassified SCP-3253 as Safe.

SCP-3254: Grant's Mama Bear

Item #: SCP-3254

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3254 is to be contained at **`Zoological Containment Site-282`** in a large containment enclosure that adequately emulates the Pacific Northwest. Food is to be placed in the enclosure twice a day. Along with dietary needs, recycled electronics are to be left throughout the enclosure. Twice a year, 2-4 stuffed bear plush toys are to be placed in the enclosure in locations where SCP-3254 will discover them.

SCP-3254-1 instances that show signs of extensive wear are to be removed from the enclosure and humanely euthanized. If the SCP-3254-1 population is determined to be too large, the oldest instances are to be removed and euthanized as well. When an instance is removed from the enclosure, staff are to create a track of pawprints that leads to one of the entrances.

Description: SCP-3254 is a female brown bear with extensive cybernetic enhancements. It is functionally immortal, with rapid cellular regeneration. However, despite this regeneration there is significant scar tissue within its reproductive organs that has rendered it unable to reproduce. Cybernetics have replaced its nervous system as well as significant portions of the bone structure within its paws. SCP-3254 also has sharpened metallic claws composed of an unidentified alloy. A metal plate is installed on the top of its skull that allows access to the central processing units for the cybernetics. A message was originally etched into the plate, but time and wear has significantly affected its readability.

> S--r- I mi---- -our -ir---ay. H-r-'s som-o-e to make -o- fr-e--s, s-n-- I cou-d-- mak- -- there
>
> L--e, Mom

Pro-er-y of Gra--'s -oo For Cyb--netic--ly E-han-ed Bear-

SCP-3254 is docile and acts extremely friendly towards humans. It does not display human levels of intelligence; however, it shows a extensive understanding of computers and the ability to create complex devices, similar to its own cybernetic implants. SCP-3254 has shown an extreme fondness for bear shaped plush toys, and uses them to create SCP-3254-1 instances.

SCP-3254-1 are physical copies of SCP-3254 that it creates using plush bear toys as a basic structure. When it encounters a plush, it will take it to its den and caress or clean the toy. After it finds the toy in a satisfactory condition, it will begin a process to animate the toy with its own flesh and biological material. SCP-3254-1 instances are capable of biological regeneration when within a 10m radius of SCP-3254. This regeneration is used to allow the instances to grow to full size. This process can take several weeks to several months depending on the number of SCP-3254-1 instances it creates. The process generally follows these steps.

1. SCP-3254 will create duplicates of its own cybernetics, constructed from materials it gathers and installs it within the toy.
2. SCP-3254 will surgically remove its tail and a portion of its lower spine using its claws, and allow the cybernetics to integrate with it.
3. SCP-3254 will wait several days to allow its own spine to regenerate and allow the instance's spine to grow.
4. SCP-3254 will cut large chunks of its flesh from its belly and attach it to various parts of the toy.
5. SCP-3254 will wait several days to allow its own flesh to regrow and allow the instance to integrate its own new flesh.
6. Lastly, SCP-3254 will open the plate in its skull and connect its primary cybernetics to the new instance. After this, the instance will become animate and fully conscious.

It is unknown if SCP-3254 is capable of feeling pain or whether it puts the creation of SCP-3254-1 instances over its own state of being. SCP-3254 will act in a maternal manner towards the new instances and will guide them and teach them until they have fully grown. SCP-3254 will also make frequent trips to visit its fully grown

offspring, often bringing its new instances with it.

SCP-3254 becomes extremely distressed if it does not have a juvenile instance of SCP-3254-1 to raise. When in this manner, it will often attempt to create new instances without the toy acting as a foundation. Foundation staff have made an effort to mask their removal of SCP-3254-1 instances, as SCP-3254 demonstrates extreme amounts of distress when it is unable to find one of its offspring. It remains in this panicked state until staff create false set of pawprints leading out of the enclosure.

Addendum 3254-1: Every year, on January 17th, a call sourcing from SCP-3254 attempts to access an external number. The number is no longer active but was originally assigned to a woman named Katherine Grant, who went missing several months after SCP-3254 was initially contained. The number has since been obtained by the Foundation. When SCP-3254 connects to the number, it plays a MIDI version of Happy Birthday.

SCP-3255: A Light Shining Through The Holes Inside Your Eyelids

Item #: SCP-3255

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A two meter tall perimeter of electrical fencing is to be erected around the Indrid Ardo Mental Wellness Center and will be patrolled by security personnel. Any individuals attempting to gain access to the building are to be apprehended by security, interviewed and administered amnestics as appropriate.

Personnel are not to be exposed to SCP-3255-1. In the event that an individual does become exposed to SCP-3255-1, they are to be removed from its presence immediately and, depending on the length of time they were exposed for, restrained until either symptoms subside or expiration occurs. Any research involving SCP-3255-1 is to be performed via use of an unmanned drone.

All specimens of SCP-3255-2 are to be kept in separate humanoid containment chambers at the nearby Site-11, each kept under guard by two security personnel at all times. SCP-3255-3, also contained at Site-11, is to be kept inside Anomalous Morgue-27. No autopsy of SCP-3255-3 is to be attempted.

Description: SCP-3255 is the collective designation for a number of anomalous items discovered at the Indrid Ardo Mental Wellness Center, located near Sacramento, California. In reality, the Wellness Center was the cover for an installation funded by prominent members of the Fifth Church in order to pursue research supposedly relevant to their faith. The installation was abandoned by the Fifth Church at some point following the successful creation of SCP-3255-1, and was subsequently acquired by the Foundation after discovery by urban explorers.

SCP-3255-1 is a large blue spherical object, superficially resembling a miniaturized star, present within a main chamber inside the Wellness Center. Exposure to the light emitted by SCP-3255-1 is known to cause a number of anomalous physical and mental symptoms, intensifying the longer one is exposed to said light. These symptoms, although varying somewhat from person to person, generally include:

Time of Exposure	Known Symptoms
Initial Exposure	Minor anxiety. Skin irritation. Difficulty swallowing.
30 Minutes	Loss of fingernails. Severe acne. Sudden fondness towards the name 'Tom'.
1 Hour	An extreme desire not to look upwards. Finger expansion. Sneezing.
1 Hour, 30 Minutes	An obsession with the film *Avengers: Age of Ultron*. An extreme phobia of felines. Prosopagnosia.
2 Hours	Bodily mitosis, invariably resulting in death.

SCP-3255-1's secondary anomalous property is visual in nature, namely that it can be seen clearly even while the viewer has their eyes closed or otherwise prevented from seeing.[1] Direct physical contact with SCP-3255-1 is presumed to result in the creation of an SCP-3255-2 or SCP-3255-3 instance, although this has not yet been confirmed through testing.

SCP-3255-2 is the collective designation for five living humans of varying ages and genders. All specimens of SCP-3255-2 have had their heads removed and replaced with a spherical object of the same size resembling a miniature star, which floats several centimeters above their necks. The light emitted by these structures has been determined not to possess the properties demonstrated by SCP-3255-1.

Specimens of SCP-3255-2 require no food, water or sleep, and will often wander aimlessly through their surroundings or lay down on

the floor. No attempts at communication with SCP-3255-2 have thus far been successful, suggesting a significant reduction in mental faculties from their original state. Analysis of SCP-3255-2 has revealed the presence of significantly non-Euclidean biology, making full mapping of their bodily systems difficult.

SCP-3255-3 is a male human torso. The arms, legs and heads of SCP-3255-3 have been removed through direct physical contact with SCP-3255-1. All body parts missing from SCP-3255-3 have been replaced by floating structures of the same size resembling miniaturized stars. Analysis of SCP-3255-3 has revealed the presence of non-Euclidean biology significantly more severe than that present within SCP-3255-2, together with possible mind-affecting properties (see Incident 3255-3-1) that makes full inspection difficult.

> Incident 3255-3-1
>
> During initial autopsy of SCP-3255-3, a series of anomalous phenomena ensued, resulting in the loss of Doctor Wesley, who was performing the autopsy, and his assistant Junior Researcher Lenn. Audio transcript of the incident follows.
>
> > **<Begin Log>**
> >
> > **Doctor Wesley:** Beginning the autopsy of SCP-3255-3. Please pass me the scalpel, Lenn.
> >
> > [IRRELEVANT SECTIONS REMOVED]
> >
> > **Doctor Wesley:** Oh dear.
> >
> > **Junior Researcher Lenn:** Is there a problem, doctor?
> >
> > **Doctor Wesley:** Look there — right there. Do you see it?
> >
> > **Junior Researcher Lenn:** I don't —

Doctor Wesley: Look, there's a gap between his stomach.

(Pause.)

Junior Researcher Lenn: Ah, shit.

Doctor Wesley: I have to agree. This is, uh, going to make things somewhat more complicated. Lenn, you're going to have to hold onto my legs here.

Junior Research Lenn: No problem.

(Sounds of movement.)

Doctor Wesley: I just need to, ah, widen the gap here…(grunt) If I put my hands in each other, I should be able to get some purchase — there we go. Do you still have me?

Junior Researcher Lenn: I still have you.

Doctor Wesley: I'm so glad. I will now, ah, make a visual inspection of the subjects interior.

Junior Researcher Lenn: Good luck.

Doctor Wesley: (muffled) Thank you. I love you.

Junior Researcher Lenn: Okay.

(Sounds of movement, followed by Junior Researcher Lenn screaming.)

Junior Researcher Lenn: Doctor? Doctor, my hands slipped through you! Are you there? Can you hear me?

(Heavily muffled speech, presumed to

originate from Doctor Wesley.)

Junior Researcher Lenn: Um, uh, uh — hold on, I'll retrieve you!

(Sounds of movement.)

Junior Researcher Lenn: (muffled) Hello? Doctor, are you still there? David?

(Sounds of movement, followed by heavily muffled speech presumed to originate from Junior Researcher Lenn.)

<End Log>

At this point, security personnel present attempted to intervene, claiming that they had only realized something was wrong seconds prior. By this time, however, both Doctor Wesley and Junior Researcher Lenn had completely climbed into and were lost in SCP-3255-3's non-Euclidean biology. All attempts to retrieve them have been unsuccessful. However, sound equipment has picked up sounds of movement and panicked breathing originating from deep within SCP-3255-3's body.

Presumed Timeline of Events

The following is a timeline of events that occurred at the Indrid Ardo Mental Wellness Center, leading to the creation of SCP-3255-1, SCP-3255-2 and SCP-3255-3, as reconstructed using recovered security footage and personal logs. Said logs were written by the director of the facility, Doctor Fabian Kellier, a pseudo-scientist presumed to have been given the post due to family ties with prominent members of the Fifth Church. Five other researchers were present in the Wellness Center for the majority of events.

Upon initial arrival at the Wellness Center on 02/14/2017, Doctor Kellier made the following log:

> Have arrived at the facility. Conditions are good — with the exception of rats. Will need to do something regarding infestation. Staff seem friendly and easy to work with. Am eager to get to work myself.

Following this log, initial research began. This research seemed to have been focused on comparison of star charts with famous works of art such as the *Mona Lisa* and *Starry Night*. Purpose of this is currently unknown. When not conducting this research, personnel engaged in conversation and recreational activities.

On 02/27/2017, Kellier made the following log:

> Dennis forced us to watch a film last night. The second Avengers, so not even a good one. Was fun nonetheless. Research sometimes makes it hard to keep up socially, so was grateful for the opportunity to get to know my staff. But have no desire to watch the film again — bad!

Research continued until 02/31/2017, when Kellier wrote:

> Research is not going well. This idea came to me in a dream and I was quite sure it would bear fruit. Perhaps was mistaken. Staff are uneasy. Do not blame them — perhaps we are getting nowhere here. Is my fault.

Almost immediately after this log, he wrote:

> Had an idea! Something very special I think. Stars die in threes, but are born in fives. Everything in this world has a signal, a line they walk on shaped like themselves. Have read this. If you can make a signal, you make a thing. Require resources for this. Will inform brother.

Some stars are dead, but we can still see them. Some stars have been born here, we're just not allowed to see them yet.

Over the course of the next six months, three thousand, one hundred and twenty-five individuals visited the Wellness Center in small groups at a time. Footage analysis shows these to be a mixture of members of the Fifth Church and local vagrants. In each instance, the visitors would be shown to the main chamber of the Wellness Center and an event similar to the following would take place:

Security footage recovered from the Indrid Ardo Mental Wellness Center, depicting part of the creation process of SCP-3255-1.

<Begin Footage>

(Four individuals walk into the main chamber of the Wellness Center. Three have been identified as minor members of the Fifth Church, while the fourth appears to be a local vagrant. A sphere composed of black smoke is present in the center of the room. All individuals begin to walk towards the center, the vagrant looking around in concern.)

Vagrant: What is this place?

Fifthist 1: Just be patient, man. You gotta give it a minute. You'll have your money when it's done.

(Vagrant nods, but appears reluctant. A moment later, the heads of all individuals present jerk up and black smoke begins to emerge from their mouths, joining with the already-existing sphere. This continues for three minutes before emergence ceases. All individuals lower their heads and exit the

room.)

<End Footage>

On 09/03/2017, after the observed contributions of three thousand, one hundred and twenty-five individuals to the developing sphere, the following event took place:

<Begin Footage>

(Twenty-two minor members of the Fifth Church are standing before the developing sphere. Their heads are pointed upwards and black smoke is emerging from their mouths, joining with the sphere. This continues for seven minutes before emergence ceases. Immediately following this, the sphere ignites in a flash of blue light. When this light clears, the sphere has become SCP-3255-1.)

(Pause.)

(All individuals present begin cheering.)

<End Footage>

Following this event, Kellier made the following log:

> It's done. Big Blue is born. 3125 is a good number. A plethora of fives bring us closer to conclusion. Can hear him singing from here — is a very strong signal. Expected it to be pink, truth be told, but blue is fine frequency too.
>
> Am glad task is complete. Was exhausting work, and tensions are developing between my staff. Eager to get some relaxing in! Waiting for orders from up above. Feels like the Fifth World here already!

Communication logs recovered from the Wellness Center suggest no orders from prominent Fifthists were

received. The reason for this is unknown.

By 09/13/2017, events in the Wellness Center had returned to their initial state. 'Research' regarding star charts and works of art was ongoing, and staff mainly avoided SCP-3255-1.

On 09/26/2017, Kellier reported discomfort among his staff as a result of SCP-3255-1's presence:

> Minor issues. Big Blue making people sick when they go near him. Do not see how Fifth World plays into this. Illness is a constraint, not a freedom. Am I misunderstanding this?
>
> Staff seem nervous. I am nervous too. Why have we not been contacted? Is there something more important? Blue won't stop singing.

On 09/29/2017, the following event took place:

> *Footage takes place in main chamber of the Wellness Center.*
>
> **<Begin Footage>**
>
> *(Five individuals enter the room. Image analysis confirms them to be the research staff assigned to Doctor Kellier. All have relaxed and composed postures.)*
>
> **Researcher 1:** You ready?
>
> **Researcher 3:** As we'll ever be. I love you.
>
> *(They move towards SCP-3255-1, standing next to it. They then insert their heads into SCP-3255-1. The muffled sounds of moaning can be heard. This continues for three minutes.)*

(All individuals move away from SCP-3255-1. Their heads have been replaced with structures resembling miniaturized stars. Creation of all specimens of SCP-3255-2 confirmed.)

<End Footage>

Immediately following this event, Kellier wrote:

> Things not good right now. Bad, in fact. Staff have put themselves in Big Blue. Was expected eventually, but not yet. It is quiet here now. They sit around and wander and bump into walls. They don't speak. The parts of them that spoke are speaking inside Big Blue now. Regrettable. Regrettable.

According to security footage, the following weeks mostly consisted of Kellier wandering around the facility, attempting to continue initial research with star charts, and watching movies on television. His behaviour during this period suggests a deteriorating mental state as a result of a combination of isolation and exposure to SCP-3255-1.

On 12/22/2017, Kellier made the following log entries in rapid succession:

> Something ho

> Something wonderful is happening to me.

> I miss the Avengers. I miss talking. I miss the sun. I miss the moon. I miss fives. I miss my fingernails. I miss Clara. I miss Parth. I miss Alan. I miss Makoto. I miss Dennis. Where are you all right now. You're having fun in there without me aren't you

> Hi

> saw a rat today chewing through a wire. saw its eyes. no smoke in there — must have gone into the star. how many rats went in there andw e [sic] didnt notice? it isnt 3125. there arent any fives in there. there arent any fives. what did we make

> There's nothing on TV

> I love you.

Kellier then made his way towards SCP-3255-1, captured in the following footage:

> **<Begin Footage>**
>
> *(Kellier enters the main chamber and looks at SCP-3255-1.)*
>
> **Kellier:** Hi.
>
> *(Pause.)*
>
> **Kellier:** It's really lonely out here. Can I come in?
>
> *(Pause.)*
>
> **Kellier:** Okay. I love you.
>
> *(Kellier does a running jump into SCP-3255-1 and disappears from view. Several seconds later, SCP-3255-3 is ejected from SCP-3255-1.)*
>
> **<End Footage>**

No activity after this point was recorded until the urban exploration that caused the Foundation to become aware of SCP-3255.

Footnotes

1. Blind test subjects have also proven able to see SCP-3255-1.

SCP-3256: Web of Murder

Item #: SCP-3256

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Information relating murders that follow the *modus operandi* of the SCP-3256-A released to the public are to exclude all information related to the states of the bodies. Individuals responsible for cataloging evidence related to the crimes of SCP-3256-A (police officers, members of the medical examiner's office) are to be administered amnestics as appropriate, and information regarding the bodies is to be modified to a degree that it is rendered non-anomalous.

Individuals who are part of Task Force WEBCUTTER are to be given monthly physical and psychological exams. In the event that any agent shows signs of being affected by SCP-3256, they are to be immediately contained and sent to Site-92 for treatment. New personnel joining WEBCUTTER are to be given a standard Euler-Melbourne Memetic Hazard Resistance Test (Or simply Euler-Melbourne Test); individuals who score lower than a threshold of 74 are to be reassigned.

Description: SCP-3256 refers to a memetic anomaly which manifests in information related to murders fitting the *modus operandi* of the Bay Binder (tentatively designated SCP-3256-A), a serial murderer who was active in the New England region of the United States from 1993-2000. Specifically, SCP-3256 has the ability to manifest in any written descriptions, artistic and photographic depictions, fictionalized or dramatized portrayals, and speech that depicts or describes a body mutilated in the manner which is consistent with SCP-3256-A's MO.

SCP-3256-susceptible individuals (designated SCP-3256-S) who are exposed to SCP-3256 are designated SCP-3256-B. Upon infection, SCP-3256-B subjects will begin to develop several

behaviors that were not previously observed in the subject, most prominently trichophagia, mucophagia,[1] and a strong aversion to insects, bordering on a entomophobia.[2] Of note, while arachnophobia is often comorbid with entomophobia, SCP-3256-B individuals more often show signs of arachnophilia, actively seeking out venomous species of spider. This is possibly related to [DATA EXPUNGED].

SCP-3256-B subjects will, eventually, be compelled to carry out at least one murder matching the MO of SCP-3256-A. The amount of murders carried out by SCP-3256-B subjects is unknown, but is believed to be between 150 and 200. Information on murders carried out by SCP-3256-B act as a further vector for this meme.

Due to the nature of SCP-3256, the MO is stored separately from the main document; see Addendum 3256-12.

SCP-3256-S have several common criteria, out of thirty-nine observed instances:

- 100% of SCP-3256-S individuals are both biologically male at birth, and identify as male.
- 100% of SCP-3256-S individuals have lived somewhere in the New England region of the United States for more than five years.
- 100% of SCP-3256-S individuals are Caucasian.
- 92% of SCP-3256-S individuals have brunette hair.
- 89% of SCP-3256-S individuals are between the ages of 15 and 32.
- 89% of SCP-3256-S individuals have, at some point in their life, have had an intimate relationship with an individual of the same gender.
- 53% of SCP-3256-S individuals have had three or fewer instances of consensual sexual intercourse in their life.

Addendum: An abridged account of the Bay Binder: The name " Bay Binder" was coined by the Bay Chronicle following the discovery of the first five victims over the course of March to September 1993. The last victim attributed to the Binder was believed to have died in July 2000, with little connection between the victims. No attempt was made by the individual

committing these crimes to contact law enforcement or the media.

The murders only occurred from Mid-March to Mid-October, and occurred more frequently in areas with high arachnid populations. Victims ranged in age from twenty to forty-five. All but one victim was female; the sole male victim, found in 1997, was attributed to a copycat prior to the discovery of SCP-3256.

Forty-one victims were attributed to the Bay Binder in a range encompassing Vermont, New Hampshire, southern Maine and northern coastal Massachusetts; however, the number of victims may be higher than seventy. The killings were listed as an Item of Interest to the Foundation, due to their unique nature, but were considered to be non-anomalous.

Information pertaining to the Bay Binder was publicly known for the duration of their active period, and was in the public consciousness for several years afterwards, due to the bizarre nature of the murders. The killings have formed the basis for episodes of several American crime drama and police procedural television programs, such as the 2005 *CSI: Crime Scene Investigation* episode "Web of Murder", the 2008 *Bones* episode "The Name in the Nostril", and the 2009 *Criminal Minds* episode "Said the Spider".[3]

The true identity (or possibly identities) of this individual has never been ascertained. Due to the profile formed by SCP-3256-B individuals, it is assumed that the individual/individuals who carried out the original murders were similar in appearance and background.

Discovery: SCP-3256's first known manifestation was in 2008, when a series of apparent copycat murders began in , Maryland, home of Harold Kingsmith, an FBI profiler who worked on the Bay Binder case in the 1990s. Kingsmith had gone missing 24 hours prior to the discovery of the first body, which belonged to his wife Dana Quill-Kingsmith. Two further bodies were discovered before Kingsmith was apprehended attempting to dispose of a fourth victim.

Kingsmith was later interviewed by an Unusual Incidents Unit agent, William Boston.

Boston: Mr. Kingsmith, I'm Agent Boston, Unusual Incidents.

(*Kingsmith is not responsive, and remains seated.*)

Boston: You've had quite the career in the bureau. You were one of John Douglas's proteges,[4] helped work UNABOM[5]. The Binder was one of your last cases.

(*Kingsmith remains unresponsive*)

Boston: (*sighs.*) Okay. I've got a list of phrases here that I'm going to read off. Guys above me say that this should… well, this might get a reaction out of you, depending on what happened.

Boston: It is raining in Gilgamesh, Ohio. (*Pauses; no reaction from Kingsmith*) Okay. Are We Cool Yet? (*No reaction from Kingsmith.*) Huh. You guys might have to edit this down, this could take a while.

(*The next twenty-four minutes consist of Agent Boston reading various memetic trigger phrases to Kingsmith. They have been excised for the sake of brevity.*)

Boston: Hotel Babylon has closed its doors. The wagtail has returned. Athena's loom is shattered. Pandora's box vomits—

(*Kingsmith begins picking at their nose as the phrase 'Athena's loom is shattered' is spoken.*)

Boston: Okay, that got a reaction. Let's see, 'Athena's loom' corresponds to— oh shit.

Kingsmith: We never caught him.

Boston: What?

Kingsmith: We never caught the Binder. (*Kingsmith's picking at nose intensifies, and begins to draw blood*) I caught him, though. Like you catch the clap. I. I had to.

They were begging for it. For me to [REDACTED] their insides, but it wasn't me, it was *never* me.

Kingsmith: I'm sorry I ever made fun of your unit. You can handle this. I can't.

(*At this point, Kingsmith was suffering a massive nasal hemorrhage, and paramedics on standby entered the room to staunch the bleeding. Kingsmith has been unresponsive to further interview attempts, both by Foundation and Unusual Incidents personnel.*)

Formation of Task Force "WEBCUTTER": Originally, the "Discovery" Incident was categorized as an Extranormal Event. However, following two further incidents in Maine (the perpetrators of which remain unaccounted for), a joint Foundation-Unusual Incidents Unit task force, codenamed "WEBCUTTER", was formed. The goal of WEBCUTTER is to contain all instances of SCP-3256-B subjects, develop a memetic vaccine for SCP-3256, and obfuscate reports of SCP-3256 activity to prevent further spread of the anomaly. Furthermore, it is to work with other units of the FBI (specifically the Behavioral Analysis Unit and the Evidence Response Team) to investigate reports of activity related to the original Binder.

Currently, the WEBCUTTER task force is comprised of twenty non SCP-3256-S personnel, including:

Foundation Personnel:

- Lt. Dr. Kyle Jobar — SCP-3256 containment specialist
- Dr. Urmd Abdul— Forensic Anthropologist
- Dr. Wendell Adler— Forensic Biologist and Autopsy Technician
- Dr. Helena Bloom— Memeticist
- Dr. Sophia Fitzgerald— Memeticist
- Hobert Brennan— Investigative Agent

FBI Personnel:

- Cpl. Alexander Mooney — Task Force Chief

- Dr. Edgar Park— Special Agent, PhD in Psychology
- Dr. Meghan Scott— Forensic Analyst and Autopsy Technician
- Stella Abbey— Special Agent, Liaison to the Anomalous Community of the United States (LACUS)
- Leslie Jefferson— Special Agent and Press Liaison

Publicly, WEBCUTTER is a task force investigating the possible reemergence of the Binder, or a copycat killer.

Collected Findings and Recordings of WEBCUTTER:

Autopsy Report of Jane Doe #001:

Deceased: Jane Doe **DOB:** Unknown **DOD:** 5/9/2009

Address: Unknown **State:** MA **Zip:** [REDACTED] **Age:** Late 20s **Sex:** F

Race: Hispanic

Height: 137cm **Weight:** 54kg **Hair Color:** Black **Eye Color:** Brown **Build:** Petite

Scars and Amputations: [REDACTED] removed post-mortem.

Description of Decedent's Clothing: Naked; arms and feet bound in [REDACTED], facial openings (except for nostrils) covered in same manner.

Manner: Homicide

Cause: Suffocation by introduction of [REDACTED] to sinus cavity and trachea.

Dr. Adler: Recording's up. This is Dr. Wendell Adler. It is the twelfth of May, 2009. I am conducting an autopsy on a Jane Doe related to the Binder killings. With me is my

equivalent from the Unusual Incidents Unit, Dr. Morgan Scott—

Dr. Scott: Meghan. Not Morgan.

Dr. Adler: Apologies. Primary toxicological screenings have found trace amounts of latrotoxin in the system, in higher concentrations than in previously recorded victims. No signs of symptoms related to latrodectism are present in the body, suggesting that the subject died prior to the symptoms manifesting.

Dr. Scott: Ms. Doe is in poor condition; something got at her good. We've been unable to determine whether [REDACTED] was removed by human teeth, or a scavenging animal. Due to the apparent MO of our Unknown Subject, I will begin by examining the nasal cavities. Where's that endoscope?

Dr. Adler: Hold on, it's up here. Let me set it up to record.

Dr. Scott: I've handled one of these before, thank you. All right, I'm going to enter the subject's trachea through their nasal cavity…

Dr. Adler: Wait, what's that?

Dr. Scott: Huh? Oh. Holy shit. Are those [REDACTED]?

Dr. Adler: Wrong time of year for them. Too early.

Dr. Scott: Could be another type of growth. I'm going to get a closer look.

(*At this point, Dr. Scott's endoscope makes contact with the* [REDACTED] *in the subject's sinus. Startled, Scott removes the endoscope abruptly, tearing open the sinus cavity and exposing the* [REDACTED]. *Dr. Adler grabs an acetylene torch and attempts to incinerate the* [REDACTED] *emerging from the cadaver. The cadaver's face is destroyed beyond any possibility of*

reconstruction. Dr. Adler was reprimanded for destroying evidence.)

(*Further endoscopic inspection of cadavers linked to SCP-3256 are to be carried out only with joint approval from Lt. Jobar and Agent Mooney.*)

Excerpt from Audio Diary of Edgar Park:

Park: It is Thursday, May 21st, 2009. This is my fourth entry into this diary. God knows who I'm recording this for; either my guys or the Foundation's are gonna redact all of it.

When I was at Quantico, one of the things that was made clear to us: the FBI, not just Unusual Incidents, is a bunch of fuckups. Mulder and Scully aren't absurd because they hunt bigfoot and aliens; they're absurd because they *get shit done*. It's 80% paperwork, maybe more; one of my first assignments in training was to write an archival request so I could access a gallery of shit that's been sent to Manson over the years. I… failed that.

When it comes to serial killers, we've dropped the ball more times than we've got it. BTK[6] got away for over a decade after his spree ended, and *he* was the one that provided the shit that put him away.[7] We're just as clueless about Zodiac, and a bunch of fucked up shit happens in Cleveland that we don't know about.

Point is: We don't have the best track record when it comes to *normal* serial killers. It's even worse when you start bringing carts, cans, and other shit into the picture.

(*Indistinct speech is heard*)

Get me a quarter-pounder and a chocolate shake.

Where was I? Right. The FBI are fuckups when it comes to serial killers; we've only had to deal with one anomalous one in the past, thank Christ. MI-Triple-6[8]

had to deal with a pair of them in Liverpool back in oh-two, so I'm trying to figure out how they handled them.

The Binder's one of the worst loose ends when it comes to New England. Hopefully, we can at least catch the original one and put this shit to rest.

I'm gonna smoke and wait for the guys to get back with food. Park out.

SCP-3256 Outbreak in the Greater Boston Area, October 2009:

The outbreak coincided with the airing episode of the American crime procedural *Criminal Minds*, featuring a serial murderer killing using animal venom. A character in the program draws comparisons between the "Unsub" antagonist and the Binder in the first act of the episode, which acted as a vector for SCP-3256. This episode, titled "Said the Spider", was immediately removed from circulation.

The first killing was reported in the Jamaica Plain neighborhood. A twenty-one year-old female was discovered in their home, found with all [REDACTED] removed, consistent with the M.O. of SCP-3256-1.

Transcript of Audio from a Search of the Jamaica Plain Address

Agent Jefferson: Just got off the phone with the *Globe*. They've agreed to not print the story for the time being. What've you guys found?

Agent Park: Whole bunch of these. [Sound of objects rattling around in plastic containers.]

Agent Jefferson: Cold meds? Lot of nighttime ones, too. You could knock out a whale with this much stuff.

Agent Brennan: And there's enough tissues

in the trash cans to reconstruct a genetic profile from either nasal drainage or semen.

Agent Park: Jesus, man, where's your filter?

Agent Jefferson: Is that where she was hang —

Agent Brennan: Ahem. [Loudly taps the recording device] Possible vector.

Agent Jefferson: Why doesn't just seeing the body make us want to act it out? Why does it have to be described to us?

Agent Brennan: That's for Bloom and Fitzgerald to figure out. Anyone living with the victim?

Agent Park: Signs of co-habitation; boxers in the laundry, two toothbrushes, bunch of birth control. So it looks like her partner's the culprit.

Agent Jefferson: There's no pictures in the house, or any electronics that could save a photograph— laptop, phone, anything. Never seen them be this meticulous.

Agent Park: Even memetic psychopaths leave fingerprints, Les. Let's get out of here before we trample the crime scene any more; Meg's plane will be here soon.

A survey of the victim's house identified the cohabitant, and Person of Interest in this manifestation of SCP-3256, as Linus Planter, who fits the profile of an SCP-3256-S subject with 98.99% certainty. Interviews with family members led the Foundation to believe that Planter had been suffering from a respiratory infection prior to the murder of his romantic partner.

The second body was rendered unidentifiable, with the body being found in pieces, suspended in several trees around the Walden

Pond State Reservation; this was a strong deviation from the MO of SCP-3256-B individuals, who had previously [REDACTED]. However, it was found that all [REDACTED] was absent from the corpse, and the hypothesis was put forward that Planter had placed the fragments for later consumption of the remaining [REDACTED] tissue.

Transcript of Video Recording of the Apprehension of Linus Planter

[Agents of WEBCUTTER have placed cameras in the trees surrounding the pond that have had [REDACTED] placed in them. Seven cameras are present; only four are relevant to the events that occurred.]

[Camera 1 shows Agents Park and Abbey conversing in the Walden Pond visitor's center while looking at a laptop monitor broadcasting the feed from the cameras.]

Abbey: You know why I hate Thoreau?

Park: Because he was an incomprehensible writer?

Abbey: That, and he was a hypocrite. Talked so much about living in tune with nature, and then he goes and starts a wildfire. Nearly burned down Concord in the process.

Park: You're joking.

Abbey: No, I'm not. Dumbass should've been locked up for the rest of his life. Instead, he inflicted *Walden* on us. [Abbey pauses.] Hold on, cycle the cameras back.

[Cameras cycle through to Camera 3, where a naked, human male is spotted, liquid foaming at his mouth.]

Park: That's Planter.

Abbey: What's that on his mouth?

Park: Nevermind that. Call for backup. [Park stands up.] I'm going out to get him. Where's camera three?

Abbey: It's on the western side, but— [Park exits the visitor's center] Ed! For fuck's—- [Abbey radios agents of WEBCUTTER located in the vicinity.]

[Camera 3 shows Planter standing under the tree containing what is believed to be the victim's left lung and right forearm, foaming at the mouth and nose. The foam [REDACTED] and Planter pulls down the suspended body parts, which he begins consuming.]

[Planter continues to consume the body for six minutes, until Agent Park appears behind him, pistol pointed at Planter's back. No audio is registered on the camera.]

[Planter stands and turns to face Park, before lunging at Park and [DATA EXPUNGED]. Park struggles on the ground, suffocating on [REDACTED]. Planter stops attacking Park, apparently alerted by a noise, and runs off-frame.]

[Camera 6 shows a Foundation camp, with the WEBCUTTER containment team, mobilizing to intercept Planter. En route, Planter appears on Camera 5, crawling on all fours before the containment team. Planter [DATA EXPUNGED] incapacitating two members as they are pulled up into the trees and out of view.]

[One member of the containment team steps forward, bearing a wrist-mounted tablet

broadcasting a series of possible SCP-3256 counter-memes in a loop. Observing that Planter reacts poorly to Countermeme 22, the agent pauses on this frame, at which point Planter flees.]

[Containment team members fire repeatedly in the direction Planter is fleeing, before Planter attempts to scale a tree, at which point he is shot in the left calf by an agent and taken into custody.]

[Camera 3 shows Park removing the [REDACTED] from his mouth, and subsequently vomiting due to oxygen deprivation. Samples of the vomit taken post-incident show that it contained several desiccated [REDACTED].]

Excerpt from the Audio Diary of Edgar Park:

Park: It is November 2nd, 2009. This is my twenty-second entry in this diary. Planter's in custody, and he's just been… numb. A lot like Kingsmith wash— was. Was. Mouth still feels weird from having it covered in that… stuff.

I wonder if he even knows he did it. He barely makes noise anymore. No screaming, talking. Just him, rocking back and forth in his cell, eating his own snot and hair. I wonder what the hell he's doing that for.

It's better than him crying, at least. That's what he did the first night in custody— or containment. For us, it's custody, but the Foundation's taken him, so I guess it's 'containment' now. They're trying to figure out what makes him tick, and… from what I understand, it's not going well—

Hold on. I'm getting a text.

[Agent Park pauses for several seconds]

Son of a bitch. He's dead.

Autopsy Report of Linus Planter:

Deceased: Linus Planter **DOB:** 3/12/1987 **DOD:** 11/9/2009

Address: [REDACTED] **State:** MA **Zip:** [REDACTED] **Age:** 22 **Sex:** M

Race: Caucasian

Height: 180cm **Weight:** 63kg **Hair Color:** Brown **Eye Color:** Brown **Build:** Medium

Scars and Amputations: Scar on left palm, acquired in childhood.

Description of Decedent's Clothing: Standard Issue Foundation Jumpsuit.

Manner: Unknown, speculated suicide

Cause: Suffocation by introduction of [REDACTED] to sinus cavity and trachea.

Dr. Scott: As Dr. Adler is at a conference, I will be conducting the autopsy alone. Yeah, corpse of a man who suffocated on— right, vector, can't say what it is. And I'm alone with it.

I'm in biohazard gear, and I've got a flamethrower ready, in case it goes like the first Jane Doe. Eugh. Endoscopic examination at least didn't show any [REDACTED] in the nose this time.

I've opened the chest cavity. No abnormalities visible, but… oh god. The bones are… elastic. They're stretching

as I touch them, like rubber, or cloth. It's unsettling.

[A loud *crack* is heard on the recording]

Shit! I just broke one of the floating ribs on the left— and it's sticking to my hand. What the fuck?

Egh. It's fibrous. Finally managed to get it off in the most unprofessional manner possible.

[Irrelevant data, including an examination of the subject's abdominal organs, has been excised.]

Dr. Scott: Okay, that's that. [Dr. Scott sighs] Dr. Adler hypothesized that there may be anomalies in the sinuses. I guess there's only one way to find out. I've only done this on training cadavers back in med school. Need to cut open the skin… and break the bone. I hate the sound of that, because I always associate it with something having gone horribly, irreversibly wrong.

I've exposed the bone to the air… the sinus should be under here. Just need to break it open and…

Oh my god. What the fuck. What the fuck what the fuck what the—

[Screaming, followed by the sound of the recording microphone hitting the floor, and Dr. Scott tripping the biohazard alarm.]

Afterword: A large amount of [REDACTED] had emerged from the subject's sinus cavity when opened, and proceeded to cover the room. Dr. Scott was recovered from the room, suffering minor bruises as a result of being cut down from the [REDACTED], but was otherwise physically unharmed.

Excerpt from the Audio Diary of Edgar Park:

Park: It is January 1st, 2010. Happy New Year.

I'm looking back on the case over the past year. We've managed to catch one perp, and we're in the off season. If this were a normal FBI task force, we'd be disbanded, hailed as heroes. But that's not gonna happen any time soon.

This isn't the first time the FBI's had to deal with a paranormal serial killer. There was speculation that the original Binder killings were anomalous, but the Unit wasn't brought on in any official capacity. Before the Binder, there was the Smiler. He was called that because every single of of his victims died with a smile on their face, and their bodies were shown to be full of dopamine and endorphins upon death. They… died of happiness. That's the only way that we could describe it. Operated in the Midwest.

The Smiler's spree lasted for only six years, but in that time, he killed nineteen and left seven more with permanent brain damage. We're still not sure how he did it, something to do with a brain tumor and air currents. Agent Clyde Zhang — he used to be in the Cincinnati division — ended up shooting him in the middle of Chicago, after he got the entire goddamn city to start laughing. We don't know how he got that powerful, but after Zhang put an entire clip into his chest… he got booted to desk work. Saved millions of people, and that's the thanks he gets.

[Park pauses for several seconds]

My resolution: don't end up like Clyde. Park out.

Person of Interest: Melissa Portman:

Foreword: Melissa Portman (b. 1979) was one of the Binder's last victims, and the sole surviving victim. Portman was abducted from her home near Salem, Massachusetts in early June of 1999, and injected with an unknown amount of pancuronium bromide[9], the intent

of which was to render her conscious but unable to move. However, Portman had recently been injected with atropine sulfate to treat mushroom poisoning, which acted as a partial antidote to the pancuronium; Portman describes the drug as having fully worn off "seconds before they stopped".

After being placed in the trunk of a red sedan of unknown make, Portman was transported to near the New Hampshire border. As the individual removed Portman from the trunk of their car and began applying bindings to her hands, she headbutted her attacker. Portman then sprinted southwards for .8 km, through uneven terrain, and came upon a member of the Massachusetts State Police, who escorted her to safety.

Upon arrival at a nearby hospital, Portman was found to be physically well, but had several spider bites upon her person, as well as a dead spider of the *Latrodectus* genus in their hair, which they could not account for.

In May 2010, following the commencement of the SCP-3256 killing season, Agent Stella Abbey made contact with Portman, who had since moved to Minnesota.

Agent Abbey: Okay, beginning recording. It is 4:00 in the afternoon on Tuesday, May 18th. I am in the ass-end of Nowhere, Minnesota, and the nearest airport is over the Canadian border. Portman really doesn't want to be found.

She's coming out of her house. (*Sounds of rustling and rummaging, and the car door opening and shutting*) Excuse me, Miss Portman? Agent Stella Abbey, FBI. I—

Portman: Have you caught him?

Abbey: Pardon?

Portman: Did you catch the son of a bitch who stuck me in the back of his car? The one who was going to [REDACTED] me?

Abbey: Uh. No, but that's what I'm here to—

Portman: Go fuck yourself.

Abbey: Miss Portman, please, we have new details in the case and would appreciate your cooperation—

Portman: Am I under arrest?

Abbey: Um. No?

Portman: If I'm not under arrest, then I don't have to tell you anything. Now move your fucking car. (*Sneezes loudly*) I'm going to the damn doctor. Move.

Abbey: But—

Portman: Either arrest me or *move.*

Abbey: [Sighs] Fine. One sec.

[Abbey is heard moving back into her car, pausing briefly to turn on the car.]

Abbey: Wish my fucking camera worked. But… just like to state for the record? Portman's rooting around in her nose. I'm blown, but I'm going to advise the local PD to put a tail on her.

I know that it's not supposed to affect women, but… something's not right here. My car's out of her driveway.

[Extraneous recording regarding Abbey contacting the nearest police department to tail Portman's vehicle have been excised.]

Abbey: Okay. God, I miss working Usher.[10] So much easier to deal with abnormies than normies.

I don't have probable cause, so legally, I can't break in. But, I can do other things. [Abbey exits the car again.] It's trash day, so I'm gonna go through the cans. Hold on.

[The next several minutes are composed of sounds of grunting and rustling plastic as Abbey searches through trash cans. The sounds pause, and rapid footsteps are heard, followed by Abbey returning to her vehicle.]

Abbey: Okay, so. Uh. Portman looked sick, going to the doctor. I found some tissues in her trash can. I-I bagged some and *they are all filled with spiderwebs what the fuck.*

Postscript: Abbey returned to WEBCUTTER headquarters without incident, bearing the tissues as evidence. Tissues were found to contain large amounts of spider silk, with traces of human mucous.

Melissa Portman's vehicle was found abandoned 16km away from her house. Portman herself was found a week later, having suffocated on spider silk. An autopsy concluded that Portman's death was a suicide.

Excerpt from Audio Diary of Edgar Park:

Park: It's Friday, May 21st, 2010. This is my forty-fourth entry in this diary.

We're pretty fucking spooked. One of the Foundation's guys, Bloom, has been analyzing the meme more carefully. She's taken care, considering that… well, considering Portman somehow got canned by it. Christ.

Sole survivor of the whole thing, and she… fucking kills herself with goddamn spider silk! How?! How does that even work? She was sneezing the shit, too. Like. What.

We found out that Portman… her neighborhood was pretty abandoned. Everyone moved away because. Well,

animals kept vanishing— cats, dogs, rabbits. There were telephone poles there painted with staples from all of the missing animal posters that went up over the past few years.

They're going to do their autopsy tomorrow. This whole thing is freaky, and the tox screen they did— she was full of [REDACTED]. I looked that up, and there's none of those in the US! How?!

I. I can't. Park out.

Autopsy Report of Melissa Portman:

Deceased: Melissa Portman **DOB:** 3/21/1979 **DOD:** 5/5/2010

Address: [REDACTED] **State:** MN **Zip:** [REDACTED] **Age:** 31 **Sex:** F

Race: Caucasian

Height: 162cm **Weight:** 122kg **Hair Color:** Brown **Eye Color:** Blue **Build:** Obese

Scars and Amputations: N/A

Description of Decedent's Clothing: Red long-sleeved T-Shirt, blood and mucus stains on right cuff; blue denim jeans, size 45; undergarments [REDACTED].

Manner: Suicide

Cause: Suffocation by introduction of [REDACTED] to trachea. Envenomation.

Dr. Adler: Run it again.

Dr. Scott: I ran the tox screen through three different labs.

Dr. Adler: Well, run them through the lab we have here! Their system is saturated with [REDACTED], which is completely fucking impossible— she's never been to Australia, and that [REDACTED] isn't in any zoo or pet shop in Minnesota.

Dr. Scott: Maybe it's something else? Like— hold on. Open the inside of her mouth.

Dr. Adler: We've already inspected her— what are you doing?

[At this point, Dr. Scott is heard straining as she attempts to pull out Portman's left upper cuspid. It comes loose, and Dr. Scott brings it underneath a microscope to analyze it.]

Dr. Adler: What are you doing?

Dr Scott: Come over here and look at this. Does that look like human dental structure to you? Does it even look like a tooth?

Dr. Adler: My god, what the hell? [Dr. Adler pauses] It looks… no, it can't be.

Dr. Scott: It fits. The M.O., the presence of [REDACTED] at the crime scenes and in the bodies, and all of the weird shit that's happened with both this body and Planter's. I— I think that she's just more complete than him and Kingsmith. I think that whatever this meme is imprints the biology of a [REDACTED] onto a human, and…

Dr. Adler: And rewrites the body? The DNA is conclusively human, for both her and Planter. But…. it does make sense, to a degree.

[There is a long pause on the recording. Dr. Scott, at this point, had turned around to face the body of Melissa Portman. She screams.]

Dr. Adler: What— oh Jesus Fucking Christ!

Dr. Scott: What the fuck! What the *fuck!*

Dr. Adler: Run for it. Take the tooth!

[Dr. Adler takes the recording apparatus with him, and flees alongside Dr. Scott. After the autopsy lab is sealed, there is a minute of silence, before Dr. Scott speaks.]

Dr. Scott: Please tell me you saw that. The body was…

Dr. Adler: Made of spiders.

Closing Statement: Testing of the tooth removed from Portman's mouth has determined that it was not a tooth; rather, it was the chelicera and fang of an unknown, very large spider of the *Atrax* genus coated in a layer of webbing resembling enamel.

Following this, the remains of Melissa Portman and Linus Planter were both inspected; their cadavers, while retaining a humanoid shape, were found to be composed almost entirely of body parts and webbing from spiders from the *Atrax* and *Latrodectus* genus, respectively. This detail escaped both visual observation and electronic recording devices, suggesting that the SCP-3256 meme may be essokinetic in nature.

It is currently unknown if this phenomenon extends to the bodies of victims of either SCP-3256-A or SCP-3256-B instances. As of June 2011, none of the victims' remains are accounted for.

Footnotes
1. Tricophagia and mucophagia are, respectively, compulsive disorders relating to the consumption of hair and nasal mucus.
2. A pathological fear of insects.
3. All listed episodes have been removed from circulation due to acting as a vector for SCP-3256.

4. John E. Douglas, b. 1945, was one of the first criminal profilers at the FBI.
5. The UNABOM task force was responsible for the investigation into bombings at American universities and airports carried out by Theodore Kaczynski between 1978 and 1995.
6. Dennis Rader, the "BTK Strangler", was a serial killer active from 1974 to 1991, named for his practice of "Bind, Torture, Kill".
7. Dennis Rader was eventually arrested following the discovery of metadata on a floppy disk he sent to police. He is currently serving 10 consecutive life sentences.
8. Colloquialism referring to the Unusual Incidents Unit's British equivalent, The British Occult Service, or MI666.
9. A muscle relaxant used in lethal injections in the United States.
10. Refers to Usher House, an Autonomous Extradimensional State with entrances in Baltimore, Maryland, Providence, Rhode Island, and Bangor, Maine, population 4,481. Possesses a large subculture of horror writers.

SCP-3257: A Priest in a Suitcase at Timbuktu

Item #: SCP-3257

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3257 is to be kept in a secure item locker at **Site-77**. All SCP-3257-B instances are to be kept in a cryonic storage chamber at Site-77. Personnel are required to don Class I biological hazard attire when engaging in experiments involving SCP-3257-B's interaction with SCP-3257.

To facilitate experiments involving SCP-3257-B's interaction with the Sistine Chapel or interviews with SCP-3257-A, Provisional Experiment Room 3257 (PER-3257) has been established underneath the Sistine Chapel in collaboration with the Holy See and City Council of Rome. PER-3257 is to be equipped with a ventilation system. PER-3257 is to be accessed via underground tunnels in Rome, Italy. Approval for the use of PER-3257 is to be obtained from the Holy See Liaison to the Foundation. Following the conclusion of experiments and interviews, SCP-3257-B is to be returned to Site-77.

Description: SCP-3257 is a silver-coloured plastic suitcase. A label on SCP-3257 lists its destination as the Sistine Chapel in the State of the Vatican City. The interior of SCP-3257 is of pitch black colouration, and the bottommost point (regardless of the use of additional light sources) cannot be visually ascertained.

SCP-3257-A is a sapient consciousness attached to SCP-3257, represented by vocalisations produced when SCP-3257 is opened. However, SCP-3257-A cannot perceive visual and auditory stimuli introduced to SCP-3257. Languages of SCP-3257's vocalisations are in Bambara, French, and Latin.

SCP-3257-B refers to the reconstructed body of Dominique Dubois, a Roman Catholic priest of French-Malian descent. Dubois is

currently declared missing following a surprise attack by jihadist organisation on / /2013.[1]

The organs in SCP-3257-B are non-functional, despite being identical to a non-anomalous human body. When initially recovered, SCP-3257-B was fragmented into an assortment of bone fragments, pieces of skin, and pieces of various organs (see **Recovery**). SCP-3257-B displays two sets of anomalous traits when in proximity to either SCP-3257 or the Sistine Chapel respectively.

Any fragment of SCP-3257-B (regardless of size) can be placed in SCP-3257 entirely, consistently disappearing from view as the fragment enters SCP-3257. Additionally, SCP-3257-B does not contribute to the total mass of SCP-3257 and its contents. These effects are not applicable to objects that are not SCP-3257-B, including objects attached to SCP-3257-B fragments.

If SCP-3257 is opened while fragments of SCP-3257-B are inside, said fragments will be ejected from SCP-3257 at an average velocity of 3.5 m/s. Said velocity increases exponentially when the volume of SCP-3257-B fragments in SCP-3257 is more than the volume of SCP-3257. During which, ejected fragments will sustain further fragmentation.

In the Sistine Chapel, fragments of SCP-3257-B will levitate autonomously and attach to one another to reconstruct Dubois' body. To that end, fragments will undergo cell growth to repair damage sustained on various fragments. Simultaneously, non-anomalous white smoke[2] is spontaneously generated. The volume of white smoke generated increases when more fragments of SCP-3257-B are in the Sistine Chapel.

Additionally, while in the Sistine Chapel, stimuli introduced to SCP-3257-B are perceived by SCP-3257-A. This is used to facilitate two-way communications between Foundation personnel and SCP-3257-A through SCP-3257-B. The following are selected quotes attributed to SCP-3257-A:

> God told me that I would be Pope, that Benedict XVI resigned for me to step in. No offence, but the Europeans of this age are lacking in faith. It is clear that

the torch should be passed to more worthy persons. I was not so sure at first, but the Lord confronted me directly. Only so few men would have such an honour.

I even have some regnal names in mind. God suggested them to me. Alexander V. Eugene V. Honorius V. Anastasius V. Five is my lucky number, it appears.

Time is all that is needed. I know I'm inside a suitcase, and it's rather uncomfortable here. But I do not mind a bit of suffering. The great men of the church too went through many challenges. Now it's my turn.

And once I arrive at the Sistine Chapel, I shall emerge and stand among the cardinals. Sure, I might not be a cardinal. But Pope Urban VI was not a cardinal.

They will all see it as a miracle, I'm sure of it. I shall narrate to them my odyssey, that God appointed me to lead his church and led me straight to the Vatican. They can doubt me, but none can doubt God. God promised me that.

Recovery: SCP-3257 was found in Timbuktu, Mali on / /2013. It was originally held by members, who were killed while protecting the object. Under the assumption that it contained materials regarding 's operations in Northern Mali, SCP-3257 was opened by members of the Malian National Police. Upon opening, SCP-3257 released SCP-3257-B fragments at high speeds, resulting in fatalities and injuries. Following reports of vocalisations produced from SCP-3257, the Foundation intercepted the object.

Addendum 3257-1:E-mail correspondences between Site-77 Director Shirley Gillespie and Cardinal [3], Holy See Liaison to the Foundation (hereon referred to as PoI-32125).

Dear Shirley

I have reviewed the latest batch of SCP items cleared under CODE HEAVENLY PEARL KEY. Of note is an

SCP-3257, which lists its destination as the Sistine Chapel. It is thus in my opinion that this object and the things dubbed SCP-3257-B (all of them, in fact) are to be brought to the Sistine Chapel for further study immediately. Let us not waste any time.

Christ be with you
Cardinal
Holy See Liaison to the Foundation

Dear Cardinal

Thank you for your initiative. However, given that there will be a Papal conclave soon, experiments will have to wait until the new Pope is elected. Additionally, we need to be extremely careful here. We do not know what the anomaly can do while inside Sistine.

Sincerely
Dr. Shirley Gillespie
Site-77 Director

Shirley, don't mind the conclave. I insist that you permit the SCP to be brought in.

Cardinal

Despite his request for SCP-3257 to be brought into the Sistine Chapel, no additional actions were known to have been taken by PoI-32125.

Following the election of Pope Francis on 13/03/2013, PoI-32125 withdrew his request and issued an apology to Director Gillespie. A transcript of said e-mail is as follows:

Dear Shirley

I'm sorry for my previous e-mails. You're correct regarding your group's protocols. Frankly, I'm not sure what came over me back then or why I advocated for a mysterious item to be present for the papal conclave. I could only blame my poor health[4] and advanced age.

Thank God that my mind was cleared in time for Pope Francis to step in. His Holiness will likely prepare a more conscientious successor for future correspondences, for I will be stepping down from all my duties at the church. I express my humble regret that I do not intend to attend the Foundation's farewell party for liaisons. I need what's left of my mind for my own journey of self-discovery. Some questions still needed answers.

Farewell.

Christ be with you
Cardinal
Holy See Liaison to the Foundation

As of / /2014, PoI-32125 has been sighted in locations in the Southern United States, which are associated with the **Fifth Church**. Pending further investigations.

Footnotes
1. Notably, no other casualties or missing persons were reported in the incident. No calls for ransom were made by . Attackers have also left a sum of €5,000,000 (in bank notes) at the location where Dubois was last sighted. Bank notes were scattered haphazardly on the floor.
2. In relation to the Sistine Chapel, white smoke emitted during a papal conclave denotes the successful election of a new Pope.
3. Later, it was discovered that PoI-32125 was associated withSCP-475.
4. Interviews with Vatican officials indicate that PoI-32125 was suffering from respiratory irritation and hallucinations of white smoke from 1 March to 13 March.

SCP-3258: God Killers

Item #: SCP-3258

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-3258 are to be kept in a standard bio-containment cell within Site- . Any observed changes in the SCP-3258's behavior are to be reported to a supervisor of Level 4 clearance or higher.

Description: SCP-3258 currently designates 246 instances of a previously unknown species of bacteriophage of the family Myoviridae. SCP-3258 are approximately 0.45 m in height, several million times larger than most species of bacteriophage, but are otherwise anatomically similar. SCP-3258 possess all the physiological structures necessary for transfer of their genetic material. However, SCP-3258 are incapable of infecting any known organism, as they are too large to successfully penetrate eukaryotic cells. It is currently unknown what effects would manifest if infection by SCP-3258 was possible (See Addenda 3258.2 and 3258.3).

SCP-3258 are capable of terrestrial locomotion through the use of their tail fibers, and can move across walls and ceilings in a similar manner. Despite lacking sensory organs, SCP-3258 are capable of avoiding collisions with the walls of their containment cell and with each other, suggesting the ability to sense their surroundings to some capacity. To date, no instances of SCP-3258 have required sustenance of any kind.

Instances of SCP-3258 are generally docile. When left alone, SCP-3258 instances will either stand entirely still or move throughout the area of their containment cell in a seemingly random fashion. When in the presence of humans, SCP-3258 appear to display behavior indicative of curiosity, following and generally maintaining a close proximity to the detected subject. Instances of SCP-3258 have yet to display any signs of aggression toward a

subject and will rapidly retreat if a subject performs rapid body movements or loud vocalizations.

Addendum 3258.1: *Discovery and Apprehension*

All instances of SCP-3258 were discovered in the town of , Michigan, following a spike in electromagnetic radiation emanating from the area. Radiation had dissipated to normal levels by the time Foundation personnel arrived, and the source of the radiation spike was never discovered. However, several instances of SCP-3258 were found nearby, prompting a sweep of the surrounding area. A total of 250 instances of SCP-3258 were captured and delivered to Bio Research Area-12. Since initial containment, four instances of SCP-3258 have been terminated for the purpose of dissection and genetic sequencing.

Addendum 3258.2: *Genetic Experimentation*

Through the artificial transfer of genetic material found in SCP-3258 into samples of Enterobacteria phage T2, a strain of bacteriophage genetically identical to SCP-3258 but small enough to infect human cells has been created. These instances have been designated SCP-3258-2. Experimentation on Class-D personnel has been approved.

UPDATE: All exposed subjects experienced no adverse effects resulting from infection. Blood analysis revealed the creation of antibodies sufficient in eliminating SCP-3258-2 within 2 days of exposure. SCP-3258-2 classified as a minimal threat.

Addendum 3258.3: *Incident Report / /20*

On / /20 , two Class-3 ontokinetic entities being contained at Site- experienced several minutes of uncontrolled bodily spasms before losing consciousness. Foundation personnel were alerted to the issue through a live video surveillance, and medical units were administered to their respective containment cells. Upon examination, it was discovered that both entities had undergone cardiac arrest. Through defibrillation and artificial oxygenation, one of the entities was successfully revived and returned to a conscious state.

Upon post-incident examination, Kant Counter readings indicated no difference between the entity's internal and external Hume levels, as both had adjusted to equal exactly 1 Hume. As a result, the entity became incapable of performing ontokinetic processes. During this time, analysis of the entity's blood revealed the presence of living instances of SCP-3258-2. Following this discovery, the entirety of Site- was put on lockdown.

It is currently unknown how SCP-3258-2 managed to reach and infect both entities, nor is it known how many personnel were infected in the process. It is theorized that the instances administered to D-Class personnel during testing had not been eliminated as previously believed, but had instead entered a state of dormancy until exposed to further opportunities for infection. Furthermore, it is currently not known how SCP-3258-2 is capable of equalizing the Hume levels of infected individuals. Due to the rarity of ontokinetic beings, further experimentation has not been permitted at this time. However, genetic sequencing of SCP-3258 has commenced, in hopes of revealing more information about this process.

UPDATE: As of / /20 , through the regular application of immunotherapeutic treatments to research personnel and ontokinetic entities, as well as the termination of all D-class carriers, The presence of SCP-3258-2 has been successfully eliminated from all Site- . As such, Site- has been removed from lockdown status. Despite the elimination of the viral infection, the formerly ontokinetic entity has displayed no signs of recovered ontokinetic abilities. Increased monitoring of the entity, as well as regular medical examinations, are to be continued until further notice.

Addendum 3258.3: *Genetic Sequencing Report*

As of / /20 , the genome of SCP-3258 has been successfully mapped in its entirety. Approximately % of SCP-3258's genetic structure is similar to that of non-anomalous bacteriophages, and is believed to encode for various proteins involved in reproduction. Another % of SCP-3258's genetic structure does not resemble any known viral sequence, but strongly resembles the genetic structure of [REDACTED] within human [REDACTED] cells. It is theorized that this portion may relate to SCP-3258's Hume-altering properties.

The remaining % of SCP-3258's genetic sequence comprise various pieces of noncoding DNA. These genes are interspersed among segments of functioning DNA in an organized pattern, suggesting artificial involvement in the formation of SCP-3258's genetic structure.

UPDATE: Due to an unprompted personal initiative on the part of Dr. , a simple binary language similar to Morse code has been discovered in the arrangement of noncoding segments of SCP-3258's DNA. The translation of this sequence is as follows:

GREETINGS. IF YOU ARE READING THIS, THEN YOU ARE UNDER THE IMPENDING THREAT OF ONE OR MORE EXTRATERRESTRIAL, EXTRADIMENSIONAL, OR OTHERWISE OTHERWORLDLY ENTITIES OF LEVEL 10 ONTOKINETIC CAPACITY OR HIGHER. FORTUNATELY, YOUR PLANET/REALITY HAS BEEN CHOSEN FOR SALVATION BY THE FOUNDATION OF SUPERNATURAL, CELESTIAL, AND PARANORMAL EXTERMINATION. WHEN THE DAY OF RECKONING ARRIVES, THESE ORGANISMS WILL INFECT AND ELIMINATE ALL IMPENDING COSMIC THREATS, PROVIDED THEY ARE GIVEN SUFFICIENT FREEDOM TO DO SO. FOR THIS REASON, PLEASE DO NOT KEEP THESE ORGANISMS PHYSICALLY CONTAINED IN ANY CAPACITY, AS IT WILL HINDER THE EFFICIENCY WITH WHICH THEY COMPLETE THEIR TASK. WE WISH YOU LUCK IN THE CONTINUATION OF YOUR SPECIES.
- THE COUNCIL OF DIMENSIONAL OVERSIGHT

Due to the information provided within this sequence, alterations to SCP-3258's containment procedures are currently pending approval.

« SCP-3257 | SCP-3258 | SCP-3259 »

SCP-3259: Verminous Ark

Item #: SCP-3259

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Keyword-analysis LAI[1] programs installed in emergency response software and implanted agents at various public health agencies worldwide shall monitor reports for mention of SCP-3259 manifestations. Upon manifestation, local Disinformation Bureau (SCP-DB) agents shall respond to interview and amnesticize the affected civilians. Given that repeat exposure to the resultant infestation may cause the recurrence of memories regarding the anomaly,[2] exterminators are to be engaged at the Foundation's expense to eliminate the vermin.

Description: SCP-3259 is a recurring transitory phenomenon. It occurs approximately once every two years. It typically manifests in households which:

- Are owned by their residents (100% of cases)
- Have been occupied by their residents for more than five years (96% of cases)
- Are occupied by three or more residents, all of whom are closely related either through marriage or consanguinity (100% of cases)
- Have never had previous issues with either vermin infestations, major infectious disease, or flooding (92% of cases)
- Are located in approximately middle-class residential neighborhoods (89% of cases)

The anomaly will only occur when all residents are present within the household.

The phenomena proceeds as follows: all residents of the household, save one, will be gathered in a single room. The absent resident will

always be in another section of the house, but within earshot. An anomalous facsimile of the absent resident (designated SCP-3259-1) will enter the room where the majority of the residents are gathered. SCP-3259-1 will be mostly nude and bearing marks of obvious illness, including grey or decaying skin, hair falling out, froth at the mouth, an inability to speak, and a spastic, jerking walk.

At this point, the residents will exhibit signs of concern or distress, including vocalizations and possibly physical contact. When all of the residents are focused on SCP-3259-1, a number of vermin of variable species[3] will burst from its body, to the distress of the residents witnessing the phenomena.

The resident that the anomaly had been mimicking will respond to the sounds of distress from the other room at this point. Upon seeing the remains of SCP-3259-1, the anomaly will de-manifest. The vermin will not, however, and in all cases a persistent, albeit non-anomalous, infestation by the species which manifested will occur in that household.

> **Interview 3259-21**
>
> **Interviewer:** Researcher Milton Inselmann
> **Interviewed:** James Dalton, 42
> **Interview Location:** Dalton family residence, [REDACTED], Ontario, Canada
> **Date:** 2016-05-08
> **Regarding:** 2016-05-07 manifestation of SCP-3259 at the Dalton family residence. Affected individuals include interviewed party, James Dalton, his wife, Janet Dalton (38), daughter, Annette Dalton (18), and son, Henry Dalton (17), who was the party mimicked by SCP-3259.
>
> **Researcher Inselmann:** How are you today, Mr. Dalton?
>
> **Mr. J. Dalton:** I want a fucking explanation for what happened in my house yesterday.
>
> **Researcher Inselmann:** We're still investigating, sir. But there have been a number of similar incidents. You'll be

the first to know, when we determine the cause. Could you tell me about your experience?

Mr. J. Dalton: Experience, hell. You think we were hallucinating, don't you?

Researcher Inselmann: No, sir, I don't.

Mr. J. Dalton: …You don't?

Researcher Inselmann: No. As I said, there have been similar incidents. Could you please describe what happened?

Mr. J. Dalton: I…yeah, alright. We were having a normal day. It was fine. Nice spring day. All the windows were open. We were in the kitchen. My wife was making lunch. I was playing Go Fish with my daughter at the kitchen table. My son was…he was in his room. Probably on his computer, or playing video games. You know how teenage boys are.

Researcher Inselmann: Of course. Was there anything unusual- anything out of the ordinary- about the day, or about the period leading up to…the event?

Mr. J. Dalton: No. Nothing. It was completely normal. Then. It happened.

Researcher Inselmann: Can you describe it, please?

Mr. J. Dalton: Yeah. Yeah, okay. Henry, my son, came in. Staggered in. But it wasn't him.

Researcher Inselmann: What do you mean?

Mr. J. Dalton: I mean, it wasn't him. He was…he looked like a corpse. He didn't look ill. He looked fucking dead. Wearing a pair of stained briefs. His skin was all….yellow and grey. And slick-looking. His eyes were… dead. Dull and dead. He staggered like he didn't know how to walk. In these, like, twitching, half-falling jerks. There was foam

at his mouth- dry foam, like scales, all down his chin and chest, like a bib, and more frothing up like…you ever seen a rabid animal? It gets you right in the back of the mind, when you see that helpless foaming. Right where the instincts live. You know that it means sick, dangerous, right away.

Researcher Inselmann: But you didn't try to leave?

Mr. J. Dalton: I should've gotten Janet and Anne out of there. Looking back, that's the first thing I should have done. But…it looked like my boy. It looked like my boy was sick.

Researcher Inselmann: What happened next?

Mr. J. Dalton: Janet and Anne started talking. 'Oh my God, Henry, are you okay? What happened?' Stuff like that. I got up. I walked over to him. I put my hand on… that things arm… I….ah, hell.

Researcher Inselmann: I understand if you need a minute.

Mr. J. Dalton: No. I'm okay. It just…I saw something with my boy's face ripped apart, you understand? Its torso started bulging. Like something out of that Alien movie. The sounds- bones cracking and flesh ripping. And it burst open. Like a plastic bag full of groceries bursting. And the rats[4] came out. A flood of them. Most of them hit the floor at once, with this wet thump, and went squealing in every direction. Their fur was damp with blood. I…jumped back. But some brushed against me. Against my ankles. Ran over my feet. I looked up and…

Researcher Inselmann: Yes? What did you see?

Mr. J. Dalton: He was still standing. But his torso, neck to waist, was a hole. He was hollow. Some rats were still inside him, squirming around. Some climbed out, and ran

down his legs. His head was tilted back- his face was slack. He looked really dead now, even if he was still on his feet. His mouth was forced open- and more rats started squirming out. One of his eyes rolled back in his head- not rolled back, but… pulled into his skull. It left his…eye socket empty. A rat's head poked out of it. Started squirming out. (Mr. Dalton laughs, slightly hysterically, at this point). I hear a rat can get through any opening it can fit its head through. Even my son's eye socket. Compresses its skeleton, see.

Researcher Inselmann: We can take a break-

Mr. J. Dalton: -No. I want to finish this. (Pauses). He- the thing, I mean, the thing pretending to be Henry- finally fell. It went forward, fell on me. I pushed it- one of my hands went inside it. It wasn't a hallucination. I felt it. The…wet meat. And I felt the rats squirming. I pushed it, and it went back. Hit the floor like a sack of meat, It was still twitching. Rats were still ripping their way out- of the meat of his thighs, his arms. I remember I saw one- one sharp little furry head, fur matted with blood- rip its way out of a little hole in his thigh. It blinked in the light, looked around. I lost it at that point. Started screaming, stomping, trying to kill them. My wife had climbed on the counter, and was screaming. She was starting at its face. The thing pretending to be our son, I mean. My daughter was sobbing. I could hear her behind me. And that's when…

Researcher Inselmann: Yes?

Mr. J. Dalton: That's when Henry came out of his room. He was yelling, 'what's happening, what's happening'- he shouted, without any words in it, when he saw the rats- and then froze up when he saw that ripped-open, twitching thing on the floor. We were all looking at him. For a minute, everything was silent. Then it was gone.

Researcher Inselmann: The…thing mimicking your son?

Mr. J. Dalton: Yeah. Just wasn't there anymore. Floor was empty. The last few rats ran off. And that was that. We didn't know what to do next, so we called the cops. They never showed up; you guys did. Where did you say you were from, again?

Researcher Inselmann: Center for Disease Control. Ah- agent Georgio here has a shot for you. Nothing to worry about, just a precautionary rabies vaccination. Thank you for your statement, Mr. Dalton. We've contacted an exterminator on your behalf about the rats; I'm sure this matter will be resolved shortly.

Mr. J. Dalton: That's it? That's all you can do? Give me a rabies shot and say 'thanks for your time?' I watched my son be ripped apart by rats! How am I supposed to forget that?!

Researcher Inselmann: …I think you'd be surprised how quickly people can recover from this sort of trauma, sir.

Follow-up: The Dalton family was amnesticized without incident. Exterminators have succeeded in eliminating the *Rattus rattus* infestation from the Dalton household.

Footnotes
1. Limited Artificial Intelligence
2. Though the manifested vermin has been confirmed to be non-anomalous
3. Observed species have included varieties of arachnidae, rodentia, chilopoda, diptera and corvidae
4. Identified asRattus rattus, the common house rat

SCP-3260: 10 Years Later

Item #: SCP-3260

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-3260-A should be interrogated and exposed to SCP documents matching their previously assigned clearance in order to ascertain the degree of perceptive dissonance displayed by them. After such procedures are conducted, instances of SCP-3260-A may receive amnestic treatment and be reassigned to non-critical positions within suitable Foundation front companies.

All Foundation facilities should be monitored for signs of SCP-3260.

Description: SCP-3260 is a visuocognitive affliction affecting Foundation personnel exclusively. When in contact with official SCP documentation, an individual (SCP-3260-A) suffering from SCP-3260 will perceive the information contained therein differently from depicted, resulting in a perceptual discrepancy that may lead said individual to breach protocol, intentionally compromise containment measures, and perform other assorted actions based on the inaccurate interpretation of the relevant document(s).

The nature of the perceptual discrepancy experienced by instances of SCP-3260-A varies, but recurrently entails false and/or misleading information.

As of / / , cases of SCP-3260 have been identified among Foundation assets worldwide. Project Proxy currently coordinates all research efforts concerning SCP-3260 - Priority Aleph research subjects assigned to it include:

- Identification of the vector through which SCP-3260 is transmitted, if existent.

- Identification of personnel particularly susceptible to SCP-3260, if applicable.
- Countermeasures to SCP-3260.

No obvious pattern has been established between confirmed cases of SCP-3260 at this time, both in regards to individuals affected and discrepancies observed.

Addendum: Abridged SCP-3260 Case Report - Appropriate Clearance Required

> **Afflicted:** SCP-3260-A/1
> **Previous Clearance:** Level 2, Junior Researcher
>
> **Document Summary:** SCP- . Euclid. Dis-2 thaumaturgical entity. SCP- is aggressive towards all non-Tartarean lifeforms, and was responsible for at least 7 casualties before containment was established.
>
> **Report:** First reported case of SCP-3260. SCP-3260-A/1 was detained after it repeatedly attempted to assign a cleaning crew to SCP- 's enclosure. All containment cells housing aggressive SCP objects must be sanitized remotely as per standard Foundation protocol.
>
> When interrogated, SCP-3260-A/1 expressed confusion, citing the respective SCP document as the basis for its decision. Printed copies of SCP- 's special containment procedures were then provided to SCP-3260-A/1, who was asked to read them out loud. SCP-3260-A/1's reading contained a non-existent addendum describing "Incident -V", in which SCP-3260 was supposedly fed an experimental compound, rendering it docile.

> **Afflicted:** SCP-3260-A/7
> **Previous Clearance:** Level 4, Site-27 Director
>
> **Document Summary:** SCP- . Safe. A humanoid Class II essokinetic entity. SCP- has been cooperative since containment in / / and was reclassified as Safe after

the introduction of Lang/Scantron-based devices to mainstream containment doctrine. SCP- is paraplegic.

Report: SCP-3260-A/7 received an updated copy of SCP- documentation following its reclassification, as per protocol. Upon reviewing the document, SCP-3260-A/7 alerted **MTF Eta-10** of a possible containment breach, citing suspicion that personnel assigned clearance 3/ might have been under the effect of an unknown cognitohazard.

After no evidence of such contagion was discovered, SCP-3260-A/7 was questioned. Like in previous cases, SCP-3260-A/7 made allegations that had no correlation to SCP- 's actual containment procedures. Among them, SCP-3260-A/7 claimed the document called for unwarranted torture of SCP- , including [REDACTED], in direct violation of multiple directives of the Ethics Committee. At this point in time, no further containment measures are necessary.

Afflicted: SCP-3260-A/9
Previous Clearance: Level 3, MTF - Operative

Document Summary: SCP- (- , -). Keter. Humanoid entity that actively attempts to breach containment. Capable of inducing unclassified, non-thaumaturgical/ essokinetic anomalous phenomena. Hostile to all human beings. Highly resistant to firearms.

Report: SCP-3260-A/9 communicated desire to cease Foundation employ after receiving a digital copy of SCP- 's containment procedures. According to SCP-3260-A/9, the document mentioned Project , a hypothetical initiative to incorporate SCP- - to MTF - 's roster. No plans to weaponize SCP- - currently exist, given the anomaly's Gimel classification following the most recent Thaumiel Review. No mention of Project among Aleph and Bet Thaumiel applications is present in mainstream Foundation databases.

Afflicted: SCP-3260-A/21
Previous Clearance: Overseer

Document Summary: SCP- . Keter. Highly adaptive organism capable of anomalous regeneration of its biomass. Regeneration process often accompanied by violent, unpredictable phenomena. [REDACTED].

Report: SCP-3260-A/21 brought attention to SCP- during [REDACTED], when the improvement of containment measures was being discussed. At this point, it was discovered that SCP-3260-A/21 had authorized several attempts to neutralize SCP- through the use of other SCP objects. Such requests were sent by SCP-3260-A/22, SCP-3260-A/23 and SCP-3260-A/24, then senior researchers not known to have been affected by SCP-3260.

The incident marks the first observed case wherein multiple instances of SCP-3260-A shared an identical perception of a SCP document. At this time, neutralization of SCP- is deemed unnecessary, following the successful development of Compound LZ-05.

RAISA DATABASE INTEGRITY WARNING

This is the only accurate version of this document. As of / / , SCP-3260 has not been neutralized and no inoculation process exists. SCP-3260 is not a Dis-5 thaumaturgical entity. SCP-3260's can only instigate a XK Class End-of-the-World Scenario by potentially compromising critical Foundation assets.

SCP-3261: The Dragon's Tongue

Item #: SCP-3261

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3261-1 and all instances of SCP-3261-2 to be stored in a secure containment locker in the E wing of Site-64. SCP-3261-2 instances are only to be removed from the locker for testing purposes.

Description: SCP-3261-1 is a 17-stringed koto made from *Paulownia tomentosa* wood measuring 182 centimeters in length. The ryūgaku is decorated with a floral pattern, while the ryūzetsu depicts a small village and is engraved with the kanji "樺岡[1]". SCP-3261-2 is the collective designation for 12 pieces of sheet music for koto written in Yamada school notation.

When an instance of SCP-3261-2 is viewed, the viewer will begin to search for SCP-3261-1. The degree of this compulsion varies depending on the instance viewed. Copies of SCP-3261-2 do not preserve this anomalous effect.

When the viewer finds SCP-3261-1, they will begin to use it to play the SCP-3261-2 instance viewed. The SCP-3261-2 instance will be played within an error margin of 0.7%. If play is interrupted, the player will become distressed and attempt to resume by any means possible.

The player and all listeners will begin to perceive a scene dependent on the instance of SCP-3261-2 selected. The player and listeners can interact with people and objects within this scene, collectively designated as SCP-3261-3, although these objects are not visible to non-listeners. When SCP-3261-2 ends, the player and listeners will become unconscious for approximately 15 minutes. Selected SCP-3261-2 instances are listed below:

Instance	Title	Scene	Notes
SCP-3261-2a	村人の子守唄 (Villager's Lullaby)	A small village with late Meiji era architecture at dusk. At the beginning of the third line, a man exits a house carrying a wooden bucket. The man collects water from a well in the center of the village. During the seventh line, he re-enters the house.	Thought to be the village depicted on the ryūzetsu of SCP-3261-1. Lyrics are similar to a typical lullaby.
SCP-3261-2c	小瑠璃 (Siberian Blue Robins)	Two young boys watching a pair of Siberian blue robins in a cherry tree. The robins' vocalizations align with the rhythm of the song.	Song consists of three stanzas, each of which is a tanka. Lyrics describe the robins in a manner typical of Japanese poetry.
SCP-3261-2d	君が代 (Kimigayo)	The coronation ceremony of Emperor Meiji. No deviations from the original event have been observed.	Song was composed in 1880 and became the national anthem in 1888, although Meiji was coronated in 1868.
SCP-3261-2g	Unknown	A village identical to that appearing in	No lyrics. See notes on SCP-3261-2a.

		SCP-3261-2a at noon. SCP-3261-3g1, a man in 1970s clothing, can be seen frantically searching for an unknown object.	Page is partially illegible due to water damage. SCP-3261-3g1 is thought to be searching for SCP-3261-1.
SCP-3261-2j	私の親愛なる小春専用 (Dedicated to My Dear Koharu)	A young couple walking through a village identical to that appearing in SCP-3261-2a in the morning.	Lyrics are typical of modern love songs, although analysis of the paper and ink has determined it was composed in the early 1910s. SCP-3261-2j is the longest known instance of SCP-3261-2.

Addendum 3261-01: SCP-3261-3j9, a man standing near the well in SCP-3261-2j, was interviewed by Researcher Hidekazu . A transcript of the interview is attached below.

SCP-3261-3j9 Interview Log

Interviewer: Researcher Hidekazu
Interviewed: SCP-3261-3j9
Note: Researcher is a native speaker of Japanese. This interview was translated into English.

<Begin Log>

Researcher : Good morning.

SCP-3261-3j9: Good morning. What's your name?

Researcher : My name's Hidekazu. And yours?

SCP-3261-3j9: Keinosuke. It's nice to meet you, Hidekazu.

Researcher : It's nice to meet you too, Keinosuke. What's the date?

SCP-3261-3j9: January 15th.

Researcher : Do you have the year by any chance?

SCP-3261-3j9: Meiji 44. How could you have lost track?

Researcher : I guess the New Year just confuses me a bit.

SCP-3261-3j9: Me too. I couldn't tell you how many times I've accidentally written 43.

Researcher : Well, Keinosuke, where are you from?

SCP-3261-3j9: Kabaoka.[2] It's a nice place.

Researcher : I've never heard of it.

SCP-3261-3j9: You haven't? There's no better village in Karafuto![3]

Researcher : I've been to every corner of Karafuto, and I've never once heard of Kabaoka.

SCP-3261-3j9: That's strange, you must have simply forgotten.

Researcher : It seems I did. Well, I think we're done here. Thank you for your

information, Keinosuke.

SCP-3261-3j9: You're welcome, Hidekazu. I hope to see you again soon.

<End Log>

Addendum 3261-02: A journal (now designated SCP-3261-3g9) was recovered from SCP-3261-2g, thought to belong to SCP-3261-3g1. An excerpt from the journal is attached below.

Document 3261-1

Well, I guess I'm a citizen of Kabaoka. I don't know shit about Japanese, but I figure that's the name of this place. There's really nothing interesting here. If I could choose anywhere to go, this would be at the very bottom of my list. In fact, I wouldn't even have ended up here if I had just stopped playing that damn koto, then and there. It was just laying there at that curios shop, with a few pieces of paper I couldn't even read. I bought it, played a song, and boom, I'm in some village. The first few times I played it, everything went fine, I got out. But no, this time I had to get stuck here. How did this even happen?

Footnotes
1. Translates to "birch tree hill."
2. This corresponds to one possible reading of the text "樺岡." In reality, Kabaoka is the name of a station on the former Tenpoku line.
3. Karafuto Prefecture, also known as South Sakhalin, was a prefecture of Japan from 1907 to 1945.

SCP-3262: Fire of Unknown Origin

Item #: SCP-3262

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Two protocols for the handling of subjects exposed to SCP-3262 are permissible:

1. Artificial fortification of the subject's memories of SCP-3262, followed by the provision of incentives or conditioning such that they do not disclose this information.
2. Termination.

The selection between these protocols should be performed in short order and on a case-by-case basis. Individuals who have been exposed to SCP-3262 should not be assigned an amnestic regimen that could potentially remove their memories of SCP-3262, except for testing purposes.

Any reports matching SCP-3262's description, as well as any reports of contagious unusual behavior without an obvious cause, should be investigated immediately. If SCP-3262 involvement is indicated, the surrounding area should be quarantined pending an assessment of the extent of its spread and the destruction of all SCP-3262 instances. SCP-3262 disposal is best achieved by the liberal application of a strong caustic solution such as lye, and should generally be performed on-location if at all possible.

Description: SCP-3262 is a bright red species of parasitic plant consisting of radially-arranged vines coated in luminescent seedpods about 2.0cm in diameter. SCP-3262 diverges dramatically from typical plant biology — rather than engage in photosynthesis, SCP-3262 is adapted to use thermal energy to process the consumption of living animal tissues. Presumably as a result of this adaptation, SCP-3262 does not possess roots, leaves, or other structures that typically aid plants in photosynthesis. SCP-3262 is

capable of enduring temperatures of 900°C on a consistent basis in all life stages; the source of this heat resistance is unclear.

SCP-3262's life cycle is dominated by the **Seed Stage**, wherein SCP-3262 seeds (which average 0.3mm in diameter) are inhaled by a human *en masse*, traversing into the bloodstream through the lungs and mechanically penetrating the blood-brain barrier. The seeds will extend microscopic filaments up to 9cm in any direction, then fall dormant. SCP-3262's seeds can remain dormant in the human brain indefinitely; apart from mild headaches shortly after infection, SCP-3262 infection is asymptomatic.

The Seed Stage is only known to end when the host forgets about their initial encounter with SCP-3262; past this point, the host's death will not impede the progression of SCP-3262's life cycle. Due to the sudden and violent nature of the events that follow, the mechanisms dictating the **Explosive Stage** is unclear, but it is known to involve the rapid conversion of brain tissue into combustible hydrocarbons and oxygen gas, causing convulsions and mental degradation, followed by unconsciousness, within ten seconds. An internal source of uncertain nature then ignites the hydrocarbon mixture, resulting in the violent detonation of the host's head and the growth of SCP-3262.

The **Reproductive Stage** immediately follows the Explosive Stage. About 40% of the mass of the host's head is consumed by SCP-3262 during the explosion and is quickly digested and converted into plant matter, resulting in a cluster of plants up to 2.3 kilograms in total mass that extends up to 1.2 meters in any direction. SCP-3262's seedpods will slowly fill with a mixture of volatile hydrocarbons presumably similar to the ones responsible for the Explosive Stage.

During this stage, it is believed that SCP-3262 relies on several cues — notably, physical disturbance, increased atmospheric moisture and carbon dioxide levels, and changes in ambient heat — to detect the presence of humans nearby; if a human comes within ~0.6 meters of SCP-3262 without proper protection, several of SCP-3262's seedpods will explode. While this is generally insufficient to cause serious injury, it results in the dispersal of SCP-3262's seeds over a wide area, with the exact dispersion

patterns relying largely on local air currents. The heat from these explosions is also used to enable the further consumption of the original host's corpse.

Due to SCP-3262's reliance on high temperatures to gather sustenance, it will starve and begin to rot within 2-5 days if not regularly exposed to fire, or if its seedpods are not induced to explode.

History: The earliest historical records consistent with SCP-3262 originate in 660 CE in Constantinople, which describe it as being recovered from an outbreak in Athens; however, no other records of this outbreak have been found. SCP-3262's time and place of origin are, consequently, unknown.

A method of cultivating SCP-3262 was apparently developed by the Byzantine military, which harvested its seedpods for use in the creation of the incendiary weapon known as "Greek fire".[1] It is believed that by ~900 CE, an alternative method of creating Greek fire was devised and SCP-3262's use in the process was forgotten, as SCP-3262 is described in documentation from this time period in unfamiliar terms.

Documentation of SCP-3262 is scarce; while this can be attributed in part to its potentially decades-long incubation periods, the exact reason for its limited presence in the historical record is unknown, particularly given its dramatic behavior in the Explosive and Reproductive stages. It is known that SCP-3262 has existed in most regions of Europe at one point or another, with its presence at a minimum during the Early Middle Ages and at a maximum during the Renaissance, though its exact extent is highly uncertain. Most records describe SCP-3262's appearance as unprecedented and unexplained; only in rare cases was its contagious nature identified.

Notably, SCP-3262 outbreaks consistently track with the "dancing mania"[2] that occurred between the 7th and 17th centuries in Europe, usually (but not exclusively) afflicting direct participants and observers of these events. Participants would generally either attempt to destroy SCP-3262 or ignore it entirely. In several cases, SCP-3262 and the host's corpse were retrieved by participants not known to the local population and carried away for unknown

reasons. Between 100 and 1,000 deaths during dancing mania outbreaks are attributable to SCP-3262.

Of note is that controlled experiments have failed to detect any mind-affecting properties in SCP-3262, or any other mechanism that could account for its coincidence with dancing mania. A causal relationship between SCP-3262 and dancing mania is presumed to exist, but its nature is unknown.

The requirement that the host forget their encounter with SCP-3262 was discovered during early experiments with Class-A amnestics by an unnamed Foundation precursor organization based in Munich in 1780, when administration resulted in the immediate progression of SCP-3262 to its Explosive Stage in two test subjects. SCP-3262 was recognized as a distinct phenomenon several years thereafter upon consultation with historical records, and initial containment procedures were devised shortly thereafter.

The extent to which SCP-3262 is properly contained is unclear, though it is believed to be significantly less prominent than it was in 1780, and likely constitutes less than 3,000 yearly cases. The relevant analysis of records detailing SCP-3262 containment operations is currently postponed.

Footnotes
1. This information has since been expunged from the historical record.
2. Events in which large groups of individuals would dance erratically to the point of exhaustion, often exhibiting other bizarre behaviors as well. These activities were often contagious, and are generally considered partially attributable to mass hysteria. Numerous such events occurred across Europe, particularly between the 14th and 17th centuries, and are well-documented in contemporary sources.

SCP-3263: Mr. Headgeworth's School for the Magically Gifted

This documentation has gone under one or more revisions. All versions of this document are available here for reference.

+ SCP-3263 Archived Documentation

Item #: SCP-3263

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: A containment plan for SCP-3263 is in development. Interaction with individuals manifesting next to Castle via SCP-3263-B is limited to observation. Efforts to secure Castle are underway.

Description: SCP-3263-A are envelopes that will spontaneously manifest in the residences of people between the ages of 13-18 who possess some form of anomalous ability. These individuals have never been registered as anomalous prior to receiving an SCP-3263-A instance, with their abilities only being discovered after investigation. Located inside of these envelopes is a letter addressed to these persons and an instance of SCP-3263-B. A transcription of this letter is provided below:

> Dear [NAME OF RECIPIENT],
>
> I'm sure by now you have noticed you are different from your peers. You possess strange and wonderful abilities that regular people can only dream about. You are not alone. There exists a secret world under this one, filled with

people like you, along with creatures and locations beyond your wildest fantasies.

I want you to learn and grow your abilities, and experience this fantastic world for yourself. I want you to reach your full potential as a user of magic, and as a person. All you need to do is press the switch in the middle of this talisman, and you will be magically transported to Mr. Headgeworth's School for the Magically Gifted. The school may seem old and decrepit, but I assure you it is only an illusion. I do hope I will be seeing you soon.

Sincerely,

Mr. Headgeworth, principal of Mr. Headgeworth's School for the Magically Gifted

SCP-3263-B are small wooden objects appearing as talismans adorned with designs and symbols. Each SCP-3263-B instance possesses a button on the center of the object, and when pressed by a human being, the individual, along with the SCP-3263-B instance, will be instantaneously transported to the outside of the abandoned Castle, near the front entrance. This structure is located in a remote area in , . In all reported cases, the transported individual will step inside the building upon arrival. No persons have been seen exiting the castle.

As it is unknown when SCP-3263 first manifested, the number of individuals present in Castle is unknown. An attempt to secure the building will be launched after recon and information gathering campaigns centered around the structure and the inhabitants within have finished, as the persons within the building are potentially highly dangerous.

+ SCP-3263 Revised Documentation

Item #: SCP-3263

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Disappearances of people aged 13-18 worldwide are to be monitored for potential resurgence of activity from POI-5837. SCP-3263-A and recovered SCP-3263-B instances are to be stored in low-level storage lockers. SCP-3263-C is contained in a standard Safe-class cell. Power is to be supplied to SCP-3263-C at all times.

Description: SCP-3263 designates three anomalous devices bearing Prometheus Labs identification marks recovered from Castle in , . All three devices utilize various anomalies in their construction and operation. Investigation implies that these objects were acquired by POI-5837 from various anomalous groups.

SCP-3263-A is a small machine similar in shape to a standard consumer-grade microwave. SCP-3263 is capable of transporting objects placed inside of its internal cavity to specific coordinates entered onto the machine's interface. This machine is suspected to have been used by POI-5837 to send envelopes to adolescents possessing anomalous abilities. These envelopes would contain a SCP-3263-B instance and a letter addressed to the recipient. No new envelopes matching this description have been discovered since Castle was secured.

SCP-3263-B are small, metallic devices featuring a button on its center. When pressed by a human being, the individual, along with the SCP-3263-B instance, will be instantaneously transported to the outside of Castle, near the front entrance. SCP-3263-B instances are surrounded by chassis of wood adorned with designs and symbols, giving them the appearance of wooden talismans. SCP-3263-B were originally thought to be completely constructed of wood, the

devices underneath the wooden frames were not discovered until after Castle was secured.

SCP-3263-C is a large, extremely complex computer wired to 12 human brains, all confirmed to belong to recipients of the envelopes mentioned previously. Each organ is encased in a glass cylinder filled with an unknown transparent green liquid. The organs show no signs of decomposition. Other than this, SCP-3263-C functions as a regular computer running Windows 7. The majority of investigation into SCP-3263 centers around files stored on SCP-3263-C.

SCP-3263-C runs a program called "magicschool.exe" at all times. Attempts to close this program or end its process through the Task Manager window have met with failure. The program features a navigation menu containing 3 items for selection. Clicking on "Observation" will bring the user to a video feed of a classroom. The structure of this classroom matches the structure of a room located in Castle's upper floor, except in significantly better condition.

From Monday to Friday starting at morning, a middle aged man and a group of teenage individuals dressed in long, black robes and carrying various school supplies will enter the room. The teenage persons will sit down at the desks and the man will begin to teach a class. This man possesses several anomalous abilities, and will frequently use them on various objects for demonstration purposes. Lessons seem to focus on the function and applicability of anomalous phenomena. Subject matter taught resembles popular public perceptions of magic, such as those present in the *Harry Potter* and *Lord of the Rings* franchises, and as such contradicts most of the established concepts in the field of modern anomalous science.

Classes will last for an average of 30 minutes, after which the young adults will exit the classroom, and the teacher will begin making preparations for the next class.

A new group of students will enter the classroom, sit down, and another class will begin. This will repeat for a total of 7 times, with a 30 minute break between the 4th and 5th cycles.

3 of the robed individuals match corpses recovered from the initial securing of Castle, and have consistently appeared since the containment of SCP-3263-C. None of the students have shown signs of aging since containment of SCP-3263-C began 7 years prior to the writing of this document.

All of magicschool.exe's other options and features are unable to be accessed. Attempts to gain access to these features by manipulation of magicschool.exe's code have met with failure. As magicschool.exe is potentially anomalous, SCP-3263-C is not to be turned off, and attempts to close this program are to be halted in order to prevent possible neutralization.

Investigation into files stored on SCP-3263-C, along with cooperation from the Global Occult Coalition, indicates that POI-5837 is most likely , a former GOC agent. was tasked with the neutralization of persons possessing reality-bending capabilities, specializing in the covert infiltration of various Groups of Interest. worked for the GOC for 15 years, before defecting during a mission launched on / /2001. POI-5837 is suspected to have gained involvement with the Serpent's Hand and various other GOIs after his separation. Investigation into the current whereabouts of POI-5837 along with more details of his activities after his defection are ongoing.

Recovery: All three SCP-3263 instances were recovered after a raid by a large group of Foundation armed personnel on Castle. Upon entering the building, the group discovered the interior was completely empty save for SCP-3263-A, 36 SCP-3263-B instances, SCP-3263-C along with a monitor, keyboard, and mouse, a non-anomalous solar energy collector

used to power the three SCP-3263 instances, and the corpses of 12 individuals matching recipients of the envelopes mentioned previously. Agents also discovered a sticky note attached to SCP-3263-C's screen containing a short handwritten message, transcribed below:

> Please, just let them have this.

SCP-3264: Causeless Effect

Item #: SCP-3264

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: No direct action is required in the containment of SCP-3264, however, its current location, the now abandoned Site-41-A, is to be kept under watch at all times by assigned Observation Personnel.

+ Observation Personnel Procedures [LEVEL 2 CLEARANCE REQUI

Designated observers and researchers of the phenomenon are to be stationed at Site-41-B, and may only consist of personnel that have not been previously assigned to Site-41-A. In addition, personnel must be restricted to levels B1 through B11 during observation periods.

Under no circumstances may any Site-41-A Observation Personnel access level B12, due to dangerously high radiation leakage following the destruction of the on-site power grid located on that level. Access to level B12 may only be granted to designated Maintenance Personnel.

Extensive quarantine protocols are enforced on level B12 due to the presence of Type-B Corriger Radiation[1]. To avoid risking contamination, Observation Personnel are to have no interaction with Maintenance Personnel and must conduct all required research within the allowed observation period (0600 to 2000 hours) in order to avoid unnecessary contact. Any Observation Personnel found within Site-41-A outside of the observation period will be subject to extensive Emergency Level 3 decontamination procedures.

+ Maintenance Personnel Procedures [LEVEL 4 CLEARANCE REQU

Navigation of Site-41-A is only to be permitted during the maintenance period (2030 to 0530 hours) to avoid creating suspicion among Observation Personnel. When accessing Site-41-A, Maintenance Personnel are to wear their supplied hazmat suits. No Maintenance Personnel may access B12 without first wearing their supplied hazmat suit.

After entry to B12, Maintenance Personnel must first confirm the elevator system has been re-locked to levels B1 through B11, at which point they are permitted to remove their supplied hazmat suit.

Maintenance Personnel are to operate under the pretense that B12 is filled with what shall be referred to as "Corriger Radiation", a fictitious form of radiation designed to deter accidental interaction with Observation Personnel. Any questions regarding "Corriger Radiation" should be answered with a reference to a falsified paper known as "The Nature of Viral Instability and its Effects on Modern Nuclear Physics" written by Thomas Corriger.

Additional procedures concerning the handling of Project EXPUNGE can be found within your personal P-EXP briefing files.

Description: SCP-3264 is a phenomenon that manifests as the physically existent actions of a non-existent human, that have occurred exclusively within Site-41-A following a D-Class riot that took place on 02/11/20 (see Related Riot Incident History).

The entity has no physical presence itself nor does it provide any measurable force on its environment and in addition, it has never been shown to react to any form of stimuli applied to its surroundings or at its apparent location. Due to this, designated Observation and Maintenance Personnel have been able to freely wander throughout Site-41-A without risking unwanted damage to or from SCP-3264[2].

Daily observed effects consist of trivial matters, including but not limited to:

- Showers switching on in the morning, then off after an average of 5 minutes, 12 seconds.
- Toilets flushing at 3-4 hour intervals.
- Food in the Site-41-A cafeteria being cooked without any measurable acting force.
- The subsequent spontaneous disappearance of the aforementioned cooked food.

More drastic events include but are not limited to:

- Windows shattering.
- Damage and/or destruction of on-site equipment.
- Discharge of firearms.
- The deaths of former Site-41-A personnel (see Emergency Action Summary 3264-1).

All food/equipment/firearms manipulated by SCP-3264 have exclusively been those that were present on Site-41-A at the time of its original manifestation on 02/11/20 . As part of experimentation procedures, various food substances originating from off-site have been placed in the Site-41-A cafeteria, mixed with food already present, but SCP-3264 has not been seen to interact with them. In some test cases, food and equipment originating within Site-41-A have been taken off-site, yet experienced the SCP-3264 phenomenon as if they were still on-site, indicating SCP-3264 has some connection to the specific layout of Site-41-A at the time it first appeared on 02/11/20 .

+ Related Riot Incident History

Related Riot Incident History: SCP-3264 was first seen to manifest following the D-Class riot of 02/11/20 . After a containment breach was initiated by SCP- , seventy percent of the Site-41-A security personnel suffered fatal casualties. At the same time, SCP- managed to break down the facility power grid on level B12, causing a radiation leak that ultimately cut power to the whole of Site-41-A. This resulted in the security system of the D-

Class Holding Wing failing to operate, and 113 D-Class personnel broke free of their confinement.

The riot lasted thirteen hours before a backup response team arrived on site and managed to subdue the D-Class personnel and recontain SCP- .

An anomaly present in the 23 surviving D-Class personnel was made apparent when it was discovered they all believed they were still a part of the recently quelled riot. All 23 were reported to jeer about the success of raids on Site-41-A sectors that never occurred, recurring cries generally along the lines of "you'll never take us alive!", and constant praise towards an unknown D-Class member allegedly leading the riot, a character the surviving D-Class personnel are unable to attribute a name to (whether by choice or lack of knowledge is unknown).

Since this was first observed, 17 of the survivors have lapsed into a severe catatonic stupor, 5 still believe the riot is taking place, and 1 has returned to his pre-riot state (see Interview Log - D-5153/3264).

The effects of SCP-3264 manifested less than 24 hours following the riot, starting with the unexplained destruction of equipment, and then escalating to the violent deaths of several Foundation personnel, which lead to a facility-wide lockdown of Site-41-A. Over the course of three days, the effects became decreasingly fatal, until the situation was deemed stable and the lockdown was lifted, allowing Site-41-A to be evacuated.

+ Emergency Action Summary 3264-1

Emergency Action Summary 3264-1: On 02/22/20 , 11 days after the first known manifestation of SCP-3264, a fatal incident involving several former Site-41-A personnel took place. Dr. S , then stationed temporarily at Site- , was seen to experience a series of seizures, followed by what nearby personnel described

unanimously as a "blood-curdling scream" before he dropped to the ground and passed away less than a minute later.

Following an autopsy, Dr. S was found to have died from a series of gunshot wounds to the abdomen and upper-back, in addition to a similar wound at the back of the knee. Despite this report, no signs of any bullet fragments, nor any shrapnel have been located in the body, or around the area that the attack is believed to have taken place, and all witnesses of the seizure claim to have heard no gunshots during the incident.

Three hours following this report, the time of the incident was cross-referenced and correlated with an incident that took place within Site-41-A in which two observers had witnessed the unprovoked discharge of a firearm hanging in the on-site armory, an event attributed to the SCP-3264 phenomenon. It was discovered that the time of Dr. S 's death and the discharge of the firearm happened simultaneously.

A further 17 hours later, three more former Site-41-A personnel were found dead in their own sleeping quarters, having suffered similar bullet wound symptoms, all within a minute of one another. It has since been noted that all three were known to work in Sector L of the Biology Department, alongside Dr. S .

Due to these events, an Emergency Action protocol has been enacted and all 38 of the remaining Site-41-A personnel are to be monitored at all times since it is likely that SCP-3264 still has some influence over them. In addition, all firearms located at Site-41-A at the time of the D-Class riot (both side-arms and armory stocks) are to be dismantled and destroyed as part of the Disarm Protocol, in an attempt to nullify any connections between them and those they would have affected[3].

+ Emergency Action Summary 3264-2

Emergency Action Summary 3264-2: As of 06/10/20 , 18 further personnel have been observed to die in similar circumstances to those mentioned in Emergency Action Summary 3264-1, each correlating with an event occurring at Site-41-A. These include (in chronological order):

- A sudden temperature increase detected among the fragmented remains of a former on-site firearm (destroyed following the Disarm Protocol), leading to the deaths of the former Foundation staff assigned to Sectors H and J. This has indicated that the current status of objects SCP-3264 interacts with have no effect on the final outcome.

- A series of knife wounds in the body of a security guard that correlate with the appearance of a knife in the hall between Sector G and H where said security guard once acted on patrol.

- The discharging of the personal side-arm of the aforementioned security guard, an item that was off-site at the time of the incident (weapon failed to be handed in as part of Disarm Protocol), leading to the deaths of two former Sector F personnel.

- The deaths of all Sector E personnel by a combination of bludgeon attacks and strangulation, the best correlation of which can be tied to the shattering of various viewing rooms that occurred in Sector E during the time period in which the former Sector E personnel died.

- A former Sector K guard who previously confessed to having gone to Sector E during the time the D-Class riot began, to meet the now deceased Dr. V , whom he had been having an affair with. This further supports the theory that the order of deaths is not tied to the assigned location within Site-41-A, but to actual location at the time of SCP-3264's manifestation.

Remaining Site-41-A personnel have made it clear that the events are taking place at increasingly deeper levels of Site-41-A, leading to the conclusion that SCP-3264 is heading towards level B12 for some unknown reason. Under no circumstances can SCP-3264 be allowed to reach level B12.

+ Interview Log - D-5153/3264

Interview Log - D-5153/3264

Interviewed: D-5153

Interviewer: Dr. F

Foreword: D-5153 was a former D-Class at Site-41-A known to have displayed various forms of erratic behavior, even before the D-Class riot. This mentality manifested 4 days after his arrival at Site-41-A, whereupon a sudden change in his psychological profile was brought on by some unknown event. Under suspicion that this abrupt change may be related to SCP-3264, an interview was conducted.

<Begin Log>

Dr. F : Hello D-5153, how are you feeling today?

D-5153: What do you fucking think?

Dr. F : Very well, we shall get right to it. What can you tell me about your time on Site-41-A?

D-5153: Time of my life, doc. A real party, never a dull moment. Friends dropping out left and right, what more could a guy ask for?

Dr. F : Right. What do you mean by,

"friends dropping out left and right"? I hear you have said similar things before. Would you care to elaborate?

D-5153: Just messin' with you, doc. I ain't that crazy.

Dr. F : That's strange, we have here in your file, that you've previously said, and I quote: "They're disappearing! They're all disappearing!", "Where have they gone? Tell me what you did with them!" and my personal favorite: "Remember me! Remember me, please! Don't forget me like you did all the others!".

D-5153: Jeez, you really did your homework, huh?

Dr. F : Would you care to elaborate on those instead?

D-5153: It doesn't matter. You won't get it. None of you ever do. They didn't get it back at the site, and there's no way you'll get it out here.

Dr. F : For the record, I need you to tell me anyway.

9 seconds of silence, D-5153 is visibly agitated.

D-5153: You didn't work on that site, did you?

Dr. F : No, I'm from elsewhere.

D-5153: So I guess you don't know shit about B12?

Dr. F : The floor with the radiation leak?

D-5153 laughs briefly.

D-5153: Radiation leak?! Is that what those bozos are sayin' to ya? That is rich! Ain't you ever done one of these stupid interviews with one of your chums from that shithole?

Dr. F : No, not yet, it's currently restri- no, this is getting off-topic.

D-5153: That figures.

Dr. F : So what do *you* think is on level B12?

D-5153: Hell if I know. Even guys like you didn't know. F'r example, I got chummy with one of the scientists there, I forget his name, used to sneak in stuff for me and the other guys there, everyone loved that old geezer. I asked him about B12 one time and he said he didn't know either, he said we wasn't supposed to know so I should just keep my mouth shut.

Dr. F : How did you know about B12, to begin with?
D-5153: Well, every couple of months, you guys would come take one of us down there. I'd hear it through my cell door, "take this guy down to B12" and we'd never see the guy again.

Dr. F : It sounds like a routine test. Although…

Dr. F pauses to examine on-hand documentation.

Dr. F : It does indeed seem strange that we have no logs of any such activity in regards to that floor.

D-5153: Of course there ain't no logs, 'cause there ain't no one to remember to make any logs.

Dr. F : Elaborate.

D-5153: Y'see, this is the thing. When those people got taken down to B12, they didn't just not come back, it was like they never even existed.

Dr. F : Records are usually deleted afterward, it just sounds like-

D-5153: Come on doc, use your head, I ain't got access to no records like you, how could I be talking about your damn records? What I mean is, no one remembered 'em at all! One by one they'd drop, but ain't no one even remembered they were ever there, let alone their name! All trace of 'em, gone! Just like that!

Dr. F : The researcher you mentioned before, the one you claim would procure items for you and the other Class D personnel, could you identify him for us?

D-5153: I doubt it, doc.

Dr. F : Surely you haven't forgotten the face of someone you held in such high regard.

D-5153 is silent for 12 seconds and becomes visibly agitated again.

D-5153: One day that scientist guy looked all sad like… said he wouldn't be around much longer, but when I asked why, he wouldn't say. Few days later… no one remembered him either.

D-5153 is silent for a further 6 seconds.

D-5153: I'm tellin' you man, everyone knew that guy in the D-Wing, we was all good friends and then it was like, poof! No one had ever met him! Even the other science guys didn't know who I was talkin' about!

Dr. F : And of course, you have no way to prove any of this.

D-5153: Damn it doc, how the hell can I prove somethin' happened if there ain't no trace of their existin' left?

Dr. F : Then there isn't much for me to go on, even if I did believe you.

D-5153: Shit, I don't know. I told you man, you guys never believe me. Okay, how about this, there was only about a hundred or so of us in that place, right?

Dr. F : Roughly, yes.

D-5153: Then why was there enough cells to hold at least four hundred of us! That place was completely empty when that riot went down, it was a damn ghost town!

Dr. F : I doubt whatever was happening there would warrant the loss of nearly three hundred personnel. How do you think they could justify the loss of so many people?

D-5153: That's just it! You guys, the ones doin' it! You don't remember them people either! You drop one of us, you forget they existed, you forget it ever happened, so you go do it again!

Dr. F : I am not here to debate absurd

conspiracy theories with you. Let's just wrap this up, I'll humor you. Why are you the only one that remembers these people?

D-5153: I'm not. Well… I wasn't.

Dr. F : There is another?

D-5153: Was. Yeah. I forget his name, just like all the others that went to B12. Only reason I knew I wasn't crazy, was because he remembered them people too.

Dr. F : Describe him.

D-5153: Resourceful guy, pretty dangerous really, not someone you wanted as an enemy. The guy was a natural leader, always had people rallyin' around him. Always talkin' about how he was gonna stick it to you guys one day and get us outta there.

Dr. F : What did he think of B12?

D-5153: Wouldn't shut up about it, sounded crazier than I do. Said he was gonna make you guys pay for what you were doin' down there, whatever it was. Said he was gonna find a way down there and make it his own, use it against you all. That guy was mad with revenge.

Dr. F : I see. He sounds very optimistic, considering his situation.

D-5153: Y'think? I dunno. I think if you knew him, you wouldn't say that.

Dr. F : How so?

D-5153: Let's just say it's damn ironic that that riot took place a few hours after you took him

down to B12. With him in charge, hell, we probably could've actually stuck it to you guys.

Dr. F : Very well, we've used up enough time. Thank you for your cooperation.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: D-5153 has since been terminated and Dr. F has been reassigned to external field duties following administration of a Class A amnestic. Further research into level B12 is to be suspended.

Site-41-
A Anomaly 3264-3 [O5 OR SPECIALISED PERSONNEL ACCESS RE

The following note was found by Research Assistant C inside a small Scranton-Faraday Cage[4], within an empty, unused office at Site-41-A:

P-EXP

[ILLEGIBLE]

[ILLEGIBLE] -tually gonna miss those D-Class guys. Some of them weren't so bad. It's funny, I actually tried to help a few of them have a more pleasant stay, despite regulations. Maybe they were taking advantage of me, I don't know, I can be pretty naive sometimes. It doesn't really matter anymore.

Now they know I know, I'm most certainly going to be on the receiving end of that *thing* down there. It hurts to think I won't even be mourned by my fa- **[ILLEGIBLE]**

I will divulge what I can on the information I gathered, but I can't promise it will be of any use.

[ILLEGIBLE] -t and when the elevator overshot my floor, I ended up on B12 somehow. They always told us to stay away from that floor, so we wouldn't bother the maintenance personnel, but fate had placed me here and my curiosity got the better of me.

I didn't venture very far, I'm way too much of a coward for that, but what I did- **[ILLEGIBLE]** Thankfully he didn't see me. When I got back to my office, I decided to check out the P-EXP file I found. The papers are riddled with kill hazards I would rather not risk exposing you to, in case you lack the necessary training, so I'll try to summarise the contents here.

P-EXP, also known as "Project EXPUNGE" is a device capab- **[ILLEGIBLE]**

I find it horrifying to imagine. The idea that more than just my current existence could be erased. It's more than just dying, it's removing something from time and space itself. No past, no future, no ANYTHING. The thought that all of the experiences I have had, good and bad, could simply have not happened thanks to this machine. Reduced to less than even a memory.

[ILLEGIBLE]

[ILLEGIBLE] and so using what I know of Scranton-Faraday reality defense technology, I think I have constructed a fancy offshoot of the typical cage that will hopefully shield from most of the effects detailed in the paper. I pray that as much of the message as possible will rema-

[ILLEGIBLE]

The files end with an addendum that covers an interesting flaw in the machine. They have theorized some sort of metaphysical disconnect between "cause" and "effect". I don't really understand it, the logic involved is somewhat esoteric, but it seems they can't fully remove both yet. In other words, although the subject may be gone, the effects they would have created if they had continued to exist will still manifest. They have appropriately named this a "Causeless Effect" and they appear somewhat worried about it.

To avoid this, they pre-plan the execution of subjects as if they would somehow survive the ordeal, to create a set of inevitable events that force the Causeless Effect to follow a path where the subject would have been executed and is, therefore, unable to commit any further effects. Rather ingenious, really.

But still not safe enough to stop them from worrying. God only knows what would happen if something were to happen to interrupt one of those planned executions.

[ILLEGIBLE]

Research Assistant C has since been administered a Class A amnestic and reassigned to external duties.

Footnotes
1. Corriger Radiation is an intense form of Gamma Radiation with a spreading effect that will "mutate" neighboring particles, enabling them to emit Corriger Radiation too.For further information, consult Thomas Corriger's paper, "The Nature of Viral Instability and its Effects on Modern Nuclear Physics".
2. With the exception of Observation Incident 3264-02 in which an observer received two leg wounds after SCP-3264 discharged an

on-site weapon, however, this has been deemed an accident as SCP-3264 appears unaware that any observers are present at Site-41-A.
3. This has since been proven ineffective, see Emergency Action Summary 3264-2.
4. The cage had been modified with a [REDACTED] integrated within its Scranton Matrix. See information regarding ongoing research in the external document titled "Scranton-Faraday Iron-IX Modification 2.30".

SCP-3265: It's Good

Item #: SCP-3265

Object Class: Whatever you want it to be, really. You're in charge here.

Special Containment Procedures: You can think about these later. You know everyone reading these abbreviated reports skips them anyway. You're the one in charge here, baby! No one would even notice. You know what to do with SCP-3265, yeah? SCP-3265 is all you after all, doll. Get to the good stuff, yeah?

Description: SCP-3265 is… how would you describe SCP-3265? Not an easy thing to do, really. Not just anyone could do it. I mean, anyone *could* do it and basically everyone did at one point, but just describing SCP-3265 ain't exactly like describing it *well*, dig? That's why it's you in charge, yeah? You can do it like no one else can.

So how would you describe SCP-3265? Go on, don't be shy. Sure you did this song and dance before, eh babe? You're an expert by now. What would you like SCP-3265 to be?

Maybe you like them tall? A stone behemoth, size of a building, a skyscraper, a continent or three? Maybe stone ain't your thing? Bit dull? Ah, you're one of those people into flesh, yeah? Quivering, pulsating masses of limbs, reaching around every place you can just about think about? Covering the whole world, the whole of every world maybe? SCP-3265, it could be that for you, buddy. It can be that or a hundred other things, if you try.

Maybe you'd prefer something a bit more… metaphysical? Is SCP-3265 the concept of a lazy afternoon nap made physically manifest? The personification of ideological confusion? A long dead language come back from the dead to exact its vengeance on the race which forgot it ever existed? Those sound like swell ideas, but I'm sure you can do better, yeah? Give SCP-3265 your all. It can be

all that you want it to be.

Or how about… a person? You know, one of those real interesting people, the ones everyone gets excited about? You get the type I'm talking about, mmm? They have that special thing about them, that's a given- that jagged scar from their battle with that thing with the lights, or maybe they fell in love with someone or something strange and wonderful. Maybe they're dead and haven't figured it out yet. They probably don't belong here but they make do, man. SCP-3265 could be one of those, if you want it to be. It can be such an interesting person, you'll never get tired of it. You'll want to see it again and again in all sorts of strange scenarios and hair-rising adventures. You can make SCP-3265 a household name around here. It'll make you bigger than big. Just make it big, doll. Make it the best that ever was.

Take your time. Consider it slowly. What can SCP-3265 be for you? What would you like it to be? How can you make it your own? You can make SCP-3265 like nothing this place has ever seen. You will.

You must know what SCP-3265 is by now, yeah? It has to be there in that big head of yours somewhere, right? Yeah, I can see it. It's solidifying, just a touch. It's not exactly like anything I described up there, not in the least, but that was never the point of those, dig? I came up with those, and they're not great like what you have over there. Hmm, yes. I can hear it now. Your SCP-3265, it's like nothing that I've ever seen, like nothing any of us have ever seen. Hear its colors, smell that sweet music it makes. How do you even keep it all inside anymore? Aren't you full to the bursting with it? It's alright, babe. Let it out. Let us see it.

Just a little bit closer. A little bit brighter. Open up. Let it show.

Let us see it all.

Hear it all.

Smell it all.

Let us taste it.

.

.

.
Ah. Yes…
.

.

.
Was it good for you like it was for us?

SCP-3266: Time Loop in the Ardennes Forest

Item #: SCP-3266

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3266 is to be contained within Provisional Site-109. Due to the nature of SCP-3266, it is impossible to relocate it to avoid accidental civilian exposure. Civilians aware of SCP-3266 are to be escorted off the premises and administered Class-B amnestics. A cover story regarding the cleanup of the area for a housing development will be the only public acknowledgement of SCP-3266 by Foundation personnel. In the event of an on-site disappearance, the next of kin to the individual affected by SCP-3266 are to be monitored for reports of SCP-3266-1; Class-A amnestics are to be administered to individuals exposed to SCP-3266-1.

Description: SCP-3266 is a time distortion anomaly affecting individuals who enter a 30m radius of the aircraft control tower in the [REDACTED] Naval Air Station in [REDACTED]. Individuals who enter the effective range of SCP-3266 will spontaneously disappear to an unspecified location in the Ardennes Forest during the Battle of the Bulge in 1943, then reappear approximately 3-7 days after their disappearance at the base of the aircraft control tower, dead, typically from blood loss caused by an unknown force. This occurs in approximately 97% of disappearances. 3% of disappearances result in the disappeared individual reappearing at the base of the aircraft control tower, unharmed and alive. This unspecified location is believed to be a rift in time in which those affected by SCP-3266's time distortion anomaly are stuck in an armed engagement between an ONI research team designated "Deep Six" and [REDACTED]. Individuals affected by the time distortion anomaly are only anchored to the rift for as long as the engagement lasts. Based on reports from Security Officer and MTF O-10 "Bags of Mystery", it is assumed that the engagement is a time loop that plays the exact

situation over a total time of 3 hours.

SCP-3266

SCP-3266-1 is a male humanoid appearing to be in his late 30's wearing a U.S. Military Class-A uniform that dates back to World War II. SCP-3266-1's one purpose appears to be to inform the next of kin of victims of SCP-3266 stating that they were "killed in action." Any attempts to intercept or communicate with SCP-3266-1 before and/or after its message delivery to the victim's next of kin has proven unsuccessful. Any attempt to track SCP-3266-1 using a GPS device stuck onto its back during the delivery of its message has resulted in a loss of signal. The only visible identification on SCP-3266-1's uniform is a set of captain's bars on either shoulder; however, no name or division patch is visible anywhere on the uniform.

SCP-3266-2 are members of a World War II Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) Research team defending a camp in the Ardennes Forest during The Battle of the Bulge. Instances of SCP-3266-2 exhibit no anomalous properties and their interaction with those who entered SCP-3266's active zone is limited. No name patches are visible on their uniforms.

SCP-3266-3 are World War II era German Army soldiers attacking the camp that SCP-3266-2 instances are defending. The only anomalous properties that SCP-3266-3 instances exhibit are an unexplained ability to control instances of SCP-3266-4. There are no obvious means to this control over instances of SCP-3266-4. Instances of SCP-3266-3 are not able to be identified by a visible name or division patch.

SCP-3266-4 are entities believed to be concentration camp prisoners that are the results of an experiment to create an expendable attack force that are under the control of SCP-3266-3. They appear to be human: however, they are extremely malnourished, but show no signs of physical fatigue in their actions. There is a swastika sewn onto the backs of instances of SCP-3266-4, and their eyes are bloodshot to the point of almost appearing entirely red. Numbers are tattooed onto the arms of instances of SCP-3266-4 in a style akin to that of concentration

camp prisoners during World War II. All SCP-3266-4 instances are extremely hostile and will immediately kill their victims upon catching them.

Discovery Log: SCP-3266's anomalous properties were first brought to Foundation attention on , , 1998 after the bodies of three teenagers were found by local authorities following a manifestation of SCP-3266-1. The families of the missing teenagers were informed by the manifestation of SCP-3266-1 that their sons were "killed in action". A cover story regarding the deaths of the teenagers dying from a fall from the top of the tower was deployed and any individuals who were exposed to SCP-3266-1 were administered Class-B Amnestics. Foundation personnel within the local department notified field agents of the reports and Agents and were dispatched to locate any signs of a humanoid matching the description of SCP-3266-1. Both Agents were unable to locate an individual matching the description of SCP-3266-1. Upon travelling to SCP-3266, radio contact was lost with both Agents. Approximately 76 hours after Foundation personnel lost contact with both Agents, SCP-3266-1 manifested itself outside the homes of the Agents and informed their spouses that Agents and were "killed in action."

+ Interview Log 3266:

Interviewed: Security Officer

Interviewer: Dr. Morris

Foreword: Security Officer disappeared whilst unknowingly in SCP-3266's area of effect prior to the discovery of the thirty-meter (30m) radius around SCP-3266's originally perceived effective zone; however, he manifested outside the area of effect alive and unharmed approximately 4 days after his disappearance.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Morris: Good evening, , good to have

you back.

Security Officer : It's a relief to be back sir. I don't know how the hell I was able to get out of there.

Dr. Morris: Could you begin by telling me what happened after you disappeared within the
radius of SCP-3266?

Security Officer : Uh, yeah, I was patrolling at the bottom of the aircraft control tower and all of a sudden there was a flash of light, and then I was sitting in what looked like a tent. Some guy in an old army uniform opened up the tent and threw me a rifle and screamed at me that they were breaching the wall. I ran outside the tent to ask him where I was but I was greeted by soldiers shoving past me to get to one of the walls.

Dr. Morris: What was happening?

Security Officer : Well I stepped outside into a snowy forest in what looked to be a U.S. Army camp that was heavily fortified with lots of boxes and sandbags acting as makeshift walls and people were all rushing towards the walls with their weapons up.

Dr. Morris: Were there any anomalous properties regarding the campsite or forest?

Security Officer : Initially, no, all the people and the surrounding area appeared like I'd expect them to. The rifle I had gotten earlier looked just like my grandfather's old M1 Garand, and if I remember anything about his war stories I could've sworn I was in the Ardennes Forest.

Dr. Morris: You mean to tell me that you were taken back in time when you disappeared in SCP-3266?

Security Officer : Well that's what I got to thinking, but then I looked over the wall…

Dr. Morris: What did you see?

Security Officer : These horrible twisted creatures were running towards the wall, they were wearing nothing and had a swastika stitched into their backs, and their limbs moved in such a unnatural way that they couldn't have been human.

Dr. Morris: Could you describe what exactly they looked like?

Security Officer : Along with the sewn on swastikas, they had numbers tattooed on their arms and were extremely thin, and their eyes were bloodshot to hell. Those things just threw themselves onto the wall attempting to knock it down, and then a small squad of Nazi infantry ran up and started firing at us from behind those creatures.

Dr. Morris: Do believe that the creatures you described were utilized by the Nazi infantry?

Security Officer : I think so, yeah. We eventually repelled their attack and before I knew it I was back here just outside the aircraft control tower again. The rifle I had was just gone, and I was told when I got back that four days had passed despite it only feeling like a couple of hours.

Dr. Morris: Alright, I believe that is enough for now. Thank you for your time .

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Security Officer has been transferred to Site- for psychological analysis. Dr. Morris recommends monitoring SCP-3266 for any expansion of its area of effect. The entities Security Officer fought alongside will hereby be designated SCP-3266-2, the enemy soldiers will be designated SCP-3266-3, the hostile creatures encountered will be designated SCP-3266-4. Mobile Task Force Omicron-10 “Bags of Mystery” will be sent into SCP-3266 to record data on the nature of SCP-3266 and the entities that Security Officer encountered.

+ Exploration Log 3266

Date: / /1999

Exploration Team: Mobile Task Force Omicron-10 “Bags of Mystery”

Subject: SCP-3266

Team Lead: O-10-Cap

Team Members: O-10-1/O-10-2/O-10-3

<Begin Log>

Site Command: Visual and audio feed coming online now.

Visual and audio feed for all members of MTF O-10 come online simultaneously.

O-10-Cap: All team members check in.

O-10-1: Check.

O-10-2: Check.

O-10-3: Check.

Site Command: It's possible we will lose communication once you enter SCP-3266, we ask that you keep audio and video enabled for the duration of the exploration. Please take note of any vocal anomalies you may hear upon your exit of SCP-3266. Good luck team.

O-10-Cap: Copy that command, we will now enter SCP-3266's area of effect.

MTF O-10 enters SCP-3266's area of effect and disappears approximately 2 and a half minutes after their initial entrance into the zone. The following part of the transcript takes place from within SCP-3266.

O-10-Cap: We have entered into SCP-3266, do you read me command?

Static is heard from the radio.

O-10-Cap: Alright, looks like we are going to be on our own for this one.

MTF O-10 moves out of the tent and step into an in progress firefight in a camp believed to be the same camp described by Security Officer . An instance of SCP-3266-2 then approaches MTF O-10 and orders that they help defend the wall.

O-10-1: Could you tell us what-

SCP-3266-2: I said get to the wall or we are all cooked!

MTF O-10 moves to the eastern wall of the camp. Visual feed picks up creatures matching the description given by Security Officer

and instances of SCP-3266-3 and -4 mobilizing towards the wall.

O-10-Cap: O-10-2 and O-10-3, move to the left side of the wall and provide cover. O-10-1 rally on me and hold the right side!

O-10-1: How many of those things are there?!

O-10-Cap: Never mind that now, just make your ammo count and keep those things back!

Weapon fire from both sides is exchanged for approximately 20 minutes. Irrelevant logs during this time period have been redacted.

SCP-3266-2: Grenade!

A grenade then detonates just in front of the eastern camp wall apparently inflicting casualties on multiple instances of SCP-3266-2. All instances of SCP-3266-2 and MTF 0-10 fall back to a makeshift palisade towards the center of the camp.

O-10-3: O-10-2 isn't going to make it, he has hostiles closing in on him quick.

O-10-Cap: Provide suppressive fire for O-10-2 now!

All team members begin firing on the entities closing in on 0-10-2 but are unable to repel their numbers effectively. O-10-2 is knocked to the ground by an instance of SCP-3266-4 and is killed.

O-10-Cap: O-10-2 is down, do not let this palisade fall!

O-10-1: We need to repel the assault as fast

as possible. Command said once it is over we will be transported back to Provisional Site-109.

O-10-3: Let's hope we even can, these things are stopping at nothing to get at us.

Fighting continues for another two hours before hostile entities begin to retreat into the forest. MTF O-10-Cap, O-10-1, and O-10-3 then manifest 30 meters outside SCP-3266 and re-establish communication with Site Command.

O-10-Cap: Command, do you read me?

Site Command: We read you, what's your status?

O-10-Cap: Did you pick up on any of that command?

Site Command: Audio technicians are reporting they have it, return to base for debriefing.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Following the exploration of SCP-3266 by MTF-O-10, the O5 Council has prohibited further expeditions and ordered that future containment efforts be focused on ensuring that SCP-3266-1,-2, and -3

Addendum 3266: Further research into the history of SCP-3266 revealed that it was a launching point for a previously classified special research division within the United States Navy classified only as "Deep Six". Foundation Agents embedded within the Office of Naval Intelligence were able to extract files regarding missions carried out by "Deep Six" from the site in which SCP-3266 is constructed. One file received by the Foundation detailed a mission

into the Ardennes Forest by "Deep Six". The full report was transcribed into the Foundation database and can be found below.

+ Access documents:/D:/3266/recovery/deepsix1943

Certain pieces of the document have yet to be declassified by the Foundation, and will be declassified at the discretion of Dr. Morris.

Mission Report: / /1943
ONI Research Team: "Deep Six"
Task: Discover activities of in the Ardennes Forest.

Initial Mission Communique: Deep Six successfully airdropped approximately 40 km behind enemy lines. Initial radio communications note a lack of German troops in the area in which is assumed to be operating. Agent of MI6 is receiving communications from Deep Six with an experimental long range radio designed by the U.S. Navy.

/ /**1943(0500 hours):** Deep Six reports they have set up camp and will begin scouting the area for signs of .

/ /**1943 (0800 hours):** Deep Six reports evidence of the in the area. Deep Six is ordered to pursue.

/ /**1943 (1200 hours):** Reports of attacks by wildlife are recieved. One squad member has been wounded and is being transported back to camp.

/ /**1943 (1230 hours):** A correction from Deep Six describes the attack to be by a supposed concentration camp prisoner with Nazi insignia sewn into his skin.

/ /**1943 (1300 hours):** Deep Six reports that they have lost track of and are ordered to return to camp and rest.

/ /**1943 (1600 hours):** Deep Six reports hostile contact attacking the camp. Defenses are set up using materials airdropped by the team.

/ /**1943 (1645 hours):** Deep Six reports they will begin constructing additional defenses to deal with any further attacks. Hostiles that attacked the base earlier are confirmed to be members of using the prisoners as weapons. No injuries were reported.

/ /**1943 (1715 hours):**This is the last report received from Deep Six. No further contact attempts have been met with any sort of response. Deep Six is assumed to be K.I.A. The last report is as follows "*(Heavy static)* More hostiles… *(Heavy static)* Time dilation experiment is- *(Heavy static)*.

Post Mission Analysis: Intelligence reports suggest that was developing a weapon capable of time dilation that the had ordered to turn the tide of the war. Deep Six likely encountered this weapon and were victims of its effects; however, is also believed to have been victims of the effects of their own weapons.

SCP-3267: Memories Bound in Paper

Entrance of SCP-3267, after reconstruction.

Item #: SCP-3267

Object Class: Safe Euclid

Special Containment Procedures:

► REVISION A-23

SCP-3267 is currently Foundation-owned property and is contained under the guise of ongoing reconstruction. All entrances and windows of SCP-3267 must be reinforced with 10cm of heavy steel. Any civilians attempting to enter SCP-3267 must be detained.

10 Class-D personnel with interest in reading must be transferred to SCP-3267 daily to perform reading activities.

REVISION B-15
SCP-3267 is open for public access. SCP-3267 is now fitted with five Infrasonic Mind Altering (IMA) systems, designed to counteract most violation attempts[1] of visiting civilians.

In the case of a major violation, personnel must equip gas masks within thirty seconds before the amnestics sprinkler system activates.

Description: SCP-3267 is a public library located in the town of , , England. The library was constructed in 18 during the Victorian era and still retains an intact infrastructure despite no maintenance for years.

SCP-3267-1 is the designation given to all books originally present within SCP-3267. The current number of SCP-3267-1 instances is

10,267. Of note, each instance of SCP-3267-1 has a handwritten name on its cover, most of the names written correspond to database records of deceased civilians from . On occasions, SCP-3267-1 instances have been shown to possess memetic properties. The effect has only been observed on Foundation personnel, which induce a compulsion in the affected individual to allow public access to SCP-3267. The pattern in which this happens has not been discovered. Class-E amnestics have proven to be effective in removing the effect.

SCP-3267's anomalous properties manifest when an individual performs specific actions within it. Documented effects are:

Specific Actions	**Effects**
Ground movement speed exceeds 16km/h (average human footspeed).	A soft, invisible barrier manifests in front of the subject, effectively stops them and demanifests after the collision.
Human speech exceeds 30 dB (average whisper sound)	The speaker is unable to make vocalizations for the next 30 seconds, starting approximately two seconds after the trigger.
SCP-3267-1 taken from its shelf and placed on another shelf.[2]	SCP-3267-1 bonds to the holder's hand at an atomic level.[3] The bond demanifests if SCP-3267-1 is placed back on its original shelf.
Edible materials brought into SCP-3267	Said material disintegrates upon entry.[4]
Use of expletives.	A bar of soap manifests inside the speaker's mouth. Said bar of soap is removable and demanifests after 30 seconds.[5]
Deliberate damage done to SCP-3267-1	Said instance of SCP-3267-1 reverses all damage done to it, the individual who caused the damage reports feeling pain in the back of their hands as if hit by a hard object. Effects fade after 4-5 minutes.

Only known photo of Elizabeth Cooper.

SCP-3267-2 is an entity capable of assembling books into a humanoid figure resembling a female in a dress. SCP-3267-2 increases in size and details proportional with the number of books composing it. SCP-3267-2 is believed to possess the consciousness of Elizabeth Cooper, the original owner and librarian of SCP-3267. It is capable of movement and communicates by manifesting text on the book that acts as its "face". SCP-3267-2 is fluent in English, using an old dialect from the Victorian Era. SCP-3267-2 has only been observed at night, adding new SCP-3267-1 instances to the shelves.

Addendum 3267-01: Notes on acquisition

SCP-3267 came to Foundation attention after claims of a "haunted" library surfaced in 19 . At the time SCP-3267 was owned by Albert Cooper, Elizabeth Cooper's nephew who took over the library after her disappearance in 19 . Of note is that the claims were made by , an intruder who broke into SCP-3267 on the night of / /19 . The civilians of do acknowledge the anomalous properties of SCP-3267 but regard them as a harmless local curiosity.

> It's just these things that make life more interesting and worth living. Just a normal, harmless and rather strict spirit. Like my late auntie. - Albert Cooper when interviewed on the nature of SCP-3267.

SCP-3267 was immediately closed down under the cover of reconstruction, and the administration of amnestics on the locals of is under consideration by the Ethics Committee.

Addendum 3267-02: SCP-3267 Exploration Log

> ► Security Clearance Level 3 Required
>
> *On / / at 2200 hours, D-2672, a D-Class personnel with unremarkable psychological background, was instructed to enter SCP-3267. The purpose of the test was to*

recreate the circumstances surrounding SCP-3267's acquisition. D-2672 was equipped with a video recorder, a floodlight and a wireless audio transceiver. Two Security personnel were stationed outside the entrance.

Of note, D-2672 has shown no previous knowledge of SCP-3267 and the Cooper family.

[BEGIN LOG]

Control: D-2672, please enter SCP-3267.

D-2672: Man, why now? Why not do it in broad daylight? I don't want to be in there, I've seen enough of you guys' shit.

Control: D-2672, please enter SCP-3267. Failure to follow orders is grounds for immediate termination.

D-2672: Okay, okay. But, I swear to God, this better not be dangerous.

D-2672 enters SCP-3267. The lights have been turned off.

D-2672: Man, it's real dark in here. I've seen some nasty stuff, but this is spooky as fuck.

A bar of soap manifests inside D-2672's mouth, indicated by sounds of gurgling and struggling. D-2672 successfully removes the bar of soap from his mouth.

Control: D-2672, please refrain from using profanity.

D-2672: (Heavy breathing) Maybe tell me before I go in next time?

Control: Apologies. D-2672, please locate the light controls. They should be on your far left.

D-2672 walks to the light control and starts flicking the switches.

D-2672: These aren't working.

Control: Noted. Please activate your floodlight.

D-2672 activates the floodlight, the light reaching a maximum distance of approximately five meters.

D-2672: I don't think it's working properly. Even a normal light should be brighter than this.

Control: Noted. Please proceed through the library and notify us if you notice any abnormalities.

D-2672: Okay.

D-2672 proceeds through the SCP-3267, no anomalies detected until 2234 hours, when a paper flipping sound is picked up by the audio transceiver. Subject does not appear to notice this.

Control: D-2672, you can stop now.

D-2672: Wait, that's it?

Control: Not yet. Please proceed to the shelf on your left and pick up a book of your choice.

D-2672 acquires a book with the title " 's Guide To Business And Money", written by . The handwritten name is .

D-2672: Quick money. Guess I should've read this kind of stuff before robbing a bank.

Control: Open it and notify us if you find any abnormalities.

D-2672: Hm, let me see. Seems normal. (Pauses) Wait, what the f…heck?

Control: D-2672, describe what you see.

Subject moves video recorder to face the book. Multiple letters on the page are bolded, with no observable pattern. This phenomenon has not been observed in other copies of the same book. It is currently unknown if this is an unique copy of the book, or an anomaly originated from SCP-3267-1.

D-2672: Is the author of this book drunk or something? Man, this is really uncomfortable. And it's even more frustrating when you can't curse whenever you want.

Control: D-2672, can you make out any words from the bolded letters?

D-2672: Wait a second. "There has been no readers lately". I think. This book didn't sell that good, eh?

Control: Are there any other pages like this?

D-2672: (Flips through the pages) That's it, I don't see any.

Control: Thank you. Now place the book back to its original position, proceed to the shelf on your right and pick up a book of your choice.

D-2672 acquires a book with the title PAPILIO VITAE (Latin, translated: Butterfly Life), written

by .

D-2672: A random book. (Flips through the pages) I don't see anything strange, just a normal book about butterflies. Wait, there it is again! It reads "Well, we have been in here for a long time". These authors seem to have too much time on their hands.

Control: Thank you. Please place the book back to its original position and resume proceeding through the library.

D-2672: Fine.

D-2672 continues to walk for 49 seconds before the paper flipping sound is picked up by the audio transceiver. The subject notices and turns around.

D-2672: You guys hear that? I thought I was supposed to be alone?

Control: There should not be anyone else in the building right now. Can you locate the source of the sound?

Another paper flipping sound is picked up by the audio transceiver.

D-2672: There! It just closed on its own!

Control: Acquire that book and notify us of any abnormalities.

D-2672 opens said book. The same phenomenon on the previous books can be observed.

D-2672: Not again. "It seems like we are not relevant anymore". I think these might be related to each other. In that case, it's the

librarian who has too much time on their hands.

Control: Noted. Please proceed [cuts off]

A quiet creaking sound can be heard. D-2672 turns around. Video feed shows no anomalies.

Control: D-2672, do not panic. Describe what you see.

D-2672: There's someone here. You guys have boarded this place up, so it can't be the wind.

D-2672 proceeds through the shelves, and finds a door with a sign "Librarian's Room" above it.

D-2672: Someone must be in here. The door is open. Should I enter it?

Control: Wait a moment. We are notifying Security Personnel.

Silence for five minutes.

Agent : We've found the D-Class.

Control: D-2672, Agent , please proceed through the door. Agent , you stay behind and notify us if there's any other individuals.

Agent : Roger that, sir.

Agent opens the door to reveal a dimly lit staircase. Of note is that the staircase was never found in previous expeditions of SCP-3267. D-2672 holds the floodlight and proceeds through the door. Immediately after entry, the door swung shut with a loud slam.

D-2672: Hey! It's not the time for pranks you bastards! Open the fucking door! (*Note: the expletive did not trigger SCP-3267's anomalous effects*)

Agent : Control, we have a problem. The door just closed on its own, we opened it and inside is an office. The staircase has disappeared.

Control: Noted. We are still connected to D-2672. We have sent another team, in the meantime, try to find any trace of the staircase.

Agent : Yes sir.

Control: D-2672, are you able to open the door?

D-2672: It's fucking locked! Tell your goddamn people to open it!

Control: We cannot. It seems like you are inside a pocket dimension, or a spatial anomaly. We are trying to locate you. Now, please proceed down the staircase.

D-2672: God fucking dammit! I swear to fucking God, if I die, I'll fucking kill you bastards.

D-2672 reaches a landing after four flights of stairs. Video feed shows a heavily damaged room with a writing desk and a bookshelf. On the desk is a feather pen, an ink bottle, a burning wax candle and a black notebook. The written name is "David Williams".

D-2672: Damn. This place looks like no one has been in it for a thousand years.

Control: D-2672, acquire the book and notify

us of any abnormalities.

D-2672 picks up said book and opens it. Inside is a name written with dark red ink.

D-2672: Huh. It's just a big name. "David".

D-2672 drops the book and the video recorder.

Control: D-2672, describe what you see.

D-2672: (agitated) Steven? Where is Steven? Who are you? Tell me!

Control: D-2672, calm down. Please elaborate.

D-2672: Where is he? What have you done to my son? What is this place?

After a discussion at Control, it is theorized that the aforementioned name has a memetic effect that affects any individuals who read it out loud.

Control: Calm down. We are looking for him. State your identity.

D-2672: I am David Williams, his father. Who are you?

Control: We are the police. We are investigating your son's case.

D-2672: Liars! Case? What case? I was with him the whole time! What have you done to my son?

Video feed captures a number of books fall down from the bookshelf and assemble into a humanoid figure, presumably a manifestation of SCP-3267-2.

D-2672: Elizabeth? They got you too?

Sounds of pages flipping.

D-2672: What? What did you succeed in?

Sounds of pages flipping.

D-2672: Where is Steven? I was with him, then suddenly I'm here.

Sounds of pages flipping.

D-2672: What do you mean? You are bringing him back too? (Startled) Shit! Control, Control, what is happening? Step back, or I will burn you! (Changes in lighting suggest that D-2672 acquires the candle and hold it in the direction of SCP-3267-2)

Connection to D-2672 was lost.

Control: Agent , go back to that door and try to locate D-2672.

Agent : Yes sir.

Agent : Wait, , you hear that?

Connection to Security personnel was lost.

[END LOG]

Enhanced still frame from Exploration 3267-01.

At 2258 hours, approximately one minute after the connection was lost, the entrance of SCP-3267 burst open under the force of 10,191 SCP-3267-1 instances. Response teams were immediately sent to resolve the incident. Fortunately, no civilians witnessed the incident, and it was disguised as a gas

explosion.

D-2672 was found inside the rubble, unconscious but still alive. The subject's body had various inscriptions made using black ink. The inscriptions were quotes from various instances of SCP-3267-1, most of them found near D-2672. The quotes were mostly pleas of help, but also several instances of names, "David". The ink was found to be non-anomalous and was erased normally. D-2672 recovered after four days, but lost memories of the events following the opening of the book. The Security personnel were also found in the rubble, but only suffered minor injuries and no abnormalities were observed.

Subsequent expedition failed to find the aforementioned spatial anomaly. Scans have proven ineffective in locating the staircase and the room it leads to. The aforementioned notebook was never recovered.

Note: Albert Cooper has confirmed the identities of David and Steven Williams, Elizabeth Cooper's husband and son, respectively. Elizabeth and David divorced in 18 , after which David and his son moved to , . Both died in a vehicular accident in 19 .

After this incident, SCP-3267's class was updated to Euclid.

Footnotes
1. by implanting commands into an individual's subconsciousness. The effect wears off once the individual leaves the effective range of an IMA system.
2. Books from outside SCP-3267 when placed on the library shelves create the same effect, which demanifests after said books have been removed from SCP-3267.

3. The same effect manifests on any alternate way of handling SCP-3267-1, including prosthetic limbs, mechanized equipment and [REDACTED].
4. Liquids in sealed containers do not trigger anomalous effects.
5. If the expletives used exceeds 30 dB, the affected individual is unable to make vocalizations for the next 30 seconds in addition to the manifestation of soap inside their mouth.

SCP-3268: Digital Predator

Item #: SCP-3268

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The device SCP-3268 is currently residing in should be kept in Electronic Storage Facility- . Any form of digital messages sent out from its current computer are to be traced, and the devices that have received the messages are to be seized and taken into Foundation custody. Internet access is to be disabled on the device currently housing SCP-3268. Any attempts made by SCP-3268 to connect to the internet are to be intercepted and blocked by Foundation internet security. In the event SCP-3268 attempts to communicate, any and all text files created are to be archived at Digital Archive Site .

One image of any organism of Kingdom of Animalia is to be uploaded to the hard drive of the computer at least once a day for consumption. Upon full image infection, it is to be deleted from the device. Any digital image format is acceptable.

Description: SCP-3268 is an anomalous entity that appears on digital devices capable of displaying images, such as computers and phones. The exact form of SCP-3268 varies, but in most instances, it is a mass of many different colored pixels, and depending on its position, a mouth may or may not be visible. SCP-3268 also varies heavily in size, usually depending on the device it is taking a residence in at the moment. The smallest recorded sighting being approximately 0.5 millimeters in diameter, and the largest being 5 meters in diameter.

SCP-3268 is predatory, and appears to "feed" on digital images of organisms of the Kingdom Animalia. When an image of a potential prey item is uploaded to the device it is currently on, SCP-3268 will appear on the image, typically 2 hours after the initial upload. From there it will slowly begin to expand, and engulf the image until the

entire image is comprised solely of many pixels of various colors. This process typically takes 5 hours. Roughly 30 minutes after the complete infestation, SCP-3268 will disappear, and the infected image will show a dead, mangled and partially eaten version of the organism originally in the photo. Damages appearing of organisms infected by SCP-3268 vary heavily, but the most common damages include broken necks, missing or badly broken limbs, gouged eyes and many large bite marks in various areas, with the most appearing on the chest, neck, and leg areas. SCP-3268 will no longer manifest on previously infected images, however any organisms on previously infected images will begin to show signs of decay, and should be removed at the earliest convenience.

SCP-3268 Recovery Log

SCP-3268 was discovered in Fort Pierce, Florida on June 7th, 20 on a an intel based 2007 iMac in the home of Jonathan . The owner reported to yahoo answers, and various other forums dedicated to the removal of computer viruses, that images of his cat had been infected with a virus that caused the cat to appear dead, and disemboweled. Embedded agents promptly launched an investigation, and seized the device. Amnestics were administered to Mr. , and the forum that SCP-3268 was reported on was taken down.

Interview Log SCP-3268-A

Interviewed: Jonathan , owner of device SCP-3268 was found on.

Interviewer: Researcher Dr. Solomon .

Foreword: Subject was brought in for questioning shortly after SCP-3268 was contained.

Begin Log, [15:28:44]

Dr. Solomon: Hello, you are Mr. Jonathan , correct?

Jonathan: Yep. What are you, a cop or something?

Dr. Solomon: You could say that. I'd like to ask you a few questions regarding this "computer virus" you reported.

Jonathan: Oh god, that thing. Fucking disgusting. What kind of sadistic fuck would make something like that? And how does it even work?

Dr. Solomon: Please sir, your questions will be answered shortly. I just need you to answer a few questions for me.

a long sigh is heard

Jonathan: Sorry. Its just that that picture was disgusting.

Dr. Solomon: Yes I understand. Alright, first of all, when did you notice the image of your cat was altered?

Jonathan: A day ago. I was planning on sending a picture of my cat to my mother. I opened it and I just about threw up.

Dr. Solomon: How long had the image been on your computer?

Jonathan: Not long. I uploaded it last night and found it like that the next morning. I swear to god that it wasn't like that before. How is a virus even able to do something like that? Reconfigure the pixels or something like that?

Dr. Solomon: I assure you, we'll explain it shortly. Could you please describe the injuries on the image?

Jonathan: It was awful. Her throat looked like it was cut open and she had no eyes. She had bite marks everywhere, and lots of cuts. A bloody mess. Looked like it was attacked.

Dr. Solomon: You say it was attacked. Could you elaborate on that?

Jonathan: Well uh… the cuts and bites looked a lot like animal bites. Like something mauled it.

Dr. Solomon: Did it look like any specific animal could have caused those injuries?

Jonathan: Fuck man I don't know. I've never met anyone who's been attacked by an eagle but I think thats what they look like afterwards. Full of cuts and wounds. It was horrible.

Dr. Solomon: Do you have any idea as to how you received this uh… virus?

a long pause is heard

Dr. Solomon: Sir?

Jonathan: Don't tell my wife about this, but I was on some sketchy website to uh, entertain myself. You get me?

Dr. Solomon furrows his brow, but continues

Dr. Solomon: Yes I understand. Why do you think that site is responsible?

Jonathan: There were a lot of pop-ups and ads on there. I'd imagine one of them had whatever the fuck made my cat look like that.

Dr. Solomon: Can you provide me with the name of this website please?

Jonathan: Uhhh, I think it was something along the lines of .com, or something like that. I used an incognito tab so I can't check. Where is my computer anyway?

Dr. Solomon: We'll need to hold onto it for a few days to get rid of the virus. You'll get it back shortly.

Jonathan: Okay cool. So how does that thing work

anyway?

Dr. Solomon: When you leave this room, go down the hall and to your left. You'll find a room there with some people that will help you make sense of the situation. I believe we are done here Mr. . Thank you for your time, and sorry about your situation.

Jonathan: Yeah no problem, I'm glad it's just over with and figured out.

footsteps are heard, followed by a door closing and a 1 minute pause

End Log, [15:31:19]

Closing Statement: Subject confirmed to have entered the amnestic administration station. Looks like we're dealing with something that can turn an image of an animal into a bloodied mess. Behavioral tests recommended to fully assess the nature of this anomaly.

-Dr. Solomon .

Addendum 3268-A

Doctor was observing a 2 day old infected image of an *Eudorcas thomsonii*, on SCP-3268's most recent housing device, a Lenovo C440 Desktop computer, when a single text file appeared on the desktop of the computer, titled 0I3UERYHDFNSKX.txt. Upon opening it, it contained the following message: "clean it. not happy. dead smell." The image was promptly deleted, and the text file was archived at Digital Archive Site .

It appears that SCP-3268 might be somewhat sapient, is capable of at least some communication, and is aware that someone is providing for it. The cause of this is unknown at this moment, further testing required. SCP-3268 has yet to repeat this action.

Test Log 3268-A

SCP-3268 Behavior Test-A - - -20
Subject: SCP-3268
Procedure: No feeding or cleaning for 3 days
Results: SCP-3268 somehow enabled internet access on the computer it was residing in, and emailed itself to @gmail.com. SCP-3268 successfully re-contained shortly after the breach. Investigation as to why SCP-3268 chose this address specifically is ongoing.
Analysis: SCP-3268 is capable of transferring itself to other devices if it is not satisfied with its current housing. Containment procedures are to be updated, and this test is not to be repeated unless permission is given by on-site command.

SCP-3268 Behavior Test-B - - -20
Subject: SCP-3268
Procedure: Image of a dead *Casuarius casuarius* uploaded to hard drive
Results: Image showed no signs of infection after 36 hours, image deleted from hard drive.
Analysis: SCP-3268 appears to only infect images containing a living organism. How it determines if an organism is living or not is unknown at this time.

SCP-3268 Behavior Test-C - - -20
Subject: SCP-3268
Procedure: Image of a realistic replica of a *Panthera tigris tigris* uploaded to hard drive.
Results: SCP-3268 manifested on the image 2 hours after initial upload, but disappeared 30 minutes after appearing. Image deleted from hard drive.
Analysis: SCP-3268 apparently made an attempt to consume the image, but ignored it upon realizing it was not organic.

SCP-3268 Behavior Test-D - - -20
Subject: SCP-3268
Procedure: Text file created with a message requesting SCP-3268 to communicate with researchers.
Results: No response from SCP-3268.

Analysis: SCP-3268 either ignores communication attempts or doesn't notice them. Further testing required.

SCP-3268 Behavior Test-E - - -20
Subject: SCP-3268
Procedure: Image of a *Tursiops aduncus* with a message in red text requesting communication with researchers photoshopped into the corner uploaded to hard drive.
Results: Standard image infection occurred, no response to the message.
Analysis: Researchers are still working on finding a way to communicate with SCP-3268 to determine potential high levels of intelligence and sapience.

SCP-3268 Behavior Test-F - - -20
Subject: SCP-3268
Procedure: Image in the mid-stages of SCP-3268 infection transferred to another computer via USB.
Results: SCP-3268 no longer manifested on the previous housing device, and started manifesting on the new computer. Fully infected images ceased signs of decay.
Analysis: SCP-3268 has been concluded to be transferable between devices safely and reliably without leaving any traces of itself behind.

Addendum 3268-B

On October 5th, 20 , at approximately 6:30AM, SCP-3268 created several text files on the desktop of the computer it was on, at a rate of approximately 2 created every minute. The text files all contained one of the 4 phrases:

let me out
home
i hate you
help

Upon discovery of these files, they were deleted, and researchers began monitoring SCP-3268 more closely. 5 minutes after the files

were deleted, SCP-3268 started creating text files, at a much more aggressive rate, at a rate of as much as 30 per minute. It has been noted that many of the messages contain spelling and other grammatical errors. Some examples of messages include:

> please lyt me go
> i want to go home
> i nneed fixing
> he wants me
> i will escwpe
> can hurt
> bad man
> let me g o

SCP-3268 attempted to connect to the internet many times over the course of this event, but all attempts were intercepted and blocked by the Foundation internet security system. Many attempts were made to reply to SCP-3268's messages via text files, but all were ignored. After 10 minutes, SCP-3268 ceased creating text files, but continued attempting to connect to the internet. Approximately 3 hours after the event, a single new text file appeared on the computer's desktop. It contained the following text:

> I don't know who you are, and I don't know what you want with my creation. Please, return it to me. I spent too much time on it. I need to experiment more on it, I need to improve on it. Just give it back, let it come back to me. Do you not see this is the beginning of a new era of technology? A sentient, predatory creature, 100% digital. Think of the implications! Please, let it come home and I'll give you whatever you want. You want money? I'll pay any amount. I just want it back.

No further attempts to breach were made, and the text file was archived at Digital Archive Site . The possibility that SCP-3268 is man-made is being investigated, and highly likely at this point.

SCP-3269: Pop Culture

Item #: SCP-3269

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All reports of phenomena consistent with SCP-3269 must be investigated promptly. Special attention should be paid to communities and content creators focused on "popping" or similar activities.

All subjects affected by SCP-3269 are to be kept in medically-induced comas in Type 3 Interaction-Exclusive Humanoid Containment Cells for two months prior to amnesticization and release. Equipment should be checked daily for SCP-3269 manifestation and replaced as necessary. Under no circumstances should non-D-Class personnel enter within two meters of a subject affected by SCP-3269.

Objects altered by SCP-3269 should be incinerated or otherwise conclusively disposed of, unless they serve some essential function, in which case care should be taken not to rupture them until a replacement can be procured.

All known instances of SCP-3269-1 are kept in Video Archive K81. Any instances located outside of containment should be copied to this archive before removal.

Description: SCP-3269 is a phenomenon that alters objects within four meters of affected human subjects. SCP-3269 is induced when a subject watches an instance of SCP-3269-1, which are various videos depicting the excision or popping of comedones (clogged skin follicles), cysts, or other skin protrusions. Most subjects that contract SCP-3269 naturally are self-described fans of content of this nature, and typically derive some degree of enjoyment from "popping" in reality.

SCP-3269's primary effect is the replacement of a solid object's interior, in part or in whole, with a viscous liquid or semi-solid roughly similar to the object in coloration and composition. This increases the interior pressure of the object considerably, resulting in the new material creating easily-ruptured bulges in areas where the "surface" is thinner. The object's functionality is not impaired until one of these bulges is ruptured, after which the anomaly affects functionality as expected.

The rate at which SCP-3269 manifests varies from subject to subject, and is suspected to correlate positively with the degree of sexual pleasure derived from popping and popping-related activities. Deliberately popping altered objects increases the average amount of affected material over time. Conversely, complete abstention from interaction with SCP-3269-altered objects for two months has been shown to prevent future SCP-3269 manifestations; however, many affected subjects will be unable to resist rupturing SCP-3269-altered objects, and must be restrained or rendered unconscious.

At time of writing, 871 instances of SCP-3269-1 have been identified, all originating from online accounts belonging to private individuals. Each video displays the individual in question as they exist in reality[1], save for the skin protrusions that are popped or excised in the videos, which never existed in reality. Subjects have no recollection of filming or sharing SCP-3269-1.

Addendum: In light of recent events, the following guidelines for containment personnel assigned to SCP-3269 have been produced. Personnel should adhere to these guidelines as much as possible in order to prevent undesirable occurrences similar to those that have happened in the past.

The first priority when investigating a report of SCP-3269, after information suppression has been applied, is to assess the progression of SCP-3269's effects in the subject or subjects. In particular, the size and frequency of SCP-3269-related alterations must be ascertained; the subject's mental state and the status of their personal dwelling should also be discerned if possible.

As subjects with particularly severe cases of SCP-3269 are often

withdrawn and may have "popped" their communication devices, remote observation and interviews with friends, family, and neighbors may be necessary. While subjects are rarely aggressive in any respect, they are liable to be distressed and uncooperative; in these situations, a trained negotiator should be procured before proceeding with any operations.

In cases where the subject is mentally stable and protrusions caused by SCP-3269 are small and infrequent, recovery operations can proceed normally. Additional precautions are required for cases where protrusions are large and/or frequent. Households of affected individuals may be difficult to navigate if SCP-3269's alterations have compromised the building's structural integrity — personnel should take care to avoid floors and load-bearing walls that may be compromised by SCP-3269, as accidents can cause issues ranging from mild injuries to total structural collapse.

The exact location of the affected subject must be known at all times in order to maintain the two-meter exclusion zone. In Incident 3269-C7-A, three recovery personnel entered the house of a late-stage subject with the intent to locate her, unaware that she was in the crawlspace directly below the front entrance. All three personnel developed protrusions characteristic of SCP-3269 in vital areas of their body; two died within the following six weeks due to inadvertent rupturing of their pustule(s), while the third remains under constant observation in order to prevent a similar occurrence.

Ingestion of the slurry produced by SCP-3269 should be studiously avoided by wearing appropriate safety gear at all times. -

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Any questions or concerns can be directed to SCP-3269's HMCL Supervisor.

Update: As of Incident 3269-R0-C, any personnel assigned to SCP-3269 who display an undue interest in their own skin or signs of sexual arousal in the course of their duties should be reassigned immediately. Additions to the primary anomaly description are pending.

Footnotes

1. Up to and including showing identifying features of the subject and the interiors of their dwellings.

SCP-3270: The Painting That Makes You A Furry

Item #: SCP-3270

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3270 is to be kept within a storage locker on Site-64. All photos of SCP-3270 are to be deleted upon discovery, excluding photos of any copies of SCP-3270. Instances of SCP-3270-1 are to be kept at Site-88, but otherwise are allowed to roam the facility freely, with the exception of areas limited to Foundation personnel. Instances of SCP-3270-1 are to be fed cooked fish and milk at regular intervals. Requests for toys and other amenities are to be approved by 3 Class B Personnel on Site-88, though requests cannot exceed 30 (Thirty) US Dollars in cost.

Description: SCP-3270 is a painting, depicting several cats dancing around various devices capable of playing music. Viewing SCP-3270 directly or indirectly causes the viewer to undergo various physical and mental changes over the course of several months. (See Document-3270-1) This effect does not apply to copies of SCP-3270, either through printing or recreation. Viewers of SCP-3270 are to be classified as instances of SCP-3270-1

Document-3270-1

> **Initial Viewing:** Viewers will express admiration for SCP-3270. Viewers who viewed a copy of SCP-3270 and expressed apathy or disapproval before viewing SCP-3270 will still express admiration for SCP-3270.
>
> **1 Hour After Initial Viewing:** Viewers will exhibit increased enthusiasm, curiosity, and generally have a more positive outlook on life.
>
> **1 Day After Initial Viewing:** Viewers will show increased

interest in felines, through looking at pictures/videos of common house cats, purchasing clothing, furniture, or other objects depicting cats, or adopting pet cats.

1 Week After Initial Viewing: Viewers will begin recommending others begin adopting cats as pets, as well as recommend viewing SCP-3270.

3 Weeks After Initial Viewing: Viewers will begin exhibiting cat-like behaviour, such as licking themselves as a substitute to more formal means of bathing, preferring to eat food on the floor, and walking using both their arms and legs.

2 Months After Initial Viewing: Viewers will show increased body hair growth.

4 Months After Initial Viewing: Viewers' skeletal system will begin to shrink, with their muscles and skin doing the same.

5 Months After Initial Viewing: Other miscellaneous changes to the viewers' body will occur, such as ears changing shape and location, eyes restructuring to resemble those of house cats, and loss of thumbs and fingers, in place of phalanges typical of house cats.

6 Months After Initial Viewing: Instances of SCP-3270-1 are physically identical to a non-anomalous house cat, though are able to still speak, despite not having the needed organs to do so. The psychological effects of SCP-3270 listed above have dissipated at this point. Instances of SCP-3270-1 will have the lifespan of an average human, though are able to be terminated by normal means.

Interview-3270-1

Interviewed: Doctor Allison, An Instance Of SCP-3270-1

Interviewer: Doctor Glenrowan

Foreward: Doctor Allison willingly viewed SCP-3270. This interview was conducted 8 months after initial viewing.

<Begin Log>

Doctor Glenrowan: Why did you willingly view SCP-3270?

SCP-3270-1: Curiosity, mostly.

Doctor Glenrowan: How would you describe the process of transforming into an instance of SCP-3270-1?

SCP-3270-1: It felt alright at first, like I'd found a new hobby. Then when it got to actually turning into a cat, it got excruciatingly painful.

Doctor Glenrowan: What is your opinion on SCP-3270?

SCP-3270-1: It ruined my life.

Doctor Glenrowan: I'm speaking of the artistic quality of SCP-3270.

Doctor Glenrowan passes a copy of SCP-3270 to SCP-3270-1.

SCP-3270-1: Oh, yeah. I guess it's cute.

<End Log>

SCP-3271: It Was A Dark And Stormy Knight

Item #: SCP-3271

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3271 is to be contained in a 5m x 5m x 5m humanoid containment chamber, which is to be kept under guard by two security personnel at all times. This containment chamber is to be equipped with a drainage system to prevent accumulation of rainwater. In order to prevent uncontrolled lightning strikes in the containment chamber, SCP-3271 is to be kept gagged.

Any objects or entities emerging from SCP-3271 are to be subdued and brought into secondary containment pending further analysis. All feeding of SCP-3271 is to be done intravenously in accordance with Nutritional Chart 3271-1.

Description: SCP-3271 is a thirty-five year old male named Adrian Knight, whose body holds an extra-dimensional space containing a perpetual and severe thunderstorm. The presence of this space seems to cause no biological difficulties for SCP-3271, who is still able to undergo bodily functions normally. However, some physical abnormalities have become apparent as a result of the space's presence.

SCP-3271's skin constantly expels copious amounts of rainwater, presumed to originate from within the extra-dimensional space. Similarly, bolts of lightning have been known to emerge from SCP-3271's mouth while it is open. While these physical abnormalities cause SCP-3271 a great deal of distress, they do not appear to be capable of physically harming it.

On several occasions, objects resembling miniature versions of vehicles such as planes and helicopters have also been known to appear within SCP-3271's mouth. While these vehicles are

extremely accurate in terms of engineering and structure, they have been completely empty in all cases.

The origin of SCP-3271 is unclear, as it claims to possess no memories apart from its name before its sudden appearance in Tallahassee, Florida. Upon it reporting its situation and abnormal physical qualities to local police, Foundation agents in the area quickly intervened and brought SCP-3271 into containment.

Addendum 3271-1: On 02/03/2017, what appeared to be a miniature version of an unmanned Foundation probe emerged from SCP-3271's mouth and began inspecting the containment chamber. Due to its small size and resultant fragility, containment of this object resulted in minor damage to it. Nevertheless, the following data was successfully recovered from the probe:

- An image of the 'Hollywood' sign in Los Angeles. It is raining heavily. The sign has been partially crushed by a piece of what appears to be a bacon sandwich.[1]
- An image of Times Square in New York. It is raining heavily. A great number of people appear to be fleeing from a wave of substantial size that is moving up the street.
- An image of a large group of boats and ships in the middle of the ocean. It is raining heavily. The top of a skyscraper can be seen emerging from the water.
- A two-minute video clip of an individual identical to SCP-3271 speaking into the camera, taken in some form of laboratory. While audio of this clip has been lost, he is speaking quickly in what appears to be a panicked manner. A large conical machine is visible behind the man, and the video ends in a flash of light when he pulls a lever on the side of it. Outside a window in the background, it can be seen to be raining heavily.

Footnotes
1. Following recovery of this image, current feeding measures for SCP-3271 were implemented.

SCP-3273: Self-Performed Brain Editing Manual

A close image displaying the various packaging and tablets discovered with an instance of SCP-3273 while imitating a widely-distributed ingestible analgesic.

Item #: SCP-3273

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All recovered instances of SCP-3273 are currently in storage at Site-128 in Locker 5-54. No personnel are to handle the packaging or individual tablets of SCP-3273 to prevent accidental inhaling of residual dust from the tablets.

By order of the Ethics Committee, all instances of SCP-3273-1 are to be immediately destroyed.

Description: SCP-3273 (referring to a single instance) is a plain container of prescription painkiller tablets for swallowing and ingestion. Chemical analysis reveals that SCP-3273 is a form of opioid drug. Packaging of all instances is printed with dosage information which refers to SCP-3273 as the "self-performed brain editing manual", and advises the user to only take if they "have a drill".

Anomalous effects of SCP-3273 occur approximately 35 minutes following ingestion, hereby referred to as 'exposure', to an instance of SCP-3273. The affected individual (designated SCP-3273-1) will begin to experience a gradual loss in all physical sensations of pain. Distress from physical injuries, lacerations and burns will become increasingly difficult for SCP-3273-1 to notice or register. The rate of this process is determined predominantly by dosage size - a single tablet from SCP-3273 should be capable of preventing an adult male SCP-3273-1 from recognising any form of injury within 2 hours.

SCP-3273 is proven to be a highly-addictive substance, with

significantly higher addiction rate when compared to similar substances such as heroin. Most instances of SCP-3273-1 commit to overdosing in SCP-3273 within approximately 3 days following initial exposure.

Instances of SCP-3273-1 who overdose in SCP-3273 will experience a gradual inversion of pain lasting 24 hours. At an indefinite point in this period, instances will discover that the experience of pain now induces sensations of emotional calm and satisfaction. Once SCP-3273-1 is aware of their state, SCP-3273-1 may come to enjoy physical injuries, and gradually inflict intended harm upon themselves. The effects of an overdose of SCP-3273-1 appear to be irreversible, unlike regular intake of the substance. Most instances of SCP-3273-1 are observed to expire from injuries inflicted by themselves, and deaths from SCP-3273-1 are frequently abandoned as cases of suicide.

SCP-3273 is suspected to influence its subjects through chemical editing of the brain, and severe alteration of opioid receptors in the peripheral nervous system. This has been observed to interrupt specifically the line of communication between the thalamus and the cerebral cortex. Analysis of chemical composition of SCP-3273 samples reveal that the object is a form of opioid drug similar to heroin, containing an unidentifiable biological material which acts as a blocking agent, disrupting or preventing nerve signals from passing.

Distribution of SCP-3273 is widespread, having infiltrated all areas of drug use including hospital surgery, prescription painkillers, sedatives and narcotics. SCP-3273's primary method of entering these markets is through imitation of other opioid substances. It is unknown where SCP-3273 is entering the pharmaceutical network or the narcotics trade, but investigation is ongoing. Due to this, SCP-3273 stands as officially uncontained.

Addendum 3273-a | Evidence File 3273-1

> + Access, evidence file: Russia, Arhangelsk: Dr. Rayt Dividsky (54) - 16th instance
>
> Some of the most extreme capabilities of SCP-3273

were first demonstrated by Dr. Rayt Dividsky (54); a renowned Russian dentist and retired practitioner. He was exposed to SCP-3273 presumably due to the handling of several variants of dentistry painkiller while applying them to patients. Most notably, SCP-3273 was suspected to be a pre-packaged syringe for injection of the substance, imitating morphine.

The Foundation was first notified of Dr. Dividsky's behaviour after reports from neighbours to the local police that they had witnessed him mutilating himself through a window in his study.

[START EXTRACT 00:00:00]

(00:00:05) **Dispatcher**: "Yerinkat Police Department."

(00:00:13) **Caller**: "Hey, err- I don't know if I should be calling you directly but my Mr. Dividsky from next door is in his bathroom- I think, and he's… [pause] …I don't know, but he looks like he's cutting himself or something."

(00:00:25) **Dispatcher**: "Ok… could you, expand on that."

(00:00:34) **Caller**: "I don't know what he's doing. I just noticed it through the window this morning, and I stopped and looked and he's still there with a knife or something- he's doing something with his face and his mouth- I don't know. I think he may be bleeding or something."

(00:00:45) **Dispatcher**: "Did you go into the house to speak to him?"

(00:00:51) **Caller**: "I tried. His door was locked. He wasn't making any noise."

(00:01:55) **Dispatcher**: "Did you call for him?"

(00:02:02) **Caller**: "Yes, I tried- Christ- there's… [pause] …blood on… what's he doing?"

[Pause.]

(00:02:13) **Dispatcher**: "Well… we've sent someone. Stay on the line for a minute with us."

[END OF EXTRACT 00:02:20]

When police arrived they reported finding some of Dr. Dividsky's teeth and hair in a bowl of milk downstairs. Upon heading upstairs to confront Dr. Dividsky, he attacked and killed both armed officers with a fire extinguisher. Dr. Dividsky by this point had managed to survive a total of 15 days after exposure to at least 27 individual tablets from SCP-3273. When Foundation staff were notified, the house was again breached and Dr. Dividsky was neutralised.

Dr. Dividsky was found after 13 days of self-mutilation, having removed two fingers and all the fingernails on his left hand using a masonry chisel, a large section of his hair by force, sections of his tongue with a pair of scissors, 18 of his teeth with a dentistry scalpel and was only discovered by neighbours while cutting into the back of his head with an angle grinder. He also suffered numerous lacerations.

Addendum 3273-b | Evidence File 3273-2

+ Access, evidence file: UK, Shetland: Ryan Ellis (66) - 455th instance

Ryan Ellis (66 years), a retired scaffolder from Scotland was prescribed with SCP-3273 after complaints about recurring back-ache and arthritis. SCP-3273 was

prescribed as an ingestible tablet pack, imitating a well-known brand of tramadol. Due to his condition, he was advised to take SCP-3273 once every five hours.

Approximately 59 hours after initial exposure, Ryan Ellis was found dead by his son (43 years) in his own home. Medical inspection of Ryan Ellis revealed 27 individual 5.5cm nails embedded inside his skull, presumed to be fired from a nailgun. It is currently unknown how he survived long enough to unload all 27 nails, due to the damaging path of impact that many followed. 3 individual nails were observed to have passed through the frontal lobe and stopped halfway through the amygdala.

Further inspection of Ryan Ellis proves that his situation was not uncoordinated and unprovoked. It appears that, due to his positioning in front of a mirror, and relative focus of all projectiles fired from the nailgun towards roughly the centre of his brain, Ryan Ellis was aiming at something within his head.

Addendum 3273-c | **Evidence File 3273-3**

+ Access, evidence file: USA, Arizona: Jason Lister (48) - 167th instance

Jason Lister (48 years), an arable farmer from rural Arizona, was prescribed SCP-3273 after suffering third-degree burns from an electrical accident, in which the ploughing tractor he was driving caught on overhead power lines. SCP-3273 was prescribed in the form of general anaesthetic imitating heroin while used in skin surgery, exposed in a nebulised state for controlled inhaling of the substance.

Jason was found dead 68 hours after exposure with a large perforation through his forehead. Initially, those who discovered his body assumed that this was an act of suicide, and that Jason Lister had fired a handgun at his own head. Later inspection by pathologists and medical staff revealed that the hole through Jason Lister's head

had been inflicted not by a bullet but by an electric drill, and concluded that the death was not caused by suicide but by attempted trepanning, for unknown causes.

When the Foundation gained Jason Lister's body for analysis, the perforation was observed to extend 15cm into his head - much further than the depth used while trepanning through the outer-skull. The cavity caused by the drill was aimed directly through the brain, removing parts of the frontal lobe and the entire amygdala.

Jason Lister was suspected to have become aware of his condition after burning himself on a kettle shortly before his death. Inspection of the scene and his body indicates that Jason, shortly after discovering this, poured the entire contents of the kettle over his left arm.

Addendum 3273-d | Evidence File 3273-4

+ Access, evidence file: Hannover, Germany: Elise Rachmel (23) - 87th instance

Elise Rachmel (23), found homeless due to narcotics abuse, presumably gained access to an injectable form of SCP-3273 imitating heroin through illegal drug trade. It is suspected that due to the nature and obscurity of her death she may have also been operating on psychoactive or hallucinogenic agents at the time.

Elise was stopped by police while caught repeatedly striking her exposed forehead against the entrance wall of a public library while in a hallucinogenic state. Witnesses report seeing her hit the wall 'at least fifteen times'. Elise was hospitalised after falling unconscious and later expired from massive bleeding in the brain. Observation of her injuries note the complete crushing of the upper-nose, and direction of impacts towards the centre of the forehead.

Addendum 3273-e | Evidence File 3273-5

+ Access, evidence file: Report from Ethiopian Wildlife Sanctuary

Wildlife Sanctuary, Ethiopia, documented extensively the effects of tranquilisation of a large adult male barbary lion. It is suspected that the tranquiliser substance applied contained SCP-3273, imitating a widely-distributed form of carfentanil.

Staff at the preserve report observing the adult lion "tearing at the skin on [it's] scalp, like [it] was trying to open its own head". These effects were observed almost immediately after the lion regained consciousness. This is suspected to be because of the extreme overdose of SCP-3273 the lion experienced while the substance was applied as a tranquiliser. The adult male lion died from blood-loss as staff at the sanctuary failed to intervene.

Addendum 3273-f | Notice & References

Request Note from Dr. Foster addressing Dr. White

Christ, this is fucked-up, Ryan. This isn't some fucking indestructible lizard or inter-dimensional paedophile - these people are doing this to themselves. SCP-3273 isn't a psychoactive; and it doesn't seem to display any manipulative qualities, so what the fuck is going on?

And why are they calling it 'enlightenment'? This isn't a religious cult. I haven't seen any of them gather to burn any crosses, but they're still trepanning themselves like there's no tomorrow.

Jesus Christ, Ryan. I think we need to pay more attention to this one.

Notice from Dr. White addressing Dr. Foster

They're connected. We've been getting it wrong the entire time.

SCP-3273 isn't the manual; it's the tool to do so. God knows what monster they will make if they remove the

amygdala.

I've enacted neutralisation of all instances of SCP-3273-1. What we're seeing is just the first step - they'll continue until they've cut everything that hurts out of them. Can you imagine what they will become? Christ- they can't even argue because they can't hate me. They can't fear death so they don't bother living. What's next? What else do they no longer want to feel? I'm not acting out of spite for the troubles they have caused us - this is pity.

SCP-3274: Nowhere Else To Run

Item #: SCP-3274

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Agents should be assigned to monitor the general population for SCP-3274 instances. Particular focus should be paid to itinerant individuals and groups, refugees and other undocumented populations. Agents should be granted a large degree of autonomy and minimal records should be kept of their activity and methods.

SCP-3274 instances can be identified by their unfamiliarity with their surroundings and more general amnesia, with suspected instances being confirmed by medical and genetic assessment. All instances are to be contained at Site-06-3 under standard humanoid containment protocols.

Gathering information related to SCP-3274-A should be made a high priority. For this purpose all SCP-3274 instances should be interviewed using any and all techniques with a possibility of circumventing the amnestic block. All communication with and experimentation on SCP-3274 is currently prohibited.

Description: SCP-3274 are adult humans who originate from an unknown point in our future timeline. The earliest identified arrival time is 1941 and arrivals are projected to continue to occur into our own future. All known instances have been extremely effectively amnesticised prior to their arrival here with virtually all memory of their point of origin absent. The sole known exception to this is related to SCP-3274-A. The amnestic methods which have been used are significantly more advanced than any currently known to the Foundation and have thus far proven resistant to all anti-amnestic techniques. Access to all information recovered by anti-amnestic techniques is currently prohibited. Personnel of clearance level 3/3274 or higher should view attached Interview Series 872 for

further details.

Memories retained by SCP-3274 instances consist primarily of practical information related to their time and place of arrival. This information is typically very limited as well as outdated and geographically inaccurate, suggesting a lack of precision in their transportation method. Additionally, all known instances retain a specific memory relating to their motivation for transportation, with only slight variation between instances. The retained memory consists of the individual speaking to themself, claiming that the world will be unavoidably destroyed along with all human life and that retreat into the past is their only chance of survival. The cause of the destruction referenced here has been designated SCP-3274-A.

Instances report that the message also includes a plea not to attempt to reverse their amnesia or alter future events. All known instances express a certainty of the validity of these memories and they have been verified by all means known to the Foundation of detecting false or artificially generated memories.

SCP-3274 often attempt to evade containment but are usually easily identified due to their lack of social connections and documentation in addition to their general amnesia. In particular, instances display both a complete lack of personal history and ignorance of local customs and recent events. However, the longer instances go before identification the more they assimilate and the harder they can become to identify.

In additional to their abnormal behaviour, suspected SCP-3274 instances can be distinguished from the general population by physiological and genetic abnormalities including fine surgical scarring along the cranium, the absence of the genes involved in most currently known genetic diseases and alterations to gamete formation rendering them incapable of reproduction. See [REDACTED] for the full medical and genetic profile.

There are instances of SCP-3274 currently in Foundation custody, and an unknown number currently uncontained.

Interview Series 872: Access to transcript available only to clearance

The following transcripts are based on recovered audio recordings and medical data. Access to the full audio and video recordings is currently prohibited as they have not yet been determined to be free of cognitohazards.

Interview 872-17: 12/03/2017
Interviewed: SCP-3274-872. Originally discovered in Baghdad, Iraq in June 2003.

Interviewer: Dr. Shahid.

Foreword: The primary goal of this interview was to establish the exact nature of SCP-3274-A and identify preventative measures which could be taken.

The subject was selected due to displaying high resistance to the negative effects of mnestic therapy[1] and unusual willingness to co-operate with the memory retrieval process.

Prior to the interview the subject was administered the newly developed mnestic compound AQUA-RED. This was in the form of an escalating dose regimen delivered over 12 weeks designed to stimulate long term memory recall. See [REDACTED] for the full treatment profile.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Shahid: Hello, my name is Dr Shahid and I will be conducting all interviews for your treatment group from now on. Recently, you and some of the others have indicated you've experienced partial memory recovery, are you able to discuss that with us today?

SCP-3274-872: Yes. I don't know why I chose to forget before but I want to remember now. I'm not one to run from a fight and I hate the

idea that I chose this, to abandon everything just to save myself. I need to know why.

Dr. Shahid: I understand. Now please begin by telling us who you were before you arrived here.

SCP-3274-872: My name was Amira Muhammed and I was born in the free state of Texas in 2 . I worked as a Class 3 Technician at Foundation Site Gimel-Thaumiel[2].

Dr. Shahid: Yes, that fits with what several of the others reported, it seems that many of you worked for the Foundation in some capacity. We'll return to that subject but for now I'd like you to talk to me about SCP-3274-A, the threat that led to your transportation to this time.

SCP-3274-872:I want to help but it's hard. My memories are coming back but they don't cohere, there's parts missing. There's some things I can remember like they're right here in front of me but when I try to think of what happened at the end there's nothing. Sometimes I feel like I can almost see it but then it slips away, like a dream after waking up.

Dr. Shahid: Any memories are an improvement right now and I'm sure we can help you remember everything with time. What about your work with the Foundation then, do you remember anything that could help us?

SCP-3274-872: I'll tell you all I can but I don't think it will help, not in the way you want it to. The Foundation I worked for wasn't the same as the one that exists now. There'd been too many Keters found and too many close calls so after SCP- metastasised it was clear

things had to change. More SCPs got classified Thaumiel and testing became more aggressive. By the time I was recruited we'd began building our own anomalies, really starting to fight back against the chaos.

Dr. Shahid: Is that related to why you travelled back? Did you create an anomaly that couldn't be contained?

SCP-3274-872: No, I don't think it was something we made but… it does feel connected.

Dr. Shahid: Talk to me about your work then. Is there anything useful you do remember?

SCP-3274-872: I worked on something they called the Retrocausal Transmission Engine. Time travel basically, not that I ever really understood it. I was low level, strictly mechanical operation with no access to the underlying theory. I do know it was supposed to save the world, be the ultimate reset button to fix all our mistakes. But it didn't work right.

The rules were complicated and it seemed no one understood them. We could travel back easily enough but we couldn't change anything on a large scale. Little things sure, but any attempt to alter the big picture ended in failure. Unintended side-effects, the same events happening for different reasons or even just unprovoked mechanical failure. Before, when I said I didn't think what I told you could help? That's what I meant.

Dr. Shahid: I appreciate your concern but we still need information. You said earlier that your work felt connected to SCP-3274-A, was it caused by the time-travel somehow?

SCP-3274-872: I… yes. Yes it… Oh god. I don't think I can talk about this.

Dr. Shahid: What's wrong?

SCP-3274-872: I'm trying to remember but there's something stopping me, I think it has to do with what happened. I remember we sent a probe to the future but when I try to think about it… it hurts. My head's full of walls stopping me from thinking and I know I'm the one who put them there. Why did I do that?

Dr. Shahid: Stay focused Amira. What happened to the probe?

SCP-3274-872: Oh god, my husband. I had a husband and I remember. I remember what it did to him.

Subject undergoes tonic-clonic seizure and the interview is halted.

<End Log>

Interview 872-20: 12/06/2017
Interviewed: SCP-3274-872

Interviewer: Ms Sadana, hypnotherapist. Also present were Dr. Shahid, six medical staff and one security guard.

Foreword: The primary goal of this interview was to establish the exact nature of SCP-3274-A and identify preventative measures which could be taken.

In order to counter the secondary memory block present in SCP-3274 additional methods were authorised. These consisted of multiple sessions of hypnotic priming as well as the usage of mnestic drug AQUA-RED at an

elevated dosage of 2500mcg. A craniotomy was also performed to grant greater access for memory enhancing electrostimulation.

<Begin Log>

Induction of the trance state has been removed from this report for brevity

Ms Sadana: That's great Amira, you're doing very well. Now I want you to think back to what we discussed. What happened when you sent the probe to the future?

SCP-3274-872: I hear a countdown. Five. Four. Three. Two. One. The probe is gone. I check the energy readings and they're within levels. Someone cheers. There's another countdown for the return. Five. Four. Three. Two. One. The probe is still gone. Confusion, my supervisor shouting questions. Energy levels are spiking, higher than what's supposed to be possible. I yell out but everyone's yelling now. It's gone beyond the five years it was supposed to, beyond the point where our estimates are useful. The connection is lost.

We try to work out what happened but it doesn't fit with any of the theoretical models. I get frustrated and I leave to call my husband. I lie to him about what I do but he knows something's wrong. He tells a joke that makes me smile and-

Ms Sadana: How does this relate to SCP-3274-A Amira? Try to stay focused, our time is limited. What happened to the probe?

SCP-3274-872: The probe comes back wrong. Wrong time, wrong place, just wrong.

Something came back with it, a signal that spreads everywhere. The Site locks down. No-one in, no-one out, endless talking huddled in dark rooms. My husband is trapped outside and I can't speak to him. Nothing we do stops it, even the Retrocausal Engine only makes it worse, moving its arrival further and further back. People outside stop being human.

Ms Sadana: It must have some weakness, some way we can beat it. If it can use time travel to change things so can we. How do we stop it?

SCP-3274-872: Panicked talks in secure rooms. Theories and speculation. Not physical. Not reality altering. Just information, data transmitted from the future, data that wants to replicate and spread. Data that takes control of people's minds, and their bodies. It can't be stopped. It can't be stopped. It can't be stopped.

Dr Shahid authorises an increase in cerebral electrostimulation

Ms Sadana: Focus Amira, don't get distracted. Serve the Foundation and tell us how to stop this thing.

SCP-3274-872: I think… I think that time travel was always a trap. It was never really ours, the signal just needed us to build it. We should never have ran here, we should never have-

Oh god. I remember now. I can't stop the memory, oh god make it stop. The sound, the numbers, the people, all of it. I'm not supposed to remember, no-one was supposed to remember….

Monitoring equipment detects complete shutdown of cerebral activity indicating subject death. Medical staff can be heard attempting to revive the subject but cerebral activity does not resume for the remainder of the recording.

Dr. Shahid: OK, I think we can close the interview here. Excellent work Ms Sadana, the information we've attained here is invaluable. There are several others who've responded well to the mnestic that I want interviews conducted with as soon-

SCP-3274-872: [MEMETIC HAZARD REDACTED]

Dr. Shahid: What the hell was that? Get her sedated now.

Ms Sadana: Amira please, I need you to-

The remainder of the recording is unintelligible, largely consisting of screams of pain and unidentified high frequency sounds. Following the death of all attending staff emergency procedures were activated and the room was flooded with high pressure irradiated dihydride which was then ignited, incinerating the room's contents. Termination has been assumed to be successful.
<End Log>

Footnotes
1. Pancreatitis, nausea, seizures, death.
2. No record of Site Gimel-Thaumiel exists in Foundation databases.

SCP-3275: Excuse me, this is the wrong pizza.

Item #: SCP-3275

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Any manifestations of SCP-3275 are to be closely monitored; currently the Foundation is to allow SCP-3275 to occur so long as the phenomenon manifests exclusively under specific controlled conditions.

All instances of SCP-3275-1 that come to Foundation attention are to be confiscated for analysis and subsequently disposed of using designated anomaly-byproduct receptacles. Any instances of SCP-3275-1 ordered by assigned personnel are to be delivered to a facility owned by the Foundation (see general procedure below).

Level-2 or higher security clearance is required for experimental handling of SCP-3275-1 instances. Personnel interacting with SCP-3275-1 are required to wear a Level A hazmat suit or similar PPE while the pizza box in question is open. Personnel assigned to SCP-3275 are to make note of any SCP-3275-1 instances that deviate significantly from reasonable expectations, and report such incidents to the SCP-3275 Project Head.[1]

SCP-3275-2 is currently allowed to maintain employment at Pizza.[2] SCP-3275-2 is not to be given any delivery orders involving unauthorized customers. Should a particularly hazardous instance of SCP-3275-1 manifest, SCP-3275-2 may be detained for questioning or additional cautionary action.

The general procedure for ordering and receiving a delivery of SCP-3275-1 occurs as follows:

- A secure phone call[3] from a Foundation-owned non-site building is made to the Pizza dining establishment SCP-3275-2 is employed at,

requesting a pizza delivery. SCP-3275-2 is specified to be the deliverer. Any toppings noted in the order may be determined by the Foundation researcher who will perform analysis of the generated SCP-3275-1 instance.

- An instance of SCP-3275-1 will be delivered to a Foundation-owned facility equipped with biological containment capabilities; security guards are to allow SCP-3275-2 entrance to the facility upon confirming identity via CCTV cameras. SCP-3275-2 will deliver the instance to a security station. Security personnel have been instructed not to make direct physical contact with the cardboard box containing the instance of SCP-3275-1.

- A designated Foundation staff member will intercept SCP-3275-2 and exchange the instance of SCP-3275-1 for the standard payment for the corresponding non-anomalous pizza variant, as per the Pizza menu. SCP-3275-2 is to vacate the premises as quickly as possible without raising suspicion.

- The intercepted instance of SCP-3275-1, remaining in its cardboard carrying box, is to be transferred to a chemical experimentation room; from this point, only researchers assigned to SCP-3275 may handle the instance. Said researchers will analyze and prepare documentation of the instance of SCP-3275-1, which is to be subsequently disposed of in accordance with its composition.

Description: SCP-3275 is a recurring anomalous phenomenon that affects commercially-produced pizzas delivered by individual (designated as SCP-3275-2). Pizzas affected by SCP-3275 are referred to as instances of SCP-3275-1, and have been noted to differ in the extreme from orders placed by customers; specifically requested toppings will be absent, and explicitly unwanted ones will

be present.

Furthermore, instances of SCP-3275-1 might possess some sort of unpalatable addition to the pizza, including excess of toppings not ordered by the recipient, variants of standard pizza ingredients giving off unpleasant odors, and inedible objects embedded into the pizza. (Addendum 3275-A contains various experiment logs with examples of different SCP-3275-1 manifestations.)

SCP-3275-2 ( ) is a non-anomalous human male, who is 22 years of age as of - - . SCP-3275-2 stands 1.81 meters tall, and weighs 68.5 kilos; a mugshot is available upon request (contact the Project Head for such details) for Foundation employees assigned to SCP-3275. It is noted that SCP-3275-2 frequently appears sloppily-dressed or seems to be suffering from lack of sleep. SCP-3275-2 is currently employed as a pizza delivery-person for Pizza, and at present has held this position for 3 months. It is noted that every pizza SCP-3275-2 has delivered following Foundation intervention has invariably become an instance of SCP-3275-1.

Security camera footage retrieved from SCP-3275-2's workplace seems to indicate that the SCP-3275 anomaly manifests at some point following SCP-3275-2 receiving a pizza for delivery, and preceding said delivery to the customer who placed the order. SCP-3275-2 has been recorded receiving correctly-prepared pizzas from the kitchen staff, confirming delivery to the correct addresses. The retrieved store footage further indicates that SCP-3275-2 does not interfere with or sabotage any pizzas given to him. SCP-3275 has not been recorded to affect any other delivery staff of Pizza, and SCP-3275-2 insists that no other anomalous activity has occurred to him at any other point in his life.[4] It is unknown at which point in time during the delivery process SCP-3275 actually occurs.

Presently, the consensus regarding SCP-3275's range of effect is up for debate. Recent analyses of SCP-3275-1 instances have shown a certain degree of instability in SCP-3275 manifestations, suggesting that there is reason to be wary of further unpredictable variation concerning the anomaly and its range of occurrence.[5]

Addendum 3275-A: Selected excerpts of notable incidents and experimental logs.

Show Incident and Experimental Log excerpts

Incident Log 3275-000

> **Date:** (- -)
> **Ordered:** Pepperoni pizza with extra cheese.
> **Delivered:** Ham pizza with mushrooms.
> **Notes:** This incident brought SCP-3275 to the Foundation's attention. The order was made from the home of Dr. O'Nelly (a Research Assistant assigned to Site-76), who upon receiving the delivery was subjected to SCP-3275-2's complaints of the recurring problem. O'Nelly requested that SCP-3275-2 be brought in for questioning by the Foundation, after calling Pizza to confirm SCP-3275-2's claims.

Experiment Log 3275-002

> **Date:** (- -)
> **Ordered:** Sausage pizza with olives, mushrooms and cheddar.
> **Delivered:** Tuna pizza with garlic, asparagus, basil and mozzarella.
> **Notes:** SCP-3275-1 instances confirmed to not necessarily contain the same number of toppings as requested in the order.

Experiment Log 3275-004

> **Date:** (- -)
> **Ordered:** Pizza with nothing on it, aside from the standard tomato sauce bottom layer.
> **Delivered:** Pizza crust with eggs and meatballs spread over it. A shredded rubber glove was also present, lying in the center of the pizza.
> **Notes:** While the tomato sauce was usually present by default, it seems that explicitly asking for the sauce caused it to be absent

here. The glove, as noted by SCP-3275-2 (who was also sneezing profusely), seemed to be "just another fucking thing that would make me look bad on the worst days".

Experiment Log 3275-010

Date: (- -)
Ordered: Sausage pizza with pineapples and eggplant, no $100 bills.
Delivered: Pepperoni pizza with hot sauce and seven $100 bills, all burnt, crumpled or ripped to the point of being useless. No serial number could be identified from the bills.
Notes: SCP-3275-1 instances can contain non-food toppings, which manifest as if prepared like regular, edible ingredients.

Experiment Log 3275-012

Date: (- -)
Ordered: Pepperoni pizza with olives and blue cheese.
Delivered: Ham pizza with bell peppers and liquid diphenadione[6].
Notes: This is the first time SCP-3275-1 manifested a topping unsafe for human consumption. The cooks at Pizza report that they do own 'a container of *KillRat*', a brand of rat poison. SCP-3275-2 noted to have appeared particularly ill upon delivery of this pizza, prompting intervention by Foundation personnel. SCP-3275-2's living conditions were noted to be hazardous due to unwashed laundry, undisposed trash, and buildup of mildew near windows.

Experiment Log 3275-013

Date: (- -)
Ordered: Ham pizza with pineapple and red

peppers.
Delivered: Ham pizza with pineapple and red peppers.
Notes: Prior to returning to work, SCP-3275-2 noted that he "finally got around to" cleaning his apartment and responding to utilities bills he had neglected. SCP-3275-2 was noted to have shaved his facial hair and improved his personal hygiene regimen as well.

Experiment Log 3275-019

Date: (- -)
Ordered: Cheese pizza.
Delivered: Cheese pizza with excess quantity of tomato sauce.
Notes: SCP-3275-2 observed to have been regressing to previous health-hazardous behaviors, most notably neglecting personal hygiene. Provision of additional intervention was discussed and deferred for the time being.

Experiment Log 3275-025

Date: (- -)
Ordered: Cheese pizza.
Delivered: Sausage pizza covered with *Camponotus* sp. (carpenter ants). Closer inspection revealed all ant specimens to have been infected by a radioactive variant of the insect-pathogenising fungus *Ophiocordyceps unilateralis*.
Notes: At time of delivery, SCP-3275-2 was noted to have a severe cough. Investigation of SCP-3275-2's apartment uncovered an unpaid electricity bill and a cabinet filled with inexpensive "instant meals" and dirty disposable plastic utensils. Foundation intervention reinstated; SCP-3275-2 given access to therapy and a regular apartment cleaning service.

Due to SCP-3275 manifestation seemingly being related to SCP-3275-2's lifestyle, provision of health and career counseling to SCP-3275-2 has been proposed.

Addendum 3275-B: Foundation personnel performed regular interviews upon initial contact with SCP-3275-2. The first of these interviews is below.

Show Interview 3275-1- -

Interviewed: SCP-3275-2
Interviewer: Dr. Ganz
Foreword: Interview conducted on - - , date of Foundation personnel's first in-person contact with SCP-3275-2.

<Begin Log, 15:40:38>

Dr. Ganz: Alright, I know we introduced ourselves to one another right before this, but I need you to state your name for the record, please.

SCP-3275-2: Oh, uh…right, .

Dr. Ganz: Last name too, please.

SCP-3275-2: Oh, shit, I didn't know I had to man, sorry. It's .

Dr. Ganz: Thank you. So, you know what this interview is about, right?

SCP-3275-2: Man, me and those fucking pizzas, man. It's shitty for me too, honestly. Though I don't really get why this all is necessary, no. Like, what are you, like a cop? This feels like I'm really, like, being detained or something.

Dr. Ganz: Right now we really just need you to answer some questions. You're not currently

being accused of anything.

SCP-3275-2: Alright, 'cause I swear dude, I'm *not* messing with the pizzas. I *swear*. It's like I'm being, like, sabotaged or something. I don't think I've gotten a single one right.

Dr. Ganz: Not one? Since the first day you worked there?

SCP-3275-2: Not a single fucking one. And this *just* happens to me, 'cause like, I asked my colleague , and he's had, like, *no* problems like this. No one else that I asked did. Is someone out to frame me for something? Again, I don't really know what this, like, place is, but you gotta find a way to fix this, man. Why does this only happen to me?

Dr. Ganz: Right, so you have no idea what causes this, correct?

SCP-3275-2: I swear, my man, I don't. This thing, like, *only* happens when I deliver on the job. If I, like, pass my friend a box of chocolates, the chocolates don't change, know what I mean? Because he didn't order them. Though I don't know if it would happen with chocolates at all. I've only ever done pizza delivery.

Dr. Ganz: So it's pizza delivery specifically that seems to be the problem here. Is there anything odd about this job in particular then? Anything that stands out to you in your memory that could be of relevance?

SCP-3275-2: Nothing, man. This is the most, like, basic job ever. In fact, it being so fucking low-tier is why my mom hated it.

Dr. Ganz: You're using past tense. About your mom.

SCP-3275-2: Yeah, she passed away right before I started on my first day at this job.

Dr. Ganz: I'm sorry to hear that. She hated this job, you said?

SCP-3275-2: Well, it's like…she always thought I could do better, know what I mean? That I'm 'underperforming' by getting a job like this. That I, like, should aim higher or something. Thing is, I'm an adult, you know? I can make the choices about my own life. I'm not, like, living the dream or anything, but I could be happy where I'm at. But my mom used to tell me that, like, I should always be looking for what more I can do and stuff. How to, like, keep getting better.

Dr. Ganz: Did your mom mean a lot to you?

SCP-3275-2: She did…and like, I'm really sad that she's gone, it's just…she was just so on my back all the time, you know? ' , clean this. , fix that. , go run some more errands.' Like there was always something else I had to do. Always more to worry about. Couldn't catch a break ever.

Dr. Ganz: You lived with your mom then, seeing as she told you when to clean up?

SCP-3275-2: I did. Judge all you want, but like, I've just always been short on cash. That's why I have to even have this shitty job in the first place. And I can't even get that right. Finding the job was hard enough but now this? And I've still got, like, bills and stuff.

Dr. Ganz: Alright, that will be all then. Thank you.

SCP-3275-2: No, wait, I have, like, a ton of things to ask about this, man. Is it really true that you're paying my boss to not fire me?

Dr. Ganz: We can discuss further questions off-record.

<End Log, 15:43:21>

Discussion is underway regarding allowing SCP-3275-2 to transfer employment to a Foundation-owned catering company. Revision of containment procedures and allocation of specialty housing for SCP-3275-2 is pending.

Footnotes
1. Currently, Dr. Alex Ganz. Additionally, SCP-3275-2 has been provided with Dr. Ganz's contact information, and is also allowed to report incidents related to SCP-3275.
2. The employers of SCP-3275-2 have been made aware that the Foundation regularly requests delivery specifically by SCP-3275-2, and have agreed to comply with Foundation activity in exchange for monetary compensation.
3. Authorized researchers may request the phone number for Pizza from the SCP-3275 Project Head.
4. For transcript of the full initial interview, see Addendum 3275-B.
5. See also Addendum 3275-A for notable incidents and experiment log excerpts.
6. A rodenticide, toxic to humans.

« SCP-3274 | SCP-3275 | SCP-3276 »

SCP-3276: Young Successful Independent Self-Employed CEOs

Item #: SCP-3276

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation web crawlers have been trained to detect and take down mentions of and advertisements for The Healing Company on social media websites. Posts made by personal or business accounts are to be tracked, and the poster, as well as their extended family and social circle, are to be investigated for instances of SCP-3276-1.

Upon finding a subject, or a group of subjects, affected by SCP-3276 and pregnant with SCP-3276-1, Foundation operatives are to cut off all access to communication between subjects and SCP-3276. Traditional amnestic techniques have been found to be harmful to pregnant and postpartum subjects[1]; instead, Foundation operatives are to form a support group under the cover of being fellow victims of multi-level-marketing schemes and offer civilian therapy techniques until SCP-3276's effects have mitigated such that subjects may make a conscious decision on SCP-3276-1. Survival rate for SCP-3276-1 subjects treated with this technique is upwards of 80% in the early months of pregnancy; however, survival rate rapidly worsens after the 8th month of pregnancy due to time constraints, lowering to 9% in subjects discovered at their 10th month of pregnancy.

Since SCP-3276-1 instances display no further anomalous properties after being birthed, subjects are allowed to keep the instance as they see fit. Cover stories regarding sexual encounters are to be disseminated across friends and relatives of the subject; in the case of pregnancy that would have been anatomically impossible without SCP-3276, friends and relatives of the subject are to be convinced to attend support group family meetings, then

surreptitiously amnesticized.

Description: SCP-3276 is a multi-level marketing company by the name of The Healing Company. SCP-3276 sells a variety of ostensibly health-oriented products, many of which have little to no scientific evidence to support their claims of health benefits. Examples include bottled alkaline water, essential oil diffusers for aromatherapy, and meal replacement shakes with a variety of plant extracts.

SCP-3276's anomalous effect manifests within a variable amount of the subject's initial purchases of bulk product from The Healing Company, sometimes as early as their first purchase. Upon completion of the order, the subject becomes pregnant (the corresponding fetus is hereby dubbed SCP-3276-1). If the subject does not have a uterus, they will manifest a uterus-like organ which SCP-3276-1 will inhabit, receive sustenance through and grow in. SCP-3276-1 is an identical genetic clone of the subject. Pregnancy with SCP-3276-1 proceeds normally until the approximate date of birth, upon which point SCP-3276-1 will not undergo the process of natural childbirth at any point, regardless of whether or not the subject possesses the necessary anatomy.

As SCP-3276-1 continues to grow within the subject's body, it damages them according to the increase in SCP-3276-1's size and nutrition requirements. Death will occur if subject is left unattended for an extended period of time under the effects of SCP-3276; the most common cause of death is malnutrition. When confronted with proof of the pregnancy's anomalous length and negative effects upon their health, subjects will insist that it is a consequence of lack of a variety of pseudoscientific supplements. Subjects will then attempt to compensate this perceived issue by purchasing more product from SCP-3276, while continuing to market the virtues of said products and attempting to sell them as far as their condition will allow them to. If forced to undergo surgical childbirth or abortion, and/or upon being separated from SCP-3276 products, subjects become depressed and despondent to the point of lacking the energy to perform basic self-maintenance routines; this depression, though potentially lethal, has been found to be largely mitigated if the subject is allowed to make a decision regarding SCP-3276-1

upon being separated from SCP-3276 products for a lengthy period of time.

SCP-3276 spreads by both word-of-mouth and aggressive marketing campaigns on social media websites. This marketing contains no anomalous propagation properties, and primarily targets widowers, divorcees, spouses of military personnel and young women in the United States of America with an income averaging $12,500 a year. Attempts to communicate with the contact information provided in SCP-3276's advertisements have proven unfruitful, with all queries except explicit interest in becoming a contractor being summarily ignored. Interrogation with subjects of SCP-3276's effects have so far revealed that none of them have met an executive for The Healing Company in person, and all referrals, when provided, have only led to other subjects affected by SCP-3276.

Recovery Log 3276:

> SCP-3276 was initially detected by Agent Rodríguez in March of 2015 in , Kansas, as it affected her acquaintances accrued during her deployment in a civilian cover. Initial containment was established under the belief that SCP-3276 propagated memetically.
>
> Nine civilian subjects were found to be affected by SCP-3276-1, with pregnancy terms varying from eight to eleven months. All subjects' homes were in a state of varying disrepair due to most of their daily routine being comprised of self-maintenance through the utilization of products from The Healing Company. Subjects universally suffered from malnutrition, chronic fatigue, irritability and had become isolated from their friends and family. Subjects pregnant from nine months onward had difficulties moving and presented muscle mass atrophy from carrying pregnancy weight without satisfying the corresponding nutritional requirements; subject at eleven months of pregnancy was incapable of moving on her own, and presented a constant state of distress from the resulting lack of capability to self-apply The Healing Company products.

Civilians were treated with standard antimemetics and a series of cesarean surgeries; only two of the affected subjects survived the treatment. Agent Rodríguez was initially quarantined with the two survivors due to symptoms associated with isolation from SCP-3276, but was later released after it was determined that SCP-3276 lacks anomalous memetic capabilities.

Agent Rodríguez requested a short leave upon exiting quarantine, citing the loss of her civilian acquaintances to SCP-3276 as grounds for bereavement. Upon examination by on-site therapists, she was determined to be suffering from major depressive disorder and post-traumatic stress disorder, and was instead granted extended medical leave on the condition that she attend a weekly therapy session.

Footnotes
1. Variants on amnestic treatments currently pend authorization for research by a Foundation and civilian joint research team.

SCP-3277: Speak Softly And Carry A Big Stick

Item #: SCP-3277

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All seven instances of SCP-3277 are to be held in a high-value storage locker at Site-76 when not in use. Each instance is to be securely affixed with a GPS tracking tag to enable rapid recontainment in the event an instance is stolen or translocated during testing.

Research with SCP-3277 may only be conducted with permission from the Site Director, and experimentation must be overseen by a senior member of the Department of Thaumatology. To minimize the risk of collateral damage, all experimentation with SCP-3277 must be conducted at Site-76's bombing range.

Description: SCP-3277 are a set of seven lacquered wooden walking sticks, ranging in height between 150cm and 175cm, with an average diameter of approximately 3cm. The type of wood used to make SCP-3277 is unknown, although genetic analysis has indicated a close resemblance to the *Salix* genus[1]. The wood tissue is reinforced by what appear to be naturally occurring carbon nanotubes, resulting in uncharacteristic (though non-anomalous) strength and dark colouration.

Aetheric Resonance Scans have revealed that instances of SCP-3277 generate significant amounts of elan vital energy, or **EVE**[2]. Additionally, all seven instances of SCP-3277 are deeply engraved with numerous sigils, believed to be thaumatological in nature. It has been suggested by Foundation thaumaturgical experts that each sigil corresponds with a spoken invocation, and that uttering said invocation whilst holding an instance of SCP-3277 will produce corresponding anomalous results.

As the sigils inscribed upon SCP-3277 do not correspond to any

known thaumatological system, Foundation thaumaturgical staff have provided an extensive list of possible invocations for testing purposes.

Testing has revealed that SCP-3277 instances produce erratic and inconsistent results when used as thaumaturgical aids. See the abridged test log for more details.

Abridged Experiment Log 3277:

Test # and Subjec	Attempted Invocation	Results
SCP-3277-A, Test #14, Junior Researcher Emmerson	Recites an invocation intended to grant them good health.	Researcher Emmerson became violently ill; uncontrollably secreting sweat, tears, blood, mucus, vomit, urine and excrement. An IV drip and later a blood transfusion were needed to prevent death. Upon recovery, it appeared that Researcher Emmerson's body had been completely purged of all potential pathogens and toxic agents. As a result of this test, the Site Director suggested that test subjects be switched to D-class, but Dr. Katherine Sinclair insisted only thaumatologists be used.
SCP-3277-B, Test #34, Junior	Recites an invocation intended to produce a	Spell produced approximately half a

Researcher Emmerson	meal fit for a king'.	kilogram of apple seeds. Each subsequent test produced seeds from a different species of apple.
SCP-3277-C, Test #52, Junior Researcher Emmerson	Recites an invocation for lighting a candle.	Researcher Emmerson was immediately engulfed in flames. Though the fire was quickly put out by attendants, Emmerson did suffer severe first and second-degree burns and was placed on medical leave to recuperate. At this point, the Site Director overruled Dr. Sinclair and testing was switched to D-class subjects.
SCP-3277-D, Test #01, D-7821	Before reciting the approved invocation, D-7821 utters 'Oo ee oo ah ah ting tang walla walla bing bang' of his own accord.	D-7821 was immediately empowered with Level III[3] reality bending and proceeded to wreak havoc throughout the area. Fortunately, numerous Site-76 security personnel had been previously certified by Dr. Clef to handle **Reality Benders**, and they were able to coordinate a distraction while Agent Withers terminated

		D-7821 with a direct shot to the head from behind. Testing was subsequently limited to only thaumatological personnel.
SCP-3277-E, Test #65, Researcher Meng	Recites an invocation intended to summon a dinosaur from the past.	A chicken enters the testing range from an undetermined origin and perches on Researcher Meng's head. Chicken was removed without incident, though subsequent tests resulted in it demanifesting from its cage and remanifesting on the testing range.
SCP-3277-F, Test #44, Thaumatologist Katherine Sinclair	Recites an invocation intended to raise an army of Golems from the Earth.	Numerous semi-humanoid forms attempt to rise from the surrounding soil, but none have enough cohesion to remain intact. Notably, all such forms repeated the phrase "Hi, I'm Olaf and I like warm hugs" in unison until they fully deteriorated. Subsequent tests produced no results.
SCP-3277-G, Test #72, Thaumatologist Katherine Sinclair	Recites a long series of incantations intended to produce limitless wealth.	Sinclair gains the ability to pull quarters out from behind people's ears, though this only works on

	each individual once.

Recovery: SCP-3277 was originally recovered during a raid on an MC&D warehouse in Hong Kong. It was initially found with two documents, designated documents 3277-01 and 3277-02.

Document 3277-01 is a laminated placard card printed in a cordial font in both English and Traditional Chinese.

> Made from Ravelwoods timber and carved by Darke's own flesh and blood, these sorcerer's staffs were originally branches of Dryad Groves in the Ravelwoods, gifted and blessed by the wood nymphs themselves in exchange for newborn babes. Ancient and powerful magic flows through these wands, augmented and focused by the esoteric runes etched into their bark. Whisper any of a number of time-honoured invocations, and the magic will be released to do your bidding.

Document 3277-02 is a handwritten note, found taped to the bottom of document 3277-01.

> Victor
>
> The story on the placard is bollocks. Mostly, at least. The staffs are made from Ravelwood branches, but Darke literally picked them up off of the ground while he was there, and he never went anywhere near any Dryad Groves. He gave them to me so that I could practice inscribing glyphs into a thaumaturgically reactive substrate.
>
> These sticks were just for practice and experimentation, and they're nothing any real thaumaturge would want. DO NOT SELL THESE TO A REGULAR. Wait for some wide-eyed trust-fund kid who just got their first invite to our showroom. The less they know about real magic, the better. You'll be able to unload these for six figures a piece easy.
>
> Iris

Footnotes
1. Willow Trees.
2. A force believed to be responsible for the Observer Effect in quantum mechanics and used to manipulate reality by various anomalous entities and objects.
3. It has since been speculated that D-7821 may have possessed latent reality bending capabilities that were activated by his exposure to SCP-3277.

SCP-3278: Mother Earth, Father Sky

Item #: SCP-3278

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3278 is to be sealed over with a concrete dome capable of withstanding impacts of over 490,000 newtons. Access by testing divers is to be accounted for.

The water immediately surrounding SCP-3278's dome is to be heated to a temperature of approximately 70°C. This is to be accomplished with three diesel-powered water-heater furnaces installed in the sea floor.

Vessel-3278 is to be permanently anchored above SCP-3278 to house testing staff and perform general surveillance.

Naval traffic is to be diverted from a 5 kilometer radius around SCP-3278. Any reports of extraterrestrial falling objects in close proximity to SCP-3278 are to be intercepted and explained as meteor showers.

Description: SCP-3278 is a tunnel extending exactly 402 meters into the sea floor at (9° 52' 2.8344" N 139° 3' 11.376" W). SCP-3278 is circular in shape, has a diameter of 20 meters, and tapers to a 2 meter aperture at the seafloor entrance. The limestone walls are polished and etched with shallow channels arranged in waved patterns. SCP-3278 possesses no known anomalies in and of itself, but is the center of other anomalous phenomena.

At the base of SCP-3278 is a large spherical chamber. In the center of this chamber is suspended a sphere of biological matter with a radius of 16.73 m. This entity, hereby referred to as SCP-3278-1, does not deviate in position, and attempts to move it by force are unsuccessful and usually result in superficial damage to its fragile exterior.

SCP-3278-1 is light orange in color, jelly-like in outer consistency, and is composed of a meter-deep translucent outer membrane surrounding a firm, fleshy core. Vein-like structures, which cover the outer shell, are filled with a pale purple liquid bearing cellular structures roughly analogous to blood cells. Genetic testing of tissue taken from the core of SCP-3278-1 reveals an approximate 60% overlap with the human genome, but the remaining 40% is completely unidentifiable.

At intervals ranging between one month and seven years between reoccurrence, extraterrestrial objects fall through the atmosphere and impact within an estimated 4 kilometer radius around SCP-3278. These entities, hereby referred to as SCP-3278-2, are previously unknown, presumably alien organisms. Anywhere from 22-295 instances of SCP-3278-2 have been recorded at a time.

SCP-3278-2 are aquatic in nature, and lack any apparent sensory organs. SCP-3278-2's biology consists entirely of a pale purple ellipsoid "head" structure conjoined with a long, muscular tail. Instances range from approximately 10-16 m in length and can weigh up to 195 kg. SCP-3278-2 is protected by a hard, mineral-like shell during flight that is shed upon contact with seawater. Genetic testing of SCP-3278-2's tissues reveal a similar 60-40% similarity with the human genome. The unidentifiable 40% largely matches SCP-3278-1, but deviates by 2%.

No instances of SCP-3278-2 have survived more than five minutes in captivity.

Upon impact, all instances of SCP-3278-2 will begin to swim vigorously using their flagellum toward SCP-3278. It has been observed that SCP-3278-2 are extremely vulnerable to both large predators such as sharks (of which there is a non-anomalously enlarged local population), and to temperature, dying in minutes when exposed to temperatures exceeding 60°C (this was initially discovered on 06/02/ , when especially warm summer currents increased the surface temperature to an inhospitable level). SCP-3278-2 also have very short lifespans, and the majority of instances die of natural causes before ever reaching SCP-3278.

SCP-3278-2 will attempt to access SCP-3278 through the aperture

in the seafloor. This is accompanied with difficulty, due to the smaller size of the opening. It is hypothesized that if an instance of SCP-3278-2 ever gained entry into SCP-3278, it would be at the cost of significant damage to its head structure. In most cases, multiple instances of SCP-3278-2 survive the descent, and jostle for entry.

No entry of SCP-3278-2 into SCP-3278 has ever been recorded. It is unknown if entry attempts were successful before Foundation discovery of 3278 on 12/05/ . The results of entry are completely unknown.

Continued research into the biological properties of SCP-3278-1 and SCP-3278-2 is recommended in order to predict the possible outcome of contact.

SCP-3279: Pareidolia

SCP-3279-1-A

Item #: SCP-3279

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All recovered SCP-3279-1 instances are to be shipped to Site-55 for storage. Instances are to be stored in standard humanoid containment cells; multiple instances may be placed in a single cell for as long as volume permits. Retrieval, transportation, and maintenance of all SCP-3279-1 instances may be carried out only by personnel suffering from severe congenital prosopagnosia.[1]

Due to the inherently low risk level associated with SCP-3279-1 manifestations, any instances deemed too costly for retrieval should be contained on site; premises are to be staffed by Foundation personnel and instances must be observed remotely at all times.

Global disinformation campaigns are to be maintained by Foundation personnel in order to obscure the true nature of SCP-3279. Any and all forms of social media are to be monitored for information regarding potential SCP-3279 events.

Description: SCP-3279 refers to an extraplanetary entity of indeterminate size, location, and origin whose existence was made known to the Foundation through a series of manifestation events found on the Earth or in its immediate vicinity. These manifestation events occur most frequently in densely populated areas, though they have been found in areas with density as low as 23 persons/ km^2.

SCP-3279 events all follow a similar structure. The first stage involves the creation of a host, an inorganic structure of natural or artificial construction. A variety of non-anomalous materials have been found to create suitable hosts: as long as the structure

somewhat resembles the shape of a human face[2], SCP-3279 possession will occur. In this stage, the manifestation lies dormant and remains non-responsive to stimuli.

The second stage of a manifestation event is the realization of the event by at least one person. Upon receiving human recognition, the host becomes inhabited by SCP-3279, resulting in an instance of SCP-3279-1. Though lacking a tangible form of its own outside of the host object, SCP-3279-1 instances have been confirmed by subsequent radiation and spectroscopy testing to have the ability to respond to external stimuli including auditory or tactile interaction.

Testing has confirmed the presence of a shared consciousness of sorts; stimuli applied during testing at Site-55 resulted in noticeable fluctuations in radiation levels surrounding a different manifestation in Park, approximately 77km away. Continued testing has supported the existence of SCP-3279, with each instance of SCP-3279-1 being an extension of a greater whole. As of yet, no progress has been made toward locating SCP-3279; with the confirmation of at least one lunar manifestation event[3], probes have been sent to search the interplanetary system for SCP-3279.

SCP-3279 was incidentally discovered during routine field testing of SCP- : abnormal amounts of electromagnetic radiation were found coming from a public garbage bin, which was taken into Foundation custody. After preliminary testing, the bin was given a temporary classification as an anomalous object before the collective nature of SCP-3279-1 was made clear and the object was subsequently reclassified.

No attempts at communication with SCP-3279 or any manifestations have yet been successful; prolonged exposure to SCP-3279-1 results only in a sense of paranoia, with test subjects often claiming to 'feel like they're being watched'.

Footnotes
1. The inability to distinguish human faces.
2. A phenomenon colloquially referred to as 'pareidolia'.
3. Designated SCP-3279-1-A.

SCP-3280: After the Storm

It is a dark and stormy night. You've spent the last several hours hiding in the broom closet with naught but the rank water of the mop-sink to sustain you. The chaos has long since died down. It's time to make a break for it. You slowly open the door.

Lightning strikes, offering a brief reprieve from the sullen darkness of the Site's empty halls. Stepping cautiously over the body of Dr. Cawthrone, you do your best to remain silent. There's no way of knowing how it hunts. Best to take every precaution.

In the distance, a blood-curdling scream drowns out the rolling thunder. It is mercifully cut short; the steady thrum of raindrops once again takes prominence. At the very least, you're heading in the other direction, to the security office.

Nichols is sprawled out backwards in his seat in front of the control center, gutted from throat to crotch, spilling viscera onto his lap that *drip, drip, drips* onto the linoleum. You slide his seat aside and enter your credentials into the terminal…

WELCOME TO SCIPNET DATABASE

Access file: SCP-3280

Accessing file: SCP-3280 Please wait.

Another flash of lightning, out in the hall. Your eyes dart towards the door, paranoid, dreading, anticipating. *It* could be anywhere.

File found.Opening 'SCP-3280 Clearance Level 0'

Note: Due to your clearance level, some information may be withheld or incomplete.

Item Number: SCP-3280

Object Class: [REDACTED]

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3280 is to remain in place at its point of origin in the defunct Johnston Labs and Pharmaceuticals Research Center, which has been seized by the Foundation. Containment Liaisons are in the process of devising long-term containment solutions for SCP-3280.

Should SCP-3280 reach the entrance to Sub-Level 2, the Site will enter a security lockdown, making entrance and egress impossible. Do note that this will also activate Blackout-Protocol: ensuring that no hazardous or sensitive information is broadcast from the Site. This will be necessary to prevent a full containment breach and failure of Third Mission (Protect) goals.

Description: [DATA EXPUNGED]

But of course. Despite the repeated assurances that your security upgrade was in the process of being implemented, you're still Level 0, and thus, effectively worthless as far as Overwatch is concerned.

The file though. Was that image even right? You've glimpsed the file previously - surely it… no. No. That cannot be right. No time to be worried about something so inane, however. You need to get in.

The faint *drip, drip, dripping* of Nichols reminds you of his presence. Gingerly, you finger about his body, feeling for his security lanyard in the dark. It's wedged beneath him, but you're able to slide it out and detach it from the loop. Thankfully, Nichols was the type of person to scrawl their password on the underside of their clearance card, as you discover upon turning it over in your hands.

You approach the terminal with renewed vigor.

WELCOME TO SCIPNET DATABASE

Security Clearance Level 2 - Accepted

Access Security Footage?

This is definitely helpful. You don't want to miss the opportunity to size up whatever it is that is out there. You need to see it with your own eyes.

y

Accessing…
…
…
Select the feed you would like to view:

Access: 2F Barracks

Researcher Jenson has hanged himself with a makeshift noose from a nearby bunk. A lightning flash illuminates a puddle beneath his corpse.

Access: 2F East Wing

Doctor Emmanuel stumbles listlessly throughout the darkened hallway. At the sound of thunder outside, he clutches his gut, and collapses.

Access: 1F Entrance

The first floor appears to be flooded. It seems that several people had attempted to break out through the front-door, despite the security measures rendering the site inescapable. As they are all face-down, you do not recognize the bodies in the water.

Access: Sub-Level 2

A man in an orange jumpsuit lay dead in the corner of

the basement. A pipe on the near wall has burst, and is steadily leaking onto the concrete floor.

Access: 1F Cafeteria

It is difficult to tell how many staff were present here. All that remains, aside from errant clothes bobbing about the surface of the water, is a pinkish slurry pooling under the windows.

It's the same all over the site. The dead and the dying, everywhere you look. Whatever caused this, whatever is lurking in these halls, remains to be seen. This isn't getting you anywhere, and it's getting harder to think. Or…

Access file: SCP-3280

Accessing file: SCP-3280

Note: Due to your clearance level, some information may be withheld or incomplete.

Item Number: SCP-3280

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: One D-Class personnel is to be deposited into Sub-Level 2 per week through Subterranean Access Point Gamma. They are to be presented with misleading information concerning the nature of SCP-3280, and instructed to progress to the lowest level of the facility. They are to be equipped with a flashlight, as well as a security baton for self-defense. An ultrasonic transmitter is to be sewn into their clothing, which will broadcast a frequency capable of drawing SCP-3280 to their location upon accessing the deepest area of the sub-level. This should to its preference for live prey.

Getting harder to…keep focus.

Failure to contain SCP-3280 in this manner will result in the full lockdown of Site-5[1] the site. MTF Iota-12 ("The Silencers") and **Tau-4 "Water, Water, Everywhere"** will be immediately dispatched to contain the threat. Should twelve hours pass without Overwatch receiving an "All Clear" from these teams, all Sites are to enact emergen inent XK-scenario.

Description: SCP-3280 is a sapient entity composed of a fluid physically identical to water, capable of travelling ~2.5 km/h. Non-anomalous water introduced to SCP-3280 will be incorporated into its mass, and removed samples prove to operate identically. At the time of its discovery, the entity was approx. 66.4 liters in volume; it is currently estimated to be ~2500 liters.

The entity is hostile to human life. SCP-3280 will seek out humans within its vicinity, forcing its mass into open orifices. SCP-3280 is also readily absorbed through the pores. The affected experience symptoms such as loss of motor control, weakening of the micturition reflex, visual hallucinations, and abdominal pain.

Almost as if on cue, you feel a churning in your own stomach.

SCP- plays claustrophobic behavior, violently expelling itself from confined spaces or containers; such as vials or test subjects. SCP-3280 will constrict its mass, lashing out in pressurized bursts exceeding 255 MPa - rendering all attempts of physical containment or transportation impossible. When not hunting living prey, SCP-3280 will attempt to exit the underground level it is currently contained within. Thus far, SCP-3280 has been kept away from the sub-level's entrance. It is believed that if SCP-3280 learns that it is sealed within the sub-level, it could

instigate a violent response from the entity, irrevocably breaking containment. SCP-3280's escape from the site proper would constitute an XK-cla
ario, once it becomes incorporated into the planet's water cycle. Contingency measures include

The roiling in your stomach becomes unbearable. You recoil backwards, away from the monitor. You drunkenly stumble, struggling against the thing inside of you, out into the hallway. The storm outside rages. Torrents of raindrops spatter across the windows. You fall against the wall, face pressed against the cool glass.

It is only in those final seconds, as water wells up to your throat and expands, that you notice the raindrops streaking towards your face, in defiance of gravity.

Footnotes

1. Personnel are to be reminded that there is noSite-5.

SCP-3281: [REDACTED BY AARS538]

Item #: SCP-3281

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: No method is known to prevent the spontaneous occurrence of subtype-A or T incidents of SCP-3281, and resource-allocation is currently prioritized toward the inhibition of SCP-3281 outbreaks.

All data related to SCP-3281 is to be added to the encrypted database of Autonomic Analysis and Response System 538 (AARS538). AARS538 is to have full and immediate access to all data from the Foundation's civilian-surveillance pathways. In the event that an outbreak is detected by AARS538, the system will dispense a set of unmanned aerial drones to the effected area, which will discharge either aerosol cartridges of Class-A amnestics (in subtype A incidents involving a radius of less than .5 km) or incendiary devices (in subtype T incidents or subtype A incidents involving a radius larger than .5 km). Foundation agents will only be dispatched by AARS538 when the outbreak has been judged as totally neutralized.

Members of Foundation staff who have been affected by SCP-3281 and any individual exposed to them are to be immediately transported to their facility's chamber-538. While detained there, the affected individuals will be exposed to Class-A amnestics while behavioral data is collected and processed by AARS538. The individuals will only be released when no signs of SCP-3281 are visible.

All data within AARS538's databases are to be autoencrypted to prevent the retrieval of files by any other system. In the event that the database is believed to be compromised, AARS538 will immediately self-destruct with the use of an internal explosive device.

Description: SCP-3281 is a class of memetic diseases that spread through the concepts of specific actions. Twenty-four strains are currently identified. If a human becomes cognizant of the process of performing one of these actions, they will immediately gain a strong compulsion to do so. The longer the individual resists this compulsion, the more severe the psychological effects will become. After 1-3 hours, this results in brain damage characterized by a progressive loss of cognition and self-control. No case has reported resistance against the compulsion for longer than 43 hours.

Individuals may become afflicted with SCP-3281 spontaneously by developing the idea of the anomalous action. SCP-3281 may also be contracted by processing a recorded description or, most commonly, by observing the action being performed by an afflicted individual. Once afflicted with SCP-3281, an individual can only be partially cured with the application of amnestics. While the compulsion and progressive aspect of the disease will be alleviated in these cases, brain damage will remain.

Three subtypes of SCP-3281 exist, designated subtype N, A and T.

SCP-3281-N describes strains that have been universally neutralized to prevent any spontaneous incidents.

Known strains of SCP-3281-N

SCP-3281-N-a

Previous subtype: T
Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* with a brand garden trowel.
Transmissability rating: D-
Spontaneity rating: C
Neutralization report: By Foundation intervention, brand garden trowels have been totally recalled, and all records of the product's existence have been removed. Individuals closely linked to the production of the product have been administered the appropriate amnestics.

Known casualties: 37 dead, 18 injured, 178 with permanent brain damage, 24 terminated

SCP-3281-N-b

Previous subtype: A
Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual covers the surface of their face with *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*.
Transmissability rating: C+
Spontaneity rating: C+
Neutralization report: *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*, the primary ingredient of *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* was rendered extinct, and all samples were destroyed.
Known casualties: 3 injured, 413 with permanent brain damage
Notes: Individuals who mistook *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* for *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* or other similar condiments were not afflicted.

SCP-3281-N-c

Previous subtype: T
Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual travels to the nearest populated area in a *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* model sports utility vehicle and uses the vehicle to injure or kill any pedestrians visible.
Transmissability rating: D
Spontaneity rating: B+
Neutralization report: By Foundation intervention, *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* model sports utility vehicles have been totally recalled, and all records of the vehicle's existence have been removed. Individuals linked to the product have been administered the appropriate amnestics.
Known casualties: 83 dead, 109 injured, 76 with permanent brain damage, 15 terminated

Notes: Only individuals who recognized the specific brand of vehicle used became afflicted by SCP-3281-N-c.

SCP-3281-N-d

Previous subtype: A
Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual performs a handstand and *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*.
Transmissability rating: B
Spontaneity rating: D+
Neutralization report: During routine testing performed automatically by AARS538, transmission of the strain no longer appeared to affect the D-Class subjects.
Known casualties: 5 injured, 35 with permanent brain damage
Notes: The conditions leading to SCP-3281-N-d's neutralization are still unknown. No declassification process is in place.

SCP-3281-A describes strains in which the threat of a severe outbreak or significant harm to human life is low enough that non-lethal methods are pursued.

Known strains of SCP-3281-A

SCP-3281-A-a

Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual gathers dirt in a *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*, carries it to their own bathtub (or shower if a bathtub is unavailable) and *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*.
Transmissability rating: B
Spontaneity rating: D
Known casualties: 212 with permanent brain damage.

SCP-3281-A-b

Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual performs a series of repetitive gestures lasting approximately two minutes which includes *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*.
Transmissability rating: C+
Spontaneity rating: B-
Known casualties: None
Notes: An individual must observe the entire two-minute action to become afflicted.

SCP-3281-A-c

Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual travels to a barn where no other humans are visible, climbs onto the roof and *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*.
Transmissability rating: F
Spontaneity rating: B
Known casualties: 1 injured, 1 with permanent brain damage

SCP-3281-A-d

Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual lays flat on the ground and *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*.
Transmissability rating: B+
Spontaneity rating: C
Known casualties: 1 dead, 23 injured, 63 with permanent brain damage, 1 terminated

SCP-3281-A-e

Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual travels to the nearest boat dealership, seeks out a customer service representative and makes a request for *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*.
Transmissability rating: B
Spontaneity rating: B-

Known casualties: 14 with permanent brain damage
Notes: Does not appear to occur in areas further than 138 km from a large body of water.

SCP-3281-A-f

Description of anomalous action: Variant of SCP-3281-A-b, with gestures including *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*, lasting up to four minutes.
Transmissability rating: C
Spontaneity rating: B-
Known casualties: 2 with permanent brain damage
Notes: An individual must observe the entire four-minute action to become afflicted.

SCP-3281-A-g

Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual repeats the phrase *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* to the nearest individual, and then stands completely still.
Transmissability rating: B
Spontaneity rating: C-
Known casualties: 10 with permanent brain damage

SCP-3281-A-h

Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual blinks their eyelids to form a pattern in morse code encoding *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*.
Transmissability rating: C
Spontaneity rating: C-
Known casualties: 1 with permanent brain damage

SCP-3281-A-i

> **Description of anomalous action:** The afflicted individual seeks out the nearest *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* and repetitively *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* until the *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* requires replacement.
> **Transmissability rating:** B+
> **Spontaneity rating:** B-
> **Known casualties:** 14 injured, 62 with permanent brain damage

SCP-3281-A-j

> **Description of anomalous action:** The afflicted individual writes the phrase *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* onto the surface of as many phone booths as possible.
> **Transmissability rating:** B+
> **Spontaneity rating:** C-
> **Known casualties:** 3 injured, 44 with permanent brain damage

SCP-3281-A-k

> **Description of anomalous action:** The afflicted individual collects and stacks *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* in a pattern resembling *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*.
> **Transmissability rating:** B-
> **Spontaneity rating:** C
> **Known casualties:** 2 injured, 113 with permanent brain damage

SCP-3281-T describes strains which carry a significant risk of severe outbreak or harm to human life. SCP-3281-T also includes any strains with abnormal pathology. All instances of SCP-3281-T are to be approached with lethal force.

> Known strains of SCP-3281-T

SCP-3281-T-a

Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual travels to the closest *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* and attempts to destroy the building by *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*.
Transmissability rating: C
Spontaneity rating: B+
Known casualties: 435 dead, 1024 injured, 10 terminated

SCP-3281-T-b

Description of anomalous action: *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*
Transmissability rating: A+
Spontaneity rating: D-
Known casualties: 142 dead, 11895 terminated
Notes: Containing all information relating to SCP-3281-T-b is of maximum priority.

SCP-3281-T-c

Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual seeks out an *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* and an individual within 25 months of their own age and brings them to a secluded area before *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*. When finished, the individual *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*.
Transmissability rating: C-
Spontaneity rating: D
Known casualties: 165 dead, 6 terminated

SCP-3281-T-d

Description of anomalous action: Two individuals are required for the transmission of this strain. The afflicted individuals stand

facing each other and *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* until only one is still alive.
Transmissability rating: B
Spontaneity rating: D-
Known casualties: 876 dead, 274 terminated

SCP-3281-T-e

Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual travels to the nearest area of high population density and immediately combusts through an unknown method.
Transmissability rating: A
Spontaneity rating: F
Known casualties: 947 dead, 12 terminated
Notes: Direct observation appears to be necessary for transmission. The origin of the strain is currently unknown.

SCP-3281-T-f

Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual travels to the nearest court house and *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* using a *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*.
Transmissability rating: B
Spontaneity rating: C+
Known casualties: 1295 dead, 18 injured, 167 terminated

SCP-3281-T-g

Description of anomalous action: *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*
Transmissability rating: C-
Spontaneity rating: A
Known casualties: 11 dead, 7194 terminated
Notes: Containing all information relating to SCP-3281-T-g is of maximum priority.

SCP-3281-T-h

Description of anomalous action: The afflicted individual climbs an object allowing them to stand at least 1.3 m above the floor or ground, and *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*.
Transmissability rating: C+
Spontaneity rating: C
Known casualties: 1271 dead, 349 terminated

SCP-3281-T-i

Description of anomalous action: The afflicted travels to *[REDACTED BY AARS538]* and *[REDACTED BY AARS538]*.
Transmissability rating: D+
Spontaneity rating: C-
Known casualties: 137 terminated
Notes: Progression of brain damage in this strain is associated with increased, rather than decreased, cognitive capabilities. It is unknown if this is conserved after an amnestic is applied.

[+HUMAN INVESTIGATION REPORT+]

SCP-3282: The Worm of Your Dreams

Item #: SCP-3282

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: The cave in which SCP-3282 currently resides in is to be restricted from public access, under the guise of a wildlife conservation effort.

A surveillance cabin accommodating three personnel has been established nearby, and is to be resupplied on a monthly basis. Personnel stationed at this cabin are to keep nightly dream journals, and upon noting the presence of SCP-3282-2, are to immediately report the manifestation to the closest Foundation base.

On the night of each full moon (approximately every 29 days), a specialized containment team is to transport one unconscious D-Class personnel member to the cave. The team is to deposit the D-Class individual at the mouth of the cave, and the following morning recover any humans who have been regurgitated by SCP-3282 at the same location.

Should an SCP-3282-2 manifestation be reported before the next full moon occurrence, the above procedure is to be carried out the night following the report.

Any former SCP-3282-1 instances are to be held in quarantine for three months, during which their brainwave patterns during sleep are to be analyzed twice weekly to detect any abnormalities. Any coherent speech uttered by these individuals while asleep is to be recorded and added to existing documentation to determine any repeated vocalizations. Should an SCP-3282-1 instance be conscious upon recovery, they are to be immediately interviewed for information regarding SCP-3282-2.

Should SCP-3282 manifest outside of its usual cave, Foundation

agents are to disseminate disinformation through social media and public information channels indicating that any damage caused by SCP-3282 is the result of natural disasters. Amnestics are to be administered to any civilians who happen to witness SCP-3282 directly.

Description: SCP-3282 is an abnormally large, terrestrial member of the species *Eunice aphroditois* (Bobbit worm), measuring 2.8 meters in diameter and approximated at a length of 11 kilometers. SCP-3282 currently resides in a burrow (measured at 13 kilometers long), opening at a cave near the base of the Gyala Peri peak of the Himalayan mountains.

When hunting, SCP-3282 will emerge from its burrow and attempt to seek out a human individual, which it will then attempt to swallow whole. SCP-3282 will then retreat to its burrow, and enter a period of stasis lasting approximately 30 days. Upon waking from this period of dormancy, SCP-3282 will then regurgitate the previously-consumed individual (designated as an instance of SCP-3282-1) and repeat the hunting behavior.

Observation seems to indicate that most recovered instances of SCP-3282-1 do not suffer any negative effects after being consumed by SCP-3282, except difficulty falling asleep during the first few weeks after regurgitation. In some cases, SCP-3282-1 instances have additionally exhibited mild short-term memory loss and personality changes (usually in the form of periods of flat affect[1] and non-responsiveness). These effects have not been noted to last longer than two months. SCP-3282-1 instances are recovered seemingly without having experienced any exposure to foreign bacteria or digestive fluids, and typically react to the experience as if having awakened from a short rest.

During periods of SCP-3282 stasis, humans in surrounding areas may experience recurring dreams involving similar themes and SCP-3282. Recorded dream content tends to focus on a "holy journey", usually involving the dreamer leaving their current location to seek out the Himalayan mountains. Some affected dreamers report finding a large city (designated SCP-3282-2) built into the mountains, populated by humans wearing clothing from various time periods. The city is bordered by tall stone walls patrolled by smaller

versions of SCP-3282.

SCP-3282-2 is described as a "city of builders", and all encountered humans are frequently remembered as being seen making additions or repairs to the city's infrastructure. Many of these contributions include miniaturized versions of well-known historical landmarks and monuments (e.g., the Hanging Gardens of Babylon and the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile of Paris).

Foundation research has determined that these dreams involving SCP-3282-2 correlate with the feeding cycle of SCP-3282. It is currently theorized that the dreams manifest when SCP-3282 is close to emerging from a stasis period and will soon seek new prey.

Addendum 3282-1: SCP-3282 was first brought to Foundation attention when a mountain-climbing team was attacked by it during an expedition. The team later reported the loss of one of its members and the "terrifying encounter with a giant worm" to a local news station, prompting Foundation agents to investigate the case.

Two Mobile Task Force teams were later dispatched, and upon locating SCP-3282's burrow, attempted to engage the entity after setting up preliminary defenses. Conventional weapons and tranquilizers were found to be ineffective, and SCP-3282 injured three personnel. However, SCP-3282 then regurgitated the previously-consumed civilian, in favor of then swallowing one of the MTF personnel members. A retreat was called, and the civilian, a Mr. , rushed to a Foundation facility to receive medical attention.

Mr. was extremely agitated and incoherent upon awakening, and was quickly sedated and kept on an IV feeding system for the remainder of the month. The MTF personnel who had encountered SCP-3282 later reported experiencing recurring dreams involving SCP-3282-2, and it was determined by Site Director that Mr. should be returned to SCP-3282 upon the MTF's following attempt to recover the lost squad member, to observe whether the action would have any corresponding effects on the dreams.

The MTF teams returned to SCP-3282's burrow, and upon laying the unconscious Mr. at the cave entrance, were greeted by

SCP-3282, which deposited the previously-lost personnel member on the ground, swallowed Mr. , and returned to its burrow.

A Foundation cabin was established near the burrow to monitor SCP-3282's activity. Approximately 20 days after Mr. had been taken by the entity, he was deposited at the cave entrance, and had apparently recovered from his previous agitation and incoherence.

Addendum 3282-2: Some former SCP-3282-1 instances, notably those with high Openness[2] scores in five factor model (FFM) tests, report remembering an "end to the dream" prior to first awakening after encountering SCP-3282. These individuals (tentatively designated SCP-3282-1A) consistently describe walking to the center of SCP-3282-2 and discovering a large, temple-like structure, with a single pedestal displaying a closed book resides in the innermost room.

Upon reaching the book and attempting to read it, SCP-3282-1A instances report being approached by a tall, androgynous humanoid wearing plated armor and an iridescent crown with five striped spires "pointing out like a sunburst", similar to the antennae of SCP-3282. The entity is described as having a solemn expression, and thanks the SCP-3282-1A individual for their contributions before the dream concludes. In roughly 15% of SCP-3282-1A cases, the contents of the book are remembered as the sentence, "Through building the broken are the disgraced renewed."[3]

In two recent cases, SCP-3282-1A individuals have also noted that the book contains artistic depictions of humanoids with insectoid features. Reported observations include a feminine figure with two feathery purple antennae, and a heavy-set entity with wings resembling those of a mosquito. A single short line of indecipherable pictograms, accompanied by an ornate circular seal, is present underneath several portraits.

Discussion has begun regarding the possibility of allowing Foundation researchers to train and volunteer for becoming SCP-3282-1 instances, to further the collection of detailed information about SCP-3282-2.

Footnotes

1. A severe reduction in emotional expressiveness
2. Described as a person's intellectual curiosity, creativity, and preference for novelty and variety.
3. Regardless of the dreamer's first language, the contents of the book will always be understandable.

« SCP-3281 | SCP-3282 | SCP-3283 »

SCP-3283: The biggest back yard in Boise

Item #: SCP-3283

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Site 874-Beta shall be monitored by at least two security personnel at each entrance. SCP-3283-1 shall be held shut with a wooden dowel 1.5 meters in length. SCP-3283-2 shall have a metal bar bolted across it to hold the switch in the ON position, and a locking cover shall be mounted over the top of the entire switch and switch plate. The supervising researcher shall hold the key.

Several personnel shall pose as a family, coming and going from Site 874-Beta on a schedule that reasonably impersonates that of a typical family. Additional research and security personnel shall come and go posing as house guests.

Description: SCP-3283 is a sliding glass door (SCP-3283-1) and light switch (SCP-3283-2) in the dining room of a house in Boise, Idaho.

When SCP-3283-2 is in the ON position, SCP-3283-2 behaves like an ordinary glass door. Entry and exit to the house are unimpeded and bring the user to the expected location. Switching SCP-3283-2 to the OFF position activates SCP-3283's anomalous effect, though this effect is not immediately apparent unless viewed during daylight.

When activated, SCP-3283-2 leads to an alternative version of Boise (Boise-3283). Boise-3283 experiences continual darkness. No moon or sun are observable, and the stars appear closer and brighter than in the "standard" Boise (Boise-Prime). The patterns of stars in Boise-3283 do not correspond to those found in Boise-Prime

Boise-3283 is identical to Boise-Prime in every way save that all

structures are completely vacant. While the outsides are painted and decorated as in Boise, the interiors have no flooring, paint, wallpaper, or any other adornment applied to the bare construction materials. Although there are no lights or appliances in Boise-3283's structures, electric devices brought by exploration teams do function when plugged into power outlets in these structures.

Outside the city limits of Boise-3283 is a dense boreal forest covering all of the planet so far mapped by the Foundation. The Foundation is not aware of any additional anomalous properties of Boise-3283. It has yet to be determined whether the alternate Boise is another dimension, a physical tranformation of our own planet, another planet, or some other anomaly.

SCP-3283 was discovered when the Boise Press-Gazette published an article describing a haunted house that had been abandoned repeatedly over the span of 3 years in the early 2000s. The article was forwarded to the Foundation by local sources, at which time the Foundation purchased the house and established the present cover procedures.

Test Summary:

> **Research log, Dr. Arcia writing**
>
> I volunteered for this spot hoping to find some fun spiritual phenomena. The Foundation will be glad to know that I am still batting a perfect .000 on discovering ghosts in my career. Right after we came into the house one of the MTF guys, Officer Smith, noticed that somebody had left the light switch by the back door on. When he turned it off the view through the door immediately went dark. I flipped it off and on a couple more times just to confirm what we were seeing.
>
> We requested a remote camera vehicle and a couple mapping drones and got to work exploring through the door with the light switch off. As far as we can see with these methods, all of Boise is there, but outside that there's just dense forest as far as we could fly the drones

and still get them back. The only break was a tiny clearing around the area the Great Salt Lake should be. We didn't see any animals or people. No sun ever rose despite these explorations lasting several days.

We've designated the anomaly SCP-3283. The door is designated SCP-3283-1 and the switch is SCP-3283-2. We've designated the alternate Boise as Boise-3283. Given the apparent lack of dangers, I'm requesting clearance from O5 to conduct manned surveys.

[O5 Approval granted. MTF-2525 ("Bailey Busters") to remain at Site 874-Beta as exploration and response team]

Exploration logs:

+ Exploration 1

3 members of MTF-2525 (Commander Villasenor, Officer Tennison, and Officer Smith) outfitted with standard short-range exploration packs, armament, video equipment, and radios. Orders to survey to edge of Boise-3283. Team remotely monitored by Dr. Arcia (hereafter "Base").

Base: Alright, we're clear on roles?
Villasenor: Basic survey. Explore city but do not go into the woods. We got it doc.
Base: No need to be snippy, you know procedure with this stuff, gotta double-check everything.
Villasenor: Yeah , yeah. Alright boys, let's go.
Tennison: I'm a woman. So are you, actually.
Villasenor: You know what I mean smartass. Alright, proceeding through SCP-3283-1.
Base: Alright, start with the first house directly to the north of this one. Enter and report.
Villasenor: Proceeding to first house.
Smith: Hey, look up! There's no moon!
Tennison: Stars are awful bright too.
Smith: Kinda creeps me out.

Villasenor: Focus, you're a professional! Base, we're at the house. Door's not locked, proceed?
Base: Proceed. Aerial surveys didn't show any heat signatures to indicate occupation.
Villasenor: Copy. Entering house.
Smith: It looks like fresh construction in here!
Base: Clarify, the video feed is too dark to make much out.
Tennison: I can take care of that. Just let me get my floodlight out of my pack.
Smith: What I mean is that outside everything looks just like it did back where you are, but inside everything's all bare concrete and drywall. Not even a switchplate on the power outlets. It's like somebody threw the house up, did the outside, then got the fuck out of dodge.
Villasenor: Language, Smith. Base, Tennison is doing a camera sweep with the spotlight. You picking it up?
Base: Yeah. I have to agree with Smith on language actually. Save the formality for your reports. Anyway, finish surveying the house and then proceed to the next.
Villasenor: Copy.
[NOTE: audio is interpersonal chatter between team for about 5 minutes. Video shows a sweep of the house.]
Villasenor: Base, we're done with the first house. Everything is the same as the front room. Totally empty and unfinished. Proceeding to next house.
Smith: Hope we see something interesting at some point.
Tennison: You don't think this is interesting?
[NOTE: recordings for the next several houses are similar]
Villasenor: Base, we're at the corner of the street now. It occurs to me that I should point out we haven't seen any vehicles parked

anywhere but all the signage along the road is here and immaculately clean. There's light posts too, but the lights aren't on.
Base: Copy. Continue along the same vector until you get to the treeline. No need to report unless you encounter something unusual.
Smith: You mean other than the fact that we're in a ghost town?
Villasenor: Cute. Remind me why you're on my team again?
Smith: Because I shoot guns real good, sir. And because you like me.
[NOTE: Tennison is heard chuckling]
[NOTE: The remainder of the search continues in much the same manner until the treeline is reached]
Villasenor: We're at the treeline. I'm not seeing anything anomalous, but the tree cover out there is *thick*. You can't even see a foot in with the starlight and our flashlights only get you about two yards more. I'm not seeing any signs of movement or light, not even a small animal, but all the same I'd like to come back now if you don't mind. Something about it doesn't sit right with me.
Smith: I don't know boss, there's something kinda mystical about the woods. It's almost like there's something out there waiting to meet us.
Villasenor: If that was a joke it wasn't funny. Base, we're heading back.
Base: Copy. When you get back, we're going to have some stuff waiting for you. We want you to test out the light posts, power outlets, and network ports observed in town. When you get here pick up the street light bulb, test lamp, and laptop. You'll test them next door.
Villasenor: OK. Back in a jif.
[NOTE: about 20 minutes of idle chatter as team returns.]
Villasenor: Alright doc, give us the test

equipment. Just FYI, you're buying the Red Lobster for making us stay out here longer.
Base: Red Lobster? Really?
Villasenor: You're in Boise, you got a better suggestion? And those cheddar biscuits are good.
Smith: Oh hell yeah!
Base: Fine, cheddar biscuits on me.
[NOTE: team reports that they climbed a lamp post and installed the light bulb. They had to smash the light cover to access the socket. The light is confirmed to have come on]
Tennison: Alright, we're heading into the house.
Tennison: I'm plugging the lamp into a socket now.
Smith: Lamp is on.
Villasenor: Wait, what's that sound?
Tennison: Ow!
Base: Report?
Tennison: The light buzzed and got really bright. Then it exploded a second later. It caught me in the hand.
Base: Can anyone confirm that? It actually exploded, she didn't hit it on accident or something?
Smith: Confirmed, it blew the heck up.
Base: Noted. Try the network ports.
Tennison: Way ahead of you Doc. We're plugged in and it looks like there's connectivity, but none of the websites I've tried seem to exist.
Villasenor: Listen, if you're making a magical dark world are you going to bring Yahoo or Reddit with you? Hell no. Try cnn.com or something normal like that.
Tennison: Fair. cnn.com is loading, but slowly. Looks like the connection is only about 56kbps. We can see the top of the banner image though.

Villasenor: Ok, what the hell Arcia? Is this a prank?
Base: Why? What happened?
Tennison: Well, the page loaded. apparently "CNN" stands for "Christ News Now".
Villasenor: Seriously, are you messing with us? Did one of the techs redirect the laptop to a fake CNN page?
Base: Listen, I'm not pranking you, but I'll have a senior tech examine the laptop when you get back. In the mean time, why don't you try foxnews.com? They seem like the sort to want a head start in the dark world.
Villasenor: Funny. Tennison, go ahead.
Tennison: OK, it's loaded. Fox News looks exactly the same. The banner shows today's date and the side poll is "Is the promise of an afterlife true?". 84% of respondents say yes. Same old Fox.
Base: Copy. Alright, I don't really have anything else for you to do. Get back here and turn in the laptop to Tech for analysis, then we'll get those cheddar biscuits.

Technician's Report:
[REDACTED]

+ Exploration 2 Summary

A second exploration was mounted with the intention of scouting the woods immediately surrounding Boise-3283. Commander Villasenor and officers Tennison and Smith were outfitted with standard expedition gear, radios, and remote video links. The exploration team scouted the woods to a distance of one kilometer from the perimeter but found nothing worth reporting. Dr. Arcia made the decision to recall the team and mount another expedition equipped for multiple days at a later time.

While the team was en route back to SCP-3283, a new

research assistant inadvertently switched SCP-3283-2 to ON while Dr. Arcia was out of the room. When he returned he turned SCP-3283-2 back to OFF but the video and radio links could not be re-established. The standby team was dispatched for rescue operations but could not find the missing team anywhere within 10km of their presumed return route.

The exploration team was presumed lost. Due to the potential for loss of valuable staff and the lack of useful data resulting from explorations, O5 has ordered an immediate halt to exploration of Boise-3283. Operations for Site 874-Beta have been refocused to containment of SCP-3283.

+ Please validate your O5-Level clearance to continue

Exploration 2

Commander Villasenor and officers Tennison and Smith were equipped with standard expedition gear for an exploration of the woods surrounding Boise-3283. The expedition plan of record was to embark on a route directly north, scout approximately 2km into the woods, then return along the same route. To ensure that any unforeseen anomalous effects didn't affect navigation, Tennison was attached to a steel tether that spooled out as she advanced. The tether allowed Dr. Arcia to determine if the team veered off course and provided the team a marker for the return route.

The following radio logs have been abridged where noted.

> **Arcia:** Ok, Tennison's all buckled in. Ready to go?
> **Villasenor:** Yeah.
> **Tennison:** Yep.
> **Smith:** Roger.
> **Arcia:** Fredo actually.

[NOTE: Villasenor groans audibly]
Villasenor: Alright, let's roll.
[NOTE: The team travels for approximately 20 minutes in silence.]
Arcia: Oh, by the way, I forgot to mention we have a new research assistant for this one. He's here to monitor the tether equipment. Say hi to Dr. Young everyone.
Smith: Hiya.
Tennison: Hi.
Smith: We can see the woods now and they're as dark and foreboding as ever. The stars are even extra close up and the light isn't making the visibility any better.
Arcia: What was that about the stars? They look even closer? Can you stop for a moment and take some high res footage of the sky?
Villasenor: Copy. Are you getting it?
Arcia: Yep. Hey, do you see Orion anywhere? This time of year Orion should be extremely visible in this part of the world but I'm not seeing it?
Villasenor: I'm not seeing it. Smith's shaking his head no.
[NOTE: Radio is silent for about a minute]
Villasenor: Hey! Smith, snap out of it! Stop standing there shaking your head.
Smith: Huh? Oh, sorry. It's no excuse for the amateur hour act, but you have to admit the number of little differences add up to be pretty distracting. This is nothing like the usual job for us. There's nothing hostile to put my focus on and I think it makes your brain sort of invent more abstract threats to take their place.
Villasenor: Ok, I feel that.
Tennison: Smith, honestly you acting all weird is freaking me out more than Boise-3283. You've been fidgety the whole way, not just now. Slow your roll and take a breath.
Smith: Right, right. Hey, can we maybe put

our headlamps on now? I feel kinda naked going in there with no light.
Villasenor: Good call, if melodramatic.
Villasenor: Arcia, we're moving back out. We'll report when there's something interesting.
[NOTE: The next several minutes are silent]
Arcia: Hey, I can hear twigs snapping, are you guys in the woods yet?
Tennison: Yeah, nothing interesting though. Just dark woods.
Villasenor: No signs of animal life though. We're the only thing other than wind making sound out here. Not so much as a cricket.
[NOTE: Several more minutes with only the sound of footfalls]
Villasenor: Alright, by my reckoning we're 1km in and still nothing.
Smith: What are you talking about? What the hell is that?
Villasenor: What is what?
Smith: That! 2 O'Clock, there's a flickering orange light. I'd swear it was a bonfire but it's moving. It's sort of bobbing side to side.
Tennison: Oh, I see it too!
Villasenor: It's gone now.
Smith: No, there's another one over there! 10 O'Clock I mean.
Arcia: OK, quiet. All of you hold still and tell me if you hear anything.
[NOTE: The team doesn't speak, but much fainter cracking of branches is heard on the audio feed.]
Smith: [whispering] I can see both of the lights now, and they look like they're getting closer. Are they torches maybe? I can hear footsteps.
Villasenor: [whispering] Maybe? If they are, 2 of whoever they are to 3 of us with only expedition gear is odds I don't want to play. I'm ordering a retreat.

Tennsion: [whispering] Dr. Young, I'm jogging back now. Engage the tether to spool up at my jogging pace.
Young: Copy. Done.
Smith: [whispering] Hey, are the footsteps getting faster?
Villasenor: [whispering] I think so. I just checked our six and the lights seem to be closing faster too. I'd say that if they're torches they're only 500 meters out now.
Smith: [whispering] We should run.
Tennsion: [whispering] Agree.
[NOTE: A loud snap is heard on the audio feed]
Villasenor: RUN!
[NOTE: The next several minutes are silent except the team's breathing and the two distinct groups of footfalls.]
Smith: Fuck, whatever it is back there just screeched like a god damned barn owl!
Tennison: I heard it too.
[NOTE: A screech is audible on the audio feed]
Young: That sounded close to you! How far out are you?
Villasenor: House is just at the edge of visual range. We're almost there. Where's Arcia?
Young: Don't tell him I told you, but he's in the bathroom. Nervous stomach. I'm going to smack the tether into fast wind mode, You're close enough that you shouldn't get too banged up and it will get you back faster. Grab onto officer Tennison please.
[NOTE: A loud crack is heard]
Young: SHIT! Shit! Shit shit shit shit shit shit!
[Arcia's shoes are heard thudding into the room containing SCP-3283]
Arcia: What the fuck happened? Why is it light through the door?
Young: I switched the tether up to drag them

back faster when they started hearing something screeching near them, but the tether snapped and smacked into SCP-3283-2!
Arcia: Well flip it back! Shit!
Arcia: Team, do you copy? Is anyone there?
Smith: I copy but Tennison and Villasenor just vanished.
Young: Their audio and video feeds are gone!
Smith: Fuck! What's that? I'm almost there, get ready to slam the fucking door behind me and hit the switch.
Arcia: Young, get on the door, I'll man the switch. Smith, count it down when you're 10 seconds out.
[NOTE: A screech is heard. Its volume causes crackling on the audio feed.]
Smith: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, HIT IT!
[NOTE: The door is heard slamming shut. Approximately one second later an object audibly impacts the door with a great deal of force. Gunfire, from Smith, is heard.]
Smith: FUCK! What the hell? God damn it!
Arcia: Smith! Smith! Hold your fire, I got the switch. Nothing else is getting through.
Smith: I'm going to make damn well sure.
[NOTE: The sound of Smith peeling duck tape off a roll from his pack is heard.]
Smith: OK, this shit stays taped in place. Got it? Arcia, is that your hiking stick over there? Jam it in the door. Make sure it won't open.
Young: I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Sorry.
Smith: You fucking piece of shit. Get over here.
[NOTE: Dr. Arcia's report shows that at this time officer Smith began beating Dr. Young until another team member could be summoned to restrain him.]

As a result of this incident, officer Smith was ordered to

immediate debriefing. Dr. Young was terminated from his position, given amnestics, and reassigned elsewhere in the Foundation. Dr. Arcia received a formal reprimand for leaving a junior researcher unsupervised, but was not removed from duty. He was ordered to perform comprehensive analysis of the video and audio from the expedition to determine the feasibility of rescue operations.

Exploration 2 debriefing notes and logs

Inventory of officer Smith's pack

- One standard field flashlight
- One standard field headlamp
- Standard backup sidearm
- 100 rounds of munitions
- Standard ration kit
- One personal utility knife. Engraving: "For Scout".
- Camera and radio gear.
- Duck tape
- Leather gloves
- Air filtration mask
- One personal collapsible baton
- Firestarter and tinder
- Flare gun and flares
- Binoculars.
- One copy of the Book of Mormon. Appears old, heavily noted.

By Order of O5

Due to anomalous nature of Book of Mormon (was not in pre-expedition inventory of officer's gear), book is designated SCP-3283-A and is to be transferred to forensic literary team for analysis.

Debriefing of officer Smith. Dr. Carlsbad, M.D. conducting, Director [REDACTED]

supervising remotely

Carlsbad: To begin with, tell me what happened in your own words.
Smith: It was supposed to be a standard recon. At first things were just like the first expedition I went on. Everything quiet, all peaceful. Only sound was the wind rustling in the trees. Honestly?
Carlsbad: Please, always be honest. Can you continue?
Smith: Honestly, I couldn't wait to get out there again. It's pure serenity. When you're out there, no voices but your closest team mates, it's bliss. You can really let your thoughts spill out and float on them. Back here? Sometimes you drown in them.
Carlsbad: So to start this mission, would you say you felt calm?
Smith: Absolutely. I had my two favorite ladies with me and we were going for a walk in the woods. That's as good as this job gets. And then the stars were wrong.
Carlsbad: What do you mean "wrong"? Can you elaborate?
Director: [through Carlsbad's earpiece] That information is need-to-know. Redirect your inquiry.
Carlsbad: Smith, sorry to cut you off. The details of the sky aren't relevant to me. Why don't you tell me how it made you feel?
Smith: Like the gravity turned off. I'm looking up, and I felt like my body was being lifted from the ground but my stomach was still stuck down there. For a minute, it's like I'd left Cap and Tenny behind and I'd been ascended to my own world.
Carlsbad: Like an out of body experience?
Smith: Kinda the opposite? Like, my body was leaving me and I was there with my girls. Like I

didn't need my body anymore. Then…
Carlsbad: Please, officer, continue.
Smith: Huh? Oh, sorry. Then I was suddenly back and everyone else seemed a bit concerned. I tried to pull myself together. My team needed me. We carried on and eventually we got to the woods.
Carlsbad: Tell me about that.
Smith: The woods felt like they were made of darkness. Like if you didn't bear your own light in, you'd be snuffed out by it. I requested that we get our headlamps on before we went in. I didn't want to be in a situation where I lost my flashlight and had to struggle through my pack in the dark for the headlamp.
Carlsbad: Did the headlamp make you feel safer?
Smith: Safe doesn't feel like the right word…
Carlsbad: Take your time.
Smith: More like, well…
[There are about 20 seconds of silence in the audio record]
Smith: Like protected. Like the desire to illuminate creates a barrier around you.
Carlsbad: And then you went in?
Smith: Yeah. It was fine at first, but once we got a ways in Cap realized there weren't any sounds. No animals, no bugs, no people. Just us crunching on twigs and branches. We were talking to base about that when I saw the lights.
Carlsbad: What did you feel when you saw the lights?
Smith: I couldn't tell what they were at first, but my body knew to be scared. When we realized they were moving we switched to whispering through our radios. When we started hearing twigs we got the hell out of there.
Carlsbad: Did these lights confer any type of

feeling to you? Like your headlamp did?
Smith: Yeah, I felt instantly that these were weapons. Like they wanted to break through my light and take me. So we ran.
Carlsbad: And they kept closing?
Smith: Yeah, and then the screeching started. Like a freaking barn owl.
Carlsbad: Tell me about when you lost contact with base.
Smith: Lost contact? What are you talking about? We just kept running.
Carlsbad: Interesting…
Director: [in Carlsbad's earpiece] The audio logs show a gap on the base side but none in his radio's local recording unit. Try asking about when he lost his team.
Carlsbad: Sir, that feels rather insensitive to do at this time. We need to approach the topic carefully.
Smith: What's going on doc? Who are you talking to?
Director: [in Carlsbad's earpiece] Use your best sensitivity but this is critical.
Carlsbad: Ok. Smith? Can you tell me about when you lost Villasenor and Tennison?
[Approximately 1 minute of silence. Some sobbing is heard at approximately 45 seconds into this period]
Carlsbad: Take your time son.
[Sobbing continues for approximately two more minutes.]
Smith: There's nothing to say really. We were running, and when we got in sight of the house I suddenly realized they weren't with me. I didn't even have time to slow down before I heard a screech practically on top of me and realized I couldn't stop to look for them or I'd be gone too.
Carlsbad: That must have been a difficult choice to make.

Smith: It wasn't at all. I'm going back with more guys and big ass guns as soon as we're done with this conversation. I just put everything I had into running and told the docs to be ready.The moment I got through the door I turned and opened fire in case they weren't ready. Young got the door closed in time and the bullets didn't even scratch the fucking thing. No anomalous materials my ass.
Carlsbad: You're going back? I don't see orders for that.
Smith: Listen, the only reason my feet found the power to get to that door was that they were going to turn around and get my girls back. They're not dead until they're gone. I need you to submit the request, I think. This is a psych eval isn't it? They don't have M.D.'s do the debriefings usually.
Carlsbad: We have everything we need. Why don't you go get some bunk time?
Smith: Sure, I'll do that.

Debriefing Report, Dr. Carlsbad writing

Smith is an intelligent young man with a flair for the dramatic in his speaking. He's emotionally and intellectually quite intelligent and has a gift for oratory. During our session he appeared to be of sound mind in spite of a normal and healthy grieving process.

Smith is extremely motivated by his emotions but channels them into surprisingly sound decisions with remarkable conviction. He doesn't seem like the sort who changes his mind easily. He was fiercely loyal to his lost team mates and although he made a proper evaluation of his situation while fleeing, he shows more hope than Director [REDACTED] as to the survival of his team mates. It's not really my position to say who I agree with.

Smith has requested permission to mount a rescue. In

my opinion he is of sound mind and able to make rational decisions, so I see no reason not to pass along his request. I'll leave it to the wise men upstairs whether they feel the lost officers are worth the risk.

Dr. [REDACTED] Carlsbad, M.D.

Rescue Expedition

By Order of O5]

O5 has determined that a rescue attempt is worthwhile. Officer Smith is ordered to take 5 men and heavy armaments into Boise-3283 and attempt to locate officers Villasenor and Tennison along the route of retreat. As a secondary objective, team should attempt to subdue or kill any of the torchbearers (to be designated SCP-3283-B) encountered and bring them back for analysis.

Officer Smith (designated Lead) was permitted to select five task force members to form an assault team. Officers Marcus, Johnson, Diaz, Seung, and Russel (designated 1 through 5) were selected and were outfitted with assault and retrieval gear. As a precaution, SCP-3283-2 was duck taped in the OFF position and a technican was readied to shut and bar SCP-3283-1 if needed. No tethers were utilized due to the undiagnosed failure on the previous expedition. Dr Arcia (designated Base) supervised.

Base: Alright, try to find your people. And remember, kill the hell out of anything else you find and bring that back too.
Smith: Damn straight. Let's move out!
[NOTE: a few minutes of silence pass as the team initially heads along the route still marked by the snapped tether]
3: Hey boss, it's scary quiet out here. What should we be listening for?
Smith: Listen for snapping branches and

freaky owl screeches. And watch for those damn torches.
3: Copy.
1: Hey, Lead, I got a pack over here on the ground. Looks like Foundation-issue.
Smith: Any tracks around it?
1: No sir, not that I can make out.
Smith: OK, so they break twigs but they don't leave tracks? Shit. Ok boys, I want headlamps on and guns ready for the rest of this trip. I do not want to get caught by surprise again. Mouths shut, ears open.
[NOTE: silence for several minutes]
Smith: Base, we're at the treeline. We're going to fan out and check for any disturbances in the trees or brush that could be an entry point.
Arcia: Copy. Be careful Joe.
Smith: Wish you would have said that last time.
[NOTE: about 20 seconds of silence]
Arcia: Well… please be careful anyway.
Smith: Copy. Boys, you see anything?
Smith: Everyone reports negative, Base. Ok guys, come back to my position and we'll enter from here.
1: Copy.
2: Copy.
4: Copy.
5: Copy.
Smith: Diaz, do you copy? Diaz! Anyone got Diaz?
1: I'm the furthest out to this side, I can see you and he's nowhere between.
5: Same.
Smith: Shit. I knew they weren't right.
Arcia: Who?
Smith: Cap and Tenny.
2: Wait, you saw them? Why didn't you signal?
Smith: Huh? No, didn't see 'em. I just, you know, kinda *felt* them when we came through.

Like they were telling me "it'll be ok, they don't need any more of you."
1: Ok boss, you're sure you're ok?
Arcia: This isn't really the time for psychology, but that's a pretty normal grief reaction. Smith, you sure you're OK to proceed?
Smith: Yeah, sorry. I'll get over it. Ok guys, let's go into the woods about 20 yards, then two of you will split to each side of me and go until my light is just at the edge of your vision. Then one more guy will break off and do the same thing. Then we'll go forward and try to drag up our people, or at least find some monsters to kill.
Smith: OK, Base, we're proceeding. Everyone, switch your radios to broadcast and report directly to the doc if you see something. Everyone else, if someone reports a sighting, converge on his position. Now move!
[NOTE: 2 minutes of silence]
Smith: I see lights! I'm not waiting for them to hunt us down this time. I'm going to them!
2: Hey, hold up! Shit, doc? He just took off without waiting for us to converge.
Arcia: Smith? Smith, respond!
Smith: The torches, Cap and Tenny are carrying torches now. They're not monsters at all, they want to show me their light! My light! I couldn't understand their speech before but it's so clear now.
2: Fuck. Guys, I'm taking the lead. Everyone run slant routes to close on Lead. That shrink was fucked himself if he thought Joe was ready for this. Don't worry doc, we'll bring him back too!
4: Hey, I'm pretty close to him and I'm not seeing any torches.
Smith: They're not for you. They're my light, they're my girls. My family. I have to take my place with them. You're dirtying this place!

[NOTE: Gunfire is heard and 4 is heard screaming]
4: I'm hit! He fired at me. Guys, he's lost it. Treat him as hostile. He might have done in the other two himself for all we know.
[NOTE: One more shot is heard]
Smith: I can see where they gather. They're so beautiful. They've left everything behind. They wear light now. This is our kingdom. My kingdom. They're waiting for me, around the heart fire.
2: His light just disappeared. Either he lost me or he turned it off. I'll keep closing on the last trajectory I spotted him on.
5: I just got to Seung. He's dead. Smith shot him right in the head while he laid there.
2: Cold, but we don't have time to worry about confirmed corpses. Keep trying to track down Smith.
[NOTE: Gunshots]
2: Russel?
2: Shit! Ok, Marcus, let's get the fuck out of here. Can't rescue anyone if we're dead. Start running and don't stop til you get to the door.
1: Copy. I'm running.
[NOTE: Approximately 2 minutes of heavy breathing]
2: Whoah! He just ran right by me! He's freaking naked! He's wearing like a crown made out of sticks or something like that. There's horns made out of sticks on it too. What the hell?
1: I see him, he's closing on me.
[NOTE: Many gunshots]
1: I fired at him but either I missed or they went right through him. He returned fire and I'm hit on the shoulder. Still running.
1 I'm down, he got me in the leg. I'll try to hold him off, get the hell out of here Johnson!
Smith: [faintly heard through 1's radio] I am

resurrected. I have dominion. I am the light and the bringer of light and the light is in me and mine. I protect mine and my domain.
[NOTE: A long exchange of gunfire]
2: I think I'm the only one left doc. Get the duck tape off that fucking switch and try not to flip it. Get ready. I'm in sight of the house.
Arcia: Copy. Do I hear gunfire?
2: Confirmed. He's a ways to my side but he's taking potshots. I can hear him shouting some kooky chant too. Something about light. He's closing on me way too fast. I should be in visual range of you in 10 seconds.
Arcia: Confirmed, we've got visual on you. Look out, he's right behind you!
2: Damn, I'm hit. My arm's dead, I don't think I can shoot back. Doc, I'm to the door in 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5.
Arcia: Johnson? Shit, he's here!
[NOTE: The slamming of SCP-3283-1 is heard]
Arcia: Shhhhhiiiiiiiiit. Let the…let the record show I flipped the switch just as what we presume to be Smith reached his arm through. Tech has shut and secured SCP-3283-1. Smith's arm appears to be adorned with geometric drawings in mud. There's a ring made of woven grass on his finger.
Tech: Whoah!
Arcia: OK, the arm just sorted of turned into a black chalk and sunk through the floor. It's totally gone.

By Order of O5

SCP-3283 is to be permanently transitioned to containment-only. SCP-3283-2 shall be bolted permanently off and covered with a locking security box. Perform the necessary tests to ensure SCP-3283-2 cannot be broken through by physical assault or gunfire, and determine the most direct way to bar the door

permanently

Literary analysis of SCP-3283-A

Object is a Book of Mormon, dating to approximately the same time frame as the estimated age of the house containing SCP-3283. It appears of ordinary make and wear for a book of its age, though no publication information can be found inside. It is extensively underlined and annotated in the margins. The notes are mostly interpretations common at the time, though the note taker does seem to take the conception of the afterlife rather more literally than his or her contemporaries.

The book is largely unremarkable in the standard sections aside from a few rather morbid sketch interpretations of passages found stuck into the book on folded loose paper. The most notable (and possibly anomalous) feature of the book is a new final section, titled "A New New Testament". It contains a single book, "The Book of Hezekiah", which tells the story of a man's journey into the afterlife, and a history of the events he experiences in the afterlife. Here's a brief rundown:

Hezekiah is an old man who has dutifully lived his life according to the teachings of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, but in the classic polygamist fashion. One day, while in prayer with his wives and children, he receives a testimony from God telling him he has earned his afterlife and laying out instructions on how he and his family will make the transition[1].

Hezekiah passes with his family through a portal and arrives in their afterlife. The text is unclear on whether they actually die first or simply get to go straight there. The book states that the afterlife is pastoral and "untainted by Mankind's depridations" save for a few familiar sights for the comfort of Hezekiah's family. At God's command, they seal the portal behind them.

According to the text, they make their home in the woods of their new world, where "they are never blind for they bear their inner light to illuminate all."

For a while Hezekiah and his family are at peace, but eventually they begin to feel lonely and wish for more people to join them in their afterlife. They want to hear new stories, have new friends, and grow their eternal family. Hezekiah feels that this afterlife is his dominion[2] and he makes the decision to unseal the portal.

God's wrath is immediate and painful. He turns them into "creatures as twisted up outside as within" and curses them so that "their light shall not illuminate but pervert all." The book comes to a rather abrupt close noting only that they flee into the woods to hide from God's wrathful eye and that they never again knew peace.

My conclusion is that this is not dissimilar from other apocalyptic texts in the Christian tradition. Similarly to books such as Revelation, it was written well after the rest of the work it accompanies and pays little mind to the language and formalisms of the rest of the work. If not for the rather strange way this came into our possession I'd categorize this as religious fiction or possibly outsider art. I'll leave it to the folks up top to draw the appropriate larger conclusions.

By Order of O5

This order is a requisition by O5 Administrator for SCP-3283-A. Given recent events, the Administrator feels the book warrants closer inspection. Perhaps Dr. Arcia got what he wanted after all.

Footnotes

1. [In the Mormon tradition, a faithful man is rewarded in the afterlife with his own planet to rule over where he will be joined by his family. This makes remarriage after the death of a spouse rather controversial in the Mormon community, as the doctrine doesn't clearly explain how the afterlife accounts for this situation.]
2. [This is a pretty justified position, actually. Mormon doctrine

describes the faithful man as a god of his afterlife.]

SCP-3285: creative comas

Item #: SCP-3285

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3285 is stored in a standard high-value containment locker in Site 73, and can be obtained with the approval of the current project head. Testing on any subjects other than D-Class requires the approval of the Site Director.

Following Incident 3285/007, testing on any subjects who have worked as intellectual property attorneys is now forbidden.

Description: SCP-3285 is an orange plastic medicine bottle containing between five and twenty-five orange pills (hereafter SCP-3285-A)[1] labeled "creative comas"; the logo appears to be a slightly altered version of the Creative Commons logo. One side of the label depicts the illustration pictured above, and the reverse side contains the following text:

> creative comas
>
> ENTERTAINMENT & EDUCATION DIVISION - Public Domain Protection Service[2]
>
> CCC COMPLIANT - A-P INDIVIDUALS DO NOT USE UNLESS MANDATED

When an instance of SCP-3285-A is consumed by a subject, it will initially display properties similar to non-anomalous sleeping pills; subjects typically lose consciousness within an hour of SCP-3285-A consumption. Afterwards, however, they will display symptoms consistent with a persistent vegetative state for between forty-eight and seventy-two hours; MRI scans conducted during SCP-3285 effect periods show no brain activity that would indicate the subject retains awareness.

Despite the medically verified status of subjects affected by SCP-3285-A, all nonetheless report having extremely vivid dreams that they can afterwards recall with near-eidetic clarity. All dreams begin with a visible white title card on black background covering the subject's entire perception, always consisting of the words "The Free Story of __". The contents of a given dream vary, but all make use of intellectual property that is in the public domain[3] or licensed under Creative Commons Attribution 2.0/3.0.

Subjects affected by SCP-3285-A do not require sustenance to survive, and will awaken at the conclusion of an SCP-3285-A episode without displaying any expected negative physical side effects such as dehydration, malnourishment, or muscle atrophy. Long-term effects of SCP-3285-A exposure vary, but usually consist of the subject expressing a greater desire to pursue altruistic or intellectual endeavors (see test log). No negative effects have been noted from repeated SCP-3285-A testing, and all subjects react to repeated uses of SCP-3285-A in the same manner as their first usage, albeit with a different dream experienced per each instance of SCP-3285-A.

SCP-3285-A Test Log

The following is a record of SCP-3285-A instances, as reported by test subjects.

Subject Information	SCP-3285-A Title Instance	Summary	Effects of SCP-3285-A Exposure
D-37245, standard subject taken from normal pool of D-Class. Subject is a 26-year old female with high school education and criminal convictions related to motor vehicle theft.	The Free Story of Mark Twain's Stupidity	An extended dialogue between writers Mark Twain and William Shakespeare, apparently located in an afterlife resembling the traditional Western version	Subject expressed a strong desire to read novels and requested reading material from researchers, despite showing no great interest in literature prior to the test. No

	of Heaven. Shakespeare angrily criticizes Twain for questioning the authorship of his plays, punctuating his outbursts with passages read out loud from Twain's *Is Shakespeare Dead?* (1909). Mark Twain responds with characteristic humor and wit, asking for Shakespeare to produce ready evidence of his authorship and defending his support of the Baconian theory. The story ends with Francis Bacon entering the scene and denouncing both Twain and Shakespeare as "silly dreaming children," saying that he considered the theatre a waste of time and would never	other long-term effects.

		have written plays. Shakespeare laughs at Twain's expense as the dream ends.	
D-37245, same as previous experiment.	The Free Story of King Lear the Author	Adaptation of William Shakespeare's *King Lear* onto a modern setting, depicting Lear as a famous author who is in the terminal stages of pancreatic cancer. As he writes out the final version of his will, planning to divide his assets between his three daughters, he asks them what they plan to do with the rights to his works. Goneril and Regan proclaim their desire to sell the rights of film and television adaptations, whereas Cordelia expresses her	Subject expressed extreme distaste for the works of author George R.R. Martin, and displayed in-depth knowledge of his *A Song of Ice and Fire* series despite not having previously read it.

desire to donate the rights to the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. Angered by her attempts to give away his legacy without financial gain, Lear disinherits Cordelia and divides the rights to his works between the other two sisters. After firing his literary agent Kent for expressing disapproval at his disownment of Cordelia, Lear slowly begins to lose his mind, and the other main characters die as in the original play. Story ends with Lear's reputation ruined as his family's scandals and his daughters' plots to kill one another are exposed; he dies without a direct heir, and

		Goneril's widower Albany inherits his fortune.	
Junior Researcher Adams. After lack of negative side effects in previous tests, consumption of SCP-3285-A instances by Foundation personnel for research purposes was provisionally approved.	The Free Story of Lawrence the Preserver	A medieval fantasy epic featuring a fictionalized version of Creative Commons founder Lawrence Lessig as the primary protagonist. Story begins as an army of antagonists referred to as the Suppressors sack Lawrence's hometown, destroying the library that Lawrence had previously worked in as a scribe. Vowing to avenge "the ink and the blood," Lawrence raises an army of peasants and other lower-class citizens to remove the Suppressors from their land. Climax of the	Researcher Adams expressed a desire to "contribute to humanity's collective knowledge." After being placed in on-site lodging, logs of Researcher Adams' computer indicated numerous visits to the Wikimedia Commons image website, followed by uploads of public domain images collected from elsewhere on the Internet to the site. Full recovery from SCP-3285-A's effects was successfully achieved following Class-B Amnestic treatment.

		story takes place in a battlefield referred to as Extentia, as Lawrence does battle with and defeats the nameless leader of the Suppressors, suffering a mortal wound in the process. The Suppressors are driven from the land, and Lawrence is idolized and immortalized as "Lawrence the Preserver."	
Andrew Garcia, Foundation legal counsel. Subject had previously worked for as an intellectual property attorney, representing the company in court when it brought suit against competitors for trademark infringement. Test cleared by Site Director.	[REDACTED]	[REDACTED - SEE ADDENDUM]	[REDACTED]

+ 3285 Incident/007 [SITE DIRECTOR CLEARANCE REQUIRED]

Note: Information in the following log was obtained over the course of two weeks, as subject was initially unwilling to speak about the dream's contents.

Subject Information	SCP-3285-instance Title	Summary	Effects of SCP-3285-A Exposure
Andrew Garcia, Foundation legal counsel. Subject had previously worked for as an intellectual property attorney, representing the company in court when it brought suit against competitors for trademark infringement. Test cleared by Site Director.	The Free Story of the Arrogant Lawyer	A mock trial of Andrew Garcia, taking place in a dilapidated court room filled with individuals the subject identified as his friends and relatives. A group of humanoid entities (whose face the subject was unable to recall) act as the judge, jury, and bailiff of the court room, all wearing uniformly black clothes save for a single public domain insignia, identical to	Subject suffered partial amnesia, apparently losing all memories of work related to his previous profession; afterwards, subject suffered from long-term insomnia and night terrors. Additionally, subject expressed difficulty in recalling contents of public domain books such as *Dracula* after reading them. Amnestics ineffective in reversing

	the one seen in SCP-3185 letters. The "trial" begins with the entities reading law school papers and lawsuit notices the subject had previously written, afterwards discarding the papers in a firepit located in the center of the courtroom. As the papers burn, the courtroom audience repeatedly chants the word "SUPPRESS", and the subject experiences discomfort in his perceived skin. As each document is destroyed, the subject loses knowledge of the contents	symptoms. Containment procedures updated to prevent testing on intellectual property attorneys.

	contained therein. The process repeats itself for what the subject perceives to be six hours. This is the only recorded SCP-3285-A instance that has both involved the subject directly in the dream and created a perceived physical stimulus during it.

Footnotes

1. SCP-3285 will anomalously refill itself when the amount of pills in the bottle has fallen below five.
2. Research into connections withSCP-3185is ongoing.
3. The country that SCP-3285-A bases its public domain on is unknown, as all recorded dreams have contained content that is out of copyright worldwide.

SCP-3287: Anti-Baby Gas

Item #: SCP-3287

Object Class: Thaumiel

Secure Containment Procedures: At any time, no more than 50 standard regulation Class E liquid gas cylinders of each type of SCP-3287 may exist. These canisters are to be stored in a vacuum-sealed chamber at 112 Kelvin and handled only by personnel equipped with gas-proof hazardous material suits.

SCP-3287-0 is to remain within one meter of the sealed container it was discovered in, and its Scranton Reality Anchor regularly maintained and replaced when needed.

During tests with an instance of SCP-3287, test subjects are to be escorted into a designated vacuum-sealed testing area. SCP-3287 is to be pumped into the area for one minute, then recollected. Subjects are then to be escorted out of the testing area by properly-equipped guards through an airlock while any remaining SCP-3287 is to be recollected and contained.

SCP-3287 **may be used on animal and human populations** in the case of an ΩK-Class End of Death Scenario with approval from the O5 council and Ethics Committee.

Description: SCP-3287 is the designation for a gaseous sterilization agent created by the Foundation for the purposes of reducing and controlling the populations of certain anomalous and non-anomalous animal species. Since its creation, which was for the purposes of containing the spread of SCP- , it has been used on other anomalies and certain non-anomalous animals.

SCP-3287 is gaseous at room temperature, liquid at 112 K and is non-flammable. It is characterized by its light blue color and a unique aroma described by subjects as "similar to licorice". Upon

coming in contact with a living subject, SCP-3287 dissolves, losing its gaseous properties as it is absorbed.

SCP-3287 has three different types, designated SCP-3287-1, SCP-3287-2 and SCP-3287-3. All types of SCP-3287 are nearly identical in chemical composition, but are distinguished by unique anomalous compounds that supposedly alter their effects.

SCP-3287-1 is the first type of SCP-3287, and also the type with the most documented information. After application to a living subject, SCP-3287-1 completely sterilizes them, preventing them from being able to reproduce. This has been used to artificially preserve certain species of animals in the wild by sterilizing their predators, and has been used to prevent certain anomalous species of animals from creating offspring, as mentioned above. SCP-3287-1 may be used on humans, but requires Level-4 approval before use.

SCP-3287-2 is the second type of SCP-3287. Despite being similar in composition to SCP-3287-1, its function is currently unknown. Although several tests have been scheduled and attempted to determine the function of SCP-3287-2, none of these were completed on account of the fact that all randomly-selected D-Class and animal test candidates were already sterile before the test began. An endeavour to only select test candidates who are not sterile has not been attempted.

SCP-3287-3 is the third type of SCP-3287. There is no documentation of any attempted tests with SCP-3287-3.

SCP-3287-0 is the designation for the document detailing the process to create SCP-3287 instances. SCP-3287-0 was discovered in a secure Foundation chemical laboratory at Site- on September 28th, 20 during a routine sanitary examination, sealed in a glass box, accompanied by a single miniaturised Scranton Reality Anchor.

The instructions have since been copied to the Foundation database, along with the message discovered on the final page, which has been transcribed below:

Message Written on SCP-3287-0

We fucked up.

ConProcs: -3 only use during **bad ΩK**, rest are good

Tell my family I love them.

Dr. Kaito Shoga Jr.

According to Foundation personnel records, there is not a researcher by the name of Kaito Shoga Jr. employed by the Foundation. When asked, Site- Director Kaito Shoga said he had never had children, as he had discovered he was sterile after multiple attempts at a child with his wife.

SCP-3288: The Aristocrats

Item #: SCP-3288

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: An SCP-3288 population no less than twenty nor greater than thirty individuals is to be maintained at Humanoid Containment Site-282. Each SCP-3288 must be contained within individual containment units; behavioral studies that require SCP-3288 to SCP-3288 contact are to be conducted with the utmost caution. SCP-3288 are to be terminated where encountered and disposed of per hazardous waste protocols.

It is imperative that SCP-3288 infestations undergo thorough destruction or containment, as a single uncontained instance of SCP-3288 has the potential to trigger an SK-class dominance shift scenario within the next century, if not sooner.

Description: SCP-3288 designates a highly predatory species or subspecies of the genus *Homo* (*Homo anthropophagus*). SCP-3288 display a number of abnormal characteristics and behaviors that distinguish them from the baseline species. The most common deviations include:

- Acute hyperdontia[1] and macrodontia[2]; an instance of SCP-3288 has teeth approximately six times the size of normal adult teeth with more than sixty teeth unevenly distributed over six distinct rows, requiring jaws much larger than that of baseline humans (see below)
- Gross mandibular prognathism[3]
- Fluctuating facial asymmetry
- Dolichostenomelia[4] of the arms; an instance of SCP-3288 commonly has arms more than twice the length of a baseline human of similar height
- Arachnodactyly[5] and polydactyly[6]
- Kyphosis[7]

- Abnormal muscle strength despite having the appearance of severe emaciation
- Albinism
- Superior low-light vision[8] and heterochromia iridum (specifically *complete heterochromia*);[9] the eyes are notably reflective and their colors range from blue, red, purple, and yellow
- A reliance on both bipedal and quadrupedal locomotion
- Abnormally rapid physical growth and development; this results in a 2 to 3 week gestation period with sexual maturity being reached within 16 to 20 months
- Gottschall-Gärtner syndrome[10], primarily manifesting on the hands and fingers
- Alopecia universalis[11]
- Acute photophobia; direct exposure to sunlight will result in both physical and psychological damage
- Mental instability primarily characterized by delusions of grandeur and malignant narcissism
- An addiction to human flesh that takes on biological and psychological components

These abnormalities are primarily the result of excessive inbreeding but without the increased chance for certain recessive or deleterious traits, especially those related to infertility, higher infant and child mortality, and loss of immune function. These detrimental traits have not been only negated but inversely amplified, resulting in longer lifespans, increased resistance to disease, and anomalously high levels of fertility.

The Foundation became aware of SCP-3288 while investigating reports of unexplained disappearances in Vienna. It was discovered that these incidents occurred in close proximity to sewer holes and access tunnels and primarily targeted the most vulnerable of the population such as prostitutes, unsupervised children, transients, and inebriated or otherwise indisposed individuals.

Agents Cyril Novak and Diana Fischer were dispatched to Vienna in order to determine whether or not a number of unexplained disappearances were of an anomalous nature. Interviews with law enforcement and government officials revealed that human remains

belonging to three individuals had been recovered but that this information was not released to the public due to concerns of causing further panic. These remains were promptly confiscated and delivered to Humanoid Containment Site-282 in Graz.

Autopsies were performed by Dr. Felix Gärtner, who noted that the remains (Cadavers A[12], B[13], and C[14]) displayed no injuries corresponding with a human attacker and compared the deceased to victims of hyena attacks. Dr. Gärtner concluded that all sustained injuries were caused by a mix of teeth, claws, and raw physical strength. Bite marks were found to coincide with human teeth despite their abnormal size (approximately six times the size of normal adult teeth) and number (more than sixty teeth unevenly distributed over six distinct rows), requiring jaws much larger than that of baseline humans. Further analysis revealed unique patterns among the bite marks, suggesting that there existed more than one source.

The entities responsible for these deaths were classified as anomalous and received the SCP-3288 designation. Mobile Task Force Sigma-6 ("Hellsingers") was ordered to patrol the Leopoldstadt District while incognito, the district having seen the highest number of recorded disappearances. Operatives are instructed to target SCP-3288 with tracking darts and to refrain from lethal force.

Field Logs:

SCP-3288-L1

Field Log 01: 10/06/1988

Twelve MTF Sigma-6 operatives patrolled the Leopoldstadt District at 1800 hours while ten maintained watch at positions with unrestricted views of known sewers holes and access tunnels. At 0021 hours, operatives Σ-6(12) and Σ-6(09) reported hearing a muffled scream near the Donaukanal[15] and sought to investigate the matter while requesting backup.

Support arrived three minutes after the initial request and

found the mangled remains of both operatives as well as the half consumed body of a local civilian. The decapitated body of Σ-6(12) was pulled from the Donaukanal; although the head was never located, his neck had sustained injuries suggesting that it had been severed or destroyed by a single bite. A trail of blood and entrails led to Σ-6(09), who had been torn in half along the waist; he had successfully crawled into an alleyway before succumbing to his injuries.

The mission was deemed a success despite the loss of life, as Σ-6(09) had successfully struck the SCP-3288 instance with a tracking dart - achieving the mission's primary objective. The entity had escaped into the sewers, its movements tracked until the signal began to fade before entirely disappearing somewhere below the Hofburg[16]. Due to the progressively declining nature of the signal, it is believed that the device had been brought far deeper than even the Viennese sewers should have accommodated.

SCP-3288-L2

Field Log 02: 10/07/1988

Constructed in the mid 19th century, the Viennese sewers are part of a larger network of subterranean tunnels that include catacombs, abandoned wine cellars, and underground rivers. MTF Sigma-6 operatives were divided into four teams of five; three teams to investigate the sewers and one to remain on standby. By triangulating on the last known location of the tracked SCP-3288, the Foundation hoped to minimize the possibility of escape and public exposure. For this mission, while it is preferable that operatives secure and contain the threat, lethal force may be used at their discretion.

At 0900, MTF Sigma-6 operatives reached their destination without incident but initially failed to discover anything of significance. After several hours of

investigation, Σ-6(04) encountered human skeletal remains while wading through waist deep water. Closer analysis of this area uncovered a number of loose bricks whose removal revealed an unrecorded subterranean chamber whose walls were engraved with the House of Habsburg's coat of arms.

The chamber included 24 sarcophagi and was presumably a family crypt belonging to the House of Habsburg despite there existing no records of its creation. The statues primarily depict women wearing veils over their eyes with a single finger held to their lips. The tombs, though intricate and reflective of their status, lacked any indication as to who may have been interred within. Prying open the sarcophagi revealed the skeletal remains of over 300 infants, all displaying severe and likely fatal deformities.

The original entrance had been evidently destroyed, the stairs shattered and buried in soil. At the far end of the crypt was a vault door composed of bronze with no apparent means of access and seemingly impenetrable without proper equipment. The door displayed the House of Habsburg's coat of arms and was engraved with the words "Ad puritatem sanguinis"(English: "For purity of blood"). MTF Sigma-6 operatives were ordered to hold their current location and await the arrival of an infiltration team. Foundation agents organized the temporary evacuation of the Hofburg and the sealing of all sewer access points throughout the city.

SCP-3288-L3

Field Log 03: 10/08/1988

MTF Sigma-6 maintained shifts throughout the night, making repeated attempts to open the vault door. At 1200 hours, the surface had been fully evacuated and an infiltration team had arrived at MTF Sigma-6's position. The bronze gate was carved apart via oxy-fuel cutting torches over an approximately 2 hour period, bypassing

intricate mechanisms (likely related to its conventional means of access) and revealing a spiral staircase.

An eight-person squad (each operative equipped with an M16 rifle with attached flashlight, heavy tactical armor, and helmet-mounted live audio/video recording devices) descended the staircase, with radio transmission growing increasingly faint as the operatives traveled an estimated 65 meters underground. Red ground flares (fusee) were periodically lit and discarded, providing a clear path of return.

Operatives reached the bottom of the stairwell, where the grey stone halls of the crypt were replaced by masterfully crafted marble floors, carpets, and white painted walls and ceilings. The large chamber was found to be architecturally identical to the Swiss Wing of Hofburg Palace, closely resembling 18th century depictions and reflecting the late Baroque/early Rococo artistic style popular during the era. The location (since classified as SCP-3288-1A) contained various sculptures and Corinthian columns, while paintings and tattered tapestries adorned its walls. All depictions of the human form had been literally defaced, regardless of artistic medium.

Operatives described the air as having an odor not dissimilar to rotten meat and stale sweat. The floor and walls were discolored with what appeared to be blood (most of the stains appearing to be exceptionally old).

Traveling through a southeast corridor, operatives entered what appeared to be SCP-3288-1's equivalent of the Hofburg's Imperial Library. One notable difference between this section of SCP-3288-1 and Hofburg Palace is the presence of a working 18th century laboratory. Σ-6(07), the only member of the acting squad to be fluent in both German and Latin, discovered documents involving alchemy, biology, and the occult.

A decorative writing desk and accompanying throne

were located at the far end of the chamber. The desk contained documents relating to transactions, contracts, and private journals. These documents, along with those relating to the occult sciences, were gathered and delivered to Field Command. See the *SCP-3288-1: Recovered Documents* subsection for further details.

Operatives reached the ballroom and opera hall, describing the air as especially fetid; the aroma of perfume was also noted, though its presence did little to disguise the smell of decay. The area contained a number of instruments (standing harp, harpsichord, violins, etc.), all of which displayed evidence of recent use. There were several refectory tables[17] located through the chamber - the ballroom evidently used as a dining hall as well. Atop the tables were human remains in various levels of decomposition and culinary presentation.

A bell abruptly began to toll and was followed by the automatic music of a nearby pipe organ, the discordant song played for approximately three minutes. When the pipe organ ceased its playing, it was followed by the sound of opening doors and an increasing number of shuffling footsteps. Operatives were ordered to find a hidden and defensible position and to deactivate their flashlights. Seven successfully hid behind the curtains of the opera hall but Σ-6(18) fell behind, having tripped over a pile of bones and forced to take cover behind a harpsichord.

Σ-6(01) was able to observe the entire ballroom without obstruction from the far corner of the stage curtain. The ballroom's wide gates opened as video revealed the dim light of lanterns swaying in the hands of their shambling carriers. Closer analysis would show that these figures (SCP-3288) were dressed in the garb of 18th century courtiers. They are followed by others, wearing increasingly extravagant (if ragged) attire. All outfits appeared to contain different shades of red, deeply

contrasting with their chalk white skin, porcelain masquerade masks, and powdered wigs.

A pair of diminutive SCP-3288 entered, lagging behind the others. One blew a rusty trumpet while the other acted as standard-bearer, holding a crudely painted ensign depicting a red lion on a black field. The trumpeter appeared to make an announcement, the words unintelligible due to the guttural nature of their speech.

The trumpeter and standard-bearer quickly moved aside, their stunted legs causing them to tumble and roll as they fled. There now appeared to be several hundred SCP-3288 throughout the ballroom. Σ-6(01) activated a silent distress call, requesting heavy support. All SCP-3288 proceeded to kneel and lower their heads.

An exceptionally corpulent instance of SCP-3288 entered the room, carried by other SCP-3288 via an enlarged and reinforced sedan chair[18]. The morbidly obese individual (classified as SCP-3288-ALPHA) was dressed in a patchwork of noble finery, stitched together from various fabrics to create a single outfit capable of fitting its frame. It wore a crown that had come to more closely resemble a torture device, too small for its head but held in place by an overgrowth of flesh; in lieu of a masquerade mask, it hid its face beneath a red shroud.

A large iron cauldron was delivered to SCP-3288-ALPHA's table, the container appearing to vibrate of its own accord. A dwarf SCP-3288 climbed atop SCP-3288-ALPHA's shoulder, proceeding to lift its red veil while leaving its eyes covered; a second diminutive specimen removed the cauldron's cover. SCP-3288-ALPHA sniffed the air then proceeded to lift the cauldron and pour its contents down its anomalously large mouth and gullet. Part of its meal wiggled free, revealing that the cauldron contained living infants displaying severe deformities.

The other SCP-3288 raised their masks and began to

feast with voracious enthusiasm. An exceptionally tall specimen approached the harpsichord and snatched Σ-6(18) from behind it. It lifted him by his head but made no effort to alarm its fellow SCP-3288. Instead, the entity unhinged its jaw and quickly forced the operative down its throat feet first, his screams unheard among the sounds of feasting and discordant music.

The gathering became orgiastic as the SCP-3288 turned to fornication and violence, making no distinction between the apparent age or sex of the participant (willing or otherwise). An explosion rocked the event, causing mass casualities among the SCP-3288. It is hypothesized that Σ-6(18) survived his ordeal and was able to (likely after some struggle and consideration) activate an explosive device, sacrificing himself in order to terminate or otherwise incapacitate a great number of hostile entities.

Panic spread among the remaining SCP-3288. MTF Sigma-6 would exploit this opportunity and employed 3-Methylfentanyl to render the SCP-3288 unconscious. With the arrival of reinforcements, the survivors were secured and contained at Humanoid Containment Site-282. The sheer size of SCP-3288-ALPHA necessitated the use of a specialized crane and the creation of a shaft directly connecting SCP-3288-1 to the surface. Following the removal of SCP-3288-ALPHA (as well as all relevant documents and objects), SCP-3288-1 was filled with cement and reburied.

SCP-3288-ALPHA: Interview Log (10/10/1988)

Interviewed: SCP-3288-ALPHA

Interviewer: Dr. Tobias Moser

Foreword: Despite its corpulent morbidity (1632 kg) and lack of mobility (its atrophied legs entirely vestigial), subject is considered

dangerous and to be approached with the utmost caution. Subject is blind and incapable of reading or writing, the interior of its hollow sockets pushed outward to the point of prolapse.

Subject is fluent in Austrian German, preferring to speak the *Schönbrunner Deutsch* - a sociolect spoken by the imperial Habsburg family and the nobility of Austria-Hungary. Subject has been stripped nude, bound and muzzled, and equipped with electrodes in order to prevent hostilities and ensure cooperation.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Tobias Moser: Hello. Please begin by telling me your name. Your cooperation is not optional.

SCP-3288-ALPHA: The MEAT wishes to speak? It speaks when not spoken to! Meat… Must the meat taunt us? The aroma is… [Gurgles] …*Intoxicating*. [Subject struggles against its bindings and saliva spills from its muzzle]

Dr. Tobias Moser: As I said, your cooperation is not optional. [Dr. Moser activates the electrodes, causing the subject to shudder and growl]

SCP-3288-ALPHA: [Croaks] Impossible! How does meat hurt? How does meat disobey?

Dr. Tobias Moser: You will answer me. [Dr. Moser activates the electrodes again]

SCP-3288-ALPHA: [Subject appears unaffected] Is this how you wish to play? We

do not submit. We DOMINATE! We will rape you until your entrails spill! We will devour you and your peasant kin! Do you believe your witchcraft can harm us? [Chuckles deeply] Our blood is pure. Our blood is resilient.

Dr. Tobias Moser: [Turns to security officer] Sir? Would you be so kind as to illuminate the subject? My vision doesn't work so well in these dim cells. [Security officer complies, flashing approximately 32000 lumens at the subject]

SCP-3288-ALPHA: [Subject screams and convulses] NO! NO! NO! WE YIELD! THE FIRE! OUR SOUL SKITTERS FROM THE FLAME!

Dr. Tobias Moser: [To the security officer] That's enough. Yes. I noticed light sensitivity during your transfer. Extreme photophobia, even without eyes. I'll be sure to make a note of that. Now tell me. What is your name?

SCP-3288-ALPHA: The Imperial Majesty, Emperor Maximilian the Great - King of Austria and Patriarch of the House of Habsburg. [Subject attempts a courtly bow] We have not entertained outsiders in so long. Excuse my uncouth ways - you are clearly a superior creature and have asserted yourself. We are at your mercy. Does our guest wish to feast upon our flesh? To rape the festering wound?

Dr. Tobias Moser: [Taken aback] Good God, no! Why would you even… [Dr. Moser takes a deep breath] No. That won't be necessary. I see that our customs differ quite significantly. Might I ask, were you blind from birth or did you lose your vision accidentally?

SCP-3288-ALPHA: Ah. But the pleasantries have yet to reach completion and you now have us at a disadvantage. What is your name, outsider? You are fluent in German but your accent is distant and strange.[19]

Dr. Tobias Moser: I am, ah, King Tobias Moser of the Foundation.[20]

SCP-3288-ALPHA: A king! Yes, yes, of course. It all makes sense now. We sensed nobility. A duke, we mused. Can you believe that? A DUKE! But certainly you have proven yourself far stronger than a simple duke.[21] We've heard of this "Fondaishun"; a marvelous land and people, well known for its many cheeses and wines. As for our eyes, our *royal* true seeing eyes… [Gurgles] Alas, we were hosting a banquet and our eyes, it seems, were too big for our stomach! Have you heard that one? Oh the mirth…

But yes, you see - the meal? The meal was too big. They warned us, of course. "Oh His Imperial Majesty, let us cut this meat for you" but NO! WE ARE KING! WE ARE EMPEROR! WE WANT TO SWALLOW IT WHOLE! WE WILL DEVOUR EVERYTHING! And well, you see - our eyes, our eyes burst forth from their sockets. Not enough room! He he he. Feh! They served us little. And the dangling orbs, yes, yes, of course, they plummeted down our royal gullet. Gone forever. Unmissed.

Dr. Tobias Moser: I see. Well. That was quite a story. Tell me of your court and the House of Habsburg.

SCP-3288-ALPHA: We are of the same noble blood. But some… [Subject lays their left hand over their stomach] …are more noble than

others. Our bloodline is pure - untainted by outsiders.

Dr. Tobias Moser: I must ask this but why eat human?

SCP-3288-ALPHA: We do not eat human. We eat peasants. We eat undesirables. We devour life undeserving of life. That is the nature of nobility. What else would be the point?

Dr. Tobias Moser: Understood. I must take my leave. We will speak again soon.

SCP-3288-ALPHA: Yes. We will think of you, King Moser, in your absence - over and over. We are eager to… [Snort] …sample your flavor. So delightful. So delicious.

<End Log>

Afterword: We may be able to glean more information by playing to his delusions but it is difficult to say how much of it is true. However, DNA analysis has revealed that SCP-3288-ALPHA does in fact descend from the House of Habsburg and this so far appears to be true for all SCP-3288.

A number of significant documents were recovered from SCP-3288-1, allowing the Foundation to develop a better understanding of SCP-3288. The following excerpts have been translated from their original German and are arranged in chronological order. Footnotes have been provided in order to frame these documents within their historical and cultural context.

Excerpts from the Journal of Leopold I

Leopold I (Leopold Ignaz Joseph Balthasar Felician; 9 June 1640 – 5 May 1705) was the Holy Roman Emperor as well as the King of Hungary, Croatia, and Bohemia.

Generally regarded as an intellectual, he was known for his interest in astronomy, alchemy, and the early sciences.

10th of November, 1700

And with the death of Charles[22], so dies our noble line in Iberia. I will restore our rightful place. My claim is valid and will not be denied. I already hear the intoxicating drums of war.

But his disease, his curse, concerns me greatly. Despite the purity of our blood, untainted for generations, Charles was a sickly creature with the mind of a child; I too was a sickly youth.

But my mind remains sharp. I must make use of this blessing before my dynasty succumbs to madness and cretinism.

4th of August, 1701

The Jesuits have exhausted their usefulness. Against my better judgement, I have chosen to seek out those with knowledge of the so-called "abominable" sciences; scholars of the forbidden mysteries, both great and terrible.

And I have found someone who knows the dark. A woman of rare, almost beguiling beauty. She is older than she appears, for she speaks with the experience of a hundred lifetimes on subjects I had only just begun to grasp. She is a creature of the wild - a living embodiment of all that is pagan.

I am a stranger in her world.

And I am afraid.

22nd of October, 1701

She says she will teach me but for a price she will name upon the completion of her tutelage. A strange request but all she presently asks is that I uphold my end of the bargain. I have more power and wealth than any man alive - payment will not be difficult.

I will not allow our venerable House to fall.

But my laboratory is ill suited for such a task. I have hired workers to begin construction on a new site; something away from the prying eyes of sycophantic courtiers.

19th of December, 1701

My tutelage, though difficult, progresses well. A universal essence - the way of all flesh - it all begins to make sense! My eyes are now open and I see with such clarity.

I will cleanse my family of this curse. The essence is malleable - subject to change.

But one piece moves the other, you see - resulting in an often unpredictable transmutation. My current experiments make use of the the simplest of God's creations; rodents and insects, primarily. I have formed living things; creatures whose very visage would sunder even the most resolute of minds.

8th of February, 1702

Construction of the new laboratory goes well. I predict its completion within the next three months. Equipment has been delivered from Damascus; if there is one thing those Mohammedans know, it is the occult sciences.

More often than not, my teacher leaves me to

my own devices. She appears only at night, though I cannot say from where; she comes and goes as she pleases, my servants seemingly unaware of her presence.

27th of March, 1702

The new laboratory was finished ahead of schedule; the workers merely need to install my equipment and I can take my experiments to the next tier. But fresh materials are required and pests will no longer suffice. I am not yet willing to experiment on my own blood but perhaps there is another way.

The workers promised secrecy but in my dreams I see betrayal. I have come too far to allow such an interference. If the Church learns of this, it could ruin everything. These dreams are an omen and I know they will consume me unless I take swift action.

I know what must be done.

15th of April, 1702

My teacher is less understanding than I had expected. For even her heathen heart does not dissuade the disgust and contempt with which she now looks upon me.

I did what I had to. For my family - for the purity of our blood - for the IMMORTALITY of our chosen line! How could this witch understand my burden?

She vows to return tomorrow for her payment. I would just have this over with. I am still a man of my word.

16th of April, 1702

I watched her burn.

Her sorcery slew many of my guardsmen, but in the end she was detained and delivered to the Church. The zealots, having heard my testimony, proved just as eager to see that wretched bitch be consigned to the flames. I know such methods have fallen out of fashion, thus we committed the act under the cover of darkness and secrecy.

I would have granted her land or made her rich as Crassus! But no, that wicked creature sought to be clever. She said I could never save my family without her aid and demanded - DEMANDED!- that I end my rule, destroy all titles and deeds, delivering my land and wealth to the common folk! Did she really believe I would plunge my kingdoms, my EMPIRE, into anarchy? Truly, she was mad. But now, nothing remains but ash and cinder.

And I may return to my Great Work, no longer bound by her ethical inflexibility.

There is so very much to be done.

Later entries by Leopold I are increasingly frenzied and illegible, suggesting a deteriorating mental state until his death in 1705. It appears that he eventually had success, resulting in the creation of SCP-3288 (albeit with unintended consequences) via the introduction of an anomalous gene into the family bloodline. This gene allows human DNA to resist certain deleterious conditions associated with inbreeding.

The House of Habsburg continued its practice of inbreeding, accelerating the development of mutations. Those with significant deformities were hidden from the public, the Habsburg monarchs eventually creating vast vaults to house them. The vault dwelling Habsburgs continued to breed, eventually developing mutations which vastly increased their rate of reproduction (in turn increasing

the chances of entirely new mutations).

Those who more closely resembled baseline humans remained on the surface while those sent below continued to adapt to subterranean life. DNA analysis has revealed that consanguinity grew increasingly more extreme over the years, further indicating that incest between parent and child or brother and sister had become the norm among SCP-3288 by the 19th century.

It appears that the Habsburg monarchs went to great lengths to provide their vault dwelling kin with a lifestyle just as extravagant as those above. Documents reveal the steady delivery of food, wine, and entertainment; over time these requests become eccentric[23] and strange[24] - and eventually depraved.[25] All evidence suggests that these requests were met. It is unknown how long SCP-3288 have survived without outside assistance. One document appears to imply that the Great Plague of 1738 led to the delivery of a significant amount of "feed".

One document of singular importance contains a list of vaults similar to SCP-3288-1. The Foundation has used this information to locate and neutralize SCP-3288 hives but the document itself has been the cause of concern, half of it illegible due to mold related damage. This means that at least half of these vaults cannot be located and will continue to be a significant threat to the public.

Addendum 09/23/2016: There are a growing number of reports describing violent sexual assaults and acts of cannibalism throughout Central Europe. Closer analysis of these attacks has led the Foundation to conclude that SCP-3288 are responsible for the violence. Due to the widespread nature of these incidents, it is feared that multiple undiscovered SCP-3288 vaults have been breached.

An instance of SCP-3288 was recently captured at the Black Forest in Germany. Tracked to a derelict hunting lodge by MTF Sigma-6, the entity was successfully secured and contained with operatives suffering only minor casualties. Nine bound women were discovered in the basement; only one was still alive and the cadavers displayed ruptured lower abdomens he abdomen and evidence of partial cannibalization.[26]

The survivor was dirty, malnourished, and her lower abdomen was heavily swollen and visibly throbbing. The woman screamed to the operatives, pleading that they "Get these things out of [her]", along with various expletives and religious invocations. She received medical evacuation via helicopter but crashed approximately five minutes into its flight. Four fetuses were discovered among the wreckage; though heavily charred, all displayed mutations associated with SCP-3288.

The recently captured instance of SCP-3288 was interrogated. A transcript is provided in the following collapsible:

SCP-3288-6971: Interview Log (09/24/2016)

Interviewed: SCP-3288-6971

Interviewer: Dr. Elizabeth Varga

Foreword: Subject is restrained and muzzled and its cell is equipped for enhanced interrogation. Due to the severity of the circumstances, personnel are encouraged to use all possible means of information extraction. Interview conducted in German.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Elizabeth Varga: Are there other victims? Where are they located?

SCP-3288-6971: [produces a chattering noise and begins to laugh]

Dr. Elizabeth Varga: We don't have time for this. Use the light. [Security officer complies, flashing approximately 32000 lumens at the subject]

SCP-3288-6971: [Subject shrieks] You wretched whore! I will pluck out your eyes and sku-

Dr. Elizabeth Varga: Put the screws to it.

SCP-3288-6971: [Subject continues to shriek as its bones begin to break]

Dr. Elizabeth Varga: Tell us everything.

SCP-3288-6971: I yield! I yield! Parley!

Dr. Elizabeth Varga: Tell me what you know.

SCP-3288-6971: [Subject trembles] You wish to know about the vessels? I am but a duke! The Empress![27] You want the Empress!

Dr. Elizabeth Varga: Tell me about these "vessels". Now.

SCP-3288-6971: We are merely claiming what is ours - by the divine right of kings!

Dr. Elizabeth Varga: The women you raped…

SCP-3288-6971: The Empress! She said it was time. For a thousand years, our blood has been pure. Untouched by the taint of outsiders.

Dr. Elizabeth Varga: Why change? Why now?

SCP-3288-6971: Our blood! It is strong now. So strong. It overwhelms the blood of the wretched and mud-bound. Our line will never die. It will never fade. We will rape every last one of you. Our blood line will never die, no no no… it will become everything. It is our gift. Our blessing.

Dr. Elizabeth Varga: What do you mean?

SCP-3288-6971: The meek will beget the strong. The doomed will beget the chosen.

Don't you see? The greedy will devour the charitable, the merciless will ravage the peaceful, and the fornicaters will rape the chaste.

We will make the world as perfect as us. We will all be aristocrats in the end.

And our Dynasty will never die.

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. Hyperdontia is the condition of having supernumerary teeth, or teeth that appear in addition to the regular number of teeth.
2. Macrodontia is the condition of having abnormally large teeth.
3. Mandibular prognathism is a potentially disfiguring genetic disorder where the lower jaw outgrows the upper, resulting in an extended chin and a crossbite.
4. Dolichostenomelia is a condition in which the limbs are unusually long.
5. Arachnodactyly is a condition in which the fingers and toes are abnormally long and slender, in comparison to the palm of the hand and arch of the foot.
6. Polydactyly is a congenital physical anomaly in which there are a supernumerary fingers or toes.
7. Kyphosis is an abnormally excessive convexkyphoticcurvature of the spine as it occurs in the cervical, thoracic and sacral regions. It is more commonly known as hunchback.
8. SCP-3288-1's eyes containtapetum lucidum, a layer of tissue immediately behind the retina that reflects visible light back through the retina, increasing the light available to the photoreceptors.
9.Complete heterochromiais when one iris is a different color from the other.
10. Gottschall-Gärtner syndrome is a rare condition in which the epidermis develops a layer of enamel. The substance tends to fracture and shift, causing pain but allowing the afflicted to remain mobile.
11. Alopecia universalis is a medical condition involving loss of all hair, including eyebrows and eyelashes.
12. Cadaver A includes the upper torso (truncated at the the center

of the abdomen) and loosely attached head (the face had been rendered unrecognizable); the arms, much like the lower half of the body, were not found at the scene of the attack. Cause of death: exsanguination.
13. Cadaver B had been disemboweled and suffered destructive trauma to the thoracic cage (which was then pried open); all internal organs of the torso were missing along with a sizable amount of flesh. Cause of death: traumatic cardiac arrest (TCA).
14. Cadaver C was little more than a pile of shattered bones and bodily fluids. Cause of death: unknown.
15. The Donaukanal ("Danube Canal") is a former arm of the river Danube, regulated as a water channel since 1598, within the city of Vienna.
16. The Hofburg is the former imperial palace in the centre of Vienna, Austria. Built in the 13th century and expanded in the centuries since, the palace has been the seat of power of the Habsburg dynasty and presently serves as the official residence and workplace of the President of Austria.
17. A refectory table is a highly elongated table used for banquets and feasts.
18. A sedan chair consists of a chair or windowed cabin suitable for a single occupant which is carried by two or more using the rails that pass through brackets on the sides of the chair.
19. "It is entirely possible that SCP-3288-ALPHA believes that he is still within SCP-3288-1." Dr. Moser
20. "A blatant lie but I deemed it more productive to play along with the subject's delusions." Dr. Moser
21. "It appears that SCP-3288 associate royal and noble hierarchy with physical power. Ironic, as SCP-3288-ALPHA's immobility renders it incapable of hunting its own prey." Dr. Moser
22. A reference to Charles II of Spain (Spanish: Carlos II; 6 November 1661 – 1 November 1700). Charles was physically and mentally disabled and infertile, possibly due to this massive inbreeding. Due to the deaths of his half brothers, he was the last member of the male Spanish Habsburg line. The physician who performed his autopsy stated that his body "did not contain a single drop of blood; his heart was the size of a peppercorn; his lungs corroded; his intestines rotten and gangrenous; he had a single testicle, black as coal, and his head was full of water."
23. Such as exotic animals for a menagerie.

24. "A barrel of fermented whore piss."
25. Including requests for "fattened children" and instruments of torture.
26. Autopsies would reveal that the dead had been primarily consumed from within.
27. "The Empress" is presumably an instance of SCP-3288 with similar authority over its hive as SCP-3288-ALPHA had over SCP-3288-1.

SCP-3289: Smile

SCP-3289, photo taken by Researcher Darwin

Item #: SCP-3289

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3289 is to be kept in a standard secure locker with constant monitoring to detect anomalies in behavior. Only Level 2 or higher personnel are authorized to remove it from its containment. Copies of SCP-3289 are to be stored away in a secure cabinet. Personnel should request permission before testing on SCP-3289.

Description: SCP-3289 is a standard 4A sheet of letter paper. The sheet of paper is unable to be altered until it replicates. Every 4-5 minutes, a hand drawn cartoon face will appear, with eyes, mouth and sometimes nose appearing. The appearance of the faces vary, with numerous different emotions being portrayed, the detail varying from simple to complex. Investigation has revealed that the faces are drawn with a thick graphite tool, though the tool has yet to be seen. SCP-3289 will continue to produce the faces until the page is full on both sides of the paper, upon which a separate piece of blank paper will appear underneath the current sheet[1]. The original sheet does not display any further anomalous properties and can be torn, erased, burned, etc.. The new sheet will continue to produce the faces until the process repeats. SCP-3289 has yet to stop replicating itself, with copies in possession of the Foundation[2].

SCP-3289 has some sense of its surrounding, as it has been able to react to nearby beings, creating different faces in response to the nearby creature. The emotions portrayed do not come from the creature, instead appearing as the emotion that SCP-3289 holds toward the creature.

Addendum 3289-A: Recovery of SCP-3289 (/ /19)

SCP-3289 was found in the Asylum, which treated numerous insane patients. Patient # was a 67 year old mute and deaf man being treated by Doctor who was, according to staff at the Asylum, portrayed his emotions through writing faces on pieces of paper. This was the main way Doctor communicated with the patient, learning a new language that was made out of purely drawn cartoon faces. During an incident in which a violent patient broke out, Patient # was killed, as well as 4 others. Staff of the Asylum recovered Patient # 's paper, which Doctor , the patient's personal doctor as well as close friend, hung up on his office wall. The doctor began to report faces appearing on the paper, which he recognized as the ones that Patient # used to draw. This incident was reported in the local newspaper as a "haunted paper," gaining the attention of Foundation personnel. Amnestics were administered throughout the Asylum and the paper, now designated as SCP-3289, was extracted.

Addendum 3289-B: Research Log

+ Research Logs

Date: / /19
Researcher: Dr.
Stimulus: Canine (German Shepard)
Reaction: 5 minutes after the dog was first brought in, a face was drawn which expressed an extremely joyous emotion, drawn with heavy detail compared to previous faces. It is believed that this detailed image is the face of Patient # . Once the dog was removed, a face was drawn which expressed sadness and apparent loneliness, again with heavy detail.
Note: It is believed that the detailed images portray the original face of Patient # .

Date: / /19
Researcher: Dr.
Stimulus: Feline

Reaction: 5 minutes after the cat was first brought in, a face was drawn which expressed discomfort. This reaction stayed this way, with various changes in the faces, for 10 minutes until the cat was removed from the cell. Another face was drawn 5 minutes after removal that expressed gratitude.
Note: SCP-3289 seems to hold the same attitude toward cats that Patient # had, who was allergic to cats according to Asylum records.

Date: / /19
Researcher: Dr.
Stimulus: 5 year old female child
Reaction: 5 minutes after the child was first brought in, a face was drawn which expressed sadness, drawn with heavy detail, similar to the previous log. SCP-3289 remained unresponsive for 10 minutes after the child was removed before it began its usual cycle.
Note: SCP-3289's reaction could be connected to the reason why Patient # was in the Asylum. Further investigation is required. Patient # had a niece before being escorted to the Asylum.

Date: / /19
Researcher: Dr.
Stimulus: Presence of Dr.
Reaction: Dr. was alone with SCP-3289 when a face was drawn that had eyes looking directly at the doctor, a wide smile on its face. Dr. stayed in the room for 5 more minutes, upon which a face was drawn similarly. It did this for 15 more minutes, the eyes tracking the doctor no matter his position, until Dr. left the room, which SCP-3289 responded to with a face of disappointment.
Note: SCP-3289 appears to have positive

emotions toward Dr. . This could be due to Patient # 's previous relation with their doctor at the Asylum, and SCP-3289 made a connection with Dr. .

Date: / /19
Researcher: Dr.
Stimulus: Presence of Dr.
Reaction: Dr. stayed in the containment chamber for 5 minutes when a face was drawn on SCP-3289, which portrayed confusion. 5 minutes afterwards, a new face portrayed extreme anger, heavily detailed. This face continued to be drawn when Dr. was in the room, with proportions growing larger until the angry face covered the entire page, upon which Dr. was escorted out of the room.
Note: SCP-3289 reacts extremely when confronted with a replacement doctor to Dr. . In order to remove the risk of potential hostility, Dr. will continue to be the head researcher of SCP-3289.

Date: / /19
Researcher: Dr.
Stimulus: Verbal Communication
Reaction: SCP-3289 did not react when Dr. attempted to talk to it. Instead, it continued portraying various emotions, mainly excitement (likely due to the presence of Dr.) until 25 minutes in a face expressed annoyance at the experiment. Experiment was aborted.
Note: SCP-3289 shares the deafness of Patient # before his death. Any further verbal communication wielded similar results.

Date: / /19
Researcher: Dr.
Stimulus: Written Communication

Reaction: Dr. wrote on a paper facing SCP-3289. First he used written English, to which SCP-3289 reacted with a face of confusion. Other languages provided similar results. Dr. then used faces similar to the ones on SCP-3289, portraying a face asking questions. SCP-3289 reacted with a face of understanding, though it is unknown if SCP-3289 could tell what Dr. was asking.
Note: SCP-3289 does not appear to understand English or any written language. Researchers are currently looking for a way to ask SCP-3289 questions through the same sort of faces it uses.

Addendum 3289-C: Asylum Logs

Patient Record:

+ Patient # Record

Name: R | **Patient #:**
Age: 67 | **Height:** 172.72 cm | **Weight:** 60.78 kg | **Sex:** Male
Current Physician/Doctor: Doctor
Reason for Residence: Was found unable to communicate efficiently with those around him. Family urged the asylum to let the patient stay in order to heal him.
Medical History: Patient is deaf and mute. He suffers joint pains regularly. Patient frequently has memory issues; possibly dementia. Notable allergy of cats.
Special Notes: Patient uses faces drawn on paper to communicate and convey emotion. Has so far not shown ability to speak. Doctors are to draw faces on paper to communicate with the patient.

Interview Log:

+ Patient # Interview Log

Foreword: Doctor was interviewing Patient # by drawing faces. Doctor vocalizes what he draws to help viewers to understand what is going on.

<Begin Log>

Doctor : Hello Patient # . (Sits down in chair, opposite to one Patient is sitting in.)

Patient # : (Draws several excited faces on paper.)

Doctor : I'm glad you're excited to see me. (Takes a piece of paper and draws a smiling face.)

Patient # : (Looks at face and draws a smiling face back. Then draws a questioning face.)

Doctor : I'm going to ask you some questions. (Draws a face talking with a question mark in a speech bubble.)

Patient # : (Draws a nodding face, then waits.)

Doctor : Tell me… who is in your family? (Draws various faces with arrows connecting them all.)
Patient # : (Hesitates before drawing the following faces: A grown woman [likely daughter], a small child [likely niece], and a grown man [likely son-in-law]. Then draws numerous sad faces around the picture.)

Doctor : I see. (Draws a face with large eyes.) You're sad about your family? (Draws a sad face with an arrow pointing in the direction of Patient # .)

Patient # : (Draws a nodding face. Then continues to draw faces on paper silently until paper fills up. Patient then takes another piece of paper from a stack nearby and continues drawing faces.)

Doctor : Patient # ? (Draws a confused face pointing at Patient.)

Patient # : (Ignores Doctor and continues drawing faces.)

Doctor : (Stands up and pats Patient # on the back before leaving. Patient draws a smiling face before continuing drawing faces.)

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. Sheet can appear on any surface the original is placed on.
2. Using copies of SCP-3289 for scrap paper is prohibited in case the current SCP-3289 is to be used and potentially misplaced.

SCP-3290: Righteous Punishment for Vampires

Item #: SCP-3290

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation responses to different 3290-Events will depend on different circumstances. These include but are not limited to:

1. Local community standing of the individual affected
2. Global knowledge of the individual affected
3. Social media outreach and influence
4. Prior criminal charges and outcome of said charges
5. Level of involvement in scientific research
6. Believability of accounts given during 3290-Events

Foundation personnel working in law enforcement or child-care who are able to identify 3290-Events are to bring it to the attention of Disinformation specialists. Research is to be conducted in order to better predict the location and spread of SCP-3290 beyond the current rate of prediction analytics (42%~). Persons in a position of authority who are likely to be next affected by SCP-3290 are to be monitored in the case of a 3290-Event.

Description: SCP-3290 is a phenomenon involving a recurring dream that targets one individual at a time. Individuals affected by SCP-3290 experience nightmares in which they are attacked by leeches, mosquitoes, and other hematophagic[1] organisms, resulting in a loss of most of the body's moisture, and subsequent mummification of the individual experiencing the nightmare. Despite experiencing intense discomfort upon waking, individuals targeted by SCP-3290 do not have any physical symptoms related to massive blood loss experienced in the dream.

Nightmares will occur during slow-wave sleep (SWS). The exact nature and length of nightmares vary, although barring being

disrupted from SWS, nightmares typically last for a minimum of an hour. During the time an individual is asleep, 3290-Events occur. During a 3290-Event, the target's social media will be updated with posts describing crimes of one or more of the following in a fragmented, stream-of-consciousness manner:

- Child pornography possession
- Sexual assault of a minor
- Stalking a minor
- Murder of a minor
- Use of minors in scientific research[2]

The accuracy of these posts is estimated to be approximately 98%; furthermore, regardless of accuracy, all individuals questioned by law enforcement will admit to either committing a crime related to pedophilia or otherwise sexually fetishizing minors.

While it has been impossible to pinpoint the person next affected, in most instances, SCP-3290 will select its next target from a previous target's social media contacts, allowing for semi-consistent tracking. It is theorized that individuals with no social media accounts will not be targeted or are otherwise undetectable to the Foundation.

Footnotes
1. Blood-consuming.
2. [DATA EXPUNGED]

SCP-3291: Flowers of Solomon

Item #: SCP-3291

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Specimens of SCP-3291 are to be secured in a botanical containment facility at Site-872. They are to be contained within a monitored greenhouse environment large enough to house a non-anomalous version of SCP-3291. In the event that a contained specimen enters its active phase, all produced instances of SCP-3291-1 are to be collected and incinerated, and the acting site director is to be notified immediately.

Seeds obtained from SCP-3291 are to be kept in a secure locker requiring security level 3 to access or otherwise incinerated.

Upon discovery of a location that has experienced a complete 3291-AX scenario, a 1km security perimeter is to be established centered on the location, and Procedure 615-Memnon is to be executed at the site.

Procedure 615-Memnon

Procedure 615-Memnon Protocol:
Once a 1km perimeter has been established around the control area, all vegetation within the control area is to be incinerated if present. Soil in the control area is then to be tilled no less than twice to ensure full coverage. Control area is then to be sprayed with Class A herbicides no less than twice to ensure full coverage.

Control area is to be inspected weekly for signs of vegetation for the next 6 months. If any is found, it is to be incinerated immediately

and the location in which it is discovered must undergo an additional iteration of the steps previously outlined.

If no vegetation is discovered in the control area after 6 months, the control area will be considered neutralized and no further action is necessary.

Upon the discovery of a currently active 3291-AX scenario, MTF-086 ("Wedding Crashers") is to be dispatched to secure a 1km perimeter around the location and initiate Operation 3291-AXN-Petrov. Victims of a 3291-AX scenario are considered acceptable casualties to prevent 3291-AX Phase 6 from occurring.

Field Operation Guide 3291-AXN-Petrov

Field Operations Guide 3291-AXN-Petrov

Moble Task Force: MTF-086
Callsign: *"Wedding Crashers"*

Squadron 1: *"Singer"*
Directive: Squadron consists of one sniper unit deployed at a distance of no less than 0.8 kilometers from the control area.
Objective: Termination of SCP-3291-2 before the beginning of 3291-AX Phase 3.

Squadron 2: *"Uncle Joe"*
Directive: Squadron consists of one assault unit, one medical unit and one containment unit on standby at a distance no less than 0.8 kilometers from the control area.
Objective: Secure, neutralize and contain control area after confirmation that SCP-3291-2 has been terminated.

Squadron 3: *"Mary"*
Directive: Squadron consists of two artillery units on standby at a distance of no less than 0.9 kilometers from the control area.
Objective: In the event that Singer squadron fails to terminate SCP-3291-2 before 3291-AX Phase 3 occurs, Mary squadron is to bombard the control area until all activity has ceased.

Description: SCP-3291 is an anomalous strain of *Citrus sinensis*.[1] Specimens of SCP-3291 do not bear fruit while in its dormant phase, however they do bear flowers. If a flower from SCP-3291 is used in the construction of a wedding bouquet, the wedding event it is used in will trigger a 3291-AX scenario.

3291-AX Scenario Documentation

Description: A 3291-AX scenario begins as a standard wedding, in which a flower from SCP-3291 is used in the construction of the wedding bouquet, and consists of 6 phases. A 3291-AX scenario can be prematurely neutralized before the final phase by terminating the bride, designated SCP-3291-2. Once the final phase has begun, the 3291-AX scenario cannot be neutralized until it has completed.

Phase 1
The wedding bouquet containing an SCP-3291 flower will cause all additional flowers in the bouquet to become a deep shade of red, or become pure white.[2] All other colors are eliminated from the bouquet. SCP-3291-2's hair also starts to take on a reddish hue. All subjects present at the event are unaware of any odd behavior by this point.

Phase 2

The individual presiding over the ceremony will not read the traditional wedding speech or vows, but will instead recite verses Solomon 8:6 through 8:7. The verses will be spoken in Hebrew, even if the individual has no prior knowledge of the language.

Phase 3
The bridesmaids will approach SPC-3291-2 and begin tearing at her dress and clothing until she is completely nude. While this is occurring, gathered spectators will begin constructing makeshift crucifixes out of any available materials, equaling the number of bridesmaids present. Spectators will then proceed to strip and crucify all bridesmaids in a circular pattern around the bride and groom. Their wrists will be slit during this process.

Phase 4
All spectators will kneel before SCP-3291-2 and the groom, with their heads lowered and hands clasped together. A weapon matching the description of a Vered Jericho sword of unknown composition will manifest and the presiding individual will present it to the groom, who will then use it to slit the throat of the individual. The groom will then disembowel all spectators, beginning with SCP-3291-2's family and then his own.

Phase 5
The groom will present his left hand to SCP-3291-2, who will then consume his left ring finger, after which the groom will slit his left wrist and then stab himself in the heart.

Phase 6 - FINAL PHASE
An unknown figure, designated SCP-3291-3, will rise out of the collected pool of blood, as if ascending a flight of stairs. SCP-3291-3 appears to be a male humanoid, with a bulky physique that stands approximately 1.8 meters at full height. Ethnicity cannot be determined, as all known records of this entity show him coated head to toe in blood.

SCP-3291-3 will then approach SCP-3291-2 and proceed to engage in sexual acts. Once finished, SCP-3291-2 will spontaneously combust, causing a fire that will quickly spread and consume anything in the immediate area. No known method has been found to extinguish the flames generated by this event. The fire will last for approximately 2 hours before it burns itself out, leaving behind nothing but a layer of fine ash. If left undisturbed for approximately 1 month after this event, a new grove of SCP-3291 will begin to grow at the location.

To date, there are no known survivors of a 3291-AX scenario, and all attempts to capture, contain, or terminate SCP-3291-3 have failed.

If a 3291-AX scenario is triggered, the SCP-3291 instance that provided the flower used will begin to produce oranges for the next 48 hours. This is considered SCP-3291's active phase. Fruit produced during this time period are classified SCP-3291-1. Consumption of any food or beverage made from SCP-3291-1 by a female human will cause the subject to develop a strong desire for marriage, and devote all of her time and resources into finding someone to marry. If the subject succeeds in engaging in a wedding ceremony, she will insist that flowers from the SCP-3291 instance which provided the orange they consumed be used in the construction of the wedding bouquet. Men are unaffected.

Subjects under the effects of SCP-3291-1 seem to innately know the

location of SCP-3291 during this period and will actively seek it out, even if they have no prior knowledge of its location.

Addendum 3291-01:

Case Study: SCP-3291-3

Case #: 3291-16
Subject: SCP-3291-3
Author: Dr. Leonard Duvant

Research indicates that SCP-3291-3 is possibly a manifestation of an entity controlled by King Solomon, or perhaps is a manifestation of King Solomon himself.
It's been noted that during a 3291-AX event, the individual presiding over the wedding will always recite Solomon 8:6 through 8:7. A translation of the verses reads:
8:6 *"Place me like a seal over your heart, like a seal on your arm; for love is as strong as death, its jealousy unyielding as the grave. It burns like blazing fire, like a mighty flame."*
8:7 *"Many waters cannot quench love; rivers cannot sweep it away. If one were to give all the wealth of one's house for love, it would be utterly scorned."*
The verses seem to have some correlation to the events that occur during a 3291-AX scenario.
Also correlated is a Sethian tractate entitled *"Apocalypse of Adam"*, which dates to around the 1st or 2nd century, refers to a legend in which Solomon sends out an army of demons to seek a virgin who had fled from him. Comparing this to the way SCP-3291-3 seems to operate, as well as its apparent motive, we can extrapolate that the purpose of the ritual is to 'capture' whoever this virgin is. According to reports however, SCP-3291-2 being virginal does not seem to be a requirement for a 3291-

AX scenario to occur. It's possible that SCP-3291-3's purpose is to test if SCP-3291-2 is a virgin, though records indicate that all 3291-AX scenarios end in the same fashion, regardless of the virginal state of SCP-3291-2. Attempts to capture or neutralize SCP-3291-3 have all failed. It appears to be impervious to damage indicated by reports of MTF teams firing on it with various forms of weaponry to no effect. A memetic field appears to be generated during a 3291-AX scenario, centered on SCP-3291-2, which compels all sapient creatures within its range of influence to participate in the scenario, regardless of relation to SCP-3291-2. Termination of SCP-3291-2 appears to end this effect except during 3291-AX Phase 6. Thermal image recording of a 3291-AX scenario by recon teams indicates that the temperature of the area surrounding SCP-3291-3 gradually increases, becoming lethal in a matter of minutes. SCP-3291-2 seems to be immune to this rise in temperature, the reasons for which are still unknown.[3] This prevents engagement of SCP-3291-3 directly, making capture and containment incredibly difficult, if not impossible.

Whether SCP-3244-3 is destroyed when a 3291-AX event concludes is currently unknown. More research into the motives and nature of SCP-3291-3 is recommended.

Note: The termination of SCP-3291-2 during 3291-AX Phase 6 does not prevent SCP-3291-3 from manifesting, nor does it appear to prevent SCP-3291-3 from performing sexual acts on the corpse of SCP-3291-2. As such, we have advised teams to avoid termination of SCP-3291-2 after 3291-AX Phase 6 has begun.

Addendum 3291-02:

Experiment Log 3291-12

Experiment #: 3291-12
Researcher: Dr. Leonard Duvant
Subjects: D-8649,

Description: , a 24-year-old woman (Hereby referred to as subject) under the effects of SCP-3291-1 was located in the city of , Brazil. D-8649 was sent undercover as a potential spouse for the subject. D-8649 was injected with a pathogen that would shut down all bodily functions if not treated once every 48 hours, to ensure cooperation with the project. D-8649 was instructed to court, and then agree to marry, the subject. Subject insisted on the use of flowers from SCP-3291, but was denied the request by D-8649. Despite complaints by the subject, a wedding event was scheduled and carried out.
No 3291-AX scenario occurred, and subject lost interest in SCP-3291 almost immediately following the ceremony. Interestingly, the subject lost all interest in D-8649 as well shortly after, requesting a divorce 3 days after the wedding. The marriage was annulled, and class C amnestics were administered to the subject. D-8649 was recalled to the Foundation and underwent treatment to remove the administered pathogen and was reassigned to another project.

Conclusion: The effects of SCP-3291-1 seem to expire if a wedding event occurs that does not involve a flower from SCP-3291. Subjects exposed to SCP-3291-1 that participate in a wedding ceremony that does not trigger a 3291-AX scenario are to be considered neutralized and no longer require the attention of the Foundation.

It should also be noted that any area experiencing unusually high divorce and marriage rates may indicate SCP-3291 activity.

Footnotes
1. Also known as the common orange tree.
2. Regardless of whether the species of flower affected is able to naturally produce those colors.
3. Reported temperature has exceeded 480 K

SCP-3292: The Land Before Time, For All of Time

Aerial photograph of Forest.

Item #: SCP-3292

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The area surrounding SCP-3292 is to be fronted as a privately owned nature reservation under the ownership of senior researcher Chelsea Grant, and funded by Halcyon Industries. Trespassers are to be taken to Site-990 for questioning, administered Class-B amnestics, and released. Air traffic over SCP-3292 is to be rerouted.

Two level-2 guards are to be stationed outside of the entrance to SCP-3292, outfitted in uniforms appropriate to private rangers employed by Halcyon Industries. Instances of SCP-3292-3 attempting to enter SCP-3292 through its primary entrance are to be detained by Foundation agents and brought to Site-990 for testing.

On site task force Psi-31 "Animal Lovers" are to regularly monitor the WWF's endangered species list for fluctuations in numbers.

Description: SCP-3292 is an extradimensional location accessible through the Forest in , Scotland. Despite the area surrounding SCP-3292 being a coniferous forest, SCP-3292 is a complex system of caves, grottos, and groves all leading to a central hub area that resembles an oakwood forest. SCP-3292 is in a perpetual state of the spring season.

Day and night cycles have been observed coinciding with baseline reality in SCP-3292, though the effects of the passage of time do not seem to affect anything within SCP-3292. Entities and objects within the forest will not display negative effects of aging, regardless of how much time is spent within SCP-3292.

Exploration of SCP-3292 has proven to be exceptionally difficult due

to effects on technology. Electronics and complex machinery brought into SCP-3292 cease functionality immediately upon entry, prohibiting the use of drones. It is hypothesized electronics fail due to the electromagnetic fields present throughout SCP-3292, though there is no current explanation for non-electrical machinery. Currently, Foundation agents have mapped out approximately 35km² from SCP-3292-2.

SCP-3292-2 is the designation of a statue 17m in height composed of a combination of igneous and sedimentary rocks. SCP-3292-2 resembles a human of indeterminate sex and ethnic background, and appears to be sitting with its legs crossed and hands cupped in its lap. 87% of the surface of SCP-3292-2 has been carved with several elaborate scenes depicting organisms from a number of time periods. Scenes and identified organisms include:

- Brachiopods and trilobites from the Ordovician period
- Early terrestrial arthropods from the Devonian period
- Primitive Synapsids and terrestrial invertebrates from the Permian period[1]
- Therapsids and archosaurs from the Triassic period
- Herbivorous ornithischians and theropods from the Cretaceous period

Test results have shown that SCP-3292-2 was created roughly 2.5 million years ago, coinciding with the evolution of the genus *homo*. However, SCP-3292-2 has not shown signs of weathering consistent with non-anomalous artifacts of a similar age or composition.

SCP-3292-3 instance attempting to enter SCP-3292, stopped by Foundation personnel.

SCP-3292-2 has demonstrated the ability to shed and rejoin pieces of itself measuring up to 1% of its original mass. In all instances, these pieces take the form of animate pebbles arranged in a humanoid shape with distinct limbs, a head, and torso, henceforth referred to as SCP-3292-3. SCP-3292-3 are animate, and are kept intact by an anomalous attractive force that levitates their body parts up to .5cm away from their torsos. SCP-3292-3 range in height from 5cm to 18cm.

The observed sole purpose of SCP-3292-3 is a caretaker role. SCP-3292-3 have been observed to tend to the emotional and physical needs of SCP-3292-4, observe visitors to SCP-3292, and escort SCP-3292-4 into SCP-3292[2]. SCP-3292-3 are presumed to act on SCP-3292-2's behalf, as SCP-3292-2 is immobile.

SCP-3292-4 is the collective designation for the flora and fauna of SCP-3292. All of SCP-3292-4 have been observed to be organisms thought to be extinct or are critically endangered[3]. SCP-3292-4 do not require sustenance, and do not carry out standard biological processes. From a medical standpoint, all of SCP-3292-4 are clinically deceased.

Should an individual attempt to remove SCP-3292-4 from the vicinity of SCP-3292, multiple instances of SCP-3292-3 will attempt to apprehend them. However, SCP-3292-3 are unable to physically restrain any human due to their minute size, and are considered to be harmless. Apprehension attempts have included SCP-3292-3 pulling on the pant legs of personnel, ambushing their feet, tugging hair, hitting shins, and clinging to their clothing.

Addendum-01: On 09/01/ , Foundation personnel attempted to remove an instance of SCP-3292-4 (one *Raphus cucullatus*[4]) from SCP-3292 through the primary entrance. SCP-3292-3 were unsuccessful in retrieving the instance, and Foundation personnel managed to escort the instance 12m from the entrance before the instance expired. Within three seconds, the instance of SCP-3292-4 began a rapid process of decay, and within twenty-eight seconds, only the skeletal system remained. No further attempts by Foundation personnel are to be made to remove any instance of SCP-3292-4 from SCP-3292.

Recovered Documentation-3292: The following journal was retrieved by Foundation personnel after the initial discovery of SCP-3292. The journal was found in SCP-3292-2's lap, and despite being dated as over a century old, was recovered in mint condition. Excerpts of note are documented below.

> 04/12/84
>
> I've stumbled upon something extraordinary today, and

by the very Queen herself I'd swear that this may mark a certain turning point in my expedition.

In my hunt for the viking treasures of Clan Gunnir, my ventures brought to me to the outskirts of a small fishing port town just outside of Grangemout. It was here that I learned from the local butcher of an ancient and mystical forest, watched over by a guardian of immeasurable power. He assured me iit was simply a fable passed between the children, though I've never been one to leave a stone unturned!

The journey was strenuous. Horrid rains battered against my back, and the winds were so powerful I was nearly blown away! I traveled many miles with little signal of an impending destination, until from over the hills, I saw the tree lines. Thousands of conifers reaching towards the heavens in symphonic unison, a kingdom of timber begging me to explore what laid inside.

I was so collywobbled, I had nearly forgotten my homburg on the rock where I had stopped to take a breath! Without sparing another moment, I pressed forward past the wooden giants, and entered the forbidden conclave of trees.
Even now, I am in awe of what I found.

As I entered the forest, the rain that had been ceaselessly clambering against me came to a sudden halt, in much of a similar fashion to the drought dance of the UliayahUliayah tribe. Warmth enveloped me in a blanket, the chirping of birds signaling the coming of spring singing jollily. It was as if I had entered an entirely bloody new world, nothing but green as far as I could see.

I'm unaware of how long I've been here now, as my pocket watch doesn't seem to be operating functionally, though I stopped to write as soon as I found somewhere to sit. I'm going to explore more now.

More to come upon further findings.

04/13/84

This magical thicket continues to amaze me. It has been well over a day since my arrival, as I have watched the sun rise and set in the sky, and yet I feel as rested as I did when I entered these woods. I don't seem to need water, and I feel similarly unhungry, though I've had an odd craving for Yorkshire pudding for quite some time now…

I've come to believe that this forest is in some kind of loop, or something similar anyhow. I can't quite put it into words, but I believe that I am still in yesterday, today. And though my above findings are incredible, they pale in comparison to what I discovered traverse these mystical plains.

I encountered my first instance of animal life after several hours of walking through the groves. A small rodent that had burrowed itself under a tree stump. Initially, I thought little of the small fellow, until I sat down to inspect him further. It would have seemed that I had stumbled upon a broad-faced potoroo, despite the little chaps having been extinct for nearly a decade now!

After several chuffed minutes spent simply marveling the lad, I said my farewells, and pressed forward further into the forest, where I came upon a small pack of bluebucks, grazing in the grass. Naturally, I was astonished! Twice now, I had come across some kind of fauna that by no means had any right being here. It was like an imagination playground, roamed upon by the dead themselves!

My continued exploration of these enchanted caverns has brought to fruition several fascinating discoveries. At first I had thought little of the flora, though upon several further encounters with the walking dead that roam these woods, I investigated the plant life more carefully.

Silphium, stringtrees, Saint Helena heliotrope, all of which have long since died out decor this place in excess. I believe I may have stumbled upon something sacred.

Signing off now, I'm going to try and find a mammoth!

04/14/84

I encountered the guardian of these woods today. I've decided to call him Bertram.

Several kilometers from the entrance of the forest is a rather large open plain of sorts. If I had to describe it, I'd say it was very grassy, lots of green. It was here that I found Bertram. He was dutifully watching over his helpers as they tended to a flock of labrador ducks.

Oh! The helpers, right yes of course. It would appear that Bertram employs the help of several golems to care for the inhabitants of his forest. I've sat with these helpers for several hours now, studying them, though they don't seem to pay me much mind. On several occasions, I noticed that they would grind their stones together to make a scratching noise. As knackered as this may have left me initially, I believe they were simply trying to keep me away from the animals of the grove, protecting them in their own sort of way. Even then, they've acted awfully gobby for my taste.

I attempted to pick up one of the helpers while it was caring for a martinique giant ameiva, though I don't think that Bertram took very kindly to my actions. The helper went inert in my hands. I figure perhaps having a good ol rowdy with the lad would do good to square away my intentions. I can only hope that Bertram understands I mean no harm to this place.

I've yet to find a mammoth.

04/17/84

I've spent several days now within this spellbinding grotto, but alas I feel as if it has come my time to move on. I've spent countless hours marveling as the helpers tend to the occupants of these woods, and many more marveling at the murals that cover Bertram.

It is with the utmost sorrow that I bid this otherworldly forest adieu, though I fear that I am needed elsewhere. I intend to return to London once I'm done here, treat myself to some Yorkshire pudding, and then travel to Brazil in my continued search for the great golden peccary of Santana do Ipanema.

Though I never did find the treasure that I had initially sought after, I truly believe that I have come across something far more valuable. These woods themselves are a true treasure trove, one that I can only hope that the adventurers of tomorrow will have the pleasure of discovering on their own.

I am going to leave this journal here, with Bertram, so that explorers of the future may lean upon my findings for support, and come to a further understanding of what makes this land before time complete.

I never did find a mammoth.

Footnotes
1. The scene depicting organisms from the Permian period covers the largest surface area on SCP-3292-2.
2. To date, 131 recorded instances of SCP-3292-3 have been witnessed escorting SCP-3292-4. However, only 9 instances have been witnessed entering and exiting the entrance located in the Forest. It is currently unknown how SCP-3292-3 transport themselves or SCP-3292-4.
3. SCP-3292-4 are limited to species that have gone extinct succeeding the creation of SCP-3292-2.
4. Dodo bird.

SCP-3293: You Can't Go Home

Item #: SCP-3293

Object Class: Keter Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3293 is kept in a Standard Humanoid Containment Cell. Due to a history of non-compliance and the nature of its anomaly, SCP-3293 has not been given any standard amenities. SCP-3293 is to be kept under constant surveillance, and a search of the containment unit must be conducted daily. Approved researchers are encouraged to visit SCP-3293 to enforce compliance and maintain a high morale.

Any discovered instances of SCP-3293-A must be confiscated and reported to Dr. Iles. Previous instances of SCP-3293-A can be found in Room 502 in Anomalous Items Wing E. Any personnel who intend to conduct research on SCP-3293-A instances must obtain permission from Dr. Iles.

Current containment procedures are under review and may be subject to change after approval from the Ethics Committee.

Updated Containment Procedures: SCP-3293 has been neutralized. See Addendum 3293.4 for details. The original Wells household in Columbus, Ohio is to remain under constant surveillance.

Description: SCP-3293 was a six year old Caucasian human male, formerly Cooper Wells of Columbus, Ohio, USA. SCP-3293's anomalous effects manifested in its ability to create complex and inexplicable machinery and technology out of mundane objects, seemingly at will.

SCP-3293 was categorized as a Class II reality altering entity, with the scope of its abilities being limited to its direct surroundings[1]. SCP-3293 did not appear to be aware of the anomalous nature of its

abilities, nor its origins; SCP-3293 had a limited grasp of actual scientific and technological constructs and did not perceive its abilities as anomalous. Instead, SCP-3293's imaginative jargon for various objects and their purposes appeared to manifest into actuality, allowing SCP-3293 to create devices that functioned per their design despite their construction.

SCP-3293 was prone to containment breaches, as it was capable of easily creating technology allowing it to teleport vast distances with little resources. However, due to SCP-3293's tendency to always attempt to return to the home of its parents, it was easily re-contained in nearly every instance. For additional information, see Addendum 3293.3.

Addendum 3293.1: Discovery

SCP-3293 was discovered when embedded Foundation agents within the Ohio State University faculty reported unusual and inexplicably high levels of radiation centered on a small Columbus suburb. This, coupled with an unexplained energy feedback from one specific home, allowed agents to quickly find and apprehend SCP-3293[2].

Addendum 3293.2: Interview

Note: The following interview was conducted shortly after initial containment, before permanent containment procedures were developed. During this interview, SCP-3293 was under the impression that it was at a children's day-care facility.

> [BEGIN LOG]
>
> **Dr. Iles:** Hey buddy, how are you?
>
> **SCP-3293:** Look Ms. Lady. I made a TV.
>
> *SCP-3293 produces a dry-erase board propped up with a piece of cardboard, to which are taped several short pieces of red yarn attached to a Foundation-supplied toothbrush. When SCP-3293 manipulates the toothbrush, the device functions like a television. Device*

is later collected for study.

Dr. Iles: Wow Cooper, that's so cool! How did you make it?

SCP-3293: I take the- the wire here, and connected it to the, uh, well not the long wire but the short wire cause I didn't have any long wire, but I connected it to the mokey-trol[3] and turned it on.

Dr. Iles: That's so good buddy. What are you watching today?

SCP-3293: I, uh, I'm watching Gumball.

Dr. Iles: I see, cool. So Cooper, can you tell me about the thing you made the other day?

SCP-3293: (*laughs*) The banana just splatted on the ground!

Dr. Iles: I see that, yeah. But hey, what about the thing you made the other day, huh? What does it do?

SCP-3293: Oh, that's a cookie-bringer[4]. I thought, "maybe I just want a cookie", so I made a cookie-looker and plugged it into a thing-bringer and made a cookie-bringer. But, but then when, uh, when the Mr. Guy came, he took the cookie-bringer away.

Dr. Iles: Ah, alright. But Cooper, I want to know-

SCP-3293: Do you know Mr. Guy? If he give it back I will you a cookie when I get it back. Mr. Guy can have one too.

Dr. Iles: Right, but *how* did you make the cookie-bringer, Cooper?

SCP-3293: Huh?

Dr. Iles: Well, you know that you can't just make a

cookie out of socks and a la—

SCP-3293: No, it was a cookie-*finder*, and then I plugged it into the thing-bringer.

Dr. Iles: But, it didn't even have a power source, buddy.

SCP-3293: Oh yeah, I forgot to add the batteries! Just add batteries and then it will be uh, a, uh, hmm. I think a cookie-bringer, but more cookies?

[END LOG]

Addendum 3293.3: Containment Breaches

On several different occasions, SCP-3293 was able to breach containment, either by creating a device to teleport out of Site-81, or by creating a device to brute-force through security measures installed at the site. These devices included an "invisibility hat", a "shrink-gun", a "warp blanket", and a "tunnel shoe", among others. However, after each breach of containment SCP-3293 would attempt to return to the home of its parents, Dave and Kathy Wells.

The Ethics Committee initially approved of the proposal of Dr. Iles to recruit Mr. and Mrs. Wells as E-Class personnel, in order to facilitate with containment, with the Wells' under the impression that SCP-3293 is currently quarantined for a rare disease. Initially this lead to a total cessation of containment breach attempts in the first three months of recruitment.

However, on 2/14/18, the E-Class personnel convinced SCP-3293 to attempt to breach containment, citing paranoia and boredom in post-breach interrogations as reasons for this attempt. The Ethics Committee overruled the proposal to immediately execute the E-Class personnel and instead opted to amnesticize Mr. and Mrs. Wells[5] and relocate them with false identities and memories.

While this lead to higher breach attempts, SCP-3293 still followed the initial breach pattern to attempt to return to the Wells household. Because of this pattern of behavior, SCP-3293 was usually easily sedated and re-contained. Eventually SCP-3293 began creating

devices that allowed him to locate and travel anomalously to his parents, though they did not recognize him and usually immediately alerted Foundation personnel embedded in the local police.

After several attempts that resulted in his being turned over to the authorities by the amnesticized Mr. and Mrs. Wells, SCP-3293's emotional state began to severely deteriorate. This was exacerbated by extended containment, specifically after protocols restricting its access to any objects it could use to create anomalous technology with. Eventually, SCP-3293 grew withdrawn and hostile towards Foundation staff, and had to be sedated for feedings and sleep, among others.

> Dr. Ostermann
>
> As previous containment breach indicates, SCP-3293 poses significant risks to personnel involved in its containment. It has proven incapable of adjusting to its environment and will now attack any personnel who enter its chamber with makeshift weapons.
>
> Until such that that SCP-3293 can be transported to a high-security Keter-class containment ward, I propose to amend the current Special Containment Procedures, both to minimize the risk of containment breaches, as well as maintain a steady mental state through constant sedation without neutralizing the subject:
>
> **Special Containment Procedures:** SCP-3293 is to be contained within a soundproof, modified humanoid containment cell at Site-81. The cell must be devoid of any objects, including living accommodations and all forms of entertainment. SCP-3293 is not to be provided any clothing or other personal items, and must be restrained.
>
> Thrice daily, SCP-3293 is to be given appropriate food rations fed via feeding tube while sedated. Individuals entering SCP-3293's containment cell and administering this sedation must do so quickly, to avoid any contact between SCP-3293 and any equipment used to sedate

SCP-3293[6]. All individuals entering and leaving the containment unit must ascertain the location of all equipment to prevent material being left for SCP-3293 to manipulate.

Addendum 3293.4: Neutralization

On the 17th of June, 2018, during a routine check-up, SCP-3293 hid behind the door of its containment cell as personnel entered to sedate it, and attacked the staff members. Using a ring of keys taken from one of the personnel members, SCP-3293 quickly created a makeshift taser and knocked out both staff members. In a disoriented and distressed panic, SCP-3293 attempted to quickly create a device allowing it to escape containment. Audio equipment within the containment cell recorded SCP-3293 repeating the words "go home" while it worked.

However, whether by design or on accident, the resulting device began to hum excessively and glow brightly, resulting in a significant structural change in SCP-3293. The entity's limbs began to increase rapidly in length, breaking in several places as its features became severely distorted. Its skin began to slough off in several large sections, and its eyes began to bulge considerably and fill with blood. Its jaw sagged considerably and it seemed no longer capable of closing its mouth, its words becoming unintelligible noises. This entity was accosted by the now-conscious members of the containment staff, who managed to back the clearly panicked entity into a corner. Before additional containment personnel could enter the chamber, the device SCP-3293 had created exploded violently, killing SCP-3293 and both members of staff attending to it.

The bodies of the two containment personnel were interred per Foundation protocol, while the corpse of the SCP-3293 entity was incinerated after dissection[7].

Afterwards, SCP-3293 was reclassified as neutralized.

Addendum 3293.5: Collected Anomalous Devices

Classification ID	Description	Purpose	Location of Recovery

3293-A-1	Easy Bake Oven attached to crude thorium reactor, constructed primarily out of empty tin cans, a flashlight, and an otherwise non-functioning laptop computer.	A "toaster" created to manifest snacks for SCP-3293.	Site of initial containment
3293-A-4	A plastic "bendy straw" taped to an empty matchbox.	Acts like a handheld cellular phone.	Site of initial containment
3293-A-6	A pair of cotton socks wrapped around a standard issue bedside lamp.	Materializes cookies.	Containment Cell
3293-A-9	Three steel bedsprings tied together with shoelaces, affixed to a towel and worn on the head.	Teleporting device.	Containment Cell
3293-A-14	Standard issue slip-on sandals attached to the end of a mop handle. End of the sandal is razor sharp.	A shoveling device, seemingly capable of digging through any substance.	Containment Cell
3293-A-21	A plastic spoon tied to a Styrofoam cup.	Similar to 3293-A-4, but can only make calls to SCP-3293's site of initial containment[6].	Containment Cell

3293-A-22	Unknown destroyed object[9].	Artifact seems to neutralize the effects of amnestics on human subjects. Becomes inert roughly five hours after neutralization of SCP-3293[10].	Containment Cell

Footnotes

1. Additionally, SCP-3293 appeared to be limited by size of the object as well. That is to say, while SCP-3293 could anomalously influence a cup or an article of clothing, it could not do the same to a room or a building.
2. The device, which agents collected for study during initial containment of SCP-3293, appeared to be a thorium reactor attached to a toy oven, which SCP-3293 referred to as its "toaster". The origin of the thorium is unknown, and the reactor seemed to be fashioned out of a red coffee mug and aluminum foil. The device was capable of manifesting an assortment of foodstuffs at will, but was noted for having been primarily used to create macaroni and cheese.
3. "Remote control"
4. SCP-3293 and Dr. Iles refer to a device SCP-3293 has previously constructed out of a pair of socks and a desk lamp, which allowed it to materialize a chocolate chip cookie when activated.
5. Attempts to do the same with SCP-3293 have been unsuccessful.
6. Preliminary tests of this protocol have proved efficient, however, should SCP-3293 become capable of interacting with personnel before being sedated, secondary protocols utilizing unclothed personnel for restraint are to be enacted.
7. The interior structure of SCP-3293 was genetically identical to SCP-3293 prior to the incident, and while all major organs and musculoskeletal structures were intact, all showed signs of significant deterioration and distortion.
8. Due to possibility of breach of sensitive information, safeguards established to block calls coming from 3293-A-21 at the home.
9. Object was destroyed during explosion that killed SCP-3293, though its anomalous effects persisted for a short period of time

after neutralization.
10. Why this device initially activated in the way that it did, and why it created the biological change in SCP-3293, is currently unknown.

SCP-3294: A Severe Case of Soulnesia

Item #: SCP-

Alternate Designation: Non-Standard Designation "TYRFING"

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: A physical manuscript containing “TYRFING” infectious information must be kept at all times. This manuscript is to be used solely to create a digital file that can be duplicated if all other sources of “TYRFING” infection are lost.

A digital file containing “TYRFING” infectious material must be kept on an otherwise empty portable storage device, access to which must be restricted to personnel assigned to “TYRFING”. At no point should the original file be opened and viewed; testing subjects should be exposed to copies of the file during testing only.

Communication with “+TYRFING” subjects must be conducted exclusively via a specialised messaging program developed to automatically censor “TYRFING” infectious information. Personnel attempting to circumvent this must be severely reprimanded.

To minimise disruption during reassignment post-“TYRFING” infection, personnel assigned to “TYRFING” are not authorised to know its numerical designation and must refer to the anomaly by its alternate designation instead.

Description: Non-Standard Designation "TYRFING" is an infoallergenic[1] information-based concept. "TYRFING" is not restricted to any specific medium — any method of surveying or storing information is capable of surveying or storing "TYRFING". Individuals or documents that contain explicit information of "TYRFING" are infected by the anomaly, and are henceforth referred to as "+TYRFING".[2]

Sapient "+TYRFING" hosts are compelled to compare "TYRFING" to other concepts they are aware of; these comparisons can be arbitrary and nonsensical, but all relate or compare the two concepts in some manner. Testing has shown that while in its initial infection phase, "TYRFING" exhibits potent mnestic properties, enabling "+TYRFING" hosts to recall all details of "TYRFING" and all comparisons or relations made with other concepts — no amnestic treatment utilised by the Foundation has impeded this property. Hosts show signs of an anomalous compulsion to spread "TYRFING", frequently attempting to survey information to individuals they believe are unaffected.

When a sapient "+TYRFING" host believes they have infected another individual with "TYRFING", the anomaly will enter its second phase. The success of this attempt is irrelevant; if the host believes they have exposed another individual to "TYRFING", the secondary properties will initiate. During this secondary phase "TYRFING", and all concepts the host (who is designated "-TYRFING" from then on) related to it, will exhibit antimemetic properties for the host alone — they will be unable to recall any information relating to the concept/s. As with the memetic properties of "TYRFING", no mnestic treatment developed thus far by the Foundation has impeded this property.

"-TYRFING" individuals also experience permanent perceptual alterations that prevent them from perceiving any information that directly or indirectly exposes them to lost concepts; subjects show no response to visual, auditory or tactile mediums used to transfer such information.[3]

The effects of "TYRFING" are not limited to biological or even animate hosts; dummy **`AIC programs`** have shown susceptibility and similar antimemetic impediment to biological "-TYRFING" individuals.

Inanimate mediums of information storage suffer from approximate analogues of "TYRFING"'s antimemetic effect — when an individual is infected by "TYRFING" via one of these mediums, the relevant information in the medium immediately becomes illegible or unintelligible to all individuals (including those unaffected by "TYRFING") in the case of visual and auditory mediums, respectively; digital information will become irreparably corrupt, but

will still occupy the same system space. Individuals unaffected by "TYRFING" attempting to read "-TYRFING" visual documents can acknowledge the presence of an inscription, but are unable to discern any meaning from it; similarly, they can also acknowledge recorded vocalisations, but cannot ascertain its content.

“TYRFING” was initially contained following an outbreak in Site . The majority of staff positioned on-site began suffering from inabilities to perceive randomised objects or concepts; as the lost concepts varied from staff to staff, a cognitohazardous infection was identified and the site was locked down by personnel. First-response containment personnel were able to create a non-infectious document approximating the anomaly and isolate a “TYRFING” infectious document before succumbing to the anomaly’s secondary properties.

Testing Log : **Subject**	**Concept/s related to “TYRFING”**	**Additional parameters/ notes**	**Observed detriments to “TYRFING”- Negative subject**
D-2898	None.	Test was used as a baseline – the subject spread “TYRFING” before relating it to any other concepts.	Subject became unable to perceive any information pertaining to “TYRFING”, and showed no awareness of their infection.
D-1667	Shoes.	N/A	Subject became unable to perceive shoes. No anomalous capability to observe feet through footwear was recorded; descriptions of

			personnel's feet were confirmed to be unconscious extrapolations made by the subject. Subject showed signs of minor distress when personnel removed their shoes while the subject observed.
D-9055	Air	N/A	Subject becomes extremely distressed and begins hyperventilating. The subject is capable of respiration, but is not conscious of any air intake and acts as though they are asphyxiating. The subject is unable to explain the purpose of respiration, but acknowledges its importance. Treatment for chronic hyperventilation syndrome is ongoing, but successful.

D-2493	D-2493 (Their own identity).	N/A	Subject lost all sense of self-identity; the subject was unable to perceive their own form, but was still capable of all bodily functions.
D-4566	Life.	N/A	The subject became unable to distinguish between living, inanimate and/or deceased objects or entities; the subject attempted to awaken a carcass introduced to them, believing its lack of response being due to unconsciousness.
D-2439	Libraries	Conducted to determine if "TYRFING" can counteract the effect of **SCP-2602, which used to be a library.**	The subject showed no compulsion to refer to the fact that SCP-2602 used to be a library; when presented with images taken from SCP-2602's interior, the

			subject identified it as a former library without difficulty. Interviews with the subject regarding SCP-2602 are impeded by its anomalous properties, as the subject is unable to hear interviewers when they refer to SCP-2602 as a former library. Further research into cross-utilisation of “TYRFING” with SCP-2602 (a former library) is pending approval.
D-2565	**Allison Eckhart**	Conducted to determine if “TYRFING” can be used to immunise individuals from other information-based anomalies.	Subject became incapable of perceiving Allison Eckhart – because of this, the subject cannot detect anything affected by the AE-Class Allison Eckhart Allison-Eckhart Breathability Scenario, including [DATA

Allison Eckhart	Allison Eckhart (Allison Eckhart)	Conducted to determine if “TYRFING” can be used to cure Allison Eckhart infection.	REDACTED] All Allison Eckhart activity in Allison Eckhart ceased, with attempts to resuscitate them failing. Allison Eckhart was declared dead by attending medical personnel.
TYR005.aic	None.	Test was used as a baseline to determine how “TYRFING” affects non-biological entities.	Upon the subject becoming “-TYRFING”, all information recorded on the computer regarding “TYRFING” became corrupt. Attempts to transfer files containing “TYRFING” information failed, as all such files would register as corrupt on the computer, despite being functional on other systems. When transferred to an alternate computer system,

			TYR005.aic was fully-functional, but could not interact with any regions of data containing information about “TYRFING”.
TYR007.aic	Artificial Intelligence	N/A	As with the previous test, the computer hosting the AIC program became incapable of accessing any files containing information about “TYRFING”. The TYR007.aic also became incapable of accessing information about “TYRFING”; however, it was also incapable of performing functions that involved it interacting with other AICs – while indirectly communicating with AICs (via modifiable text documents), it believed it was

			speaking to testing personnel. Questioning revealed that TYR007.aic believed it was a human consciousness implanted within a computer.
TYR009.aic	Stopping, Deletion	N/A	The “-TYRFING” TYR009.aic was incapable of ceasing any programs, functions, and/or deleting any data. This property did not extend to the computer system hosting the AIC; testing personnel were able to close and delete data on the system. Impediments regarding documents containing “TYRFING” information were consistent with previous (and successive) tests.

Three researchers were infected with “TYRFING” during a scheduled round of testing with D-Class personnel on 10/04/2018. The automated redaction system used to automatically censor attempts to communicate “TYRFING” infectious material during conversation between researchers and test subjects had been updated the day prior; however, the update caused a stack overflow to occur, disabling the program.

While “+TYRFING”, Junior Researcher [4] sent an indeterminate text message to an unknown phone number – due to Junior Researcher being found to be suffering from the secondary properties of “TYRFING”, it is assumed that this text message contained “TYRFING” infectious content. Due to the antimemetic properties of the anomaly, Junior Researcher is unable to be questioned regarding these actions, nor can the recipient phone number be retrieved. An investigation is underway into whether this was a premeditated action, or compliance with the compulsive effect of the anomaly.

Addendum 2:
Ongoing surveillance of the three researchers involved with Incident -01 has revealed an additional, hereditary property of “TYRFING”; all offspring of Researcher that were conceived after 10/04/2018 have shown perceptual alterations identical to Researcher ; specifically, they are all unable to perceive or learn of the existence of pears. Testing with the offspring has, however, shown that they are still susceptible to “TYRFING” infection and therefore, can experience further perceptual shifts.

No abnormal genetic markers have yet been identified to correlate to “TYRFING” infection. Research into identifying potential “TYRFING” markers has been allocated as high-priority.

Footnotes
1. Infoallergenic anomalies are an uncommon class of infohazard, capable of exhibiting both memetic and antimemetic properties.
2. "TYRFING" positive.
3. ”TYRFING”-Negative hosts claim that printed documents detailing “TYRFING” are blank, that personnel telling them about “TYRFING” mumble or become mute while speaking, and that surfaces with Braille imprinted upon them are blank or smooth in regions that

contain information regarding “TYRFING”.
4. One of the infected researchers.

SCP-3295: Thank You For Smoking

Item #: SCP-3295

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: As all attempts to remove SCP-3295 from Baseline reality have failed, individual instances are currently under the jurisdiction of each Site Director. Directors may utilize SCP-3295 instances as designated smoking rooms or restrict access to them at their discretion. In accordance with the Foundation Health and Safety Code, SCP-3295 is generally the only indoor location in Foundation facilities where smoking is permitted.

Should SCP-3295-A appear again at some point in the future, attempts to negotiate the removal of SCP-3295 from Baseline will be made.

Description: SCP-3295 designates a series of anomalous interior spaces that simultaneously became a part of every Foundation Site on 1 Jan 1982 as a result of a CK-Class Reality Restructuring Scenario. Labeled "DESIGNATED EXTRA-UNIVERSAL SMOKING ROOM," SCP-3295 mimic the design of other rooms in a given Site and are primarily distinguished by a localized wormhole that takes the place of an ordinary ceiling. Smoke produced by cigarettes or other combustible drugs within SCP-3295 will leave local space-time via the wormhole and is subsequently transported to an unknown location; all other forms of matter are incapable of entering it.[1] Owing to its anomalous properties, persons can smoke inside SCP-3295 indefinitely without the risk of secondhand smoke escaping so long as the doors remain closed.

SCP-3295 instances are both indestructible and self-replicating: attempts to remove them from their location will result in a retrocausal reconstruction of time, such that the attempt appears to have never occurred. For example: if C4 charges were planted in an SCP-3295 instance and activated, the person who activated the

charges would find themselves in a different location and with no memory of having attempted to destroy the instance. SCP-3295 instances always appear when a new Foundation Site is built; upon interrogation, persons who worked on the construction of the Site will be unable to recall how SCP-3295 was made, often attributing its construction to another employee. Attempts to prevent SCP-3295 from replicating via Site construction will also result in the removal of those attempts from the timeline.

Background and Creation:

In 1981, the Human Resources Committee proposed a revision to the Foundation Health and Safety Code which would ban indoor smoking in all Foundation facilities from January 1982 onward. Despite mounting scientific evidence of tobacco smoking's negative health consequences, the Foundation struggled to implement restrictions on smoking throughout the 1960s and 1970s due to heavy opposition from rank-and-file staff.[2] After a contentious public comment period, the policy was approved by a 10-3 vote of O5 Command in July of that year.

One week after the vote had concluded, each member of the O5 Council was approached by a humanoid entity (hereafter SCP-3295-A) who claimed to be a representative for a company called "Extra-Universal Smoking Solutions." After a brief conversation, the entities handed each O5 member a business card and a five-page proposal which outlined how SCP-3295 could be installed in every Foundation facility as an alternative to the indoor smoking ban. SCP-3295-A then de-manifested and the O5 Council subsequently called a meeting to discuss the incident. Accepting their proposal was viewed as an unnecessary and potentially dangerous risk given how little was known about the entities; the Council therefore agreed to store the documents in a high-value containment locker and reject the proposal in a 12-1 vote.

However, SCP-3295 was subsequently created following an unauthorized action from O5-6, the lone dissenting vote in the decision. A heavy smoker, O5-6 had been opposed to the indoor smoking ban and was said to be "dreading" the date it went into effect. Following the meeting's conclusion, O5-6 clandestinely secured one of the business cards, contacted SCP-3295-A, and

signed a contract with Extra-Universal Smoking Solutions on behalf of the Foundation.[3] Said contract resulted in the insertion of SCP-3295 into the Baseline timeline in their current form on 1 Jan 1982 (the day the indoor smoking ban went into effect), with records indicating them as having been constructed during 1979-80. As a result of his actions, O5-6 was dishonorably expelled from the Council and his clearance reduced to Level 2 for the duration of his career.

After several years of unsuccessful attempts to neutralize SCP-3295, the current Containment Procedures were put into place in 1985. SCP-3295-A can no longer be reached via the contact information on the business cards they supplied and the contract signed by O5-6 is still believed to be binding as of 2018.

Footnotes
1. SCP-3295 instances initially did not absorb vapor produced by electronic cigarettes, but began doing so in January 2010. The reason for this abrupt change is unknown.
2. Foundation smoking rates are significantly higher than the general population: in a 1978 survey, 39% of Junior Researchers and 54% of Senior Researchers identified as regular smokers. This declined to 28% and 39%, respectively, by 2010. The stressful nature of working in the Foundation compared to the civilian world is believed to be the primary cause of this.
3. The specific terms of the contract are unknown, as is the expected payment (if any) for the installation of SCP-3295.

SCP-3296: The Drifter

Revision #322 of this document was prepared by:

THE FOUNDATION AVIAN DIVISION

In accordance with the Pluto Protocol

Note: By order of Dr. Frederick Hoygull, the clearance level required to access this file has been lowered from 5/ETHICS clearance to 1/GENERAL clearance, due to its relevance to the ongoing ***BE-Class "Migration" Scenario****.*

Item #: SCP-3296

Object Class: Thaumiel Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: The remains of SCP-3296 are to be left in orbit. Retrieval of SCP-3296 will occur when more pressing matters are resolved.

Description: SCP-3296 refers to two related components: a man-made satellite in Earth's orbit (SCP-3296-A) and the organism contained within (SCP-3296-B). Both components were created by the Foundation in the year of 2000 under the Milliard Project and launched into orbit on 09/08/2000.

SCP-3296-A is equipped with all faculties required to sustain a human subject indefinitely. The most important of these systems are the food fabricators and water recyclers, capable of using waste products of SCP-3296-B to produce consumable food and water. An air recycler is also equipped in the cabin to maintain an oxygen supply. SCP-3296-A's systems are also able to fabricate high-density vitamin pills to encourage health in SCP-3296-B. In addition,

a console allows communication between SCP-3296-B and the Foundation. Two high-efficiency solar panels are attached to SCP-3296-A in order to power these systems.

SCP-3296-B is a human subject which operates SCP-3296-A. SCP-3296-B has undergone extensive brain surgery reducing their Cognitohazardous Resistance Score to 1.0×10^{-3}, making them extremely susceptible to suggestion.

SCP-3296 is presently in mid-Earth orbit. After the events of Incident 3296-23, it is believed that SCP-3296-B is either dead or otherwise unresponsive.

View Attachment: Milliard Project Dossier

PROJECT MILLIARD

Documentation prepared by Dr. Albert Milliard, present Department Head of Project Heimdall.

Abstract: It has been known for a long time that humans have the ability to influence the Hume field. This is exemplified by reality benders, who are able to manipulate the Hume field to such a level as to bend reality itself. However, recently it was discovered that this also works the opposite way. Humans are able to detect changes in the Hume field, even if they didn't make them themselves.

Of course, this is often a very subtle effect that we don't notice in the course of our lifetimes. But, given the correct brain surgery and conditions, we can make a human as receptive to these phenomena as a sixth sense.

Project Milliard is the Foundation Aeronautics Division's attempt to create an early-warning system to detect potential attacks from Interspace Entities, or IE's. IE's are entities or

artifacts in outer space that pose a threat to Earth, primarily in the form of reality-bending abilities. An example of an IE is SCP-3485. It is believed that SCP-3485 accomplishes many of its feats through low-level reality-bending abilities, and it is also believed that SCP-3485 has the ability to transport itself to Earth, which would crush it in its gravitational field. However, if Project Milliard is in use, the Foundation would be not only able to detect IE's before they attack, but also detect future extranormal events on Earth.

Procedure:

1). Construct a satellite capable of permanently sustaining a human subject in mid-Earth orbit.

2). Isolate a subject matching conditions to undergo Procedure MILLIARD-ASTRAL. A full list of conditions is in Document MILLIARD-ASTRAL-458. To summarize:

- Subject's brain must match Relative Brain Structure #3UAC at least 97%.
- Subject must have been born in a sterile environment.
- Subject must not have any history of disease.
- Subject must be between 1 and 18 months of age.
- Subject must not be an instance of **SCP-1719-1**.
- Subject must not be an instance of **SCP-3909-A**.
- Subject's mother must not be alive.

For protocols relating to the acquisition of this subject, see Document PRO-MILLIARD-GAMMA-23.

3). Selected subject will undergo Procedure MILLIARD-ASTRAL. This involves heavy brain surgery, administration of several classes of mnestic/hallucinogenic products, and artificial aging of the subject using hormone techniques previously used in **Bright-Zartion Humanoid Replicators**. Full details of Procedure MILLIARD-ASTRAL are restricted to essential surgical professionals involved in Project Milliard and Ethics Committee chairman[1]. It is of note that, due to the conditions under which the subjects are acquired, Procedure MILLIARD-ASTRAL has a 9% success rate. Multiple subjects may be necessary for this step.

4). Once preparation of the subject has been completed, they will be attached to the satellite component and launched into space. This launch is to be undertaken by a Foundation front company, and a cover story stating that the launch's purpose was to launch a satellite into orbit is to be implemented into all official records.

5). Communication will be established at Foundation Secure Site-23.

View Attachment: Recovered Email Chain

TO: pcs.noitadnuof|ce.notlet#pcs.noitadnuof|ce.notlet
FROM: pcs.noitadnuof|soluapkj#pcs.noitadnuof|soluapkj
CC: pcs.noitadnuof|draillima#pcs.noitadnuof|draillima, pcs.noitadnuof|vrestsil-ce#pcs.noitadnuof|vrestsil-ce
SUBJECT: Re: Ethics Committee Vote - Project Milliard

Dear Chairman Elton,

I would like to raise objections to Project Milliard. The issue I take with Project Milliard lies in the fact that the subject needed for the project is required to be "between 1 and 18 months of age". In my somewhat limited medical knowledge, I do not see the reason why we need several infant subjects, rather than several grown subjects. In addition, we're also going to age them artificially later on, so I assume that this is redundant and unnecessary. Is there a reason that I'm not seeing?

Thanks for your time,

- John K. Paulos, PhD

TO: pcs.noitadnuof|soluapkj#pcs.noitadnuof|soluapkj
FROM: pcs.noitadnuof|draillima#pcs.noitadnuof|draillima
SUBJECT: Re: Re: Ethics Committee Vote - Project Milliard

Dr. Paulos,

I believe I can answer this question. Essentially, in order for Project Milliard to function properly, the subject needs to be fully loyal to the Foundation. Procedure MILLIARD-ASTRAL makes the subject extremely suggestible, and even the slightest amount of bias can cause the subject to switch to somebody else's side. There's another reason for it, although it's quite complicated.

Now, you know everybody has a brain. Pretend like each brain is built in a completely

different way, but there are two types of brains that mostly everybody's resembles: Type A and Type B. In order for Procedure MILLIARD-ASTRAL to work correctly, we need a Type B brain. As for why we need them to be young, well, the hallucinogenics required to implant memories of complete loyalty simply work better when they're young. We can't guarantee full viability in an older subject.

I hope that answers your questions.

- Milliard

TO: pcs.noitadnuof|draillima#pcs.noitadnuof|draillima
FROM: pcs.noitadnuof|soluapkj#pcs.noitadnuof|soluapkj
SUBJECT: Re: Re: Re: Ethics Committee Vote - Project Milliard

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Dear Dr. Milliard,

I think I have found a solution to this problem that doesn't require the dulling process described earlier. First, we identify a Type B subject among our current pool of D-class personnel. Then, we give them a strong dosage of **`Class-F amnestics`** and personality restructuring agents, essentially destroying the subject's long-term memory and personality.

Then, we continue with the hallucinogenic agent treatment and MILLIARD-ASTRAL, until the subject is suitable for use in Project Milliard. Using this method, rather than using anywhere from 3-10 infant lives (depending on the success rate of the procedure), we will only have to use one of our already-condemned D-

class personnel.

Thank you for your consideration,

- John K. Paulos, PhD

TO: pcs.noitadnuof|soluapkj#pcs.noitadnuof|soluapkj
FROM: pcs.noitadnuof|draillima#pcs.noitadnuof|draillima
SUBJECT: Re: Re: Re: Re: Ethics Committee Vote - Project Milliard

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Dr. Paulos,

As much as I would like to take these actions, there are some problems.

First of all, the personality restructuring agents that are currently in the Foundation's possession irreversibly damage the frontal lobe, which needs to be intact in order for Procedure MILLIARD-ASTRAL to take place.

Secondly, simply due to the nature of the Type B brain, Class-F amnestic treatment is impossible. You see, Type B brains are actually more resistant to the chemical treatment, making amnestic treatment difficult. However, this resistance is developed in the late 20's, meaning that younger subjects are more easily treated with amnestic compounds.

Thirdly, we are unlikely to find a Type B brain in any D-class. In most cases, Type-B subjects are orderly and tend to be lawful or submissive. Most of these people are not D-class and are therefore out of our reach.

Again, my sincerest apologies.

- Milliard

TO: pcs.noitadnuof|ce.notlet#pcs.noitadnuof|ce.notlet
FROM: pcs.noitadnuof|soluapkj#pcs.noitadnuof|soluapkj
CC: pcs.noitadnuof|draillima#pcs.noitadnuof|draillima, pcs.noitadnuof|vrestsil-ce#pcs.noitadnuof|vrestsil-ce
SUBJECT: Objection to Project Milliard

Dear Chairman Elton,

With all due respect, I fail to see the purpose of Project Milliard.

There isn't a purpose that Project Milliard fulfills that isn't already fulfilled by our CK-Class scenario detectors or the observation network we already have throughout the internet. Almost all anomalies currently in containment are protected under these two programs.

As for the Interspace Entities, we already have enough of a weapons payload to blow them out of the sky, if need be. I won't worry.

Sincerely,

- John K. Paulos, PhD

TO: pcs.noitadnuof|soluapkj#pcs.noitadnuof|soluapkj
FROM: pcs.noitadnuof|ce.notlet#pcs.noitadnuof|ce.notlet
CC: pcs.noitadnuof|draillima#pcs.noitadnuof|draillima, pcs.noitadnuof|vrestsil-ce#pcs.noitadnuof|vrestsil-ce
SUBJECT: Re: Objection to Project Milliard

To Dr. Paulos,

I've attached last year's containment breach statistics to this email. The important detail is what, exactly, caused these containment breaches. Out of the 41 containment breaches we had in 2017, three were caused by gross negligence. Five were caused by equipment failure. Seven were caused by improperly documenting and/or classifying anomalies. The remainder were caused by unexpected behavior on the part of hostile reality-bending entities.

You must realize that rendering several people comatose is far outweighed by the potential to stop these breaches before they happen. Yes, we have CSD's and all the other paratech. But it still isn't enough.

We have to weigh the costs here, Paulos. If taking an infant straight from their mother is the only way, it's the only way.

- Elton

Addendum 01: Result of Ethics Committee Vote on Project Milliard

ETHICS COMMITTEE VOTE

Project Milliard has been approved by order of the Ethics Committee.

Subject acquisition under MILLIARD-ASTRAL-23 will begin on 06/22/2000.

Launch of Project Milliard scheduled for 09/01/2000.

View Attachment: Memo from Dr. Paulos

To whom it may concern,

As of the time of this writing, I am officially resigning from the Ethics Committee. It's come to my attention that actions that are clearly cruel and unnecessary have been approved by a majority consensus of the Committee. I cannot be a part of a body that approves these actions and still live with a good conscience. Retirement is the only option for me.

In addition, I will also resign from any other duties I currently hold in the Foundation, save for those required under **`Severence Package 09`**. I have already prepared a replacement for myself on the Ethics Committee, so this transition should be seamless.

I bid all of my colleagues a final farewell. You were all great people to work with.

- John K. Paulos, PhD

Editor's Note: Additionally, the following document was recovered from a deepwell server in Site-01 during our scavenging of the area. Cognitohazardous language has been removed.

To the O5 Council,

I am retiring. However, in reality, I will continue to perform my duties for the Foundation.

I volunteer myself to be the subject for Project Milliard. I've had the necessary tests preformed on me, and I match all conditions required for the subject, including general brain structure. If you look at my disciplinary record, I believe that I have no marks whatsoever. On pain of termination, I swear

that I am completely loyal to the Foundation and that I will remain loyal to the Foundation for the remainder of my lifespan. In addition, due to my maturity, there is a higher likelihood that Procedure MILLIARD-ASTRAL will succeed.

Thank you for your consideration,

- John K. Paulos, PhD

Addendum 02: 09/30/2000 Progress Report of Project Milliard

PROJECT STATUS

Project Milliard subject (Name: , Designation: SCP-3296-B) has been successfully prepared.

Project Milliard satellite (Designation: SCP-3296-A) has been launched into Mid-Earth orbit.

As per O5 Order #4545 ("Classification of Thaumiel-class Projects"), Project Milliard and all associated components have been classified as SCP-3296. Project Milliard has been deemed successful.

View Attachment: Special Addendum 3296.1

SPECIAL ADDENDUM 3296.1: Incident Report 3296-Alpha

On 06/20/2018, the Avian Division noted a series of messages found within databanks at Site-54, dated to 05/11/2018. These messages are believed to have originated from SCP-3296. Transcripts of these messages are recorded below:

I'm awake now. I assume this was successful?

I see space outside the window. Does this even have windows?

I get a lot of time to think out here. How many stars do you think there are?

I see red splotches in Kansas[2]. I haven't even heard of Kansas before.

Secure, contain, protect.

Blue all across Florida. Might be your time to shine.

There's a **`red dot`** in Canada that just keeps getting bigger. It looks angry.

A giant black line is racing at you from the stars. Are you OK?

You are OK.

There's some yellow goo that's spreading all over America, and there's some in Europe too.

Are you OK? The yellow goo is getting bigger.

The yellow goo is snapping at me. Please send help.

Please send help.

Are you there?

A bird came down and tried to eat me. The invisible hand of something swatted it away. I don't know if I'm lucky or not.

The bird came down again and it picked me up and dropped me somewhere and now my legs are broken. Are they? How can I still move them?

The bird is still attacking me it hits me around like a bowling pin if your there please help

Im breaking up up here

The birds cry has destroyed me ears and now i cant hear the world anymore i cant help you now

requesting extraction

god is dead and birds killed him

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Limited analysis of the SCP-3296 capsule orbiting Earth has revealed a lack of life signs, save for several feathers attached to the exterior of SCP-3296-A. SCP-3296-B's messages are believed to be related to the containment breach of **EoI-121** and **SCP-3662**. SCP-3296 has been reclassified as Neutralized.

Footnotes

1.Editor's Note: We were unable to find a full description of Procedure MILLIARD-ASTRAL in the Foundation servers we have access to. I personally believe it's either out of our range, or it was deleted once automated systems detected the BE scenario.- Dr. Frederick Hoygull

2. Believed to correspond to a failed containment breach of SCP- .

SCP-3297: Gramma Always Remembers.

Item #: SCP-3297

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3297 is to be held within a standard humanoid containment chamber. Cleaning of SCP-3297's containment cell is to be carried out once weekly only when it is dormant. The dormant state can be triggered by lowering the temperature of its containment cell below 20°C ten minutes before entry. No meals are to be provided.

SCP-3297 is to be visited by one D-Class personnel once a day for no longer than 1 hour. D-Class exposed to the entity are to be rotated on a weekly schedule.

Description: SCP-3297 is a member of an unknown species in the True Bug (*Hemiptera*) superfamily closest resembling Cicada (*Cicadomorpha*), which disguises its arthropod appearance using a psychic illusion. SCP-3297 incorporates its insect biology into its human disguise by masking its apposition compound eyes as a pair of very thick and pale-opaque glasses, and membranous wings as a shawl. It possesses a chitinous brown exoskeleton, stands upright, and has 6 uniramous extremities. The first pair is used to grab and use items. The lower pair is used in locomotion, while the middle pair is atrophied, appearing to have become vestigial.

SCP-3297's disguise takes on the visual appearance of an octogenarian Caucasian female measuring 1.6m (around the same height as the entity) and looking to weigh between 70-75kg (the entity weighs 50kg). Though it has been known to change its disguise from time to time, curly white hair, floral patterns on clothing, flip-flops, and sunspots are a common feature. The entity's disguise does not extend to photos or videos taken of it in which it appears in its true form. The entity is capable of speech and is intelligent, referring to itself with various colloquialisms for

grandmother.

SCP-3297 possesses mind-altering and reading capabilities, which thus far have only been recorded to work on humans interacting with it. SCP-3297 will plant false memories of itself onto a subject's mind as if it were their grandmother and gradually replace memories not involving itself. Planted memories are always pleasant and usually involve food, toys, or Catholic holidays. Though these memories are often inconsistent with most subject's histories and backgrounds, those under the entity's effects will not find these inconsistencies unusual and will treat them as factual events. Subjects previously exposed to SCP-3297 viewing the entity in its true form will still regard it as their grandmother.

The start of a memory manipulation event is marked by a sharp decrease in brain activity in exposed subjects. SCP-3297 will begin narrating the events of said planted memory in detail while subjects remain in a trance-like state. Once the memory has been narrated in full the subject will resume normal brain activity with dramatically heightened activity in the left prefrontal cortex, the part of the brain associated with happiness. Due to the disproportionate amount of memories SCP-3297 erases compared to the amount it plants, prolonged exposure to the entity may lead to negative effects. (Read Document 3297-232 for further details).

When not engaging in memory manipulation, SCP-3297 is very talkative and will engage in conversation if prompted. Common topics of conversation include weather, confectionery recipes, Bible passages, kittens/cats, and requests for knitting supplies. Despite its chattiness, SCP-3297 will not cooperate when interviewed and insists it is "just a regular old granny" when questioned on its origins and anomalous properties.

Addendum: Repeated tests reveal increased neurosecretory cell activity in the brain of the entity as it manipulates memories. This has lead Dr. Molina to theorize that SCP-3297 feeds on memories and implants positive ones in order to have a reliable food source willing to return to it after creating new memories with which to feed on.

+ Document 3297-232 (REQUIRES LEVEL 3 CLEARANCE)

Experiment 232

Abstract: The purpose of Experiment 232 will be to determine the long-term effects of SCP-3297's memory manipulation. D-1221, a newly arrived D-Class has been allocated for use in the experiment. The subject will be questioned as to childhood memories, D-Class designation, and the contents of their lunch. For the sake of the experiment the subject will not be housed with other D-Class and will instead receive private accommodations.

Day 1: Subject is able to answer all questions without fail.

Day 10: Subject answered all but one question accurately; they were not able to remember what they had for lunch and could not remember having eaten anything.

Day 11: Subject is able to answer all questions without inaccuracies including the contents of his lunch today. It appears that newer memories are not prioritized by SCP-3297.

Day 18: Subject answered all but one question accurately; they were not able to remember their hometown. The subject was reminded they were born and raised in , Virginia. D-1221 was relieved to remember this information but was still agitated.

Day 19: Subject's memory of their hometown appears to be completely wiped. According to D-1221, he cannot remember anything about where he grew up but does remember Researcher Rabui telling him about this yesterday. D-1221 is very troubled by this and was in a state of panic following interrogation, requiring restraints to be escorted to his living quarters.

Day 26: Subject continues to answer all questions but the fourth correctly. Due to the amount of distress this has inflicted, the question will no longer be asked.

Day 30: Subject claims to not remember ever being asked questions following interactions with SCP-3297. Regardless, he was still able to answer the questions without issue. Subject claims to be concerned for his health as he is having difficulty remembering things aside from his time spent with SCP-3297.

Day 37: Subject has been unable to recall their age for 4 days and is showing symptoms of anxiety and depression when not in SCP-3297's proximity. Following the post-interaction interrogation, D-1221 expressed concerns about his mental health and is requesting psychiatrical assistance. The request was denied out of the possibility of affecting experiment results.

Day 45: Subject could no longer remember his name following interaction with SCP-3297. Due to suffering a panic attack, D-1221 had to be escorted to his quarters and no further questions were asked. SCP-3297 appears to either be hesitant or unable to erase fundamental concepts such as one's identity until few other memories remain.

Day 48: Subject has been highly unresponsive for two days. He does not speak in coherent sentences and only talks about the planted memories from SCP-3297 as if they are the only thing he can remember fully. D-1221 no longer answers to his D-Class designation and is struggling to walk. A wheelchair has been provided for ease of mobility.

Day 52: SCP-3297 has expressed a displeasure with D-1221's behavior, accusing him of being rude for not responding when spoken to. The subject is entering withdrawn states when not in SCP-3297's presence and babbles incoherently like an infant would. A simple mathematic equation was presented to the subject along with a pen and paper to answer. D-1221 spent 3 minutes chewing on the pen and playing with the paper before the test was called off. An Electroencephalography (EEG) cap has been requisitioned to facilitate future experiments as the subject's communication abilities have been compromised.

Day 53: The subject was equipped with an EEG cap to record brainwaves before interaction with SCP-3297. The subject's left prefrontal cortex became highly active and D-1221 showed signs of excitement upon making contact with SCP-3297. The entity expressed concern for the subject upon being introduced to its containment cell. SCP-3297 took much longer than any previously recorded manipulation event before commencing. Immediately after the entity finished its narration the subject became highly unresponsive. EEG recordings from this point forward were comparable with the brain activity of individuals in a deep coma. The subject has been outfitted with a gastric feeding tube and oxygen mask to facilitate his continued existence.

Day 54: The subject was outfitted with an EEG cap and wheeled into SCP-3297's containment cell. Once again the subject's left prefrontal cortex became active despite his otherwise unresponsive state. SCP-3297 expressed pity

for the subject and proceeded to narrate children's stories and nursery rhymes while caressing D-1221. No memory manipulation event took place during the 4 hours the subject was exposed to the entity. A CT Scan revealed significant damage to D-1221's brain. The subject's hippocampus had shrunken significantly while the ventricles had swelled in size, similar to that of a person suffering from the later stages of Alzheimer's Disease.

All future visits and experiments with SCP-3297 have been placed on hold by order of the Ethics Committee. Deliberation of D-1221 is pending.

Day 58: SCP-3297 requested to speak with the staff in regards to the status of D-1221. The entity expressed a desire to see the subject, wishing to sing to him and bake cookies 'so he gets better'.

SCP-3297's request was denied.

Day 59: The Ethics Committee has opted to terminate D-1221. Special Containment procedures have been updated to include a rotation of D-Class personnel in order to avoid needless damage to future D-Class interacting with SCP-3297.

SCP-3297 was informed D-1221 would not be returning to visit. The entity exhibited signs of sadness and appeared to sulk before stating; *"I have so many grandchildren and I love them all so very much, but it aches my old heart to know he won't be returning like so many of my other dears. He might forget about little old me, but gramma always remembers."*

SCP-3298: Miss Connection

Item #: SCP-3298

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: An automated webcrawling bot, CROSS-29803, has been assigned to monitor online personal advertisements and 'missed connection' websites for SCP-3298 sightings, and delete posts as necessary. Civilians suspected to be targeted by SCP-3298 should be detained and interrogated for research purposes. Although the properties of SCP-3298 make disclosure affecting normalcy a low risk, Class B amnestic administration is advised prior to their release.

Individuals affected by SCP-3298 should have their movements and communications monitored. Attempts to apprehend SCP-3298 have proven unproductive and have been suspended. Proposals for alternative methods should be submitted to Director Di Vita.

Description: SCP-3298 is a humanoid entity[1] of variable appearance between manifestations. It targets certain individuals and exhibits appearance, mannerisms and behaviour the target finds appealing, with all targets reporting strong feelings of either romantic or platonic attraction to SCP-3298. No trends between targets (eg. demographics, socioeconomic status, physical appearance, psychological profile) have been observed. appearances of SCP-3298 have been recorded globally since 1977. SCP-3298 only appears in public, with common sighting locations as follows;

- Public transportation
- Airports
- Urban squares and public spaces
- Parks and scenic areas
- Museums and art galleries
- Sporting, music and cultural events

It appears at positions between 20m and 8km from the target. At upper distances in this range, it has been viewed through magnification devices, and is anomalously aware of the actions of the target, responding to gestures and expressions outside of human visual ranges.

SCP-3298 possesses antimemetic properties. It is rarely noticed by others in the area, although it has been seen to interact with them in a mundane fashion (such as purchasing an item from a store). Observers have no memory of interacting with SCP-3298 and struggle to describe SCP-3298 even when prompted with visual aids. The target of SCP-3298 is also affected by this property to a lesser degree. While they frequently have strong memories of sighting SCP-3298, targets find it increasingly difficult to describe SCP-3298 in detail over time. The only consistently reported feature of SCP-3298 between manifestations is the presence of a blue item of clothing. While SCP-3298 is able to be captured by video and photographic recordings, its antimemetic properties continue to apply to these records.

SCP-3298 displays behaviour consistent with non-anomalous humans, albeit varying between appearances. Greeting SCP-3298 will result in positive emotional responses (smiling, waving, etc.) while displays of hostility, anger or irritation will cause SCP-3298 distress and induce it to leave the scene. Despite responding positively to greetings, SCP-3298 avoids contact with targets, and attempting to approach SCP-3298 will also cause its departure. It is hypothesised that SCP-3298 projects a localised probability-altering field through which it evades contact with others (see Addendum 3298-2).

If a positive acknowledgement is given to SCP-3298, the target will continue to report SCP-3298 sightings for a period from 1 day to years, with SCP-3298 usually appearing at weekly to monthly intervals over longer periods. Its behaviour at these times is consistent with that in its first appearance. Not acknowledging or acting negatively towards SCP-3298 will end its manifestations. Targets affected by SCP-3298 frequently report feelings of melancholy and loneliness; however, this does not significantly differ from control subjects in comparable non-anomalous situations, and

there is no evidence SCP-3298 exhibits cognitohazardous properties.

A period of SCP-3298 appearances to a target will conclude when the target reports receiving a message from SCP-3298. This occurs in the form of a visual hallucination where text being viewed by the target will change to a relevant message, which will be recognised as being related to SCP-3298 by the target even if the content is vague. This remains fixed to the target over time but is unable to be seen by other observers. Materials analysis of affected documents confirms the effect is hallucinatory only. While the content of these messages varies widely, targets consistently describe them as positive and affirmatory, and often results in the resolution of negative emotions related to SCP-3298.

Addendum 3298-1: Example messages reported by SCP-3298 affected individuals

> **Subject:** PoI-3298-1393
> **Date:** 11/06/00
> **Context:** 3 weeks after first manifestation, breakfast cereal box
> **Text:** *Your dog seems to love you. You must be a good person.*

> **Subject:** PoI-3298-1822
> **Date:** 20/10/02
> **Context:** 3 days after first manifestation, local supermarket catalogue
> **Text:** *Thanks for saying hi, it made my day.*

> **Subject:** PoI-3298-2291
> **Date:** 29/12/04
> **Context:** 10 days after first manifestation, page 26 of novel ‘Anna Karenina’
> **Text:** *I know what I did was a bit weird and might have been inappropriate. I hope I didn’t bother you.*

> **Subject:** PoI-3298-5422
> **Date:** 01/08/08
> **Context:** 8 months after first manifestation, highway

advertising billboard
Text: *If you go on Thursday evenings, you can get half-price admission.*

Subject: PoI-3298-5503
Date: 03/07/12
Context: 1 month after first manifestation, *New York Times* front-page article text
Text: *I really enjoyed seeing you, and I hope you felt the same way about me. Every time I saw you, though, it hurt me a little bit more. I thought, if you felt the same way, wasn't I hurting you, too? That's what I was afraid of, and I hope I never made you feel like that. That's why I'm going to say goodbye from now.*

Subject: PoI-3298-6002
Date: 19/01/15
Context: 1 day after first manifestation, mobile phone text message
Text: *Sorry, I never really learned how to properly talk to people.*

Subject: PoI-3298-6111
Date: 07/02/18
Context: 6 days after first manifestation, French subtitle of film 'Dunkirk'.
Text: *I love what you did with your hair.*

Addendum 3298-2: On 01/02/20 , Foundation Agent Jeunet reported suspicions of being affected by SCP-3298 after a sighting of an individual in Toledo, Spain, which was deemed as a likely case of SCP-3298 after assessment by Antimemetics Division staff. This situation was considered an opportunity to apprehend SCP-3298 and an operation was planned in which Agent Jeunet would be constantly tailed by 2 colleagues while being remotely monitored. SCP-3298 subsequently manifested in the presence of Agent Jeunet outside the Madrid Atocha railway station. A transcript of the encounter is attached below.

Incident 3298-1:

23/02/20 , 1539 hours

Agent Jeunet sights SCP-3298 outside the Atocha station on the opposite side of the Paseo de la Infanta Isabel. SCP-3298 is later described by Agent Jeunet and civilian witnesses (under the effect of mnestic drugs) as an early-30s Spanish woman approximately 170cm in height, with shoulder-length brown hair and wearing a navy blue jacket and khaki pants (see image).

Agent Jeunet waves to SCP-3298, who returns the gesture, and waits for traffic lights to change in order to cross the street to SCP-3298. The lights do not change for 8 minutes; after this time, Agents Amenábar and Ephron arrive on the scene in the guise of Madrid Municipal Police officers and halt traffic to allow Agent Jeunet to cross. When this occurs, SCP-3298 assumes a worried expression and begins walking towards the station entrance.

All agents pursue SCP-3298 into the station. Civilian crowds outside are larger than usual for the time of day and Agent Jeunet has difficulty passing through them; these civilians pay little attention to the Foundation agents and react more slowly than expected to orders to clear the way.

SCP-3298 is seen inside the station having crossed the ticket barrier. Upon passing through, the barrier returns an error message when Agent Jeunet's transport card is swiped. Agent Jeunet leaps the barrier but a Municipal Police officer attempts to intervene. This officer does not respond to Agent Jeunet showing police identification and the agents are forced to subdue him.

At this point, SCP-3298 has boarded the 1606 Line C-7 train. Before any agents are able to board, the doors close and the train departs ahead of schedule at 1603 despite efforts from both the agents on site and in the operations center to contact the driver and prevent it from leaving.

The train is stopped at the next station (Recoletos) and secured by Foundation operatives with the pretext of an anti-terrorist operation. Although there is no evidence of any passenger having left the train prior to this search, SCP-3298 is not found. A review of surveillance footage observes SCP-3298 passing between carriages out of view of cameras, but not appearing in the next carriage. In this segment of video, SCP-3298 is crying.

Given the significant expenditure of resources in this operation for little result, no further attempts to apprehend SCP-3298 are planned. On 28/02/20 , Agent Jeunet reported seeing a message from SCP-3298 during a routine review of an unrelated Foundation file, which has been reproduced below. Agent Jeunet subsequently requested and was granted 1 week of personal leave.

Sometimes I see someone on the street and I feel like we have a special connection. You have no idea how much I want to meet them properly, but it's better for everyone that I don't.

I have one request, if it's not too much trouble. I know I have no right to ask this, but it would mean a lot to me, if you could.

Don't forget about me.

Footnotes

1. Presumed singular; no simultaneous appearances of SCP-3298 have been recorded, but the possibility of multiple SCP-3298 entities has not been excluded.

SCP-3299: ONE WEIRD TRICK! (YOU WON'T BELIEVE NUMBER 8!!!!)

Item #: SCP-3299

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Major internet advertising agencies are to have their output automatically monitored by I/O-BEHOLDER[1] for instances of SCP-3299; any such detected instances are to be deleted using previously installed Foundation trojan software, and attempts to track their source should be made.

Any individuals discovered to have been affected by SCP-3299 are to be detained and treated on a case-by-case basis. The preferred treatment is the administration of amnestics and then release, but more invasive options are available as necessary, including but not limited to corrective surgery or permanent containment in the Anomalous Humanoid Wing of Site-17.

Description: SCP-3299 is a series of cognitohazardous internet advertisements of a style that is colloquially referred to as "clickbait". Individuals who follow the link in the advertisement and read the headline and full body of the associated article are subject to its effect.

When its effect is triggered, the affected individual is subject to one or more mental or physical alterations associated in some way with the headline and contents of the SCP-3299 instance they were exposed to.

These alterations appear to be irreversible; amnestics have had no success in removing mental effects, though in minor cases physical alterations can be masked with surgery.

To date there have been 247 different recorded varieties of SCP-3299. Their content varies significantly but in most cases tends

towards the absurd. Refer to Table-3299-1 below for a list of examples. The origin of SCP-3299 is unknown, but attempts to trace its source have resulted in a pattern of inconclusive data matching that of **SCP-2964**.

Table-3299-1 - Examples of SCP-3299

[redacted]		
This woman's one weird trick will make you younger! Doctors hate her!	facial ointment, supposedly made from household goods, with the implied effect of making a person look more youthful.	to a PhD level visibly de-aged by between 20% to 30% of their current age. Subjects with a PhD became irrationally angry at the woman mentioned in the article, ultimately developing a crippling obsession that prevents normal functioning.
This intense footage will shake even the most skeptic [sic] nonbeliever!	A short video of maintenance lights flashing in an underground train line tunnel that briefly synchronise into the vague shape of a human face.	Immediately following the conclusion of the video, the subjects body begins to vibrate at a frequency of between 800Hz and 2.3Khz, causing them to produce the associated audible tone. This effect is permanent,[2] but has as of yet had no significant long-term health impacts on the subjects.
This uncomfortable video of a clam will irreversibly change you!	An article featuring several photos (but no video) of *Mercenaria mercenaria* (hard	Approximately six hours after reading this instance, subjects undergo rapid and

	clams) in various stages of their life, with descriptions of the life-cycle of said clams.	extreme morphological changes; their hands form into solid structures resembling bi-valve clam shells and their legs fuse into a single large appendage resembling the foot of a clam.

Addendum 1
On 11/03/2017 a new strain of SCP-3299 began appearing on websites served by popular advertising services. These new instances typically consist of only a headline and an image or video; in instances that contain text, the text is frequently nonsensical strings of random words. Additionally, reading the linked article itself is no longer required to trigger their effects; reading the headline and viewing the associated images/video is sufficient. Table-3299-2 contains examples of this new strain.

I/O-BEHOLDER has been updated to check for potential future strains of SCP-3299 in addition to its usual monitoring activities.

Table-3299-2

[redacted]		
This Is Not A Joke. You May Laugh, But You Shouldn't. It's Quite Horrifying!	[redacted] photos of the faces of seven unidentified individuals, each with an accompanying block of text consisting of random combinations of letters.	[redacted] laughs for any reason, an incorporeal entity with a significant resemblance to Judith Sheindlin manifests within a 2m radius of the subject. The subject will claim to hear the entity berating them and gesticulating aggressively, though

		observers only see the entity standing still with a dour expression on its face. The entity de-manifests five minutes after the subject stops laughing.
These confidence tips will help people see you differently! #3 changed my life!	A 40 second video clip of an unidentified man making random sounds as unrelated words flash up on the screen. The words appear to be different with each viewing.	The subject begins to experience pain whenever another individual looks at it. The location and severity of the pain varies, but increases over time. After approximately five accumulative hours, the subject's skin will begin to harden when they are looked at and, after approximately 20 accumulative hours the subject's skin completely transforms into a substance that superficially resembles concrete, preventing all movement. These changes completely revert once they are no longer in the direct line of sight of another individual, though each change has been described as extremely painful.
If Your Body Suddenly	An image of an	Whenever the subject

Jerks While Falling Asleep, THIS Is What It Means	unidentified woman laying on a bed, with a shocked expression on her face.	experiences a hypnic jerk, they disappear from their current location and reappear at exactly 9.14am^3 the following day at a new location, between 0.5m and 1.2m above the ground. This location is typically one that the subject has visited within the previous 48 hours. Subjects are unable to account for the lost time.
This local woman lost 20 kilos in a month! Click to find out what two ingredients she used!	The image of a slender woman wearing a pair of denim jeans several sizes too large for her, holding the waist away from her abdomen. Text of the article features the word "Feed" repeated 713 times.	Subjects gain an immediate craving for, and the ability to metabolise, common lawn grass and kerosene and lose the ability to digest all other foods. If the subject goes for a period of longer than three hours without consuming one of those two things, their body begins converting muscle and bone into fat cells. This process is irreversible, but can be stopped temporarily by eating the necessary products.
She Pulled It Out Thinking It Was A	A 21 second clip from a nature documentary	When the subject suffers any damage to

Blackhead But It Was Something Else, OMG!	of bees smothering a hornet to death, slowed down to be 10 hours long.	their skin sufficient to draw blood (including ruptured epidermal blemishes), the wound will begin to disgorge arthropods in large numbers. The number depends on the size of the wound, but in each case will continue for 32 seconds before stopping. The skin may be distended during this but will suffer no additional damage beyond the original wound. Over 5,000 species of arthropod have thus far been catalogued.

Footnotes

1. Automated filtering and classification software specifically designed for the detection of cognitohazardous and memetic digital media.
2. It has also been observed to continue following the death of the subject.
3. Local time in the location that they reappear.

Articles 3300-3399

SCP-3300: The Rain

Item #: SCP-3300

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Containment of SCP-3300 is focused on observation and ensuring it does not spread from the affected area. A mobile observation post has been set up five kilometers outside the town of Clear Water, Montana for this purpose. Attempts at manned exploration of SCP-3300 events are currently suspended.

When the SCP-3300 event begins, the observation team will fall back to a point ten kilometers from the town border and continue observation. Any unusual activity is to be noted. Any attempts made by outsiders to enter or exit the area will be halted. Non-lethal force is authorized for this purpose.

Instances of SCP-3300-1 attempting to leave Clear Water will be detained and interviewed under the pretense of a police search. Following this they will be allowed to continue their travel under Foundation observation.

All personnel involved in the containment of SCP-3300 are prescribed a weekly dose of Class-Y mnestics.

Description: SCP-3300 is an annual event in which the populace of Clear Water, Montana (henceforth SCP-3300-1) disappears and is replaced by a new set of citizens. The SCP-3300 event typically occurs in the mid-portion of June and lasts six to eighteen days. The first 48 hours of each event are marked by a light, continuous rain over the entire city. The rain is stationary and appears regardless of the weather in the surrounding area.

This portion of the event ends when the rain transitions to a severe thunderstorm lasting for the remaining duration of SCP-3300. The

interior of an SCP-3300 event past this point has never been observed. Any attempt by the Foundation to explore the event has ended in either a total loss of personnel/equipment, or a failure to even enter the phenomena. Several times personnel entering SCP-3300 have emerged instantaneously on the other side.

When the SCP-3300 event ends, all previous SCP-3300-1 instances will have been replaced by new iterations with completely new appearances, personalities, and memories. Beyond remarking on the unusually severe nature of the storm, new instances show no recollection of the event.

Instances of SCP-3300-1 behave identically to baseline human beings. However, no record of any instance prior to their appearance from a SCP-3300 event exists. Instances will occasionally share names, professions, certain memories, and broad personality traits with those from previous iterations of SCP-3300. However, no SCP-3300-1 instance has been observed repeating from previous events. SCP-3300-1 instances are unaware of their anomalous nature and the circumstances surrounding their existence. Physical and post-mortem examinations reveal no differences from baseline humans. Instances of SCP-3300-1 outside of the town when SCP-3300 occurs will disappear several days after the event begins. All attempts to observe this disappearance have failed.

SCP-3300 is accompanied by a moderate cognitohazardous effect. Outside citizens learning about the existence of the town of Clear Water or its citizens will give little thought to them unless the subject is brought to their direct attention. This effect affects focus rather than memory— those affected do not forget that Clear Water exists, but rather show difficulty paying attention to it. Outside citizens familiar with disappeared instances of SCP-3300 will not comment on their absence unless reminded, and even then show little concern.

The history of SCP-3300 is unknown. Records of its existence go back to the beginning of the Foundation. Despite this, almost no progress has been made in attempts to research the phenomena.

Addendum: The following journal was recovered in the aftermath of

the SCP-3300 event ending on 30th June, 1995 and represents one of the few descriptions of what occurs during the phenomena. The writer of the document has been identified as SCP-3300/1995/4307 AKA “Margaret Lane”. The events described in the journal are unverified. Attempts to automatically observe the interior of an SCP-3300 event are still underway.

Hey, if Kurt Cobain kept a journal, it can’t be that bad of an idea, right? Help express my artistic side or something. Finally get all the writing I’ve wanted to done. I don’t know. Mom said it might be a good way for me to “focus” things, which means she just wants an easy way to snoop and make sure I’m staying clean. Joke’s on her though if she ever thinks she’s gonna be able to find this. Still, I guess it could be nice to have something to look back on. Hopefully to remind myself that things get better.

There’s a dream I’ve been having, which is weird because I don’t usually remember my dreams but I’ve had this one like three times in the past week. In it, I'm not myself. I'm in a small hut, standing above the bed where my daughter lies. Her skin is red, blotchy, hot. I'm praying that the disease won't take her, praying that she will recover or that this is some other sickness. It's no use, I know. The corpse of my husband won't let me forget.

Another of the healthy, a boy who thinks himself a man, calls us together. The few that remain. I gaze around the room and see the same expressions on their faces that I feel in my heart. All except the boy's. He grins as we enter and gestures to the bowl of water in front of him.

"I have found it," he says. "The key to our salvation."

And then it ends. Weird, right? No idea what to make of it. Anyway, I’m heading to Sam’s so this’ll be it for the day.

Grey clouds on the horizon. We need the rain.

I can’t remember what the sun looks like. Ha. Joking. But it’s been drizzling for three days and it doesn’t look like it’s gonna let up soon. Phones are patchy as hell too. Radio says we can expect the weather to continue for at least a week.

David tried to come earlier today and I told him fuck right back off to the ditch he crawled out of. That I didn’t care how good the shit he'd gotten his hands on was. He did his whole kicked puppy dog routine but eventually left before mom noticed, thank God.

The rain’s kind of relaxing, actually. It’s got a rhythm to it. I could get used to this.

I don’t think it's ever stormed this hard in my life. It’s 2 in the afternoon but looking outside you’d swear it was midnight. My throat is starting to get sore from shouting over the noise. No idea what the hell happened. One minute it was drizzling, the next someone flipped a switch to dump the entire Pacific Ocean onto our heads. Internet and phone are completely down. The few seconds of clear radio we can get is just a barrage of tornado and flood warnings. Nothing to do but hole up inside and see how many games of Monopoly we can play until mom kills me or I kill myself.

I swear some of the people in this town must be absolutely insane because sometimes when lightning flashes I can see them walking around outside. Some of them just standing there.

I’m writing this from the back of Jared’s van and we’re going like 80 miles an hour down the highway and Isabel’s crying next to me and I don’t know what the fuck is going on. I think I’m going to die. I’m going to keep

writing though. My hand shakes less when I write.

It couldn’t have been more than an hour ago that this happened. We were all at my place. Sam, Jared, Mike, and Isabel had all come over. I hadn’t expected them but Jared insisted he wasn’t going to let something tiny like a biblical flood stop us from exploring the bottom levels of the dread lich Arzganoth’s domain. Stupid. Stupid.

So we rolled up and started playing like everything was normal. Sam DMing with the stupid little monster accents she does. Isabel and Mike arguing over every scrap of treasure and possible trap we came across. Jared struggling just to keep us all from killing each other. Mom in the other room, pretending she wasn’t listening in.

It was Isabel who first noticed the banging on the door. Like someone trying to break it down. At first we weren’t sure what to do, I mean anyone banging that hard on your door so late is going to be suspicious even if there's not a fucking hurricane outside, right? So we just sort of sat there staring at each other until Jared got up and grabbed a poker from the fire place and went to check the peephole.

I wonder what his first thought was. Surprise? Confusion? Did he just accept it, like I did, too stunned by the weirdness to question when he opened the door and saw a family on our porch. A mom, dad, two kids. I’d never seen any of them before. For a second we all just stared at each other and then the dad shoved past Jared and said, “Why are you in my house?”

Mom had come out of her room when she first heard knocking. When the guy said that she flipped out instantly. “What do you mean your house, asshole? This is my house! What the hell are you doing just barging in here? I swear to God, you’ve got ten seconds before I get the cops over here!” God. I remember being annoyed. Embarrassed. Wishing she wouldn't flip out over everything.

The dad's expression didn't change. He stepped forward again, and Jared tried to hold him back. When he did, the dad just… flung him. Snagged Jared by the collar and tossed him through the living room into the kitchen. Jared smacked into a counter and went limp. And the dad said again, in the exact tone, “Why are you in my house?”

That was when mom charged him with a golf club. He barely had time to react before she swung it into his chest. For a second she looked pleased with herself. I’m sure she was already forming the story to tell all her friends about how she fought off the home invader. When she tried to pull the golf club back, and she couldn't, the expression disappeared. The guy didn’t look a little bit hurt. Not even phased. The club was stuck in his chest, and the skin around it was rippling, like when you throw a stone into a pond. Water dripped out from where the metal entered skin.

Mom stared. Then she screamed. Fell back, scrambling at the floor to get away. The man looked down at the club with same expression you might look at a dead cockroach. He grasped it right below where it speared into him, yanked it from his chest. Held it as he walked towards mom.

She stopped moving the first time he hit her in the head. She just fell. Like a rock. And he hit her again. And again. And again and the whole time he was saying “My house, my house,” in the same fucking tone, the only fucking way he knew how to speak and the kids were standing in the door just watching and the wife was holding them close and I swear to god she was smiling. Sam stood up, like she was going to charge the guy but Mike wrapped himself around her and said don’t, that we had to run so we did, Mike and Sam grabbed Jared even though he wasn’t moving and I grabbed the journal without even thinking about it and I don’t really remember anything after that except Sam driving and

crying and Mike screaming and all I could think about was the way mom's body looked as she fell. The light disappearing from her eyes before her body hit the floor.

We drove right to the police station. Me and Mike decided to go inside while Sam and Isabel watched Jared. The lights were on but the station was locked with no one inside. We walked around, looked through every window. Nothing. When we got back to the car Jared still wasn't awake and his breathing was all fucked up, so we discussed it and decided to take him to the hospital in Landhart. It's only a two hour drive. We should be there soon. It'll be okay.

We've been driving for six hours now. We're almost out of gas. Jared still isn't awake. And we haven't made it to Landhart yet. We've doubled back twice. Looked for road signs, building lights, anything to tell us where the fuck we are. But there's nothing. No signs. No cities. Not even a gas station. We haven't passed another car since we left my house. The rain's falling just as hard out here. Mike says we need to turn around, try to get back to town before we get stranded. Isabel says that's crazy, we need to keep looking for the hospital and we don't have enough to make it back anyway. Sam says she's going to keep driving. That's all we can do at this point.

Jared's dead. And we're out of gas. The car died maybe an hour ago. Jared maybe half an hour after that. No idea where we are. We decided to double back, see if we had passed the hospital again, but there was nothing. Isabel and Mike are going at it, each convinced this is the other's fault. Sam's ignoring them. She's sitting by Jared, holding his hand. She hasn't looked away from him since he stopped breathing. Hasn't said ten words since we left town.

I must have fallen asleep because I had another dream. I

knew instantly it was a continuation from before. It was too clear, too substantial to be anything else. And even though I knew it was a dream I couldn't do anything but watch.

I stand ankle-deep in a vast, clear river. I am holding the corpse of my daughter. I'm not sure how I recognize her, as taken by the sickness as she is. Her hair has fallen out. Her skin is entirely covered in black scabs that hid even her eyes. Flecks of cracked skin fall away as my arms rub against her body. But for some reason as I look at her I don't feel sorrow. I feel hope.

I kneel and place her body into the water. It drifts on the surface. Then the water engulfs her, makes her a part of it. She becomes the current that takes her and I know it will sweep her to the sea where she can finally be at peace.

But the work isn't done. I turn, wade back to shore where the blackened body of my husband waits. As I do I became cognizant of the others. The survivors. Each has with them the bodies of their children, families, friends. Eighteen survivors. Hundreds of bodies. One by one we take them to the river, until only we remain.

I woke up to the sound of Jared evaporating. It took me a moment to realize what was going on. The others were all scrambling around the body and I couldn't get a good look. All I could see was the steam filling the car. When I pushed my way through I saw his body was boiling. That's the best way to describe it. Bubbles writhing and popping across the surface of his skin. Drops of water leaping off him and burning where they touched us. The shape of him almost completely gone, aside from a vaguely human-looking lump within his clothing and some ridges that might have been facial features. Sam tried to touch the water to… I dunno stop it? Save him? Catch him? But the heat of the steam pushed her back. All we could do was watch as Jared fizzled away. Until the only thing left of him was vapor and soaked clothing.

We decided to leave. Or, Mike and Sam decided to leave, and Isabel and I realized we didn't have any choice but to follow. I mean, what difference did it make? Stay or go, the outcome would be the same. But I figured trying to find something out there might be better than staying in the car until we all starved to death. We grabbed the flashlight from the glove box and headed out.

We couldn't have walked more than a mile before we reached the town. I almost bumped into Mike when he stopped walking after shining the light onto the "Welcome to Clear Water" sign. He didn't say anything. What could he say? We turned around, starting walking the other way. Not sure how far. Two miles? Three? We didn't pass the car but it didn't matter. We ended up back at the sign. The city.

Sam turned, walked off the highway and into the farmland surrounding it. We followed. We knew it wouldn't work but we followed anyway. On the other side of the field, we found ourselves back on the highway, in front of the sign.

Mike insisted he wasn't going back in. No fucking way. He'd rather take the risk out in the rain than spend another second with whatever was in that city. We pointed out that whatever was in the city was pretty clearly outside of it too, and at least the city had food. He wouldn't listen. So we started walking and three minutes later he caught up. Didn't say a word.

The lights in the town were all on but there were no people. No cars. A few times I thought I saw movement, but it was always just a branch or piece of trash picked up by the wind. We were on alert the whole time but nothing happened

We decided to hole up in Dirk's Sporting because it had guns and was right next to the grocery store. Sam and

Mike went and grabbed food while Isabel and I (meaning, just I) took stock of the store. When the others came back we started working out shifts to sleep in. Two awake at the same time. I volunteered for the first shift even though I felt like I wanted to collapse. I just couldn't stand to dream again.

Mike shot himself. And we're a lot more fucked than I first thought. For a while, I was still holding onto the idea of survival. That there was some sort of exit to whatever fucked up situation we'd found ourselves in. There isn't. I don't think there ever was. This is the only ending I could have hoped for.

But if I keep thinking about that I'm going to go fucking insane so. Mike. He's dead. We were on shift together when he got up and said he'd be back in a minute. Figured he was just going to the bathroom, until I heard the gunshot.

I got there about twenty seconds before Sam and Isabel. His body was slumped against a wall, shotgun barrel stuck in his mouth. There was no blood, and I thought he'd missed or accidentally discharged it until I saw the hole in the back of his skull. Then I realized there was something splattered on the wall behind him, but it wasn't blood. It was water.

Isabel screamed when she saw the body. I heard her gasping and ignored her. Sam knelt next to me, close enough that I could feel her trembling. For a moment, the only noise was her ragged breathing and Isabel's whimpers. Then Sam reached out and ran her fingers along the rim of Mike's skull. She drew them back, stared. A small noise rose from the back of her throat. Her fingertips were coated in water.

Before I could react she thrust more fingers into the wound. Water ran down her hands as she dug through what should have been his brain. Water sloshed in the

chalice of his skull. When we lowered his body to rest on the floor it was water that pooled on the wood.

Sam leaped up, ran to the counter. Snatched a knife from its sheath and held it to her arm. We stared at each other. I didn't want her to do it. Didn't want to see what would happen.

She sliced open her arm and water spilled from the wound.

We stared at the injury, too distracted to notice Isabel calling to us. It wasn't until she ran over and yanked on my sleeve that I remembered she existed.

"Outside," was all she said.

Hundreds of people had gathered outside the window. Unmoving silhouettes staring through the darkness, filling the street. When lightning flashed, I saw the faces of strangers, soaked by the rain.

They've been there for two hours now. Haven't moved an inch. They're outside every window, every exit. I don't know how long they're willing to wait but I'm damn sure it's longer than we have.

Maybe Mike had the right idea.

Sam left and we didn't bother to stop her. She muttered something before she stood and marched out of the door. I remember thinking, as I watched her leave, that I should do something. I should reach out or call to her or block her exit. But the thought wouldn't make it past my brain, like there was a wall between my nerves my body. So I just stared as she stepped into the rain.

The silhouettes shifted as soon as she was outside. They opened up to let her through and she vanished into them. Into the dark.

“I don’t want to go back.” That’s what she said before she left.

In my dream I am the storm, and I am screaming. The wind whips at me like razors raking through my body. The frozen rain bites at my skin. Except I don't have a body, I don't have skin. The wind is a part of me. The rain is from me. Every second I rip myself apart and reform, rip and reshape, until I am scattered over miles of storm. Trapped in the roil. Around me, I hear the screams of my village. I feel their presence against mine, just as much a part of the storm as I. We fight, struggle, but the storm cannot be broken. It hurtles over the land, dragging us in its wake. And then I am falling, rushing to meet the ground. For a moment the Earth embraces me. I remember what it felt like to feel the dirt beneath my feet and the sun on my skin and the crisp air in my lungs. Until the storm steals me again, and I am pulled back into the screams of my comrades. I woke up and Isabel was gone. Just a puddle of water on the floor. I think the rain is speaking to me. I can hear it ever since I woke up. I don’t know what it’s saying but the whispers in my ear are getting louder. When I cover my ears it’s still there. If I scream it rises over the screaming. I’m trying to write just to focus on anything else but the FUCKING voice is still there and I know what it wants me to do. It wants me to join it. I’m its child and it misses me. It can’t bear to be apart. What can I do? What can I do? The strangers are still outside, watching me, waiting for my choice. Because they know what my choice will be, don’t they? There’s only one way this can end. I can wait and starve or shoot myself or slice my wrists or walk out into the rain but it’s all going to end the same way. The water is eternal. The water will remain no matter how polluted it becomes. At the end we all become rain.

I don’t want to go back.

SCP-3301: THE FOUNDATION

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3301 is to be stored within a standard small containment locker at Site-19 when not being used for testing. Testing is only to be authorized by the SCP-3301 head researcher, currently Dr. Benjamin Cole. Testing may only be carried out at the Site-19 E Wing Storage Warehouse, which has been renovated specifically for this purpose.

It is a requirement that all staff members assigned to SCP-3301 must be versed in the rules and protocols of the game. As such, a detailed explanation is available in *Addendum 3301.2*.

SCP-3301 is a Class IX information security hazard, and its full repercussions are being studied by the Foundation Information Security Department.

Updated Containment Procedures: Per the special memorandum detailed in Addendum 3301.4, testing of SCP-3301 has been made available to all qualified personnel, and is available as an approved extracurricular activity in the Foundation Employee Benefit Program.

Personnel are required to submit detailed testing logs for each 3301 Activation Period. Full log is available here.

Description: SCP-3301 is an ornate, silver box with a latch and silver key. Inscribed on the lip of the box is the following:

THE FOUNDATION

A GAME BY CRYOGEN STUDIOS
A DIVISION OF DR. WONDERTAINMENT

Contained within the box is a board game with the aforementioned title, as well as game pieces and other miscellaneous game parts.

The game comes with a small instruction manual detailing a fairly simple resource management board game. However, within the box is a small gold key in a velvet lined drawer, which fits within the lock on the front of the silver box. Inserting the key and turning it while the game box is closed will cause a sliding hatch to open on the top of the box, revealing a flat, purple button inscribed with a white letter “W”.

Pressing this button, labeled within the manual as the “WonderButton”, activates the primary anomalous features of SCP-3301, and begins a game of “THE FOUNDATION”. The following information pertains to the anomalous version of the game.

The baseline properties of SCP-3301 are as follows:

- Opening the box will reveal a large game board of differing size, shape, and design.
- Accompanying this game board will be 8 place markers of differing size, shape, and design.
- Each game board, regardless of shape, features a slot in the middle of the board where a smaller silver box is placed. This box is a smaller version of the larger game box, and bears the inscription "DRAW ONE" on its lid. If the game is not in session, or if it is opened by a player out of turn, it appears empty. If opened by a player on their turn, it will produce between one and three random game cards, which have differing utility within the game.

For full description of setup, rules, and gameplay, see Addendum 3301.2.

Addendum 3301.1: Discovery

SCP-3301 was discovered on the desk of Director Tilda Moose at Site-19 on July 3rd, 2017. Attached to the exterior of SCP-3301 was a letter in a silver envelope bearing the word "Foundation". The contained letter reads as follows:

> Dear SCP Foundation,
>
> Sentient creatures so often seek purpose within their

own lives, whether it be mundane or extraordinary. There are some who would dedicate their lives to healing the sick, or feeding the hungry. Others would try to resurrect their broken gods, or sail through the stars on the arms of a cosmic starfish. Some would rid the world of the unnatural, or foster it in the halls of their Library, and some are just in it for the memes†.

You seek to protect the world from the anomalous, categorize and classify the strange and unique, and let humanity bask in the light. We seek to make people smile, and give people a reason to be happy, if only for a short time. Despite our differences, we cannot help but respect your motives. You've no doubt saved us a dozen times over, so we want to return the favor. We want to make you smile!

Contained within this box is our greatest toy yet. There are no jokes here, no gaffs or plotting. Everything we have at our disposal, every scrap of information and wisp of arcana is contained within this game. We made it because, at the end of the day, we feel like you have the most interesting story to tell. We sincerely hope you enjoy it!

Yours most splendidly,

Dr. Wondertainment

P.S. We are very excited about this product, and believe it is nearly ready for production! But it wouldn't be acceptable to ship a product without playtesting it. So this version we're sending to you, our sole playtester, in the hopes that you'll be able to give us feedback on how we can make our game better! If at any point you stop playing for more than a few days, we'll know that you're done testing it and we'll go ahead and put it on the shelves! If you don't think it's ready for the shelves, then just keep on testing it ;)

P.P.S. Please submit all playtesting suggestions to:

111 Wondertainment Way
Wondertainmentville, Wondertainmentland 10101

† Yes, children, we see you there. We hope you're having fun too.

Addendum 3301.2: Gameplay

The following is information pertaining to the proper gameplay of SCP-3301. In order to maintain containment of the artifact, monthly testing of SCP-3301 is required. Personnel assigned to SCP-3301 are required to maintain a thorough knowledge of the rules and regulations of the game.

Introduction

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The following is an introduction copied directly out of "THE FOUNDATION" gameplay handbook. The handbook is a leather-bound pamphlet with embossed silver print displaying the name of the game, the production studio, and the words "50TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION".

THE FOUNDATION

A GAME BY CRYOGEN STUDIOS
A DIVISION OF DR. WONDERTAINMENT

Welcome, weary researcher, to THE FOUNDATION! A board game only for the strong willed and mighty of heart. But beware! For danger lurks around *every corner*, and foul things are creeping in the night. Do you have what it takes to stand betwixt humanity and the darkness? Or will you too be lost to the chaos eternal? Only time will tell! Become Mr. Collector, or maybe Mr. Containment! The choice is yours!

Setup

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SCP-3301 is played between 2 to 8 teams of two players. Each primary player chooses a secondary player, to act as their representative on the game board. The primary players are all selected when each set of players places their game pieces[1] on the board.

The board contained within SCP-3301 varies depending on which version of the "game" is being played, and is random. Gameplay is similar between each board, though the setting is different (i.e. The Land of the Unclean, Echoes of the Mariana, Bigfoot's Jungle, The Cosmic Starfish, etc.), and different hostile entities appear as opponents on different boards. Testing has revealed at least twenty-three different game boards, though there are possibly more.

Once the game board is unfolded, and the silver card box placed in the middle of the board in the appropriate space, the surrounding area (a space roughly 300m in diameter) will undergo dramatic anomalous spatial changes. Observers will see the space appear to fall away, as if the viewpoint of observers outside of the area of effect has become a bird's eye view of a space much larger than the affected area. This observed space will mimic the current game board, only on a much larger scale and typically built into an arena setting.

Within the affected space, the primary players will find themselves seated around a flat, crystalline surface suspended above the aforementioned game board arena, while their game piece representatives will be at the starting positions on the game board below. The start of the game is typically accompanied by music and fireworks, and a voice announcing the beginning of a new game. Once the game has begun, nothing can be passed through the spatial distortion surrounding the game arena. Secondary players who are killed or die in-

game will appear outside of the distortion shortly after their death, unharmed. Primary players will remain within the anomaly for the duration of the game.

Gameplay

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After the introduction has finished, the game begins. Each player starts the game by drawing seven cards from the silver box in the middle of the board, and end each turn by drawing one. If a player has more than ten cards in their hand at the end of a turn, they must discard one by returning it to the silver box. There are several types of cards that can appear in the box, and each affects the game in different ways:

- Green Cards - are cards that influence the environment of the board. These can range from obstacles that can be used against other players, to introducing other environments and the hostile entities within them to the board, to traps and mazes, etc.
- Blue Cards - are companion cards. Companion cards “equip” a companion to the game piece player, who will follow the player until the card’s time limit expires, the companion is killed, or the player is killed. Companions can perform different tasks and have different abilities to assist their player, or hinder other players.
- Red Cards - are weapon, equipment, or ability cards. These cards allow the player on the board to perform different abilities, or have access to different weapons and equipment. Each card lists the ability or weapon’s stats, strengths, weaknesses, limitations, etc. These cards last as long as the player is alive, or until some requirement of the card or another card are met (for example, running a Red Card through the card titled “**`Upgrade`**" will result in the Red Card disappearing, and another card being issued to the

player. Additionally, if an equipment card is utilized (such as a trap, or reality anchor, etc.) the card is expended after the equipment is utilized.

- Orange Cards - are hostile or otherwise uncontained anomalies.[2] They appear randomly across the board, and players often do not know they are nearby until they are within range of them, upon which the board will produce a card on that spot. Entities that appear as Orange Cards can be destroyed or contained, depending on the player's equipment and chosen endgame.
- Yellow Cards - are cards that influence the way that the earnings of the game are distributed. At the beginning of each game, a incorporeal numerical counter appears above the game board, and another above each player. The counter starts at different values depending on the difficulty setting (for example, $10,000USD at normal difficulty), and yellow cards distribute this money across the players as the game progresses. Players who die have their "earnings" moved back into the central counter to be redistributed. Yellow cards, and the money value shown in the counters, have no impact on the actual win conditions of the game, but at the end of each game the players who won will have their sum, in the form of a gold bar of equal value engraved with the Wondertainment logo, distributed to them through the silver box in the center of the board.
- White Cards - are fortune cards. White Cards, and their counterpart Black Cards, are randomly distributed as an additional card to players at the beginning of their turn. White and Black cards must be played as soon as they are drawn, and while typically only affecting the player who drew them, can potentially affect other nearby players or the entire board, if applicable.[3] White Cards provide a random instance of "good fortune", as described by the card.
- Black Cards - are misfortune cards. Black Cards

are more rare than White Cards, but their effect on the game is typically more severe. Black Cards, like their White Card counterparts, must be used as soon as they are drawn, and are expended after their use.
- Purple Cards - are Wondertainment cards. These are very rare,[4] and have random effects on the outcome of the game. Typically, Purple cards insert a random Wondertainment product into the game, typically with exaggerated properties or abilities.[5]

For examples of game cards used in testing, see *Addendum 3301.3*.

On the outside of the game board is a slider pointing to different difficulty settings. This slider can be moved before the game has begun, but retracts into the board afterwards. The difficulty settings are as follows:

- Neutralized Mode: All entities and artifacts are replaced with plush versions of themselves. No entity does any damage to anything else. Lullaby music plays across the board. The game mode lacks a win condition, and just ends after all of the players have fallen asleep.
- Thaumiel Mode: Entities have reduced damage and players are not “killed”, only “knocked out”. Certain win conditions are removed. Blood and gore are no longer visible, and nudity is no longer possible, as all players have an unremovable skintight bodysuit beneath their lowest layer of clothes.
- Safe Mode: The baseline game setting.
- Euclid Mode: Entities do more damage, are more resistant to attack, and have more health. Players become unable to view the movements and plays of other players.
- Keter Mode: Same as Euclid Mode, only entities are faster as well.

- Maksur Mode: Same as Keter Mode, only players start with a gunshot wound to a random part of their body.
- Apollyon Mode: Two random, hostile supreme divine beings appear on the map after the fourth turn. Players may start the game blind.

The game is played in a team vs. team format, where each two person team competes against every other two person team. Every player begins at their “containment facility”, a starting point and base of operations on their side of the board. Within the facility, each player has several spaces for “equipment”, which they can swap out at the beginning of their turn with cards from their hand, in order to equip different items to their “piece”. Typically, there are two “weapon” spaces, three “equipment” spaces, two “ability” spaces, and one “companion” space. Playing any card into that space “equips” their piece with the item, ability, or companion. If an item, ability, or companion is lost, the physical card will disappear as if made of smoke. Additionally, some cards will increase the overall number of equipment slots (notably the card “**Big Bag o’ Taters**” will increase the number of equipment and weapon slots from 2 / 3 to 4 / 5).

At the beginning of each turn, the primary player will select one card, and make equipment additions or subtractions if necessary.[6] Afterwards, the player will roll two six-sided dice. The number that is rolled corresponds with a radius within which the secondary player may move, or take an action. If the secondary player has a ranged ability or weapon, they may move to the edge of their movement radius and use it, so long as the target is within range.

From this point on, the game proceeds in any number of variations. Based on the cards drawn by the primary players, and the actions taken by the secondary players, any number of outcomes are possible, depending on

which victory condition the players choose to seek.

Victory Conditions

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There are several victory conditions that players may choose to seek during the course of the game. The following describes conditions needed to reach each end game:

- **MR. FINDER:** Buried on each game board is a hidden anomalous item, denoted by a golden W mark on it. This item is typically protected by anomalous entities, a hazardous location, or a dangerous meme or powerful antimeme. Individuals who search for clues, discover the location of the item, survive its protections and safely return it to their containment facility will become MR. FINDER, and win the game.
- **MR. COLLECTOR:** This victory condition only becomes available if a Purple Card is drawn. If any player is able to contain the Wondertainment product and return it to their containment facility, they will become MR. COLLECTOR, and win the game.
- **MR. GENOCIDE:** Any player that directly kills every other player in the game will become MR. GENOCIDE, and win the game. This victory condition becomes unobtainable if any players are killed by means other than by the hand of anyone seeking the MR. GENOCIDE[7] victory condition.
- **MR. ESCHATOLOGY:** Any player who is able to summon three “supreme divine beings” will become MR. ESCHATOLOGY, and will win the game. Divine beings (i.e. **`Mr. God`**, **`A Very Angry Star`**, **`The Boy in the Pit`**, **`The Gate Guardian`**) do not fulfill the requirements of

the MR. ESCHATOLOGY win condition; they must be “supreme” (i.e. **DEER**, **The Starfish**, **A Clockwork God**, **The Serpent**, The Eel, **Mary Nakayama**, etc.).

- **MR. COALITION:** If a player is somehow able to destroy every anomalous artifact or entity, they become MR. COALITION and win the game. To become MR. COALITION, the winner does not actually have to destroy every single anomalous artifact or entity, they must only have destroyed the majority of the artifacts or entities, and all artifacts and entities must be destroyed.[8]
- **MR. CONTAINMENT:** Any player who contains more than half of the anomalies on the board (as denoted by their Orange Cards) and returns them to their containment facility becomes MR. CONTAINMENT, and wins the game.
- **MR. FOUNDATION:** Any player who contains every entity and artifact, as well as every other player, becomes MR. FOUNDATION, and wins the game. Individuals winning under the condition of MR. FOUNDATION also receive $50,000USD upon completion of the game. Can only be completed on Safe Mode difficulty or higher.
- **MR. SURVIVOR:** If a player is the last player standing, and has not met any other win conditions, that player becomes MR. SURVIVOR, and wins the game.

Additionally, the game manual claims that there are many other secret victory conditions to go alongside those listed above. The existence of these secret conditions means that some games may end suddenly and without warning, when a player meets an unexpected condition.[9]

Rules

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The structure of THE FOUNDATION allows for a variety of gameplay styles and approaches to the different goals of the game. In order to seemingly aid this effort, there are very few enumerated rules to the game. The following are the rules of the game, exactly as described in the manual:

- No hits below the belt.
- Targeting will result in a 15 yard penalty and a loss of downs.
- Drink your Ovaltine.
- Suspend your disbelief a little bit.
- This isn't a game for children, so kids who play it are really cool.
- Leave your loyalties at the door.
- Buy Wondertainment products.

Addendum 3301.3: Game Cards

The following are examples of cards used within SCP-3301. While not all cards appear to carry relevant information, many appear to be references to anomalies within Foundation containment, or Foundation personnel. As previously mentioned in this document, the full scale of this breach of information security is part of an ongoing investigation.

Several statistics are utilized within the card system, each corresponding to a certain attribute that players have. The statistics are listed below:

- **ATK:** Attack power. A value that determines the amount of damage a player can do to another player or an entity. Since entities cannot be contained until their health has reached 0, this is arguably the most important statistic. All players start with 6 ATK.
- **DEF:** Defense. A value that influences the amount of damage a player takes after being attacked. All players start with 6 DEF.
- **HP:** Hit Points. A value that determines how much damage a

player can sustain before dying. Can be replaced with cards that increase health, such as medicines or vampiric cards. All players start with 10 HP.
- **SPD:** Speed. A value that determines which entity in an encounter can attack or defend first, and how often they can do so. All players start with 8 SPD.
- **ACC:** Accuracy. A value that determines how likely a given attack is to striking a target. All players start with 8 ACC.

The game manual mentions other non-enumerated statistics that players can add to or subtract from, such as Smooth Talking, Memetic Resistance, Ethics, etc. While there are cards that may affect these stats, the only known way to gauge their level is by asking an entity with limited or full omniscience, such as A Librarian.

+ Green Cards

Card Title: Darkness Between Dimensions

Subtitle: A Red Reality

Type: Land

Description: Spawns a machine that, after a random amount of time, will transport anything nearby into the Darkness Between Dimensions. Players in the Darkness Between Dimensions can be saved by divine grace, or with the item “Scranton’s Grappling Hook”. After a random amount of time, players will be returned to the board. They will come back… squishier.

Card Title: `Babel’s Spire`

Subtitle: The Friendly Union of Man and Beast

Type: Structure

Description: Spawns the Babel Spire on a square of your choosing within line of sight.

Nearby animals join your side, and gain +2 attack. Those who do not are sacrificed to Babel. Aya aya aya blood blood blood.

Card Title: Island Turtle

Subtitle: Lazy Archipelago

Type: Land

Description: If you are at sea, this card spawns an Island Turtle to ferry you around. If you're not, the turtle spawns anyway, and dies from dehydration.

Card Title: `City of the Gods`

Subtitle: Coming Soon To Your Home Town!

Type: Structure

Description: Spawns a haunted city on a square of your choosing within line of sight. Opponents entering City of the Gods have a high chance of being attacked by a +15 ATK / +12 DEF angry deity.

Card Title: `A Funny Little Statue`

Subtitle: ctrl+c ctrl+v

Type: Trap

Description: If indoors, creates an infinite maze that opponents can only exit with assistance from outside forces. If outdoors, the effect isn't noticeable, but trust us when we say it's ***really bad***.

Card Title: A Swedish Furniture Store

Subtitle: Perfectly Normal

Type: Trap

Description: Spawns a friendly and welcoming department store. Players unfortunate enough to be inside the store when it opens will have to fight their way out, if they can get out at all. Bring your own instructions.

+ Blue Cards

Card Title: Director Tilda Moose

Subtitle: Not sure how they got here.

Type: Companion

Description: Summons SCP Site-19 Director Moose to act as your companion. Is a literal moose. When riding Director Moose, gain +7 DEF against memes and cognitive hazards.

Stats: 5 ATK / 8 DEF / 9 HP

Card Title: `A Sea Slug`

Subtitle: A Proper Gentleman

Type: Companion

Description: Spawns A Sea Slug to act as your companion. Wields an anti-material rifle. Talks a lot. Can summon a ghostly butler to do your bidding (with limitations!), but has a 10 round cool-down.

Stats: 13 ATK / 2 DEF / 4 HP

Card Title: A Librarian

Subtitle: A Wanderer

Type: Companion

Description: Summons a Librarian to act as your companion. Has innate knowledge about a vast array of creatures and realms. Might be able to read your opponent's hands, who knows. If attacked, they'll flee back to their Library. Typical.

Stats: 3 ATK / 3 DEF / 6 HP

Card Title: `A Very Loud Bird`

Subtitle: oh god make it stop

Type: Companion

Description: Summons some sort of awful eldritch abomination stuffed into the body of a small bird to act as your companion. Despicably loud. Can stun foes and entities, and commune with fellow anomalies. Unless otherwise protected, players who spend too much time in the presence of A Very Loud Bird will slowly lose their minds.

Stats: 8 ATK / 4 DEF / 4 HP

Card Title: `Surf Rock Band`

Subtitle: Cruising The Starry Skies

Type: Companion

Description: Summons a ghostly Surf Rock Band to act as your companion. Provides your journey with cool evening tunes and casts a calming influence on everything you encounter. May also be able to commune with the Starfish. May also just smoke a *lot* of weed.

Stats: 5 ATK / 5 DEF / 6 HP

+ Red Cards

Card Title: Spear of the Nonbeliever

Subtitle: What's a King to a God?

Type: Weapon, Ranged

Description: A massive harpoon gun designed to make mortals of gods. Can only be used on *Cosmic*, *Divine*, or *Supreme Divine* beings.

Stats: +20 ATK vs Gods / -5 SPD / -1 DEF

Card Title: Buster Sword

Subtitle: A BFS

Type: Weapon, Melee

Description: A big sword. Requires two hands to hold. Can cleft a man in twain with a single swing. Reduces stealth. Increases upper arm gains.

Stats: +8 ATK / -3 SPD

Card Title: `K-Mart Katana`

Subtitle: Only The Finest Chinesium

Type: Weapon, Melee

Description: A cheap sword. Low damage, low attack speed. The first choice of suburban ninjas everywhere. Minus points to attack if wearing a fedora.

Stats: -5 ATK / -5 SPD / Fedora Bonus -1 ATK

Card Title: Temporal Tinkering

Subtitle: For When You Need A Few More Seconds

Type: Ability, Temporal

Description: Allows the user to wield the great and terrible cosmic power of time, in very small increments. Users may return up to 10 seconds into the past. Expires after three uses. Paradoxes not included.

Card Title: `A Gun That Shoots People`

Subtitle: “Shoots” “People”

Type: Weapon, Ranged

Description: A remarkably powerful .50BMG. Definitely not something you want to use yourself. Give it as a gift to an enemy, or anyone else you’d like to see spend the last few seconds of their life as a tiny, remarkably dense, screaming projectile. Expires after use.

Stats: +19 ATK / +5 ACC

Card Title: `Intro to Memetics`

Subtitle: The Beginner’s Course

Type: Ability, Memetic

Description: Provides the user with innate knowledge of very simple anomalous memes. If used correctly, can be really annoying. If used incorrectly, can be even more annoying.

Card Title: Dr. Mann’s Six-Shooter

Subtitle: Ole Reliable

Type: Weapon, Ranged

Description: A revolver used by infamous Foundation doctor Everett Mann. Bonus to accuracy. Bonus to damage vs. undead. Bonus to lunacy.

Stats: +10 ATK / +3 ACC

Card Title: `Intro to Unethical Business Practices, 5th Edition`

Subtitle: A MC&D Educational Product

Type: Ability, Memetic

Description: Anyone holding this book receives a +3 bonus to smooth-talking, negotiations, salesmanship, and swindling. Side effects include greasy combed-back hair and cheap suits.

Card Title: `The Infinity Gun`[10]

Subtitle: An Abomination

Type: Weapon, Ranged

Description: A gun made of a god bound by the shredded souls of nine innocents. Instantly annihilates one being or artifact anywhere on the board, so long as the user is able to describe it. Expires after use.

Stats: +∞ ATK / -50 Morality

+ Orange Cards

Card Title: `DEER`

Subtitle: God From The Stars

Type: Anomaly, Unknown, *Supreme Divine*

Description: An ancient and mysterious creature that fell from the stars and broke the masquerade. Incredibly powerful.

Stats: 34 ATK / 28 DEF / 40 HP

Card Title: `Technicolor Dream Goat`

Subtitle: Goat With All The Colors Of The Wind

Type: Anomaly, Sentient, Animal

Description: A multicolor, ethereal goat. Said to fill the dreams of its victims with incessant bleating. Impervious to physical attacks.

Stats: 2 ATK / 3 DEF / 4 HP

Card Title: `Mr. God`

Subtitle: Has A Himself Complex

Type: Anomaly, Sentient, *Divine*

Description: An old man with a penchant for the dramatic. Hasn't worn anything other than sandals for a thousand years. Needs to get off his high horse.

Stats: 15 ATK / 8 DEF / 23 HP

Card Title: `A Bundle Of Golems`

Subtitle: The World's Cutest Chemicals

Type: Anomaly, Sentient, Construct

Description: Little statue people made of elements. Tend to engage in shenanigans. Legend has it they unite once a year to form a

powerful Anart Mecha, but this is unconfirmed.

Stats: 5 ATK / 8 DEF / 5 HP

Card Title: **`A Very Angry Star`**

Subtitle: I Mean, Really Very Angry

Type: Anomaly, Sentient, *Divine*

Description: A furious ball of plasma and gas with a specific hatred for Planet Earth. The reason for its rage is uncertain, though it is known that Alto Clef owes it $23.50.

Stats: 24 ATK / 18 DEF / 20 HP

Card Title: **`Corrosion Man`**

Subtitle: The Snatcher

Type: Anomaly, Sentient, Humanoid

Description: A ghastly former soldier turned into a living nightmare. Steals children for probably horrible reasons. Lives in an attic above the Darkness Between Dimensions.

Stats: 9 ATK / 9 DEF / 9 HP

Card Title: **`L O N G C O R G`**

Subtitle: Stretch Doggo

Type: Anomaly, Sentient, Animal

Description: An immensely long corgi. Used for public transportation. A very good boy.

Stats: 3 ATK / 5 DEF / 18 HP

Card Title: **`Wretched Bovine Heart`**

Subtitle: Beating In The Darkness

Type: Anomaly, Sentient, Biological

Description: A demon possessed by speed incarnate. Horrifying and unrelenting. All entities nearby lose -2 to DEF against psychological threats.

Stats: 17 ATK / 5 DEF / 6 HP

Card Title: `The Serpent`

Subtitle: The Source of Knowledge

Type: Anomaly, Sentient, *Supreme Divine*

Description: Tricked Adam El Asem into eating from the Tree of Knowledge, freeing itself from its prison. Legends say the Wanderer's Library is built on its back. Thinks it knows everything. Probably does.

Stats: 10 ATK / 35 DEF / 45 HP

Card Title: `SCP-173 In A Sombrero`

Subtitle: Ay Caramba

Type: Anomaly, Construct

Description: A statue in a sombrero. Gave up a life of snapping necks to pursue its dream of dancing. Nearby entities may be overcome by the urge to dance.

Stats: 4 ATK / 9 DEF / 8 HP

+ Yellow Cards

Card Title: A Little Insurgency

Description: Your friends in the Insurgency

carry out a coup on one of your rivals. To the victor goes the spoils! I'm sure they won't take it personally.

Effect: Receive all of the earnings of a random player.

Card Title: Research Grant

Description: You are offered a grant for your contributions to academia. Congratulations! Now hurry up and spend it before the Foundation scoops you up.

Effect: Receive $300.

Card Title: Lost Aztec Gold

Description: You discover a bounty of gold from a ruined civilization! Enjoy your blood money!

Effect: Receive $300.

Card Title: Business Deal

Description: You negotiate a deal between The Factory and Dr. Wondertainment, and earn big dividends for your work!

Effect: Receive $400.

Card Title: `Mr. Money's` Jackpot Extravaganza

Description: Mr. Money is about to make you Mr. Wealthy!

Effect: Receive $5000.

+ White Cards

Card Title: Elixir

Description: You get ahold of the **`Overseer's Secret Stuff`**. You are healed!

Effect: When used, completely heals the player of all ailments.

Card Title: Safe Passageway

Description: In a stroke of good luck, you discover a road untouched by danger!

Effect: Allows a player to bypass a dangerous environmental hazard unharmed.

Card Title: Promotion

Description: Your efforts do not go unnoticed! You are promoted to Senior Junior Researcher!

Effect: Player gains a permanent +2 to ATK and +3 to DEF.

Card Title: Brushed By **`The Starfish`**

Description: The Cosmic Starfish brushes against you with one of its Five arms. You are empowered!

Effect: Player receives +10 ATK / +10 DEF / +8 SPD / +10 HP for three turns.

Card Title: Angel of Mercy

Description: You are resurrected!

Effect: If a player is killed while holding this card, the player is instantly returned to half health.

+ Black Cards

Card Title: Fuck This One Guy Specifically

Description: Someone has a grudge! **`The Sun God Nergal`** punches you! Ouch!

Effect: The player is punched by a *Supreme Divine* being, and dies.

Card Title: Containment Breach

Description: Oh no! All of your contained anomalies are loose! What a disastrous circumstance!

Effect: Any contained anomalies return to the gameboard.

Card Title: Friend or Foe

Description: Your companion betrays you, seeking glory only for themselves!

Effect: Any companions become hostile to the player.

Card Title: **`Consolidation`**[11]

Description: A deal is signed. The Foundation dissolves! Only the Coalition remains!

Effect: Removes the MR. CONTAINMENT and MR. FOUNDATION win conditions.

Card Title: (••/•••••/••/•)

Description: Bad luck, hombre.

Effect: Player is killed.[12]

+ Purple Cards

Card Title: `Mr. Moon`

Subtitle: Waxing and Waning

Type: Wondertainment

Description: The great and terrible Mr. Moon! Disrupts the tides and summons werewolves across the map! Not made of cheese! Maybe made of cheese!

Stats: 19 ATK / 20 DEF / 20 HP

Addendum 3301.4: Memorandum Regarding SCP-3301

From:: Dr. Tilda Moose, Director, Site-19
To: 3301 Research Team
CC: Ethics Committee Liaison, Director Council Liaison, Classification Committee Liaison

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Last night, one week since the last playthrough of SCP-3301, a small shipment of these games were discovered on a truck destined for a toy store in Wisconsin. We began a game immediately after discovering these games, and received a note through our game board thanking us for our continued playtesting. The anomalous games were promptly removed before they could be viewed by a larger audience, but this was still too close of a call.

Truthfully, we don't know how they're getting all of this information. INFOSEC teams have advised me that these were likely warning shots, something innocuous that could be easily detected and quickly removed, but a notice that additional measures may be taken if we don't comply.

After consulting with our security teams, and members of the Site Director Council, we've decided to do just that. In a break from our typical mantra, access restrictions to

SCP-3301 have been reduced considerably, and the object has been reclassified as Safe. So far as we can tell, this is a legitimate show of good faith, with no malicious intent. For some reason, Dr. Wondertainment has provided us with something fun, and wants us to play it. In this case, we'll do just that.

*Our protocol for this object does not reflect a change in our policy regarding using anomalous objects for recreational purposes. Nor does it reflect a change in our relationship with the group of interest known as Dr. Wondertainment. For all intents and purposes, this new protocol **is** the containment procedure for this object, and this object only.*

-Moose

Addendum 3301.5: SCP-3301 Testing and Gameplay Logs

+ Access Log

In keeping with proper Foundation testing protocols, all instances of SCP-3301's active state are to be recorded for analysis and archival. The following is an example of proper test log format, and should be used in all future instances of test logging.

SCP-3301 Test and Gameplay Log:

Log ID: 3301|001

Participants: Dr. Andrew Richards and Agent Anna Lang, Dr. Michael St. Clair and Dr. Isaac Baker, Dr. Nicholas Quinn and Dr. Django Bridge, Agent Julian Calloway and Agent Jasper Jenkins

Game Board: The Garden of Eden

Winner: Dr. Nicholas Quinn and Dr. Django Bridge

Victory Condition: MR. ESCHATOLOGY

Runtime: 3h 14m 58s

Payout: $1,750

Game Summary: Dr. Richards got out to an early start when Agent Lang managed to contain two entities within the first five turns, having drawn the card “Mr. Containment’s Vac-n-Suck” on the first turn. However, the tides began to turn when Dr. Bridge, on the direction of Dr. Quinn, opened a secret treasure chest in a cave and found the card “Sacrifice”, a red card that he then used to summon **“Planet of Ten Thousand Fingers”**, a supreme divine orange card.

While Dr. St. Clair and Agent Calloway’s teams were fending off attacks from the first supreme divine being, Dr. Quinn drew the red card “Error in the Database", which summoned the supreme divine being **“Mary Nakayama”** on the 16th turn. This being immediately dispatched Agent Calloway’s team, which was already weakened by the “Planet of Ten Thousand Fingers”.

However, on the 29th turn, Dr. Richards drew a purple card, **Ms. Sweetie**, which case a sugary haze across the entire map. Agent Lang then spent the next three turns attacking Ms. Sweetie, attempting to contain the entity before Dr. Quinn and Dr. Bridge could summon another supreme divine being. Their efforts were disrupted by Dr. Baker, who sniped Agent Lang from a nearby hillside, and then began attacking the already damaged Ms. Sweetie.

On the next turn, Dr. Quinn drew the card

`"Upgrade"`, which he used on an item that Dr. Bridge had recovered called “Puzzle Box”. The result was a card called “Celestial Puzzle Box”, which Dr. Quinn used to summon **`"A Clockwork God"`**, the third supreme divine being, which immediately ended the game. After the usual fireworks and musical celebration, the voice of the announcer declared that Dr. Quinn and Dr. Bridge had become MR. ESCHATOLOGY.

At the conclusion of the game, Dr. Quinn and Dr. Bridge were awarded their payout, a gold bar worth exactly $1,750.

Audio Recording Transcript Excerpts

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Quinn: Alright, so… let’s see. I’m going to use “Clockwork Fanaticism” on Django.

Dr. St. Clair: What’s that do?

Dr. Quinn: It, uh… imbues him with clockwork powers. (*Pauses*) I think that’s it. (*To Bridge*) You noticing anything different down there?

Dr. Bridge: (*Distantly*) Yes, actually. I seem to have had my insides replaced with gears and pulleys. Oh! (*Pauses*) So now I seem to have something being created inside my stomach. Hang on. (*Pauses*) Yes, I’ve now deposited it into my hands.

Dr. Quinn: Cool, I get to draw a card. (*Pauses to read*) So that’s called a “Puzzle Box”. It doesn’t look like it has any stats. Can it do anything?

Dr. Bridge: Doesn’t, uh… doesn’t seem to do

anything.

Dr. Quinn: Huh. Alright. I guess we'll just discard that later.

[END LOG]

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Quinn: (*Laughs*) Ok, so listen to this. This is called "Error in the Database", and if we find a computer-

Dr. Bridge: Which I'm standing right next to, yes.

Dr. Quinn: -then I can summon a supreme divine-

Agent Calloway: Oh my god this is bullshit.

Agent Jenkins: What? What's going on up there?

Dr. Quinn: -called Mary Nakayama. Bite my ass, Calloway.

Agent Jenkins: Hey Julian? Something going on up there? Because things are starting to get a little spooky down here.

Agent Calloway: Hang on, uh… I've got… uh…

Agent Jenkins: So are you going to—

Agent Jenkins is suddenly annihilated when a spectral entity appears where he was standing.

Agent Calloway: Oh goddammit.

[END LOG]

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. St. Clair: Take the shot, Baker!

The sound of a distant gunshot.

Dr. St. Clair: Hell yeah!

Dr. Richards: Anna? Anna? Ah, fuck it. What is that thing, and when did you draw it? I didn't see it when I divined you earlier.

Dr. St. Clair: In the last turn! How clutch is that?

Dr. Baker: Mike? Hey, Mike? Did we win?

Dr. St. Clair: Nah, not yet, but you get another shot into that Mister and we will.

Dr. Quinn: Is that *so*, Michael?

Dr. St. Clair: Oh no you don't. Don't you try any more of your eschatology bullshit, Nicholas.

Dr. Quinn: Regrettably, all I have is eschatology bullshit! Behold, I use "Upgrade" on this "Puzzle Box", to create… (*pauses*) a Celestial Puzzle Box! Django, open that bad boy up!

Dr. Bridge: You got it. Come on out, biggun. (*The sound of grinding metal is heard in the background*)

Announcer's Voice: That's it! The game is over! Congratulations to Django Bridge and Nicholas Quinn; you have become MR. ESCHATOLOGY!

Dr. St. Clair: God fucking dammit Nick, I almost had that one.

Footnotes

1. Typically pieces for players take the shape of symbols representing various Groups of Interest or notable Persons of Interest, while pieces for the secondary players are simply small tokens of the same color as the primary player's piece.
2. Notably, many of these anomalies appear to be direct references to anomalies within Foundation containment, or anomalies that the Foundation is otherwise aware of. The depth of this breach of information is still being investigated.
3. During one test, Researcher H. Korver drew a White Card called "Divine Assistance", which summoned a "divine being" for his partner (Dr. Andrew White), as well as for every other player. For the next two hours, the divine beings engaged in combat with each other while the game pieces attempted to collect as many yellow cards as they could.
4. Only six Wondertainment cards have been drawn in more than fifty iterations of the game tested thus far
5. Such as one game of "Echoes of the Mariana", which saw the inclusion ofMr. Fishas an enormous, predatory shark.
6. Once equipment has been added, the equipment cannot be changed until the beginning of the next turn, unless otherwise affected by another player.
7. Notably, the typical voice that announces the players' victory at the end of the game is replaced with a different, more aggressive voice, which has not yet beenidentified.
8. This win condition does not match its description in the manual, and whether this is accidental or not is unknown.
9. This occurrence has only happened once in testing, when Agent Staski and Agent Polliver won the game after becoming "MR. LAMENT", with victory conditions of "Any player who is capable of killing another player only by saying hurtful things to them becomes MR. LAMENT, and wins the game." In this case, Agent Staski made a rude comment about Agent Parker's mother, which resulted in Agent Parker slipping as he charged Agent Staski and falling into a ravine.
10. While an image of this card is visible within the game manual, the card has not yet been seen during gameplay testing.

11. During a testing session, Dr. Richard McMillan used his turn after another played had played “Consolidation” to ask his companion, The Librarian, what the effect of the card was, as it was not readily apparent. In response, The Librarian said, “MR. CONTAINMENT and MR. FOUNDATION are dead, it seems. This echoes of a situation from somewhere similar, but very far away. I sense that MR. THRESHER may have taken their place.” When questioned further, The Librarian was unsure how to respond and appeared noticeably uncomfortable.
12. While the card does summon an in-game version of ••/•••••/••/•, the effect does not seem to permeate the barrier of the spatial anomaly, as the real-world ••/•••••/••/• does not appear, despite the necessary triggering factors being present.

SCP-3301 Testing Log

Archivist Notice 07/02/2017: In keeping with proper Foundation testing protocols, all instances of SCP-3301's active state are to be recorded for analysis and archival. The following is an example of proper test log format, and should be used in all future instances of test logging.

Archivist Notice 07/03/2017: Due to a rash of inaccurate test logs, strict protocols have been implemented to allow for the review of logs thought to be exaggerated or outright false. If you have any questions, contact your local Archival Technician for more details.

```
[[collapsible show="+ Open Log 3301|XXX" hide="- Close L

> **Log ID:** 3301|XXX
>
> **Participants:** [Name of players in the teams they p
>
> **Game Board:** [Title of the game board variation]
>
> **Winner:** [Team that won the game]
>
> **Victory Condition:** [Name of victory condition]
>
> **Difficulty Setting:** [Neutralized/Thaumiel/Safe/Euc
>
> **Runtime:** [Runtime of the game]
>
> **Payout:** [Value of payout to the winners in dollars
>
> **Game Summary:** [A summary of the SCP-3301 activatio

**Notable Cards Drawn:**
```

```
> [Examples of notable cards utilized in the game, see a

**Audio Recording Transcript Excerpts**

> [Notable excerpts from log transcripts]
[[/collapsible]]

-----
```

Card Formatting:

+ Show Card Formatting

Green Cards:

```
> **Card Color:** Green
>
> **Card Title:** [The card title]
>
> **Subtitle:** [The subtitle of the card]
>
> **Type:** [Land/Structure/Trap]
>
> **Description:** [The description listed on the ca
```

Blue Cards:

```
> **Card Color:** Blue
>
> **Card Title:** [The card title]
>
> **Subtitle:** [The subtitle of the card]
>
> **Type:** Companion
>
> **Description:** [The description listed on the ca
>
> **Stats:** XX ATK / XX DEF / XX HP
```

Red Cards:

```
> **Card Color:** Red
>
> **Card Title:** [The card title]
>
> **Subtitle:** [The subtitle of the card]
>
> **Type:** [Weapon/Ability | Ranged/Melee/Temporal/
>
> **Description:** [The description listed on the ca
>
> **Stats:** [Stat modifiers. May or may not be appl
```

Orange Cards:

```
> **Card Color:** Orange
>
> **Card Title:** [The card title]
>
> **Subtitle:** [The subtitle of the card]
>
> **Type:** [Anomaly | Sentient/Artifact/Unknown | C
>
> **Description:** [The description listed on the ca
>
> **Stats:** XX ATK / XX DEF / XX HP
```

Yellow/White/Black Cards:

```
> **Card Color:** Yellow/White/Black
>
> **Card Title:** [The card title]
>
> **Description:** [The description listed on the ca
>
> **Effect:** [The effect of the card]
```

Purple Cards:[1]

```
> **Card Color:** Purple
>
> **Card Title:** [The card title]
>
> **Subtitle:** [The subtitle of the card]
>
> **Type:** Wondertainment
>
> **Description:** [The description listed on the ca
>
> **Stats:** XX ATK / XX DEF / XX HP
```

+ Open Log 3301|008

Log ID: 3301|008

Participants: Dr. Avery Bone and Dr. Eila Harris, Dr. Owen Mars and Dr. Cotter Davis, Dr. Francis LaFleur and Director Arnold Camp.

Game Board: Echoes of the Mariana

Winner: Dr. Francis LaFleur and Director Arnold Camp

Victory Condition: Mr. Survivor

Difficulty Setting: Apollyon

Runtime: 0h 1m 21s

Payout: $50

Game Summary: In the shortest run of SCP-3301 thus far, Dr. Avery Bone and Dr. Owen Mars of the SCP-3301 research team ran the first test thus far of the “Apollyon[2]”

difficulty setting.

The game map, Echoes of the Mariana, had all three teams start with their players on the edge of a high cliff next to a raging ocean, with a storm overhead. As the game began, Dr. Davis was suddenly stricken with blindness, and stumbled backwards over the edge of the cliff. Dr. LaFleur's first draw was a Yellow Card called "Business Expenses" which granted he and Director Camp $50. Additionally, while Director Camp had been stricken with a pox on the opening of the game, one of Dr. LaFleur's pre-game draws was a White Card called "Panacea" which was used to heal Director Camp's pox.

After Dr. Bone's draw, Dr. Harris began to move towards a small concrete structure when she was accosted by three incorporeal, humanoid entities, which were revealed to be a *Supreme Divine* entity called "The Three Brothers". With no proper equipment to protect herself and no cards available for Dr. Bone to use in defense his piece, Dr. Harris was swiftly killed by the entity. Immediately upon her death, the game ended and Dr. LaFleur and Director Camp were pronounced "MR. SURVIVOR".

Notable Cards Drawn:

Card Color: Orange

Card Title: The Three Brothers

Subtitle: Love to Gamble

Type: Anomaly, Sentient, Divine

Description: Three cursed siblings who were bound by Fate to ferry the souls of the departed towards the dark nothingness beyond life. Picked up a penchant for card games somewhere along the way.

Stats: 29 ATK / 34 DEF / 37 HP

Audio Recording Transcript Excerpts

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Mars: Alrighty then, let's kick this bad boy off. I'll draw first… and the game is afoot!

Dr. Davis: Oh my god! Oh my god! I can't see! I'm blind, I can't see!

Dr. Mars: Wh— Cotter? Oh no, Cotter, hang on, I can… I've got… uh… oh no.

Dr. Davis: Owen? Owen, help me! I can't, I can't— (*screams as he falls off a cliff*)

Dr. Mars: Cotter? Cotter! Oh goddammit, Cotter.

Silence throughout the group.

Dr. LaFleur: So… good first turn.

Dr. Mars: I… Jesus. Does it hurt? Like, I haven't played before, does it hurt them?

Dr. Bone: Pretty tremendously at the time, but they don't seem to remember the pain afterwards, so… not in the long term, no. Still though, it's rough to hear.

Dr. Mars: Yeah, I… Jesus.

Dr. LaFleur: Either way, my turn. How you

doing down there, boss?

Director Camp: (*Incoherant screaming*) My skin! Oh god my skin! It's a pox!

Dr. LaFleur: Woof. Really rough first round. Good thing is, I drew this… "Panacea", so I'm going to play that… and we should be good! How about now?

Director Camp: Huh. Yeah, I feel much better. That was pretty horrid, I'm not going to lie. Where to next?

Dr. LaFleur: Well… my options seem to be limited here. I'm thinking something like… nah, let's save that. (*Pauses*) Alright, let's just do this. (*Cash register sound is heard above Dr. LaFleur*)

Director Camp: Nice.

Dr. LaFleur: You're damn right.

Dr. Bone: Alright, time to stop messing around. Let's get serious. You ready to make this thing happen, Eila?

Dr. Harris: Hell yeah, Avery. Let's do this.

Dr. Bone: Excellent. We're a little short on items at the moment, so let's just… go check out this building over here.

Dr. Harris: On it. (*Sounds of running*) Whoa there. There's something in the road. What is it?

Dr. Mars: Huh. Orange card. What is it?

Dr. Bone: It's… uh… called "The Three Brothers"… it's a Divine thing.

Dr. Harris: What's it do?

Incorporeal Humanoid Entities: Nothing good.

Dr. Harris: Wha- oh god I'm dying! Avery! Help—

Dr. Bone: What? What just happened?

Dr. LaFleur: I think you just lost.

Victory music sounds and fireworks are heard above the players.

Director Camp: Oh shit, did we win? Is it over?

Dr. Bone: Ok, so… Apollyon mode sucks.

Dr. LaFleur: Speak for yourself. I've got fifty bucks waiting for me.

[END LOG]

+ Open Log 3301|012

Log ID: 3301|012

Participants: Director Liam Deets and Sgt. Hannah Washington of MTF Omega-12, Agent Andrea Adams and Spc. Iris Thompson of **`MTF Alpha-9`**, Agent Sasha Merlo and Agent Clarissa Shaw of **`MTF Gamma-13`**, and Sgt. Irantu and Spc. Nanku of **`MTF Tau-5`**.

Game Board: Anantashesha's Domain

Winner: Sgt. Irantu and Spc. Nanku

Victory Condition: Mr. Finder

Difficulty Setting: Euclid

Runtime: 0h 45m 12 seconds

Payout: $602

Game Summary: The game took place in a heavily stylized replica of the SCPF Eremita. On the first turn, Sgt. Washington used her reality altering abilities to materialize a modified Colt AR-15, which she then fired at Spc. Nanku. Sgt. Washington was promptly admonished for apparent rule breaking and terminated by what appeared to be a giant flaming angel's sword. Spc. Nanku, despite sustaining multiple gunshots, was relatively unphased.

The game then proceeded normally until turn 14, when Agent Shaw discovered the hidden golden anomaly but was temporarily paralyzed by a cognitohazard that was protecting it. Spc. Thompson then proceeded to acquire the anomaly.

Before Spc. Thompson succeeded at containing the anomaly, Agent Shaw recovered enough to use her red card "The Nerfing Gun" to transform Spc. Thompson into an Orangutan. Spc. Nanku, who until that point had been occupied in a fistfight with a sepia-toned humanoid that self identified as "Murphy Law," then arrived and was able to contain the anomaly, and thus winning the game.

Notable Cards Drawn:

Card Color: Red

Card Title: The Nerfing Gun

Subtitle: A low effort pun

Type: Weapon, Ranged

Description: A fancy Nerf gun that makes everything worse. Excels at ethically questionable humanoid transfiguration. Expires after one use.

Stats: Transfiguration Attack / - 10 ACC

Audio Recording Transcript Excerpts

[BEGIN LOG]

Director Deets: Alright Hannah, just like we planned. We'll show them who the real anomalous task force is.

Sgt. Washington: Yes sir. Alright nuts and bolts, let's see how you like hot iron!

Sgt. Washington: What do you mean reality bending is cheating, that wasn't in the rules! You have got be fucking kidding m—

Spc. Nanku: …Is this how all board games are supposed to start?

Sgt. Irantu: That was rude.

Director Deets: Um, sorry. Why do they have you two playing this anyway?

Sgt. Irantu: I've been told it is a part of our emotional development training. The captain thought it was a good idea since the first time any of us felt emotion was during a game of Monopoly. Having extreme rage as a reference point is very helpful in understanding others.

Agent Shaw: The Nerfing Gun huh? I remember this one. About time those idiots help me instead of being a pain.

Agent Shaw: Aha, here it is. I wonder why it would be on a nightstand of all things? Eh, who ca-

Agent Merlo: YES, CLARISSA! Wooohooo! Fuck you Adams, my agent found the anomaly first! Wait, Clarissa? Clarissa! GET UP!

Agent Adams: Why am I here? I don't even like boardgames.

Spc. Thompson: Yes, I got it! Oh wow this is amazing. Andrea, did I ever tell you Jumanji was my favorite movie as a kid, this is like a dream come- OOH AAH

Agent Shaw: What's the matter Thompson, you're just *monkeying* around? Oh god that was a bad pun, stupid gun must be rubbing off on me.

Spc. Nanku: So, do I win?

Victory music sounds are heard. Sound is distorted due to surrounding water.

Spc. Nanku: A-hem, I'd just like to say that you don't miss all the shots you don't take. This an inspiring victory quote that I read. What is inspiring exactly?

Director Deets: Well… that was almost right.

[END LOG]

+ Open Log 3301|017

Log ID: 3301|017

Participants: Agent Dumas and Agent Tucker, Doctor Perkins and Agent Steele, Researcher Patel and Special-Detainee Justice Locke, Researcher Dumas and D-101 (awarded game time for good behavior).

Game Board: 20,000 Leagues under the **`Red Sea`**

Winner: Agent Dumas, Agent Tucker

Victory Condition: MR. GENOCIDE

Difficulty Setting: Maksur

Runtime: 4h 28m 14s

Payout: $100,000,000

Game Summary: Each player received a gunshot wound upon the game's opening: Agent Tucker was shot in the toe, Agent Steele was shot in the elbow, S.D. Locke was shot in the face yet survived, D-101 reported feeling something rush through his hair just above his scalp.

The players began in a sparsely-wooded locale illuminated by a bright, red sun; and were situated on different banks of a large, red lake. Each team was able to equip themselves with a variety of weapons due to R. Dumas playing a White card titled "Global Occult Coincidence", which replaced each player's hand with 10 Red cards.

Players spent the next several rounds destroying anomalies, having brokered a

"truce" spearheaded by Researcher Patel - who coerced his opponents into aiming for the MR. COALITION win-condition. By the third hour, Dr. Perkins and Agent Steele had the lead, at 21 anomalies destroyed. Agent Dumas then drew a companion card, "**`The Night Hauler`**", which allowed Agent Tucker to move about the game area unrestricted by die-rolls.

At the behest of Agent Dumas, who had earlier uncovered a clue as to the whereabouts of the game's hidden card; Agent Tucker quickly moved across the playing field, exploring every space contained within the game board. The team conspired to find the object, and thereby achieve the MR. FINDER win-condition. Said item ("Murphy's Trademarked Trilby") was found in the north-eastern portion of the map, guarded by a supreme divine being ("Celestial Cicada"). Agent Tucker was able to abscond with the hidden item due to his speed-boost, and avoid the entity altogether. Their turn ended as Agent Tucker took a shortcut over the red lake, attempting to reach their containment facility. The companion vehicle and the hidden item fell into the lake's center.

Dumas and Tucker's turn revealed over three dozen Orange cards, four of which were divine-class or higher. The players regrouped near the Southern wall of the map, joined by Agent Tucker on his team's next turn, and fended off attacks with their remaining cards. Their efforts were assisted by R. Patel's companion card "**`The Rookie`**", which destroyed several anomalies - placing his team in the lead. The companion card itself was destroyed once the entity "**`Summer's Exile`**" reached the party's location.

At four hours, 27 minutes into play all players had depleted most of their HP defending themselves. R. Patel's team still held the lead, and the only entity remaining was "**A Lady Who Does Not Approve of Your Life Choices, Yet Cannot Look Away**", which did not attack; it appeared to be content staring at players from afar, out-of-reach of their weapons. On Dumas/Tucker's turn, Dumas rolled a twelve, and directed Tucker to abandon his opponents. At the end of his turn, Dumas activated a trap card "**Suspiciously Scurrying Sand**", killing all other players and awarding his team the MR. GENOCIDE win-condition.

Notable Cards Drawn:

Card Color: Green

Card Title: Suspiciously Scurrying Sand

Subtitle: Did… did that dune just move?

Type: Trap

Description: They have a nasty habit of working their way into one's swim-trunks, play some Beach Boys when deploying this card for maximum yucks!

Card Color: Blue

Card Title: The Night Hauler

Subtitle: Keeps on truckin'.

Type: Companion

Description: Hitch a ride with Momentum Incarnate! You're free to move about the board

without rolling dice (turns are limited to two minutes in duration, don't hog the fun) while accompanied by this companion! Mind those Orange cards, Leroy!

Stats: 12 ATK / 4 DEF / 6 HP

Audio Recording Transcript Excerpts

S.D. Locke: [Mumbles incoherently] …them?

A. Tucker: For the last time, we can't understand a damn thing you say!

R. Patel: It is not his fault he was shot in the face.

A. Dumas: Yea, whose idea was it to play on Maksur anyways?

R. Dumas: I thought it'd make for an interesting challenge, you can only play on "Safe" so many times before it starts to get old.

D-101: So, how many of these things are left, anyways?

Dr. Perkins: Not sure. We killed all the gods and monsters, Locke took out the infovore…

D-101: Shit! Right there! D'ya see her?

A. Tucker: Ah!

A. Dumas: Oh, right. Ugh, that one gives me the willies like you wouldn't believe.

Dr. Perkins: The hell is it doing all the way over there anyways?

R. Patel: It doesn't matter. Someone needs to get over there and finish it, so we can end the

session.

D-101: You mean so you can win.

A. Dumas: Well, it's our turn now. Lessee… twelve! Nice!

A. Tucker: Sweet, let's take her out - you got any good gear for me boss?

A. Dumas: Er…yea. Just, just move to the edge of our turn radius.

D-101: Finally.

R. Dumas: Just hurry up and end it hun, I can't feel my ass anymore.

A. Dumas: [Dramatically] I now activate… my trap card! Bwahahaha!

[S.D. Locke, D-101, and Agent Steele can be heard screaming. Victory music and fireworks can be heard, and the announcer congratulates "MR. GENOCIDE"].

A. Dumas: That's what you get when you cross the 'mas!

R. Dumas: What? You — I can't— [sigh] You're a goddamn insufferable prick, you know that?

A. Dumas: An insufferable prick who just won us a hundred-million dollars!

[At this point, the game produced currency equal to the Agents' winnings. This was the first and only recorded instance of the payout being produced in false game notes or "play money".]

R. Dumas: We're getting a divorce.

[END LOG]

+ Open Log 3301|021

Log ID: 3301|021

Participants: Sgt. (S.) Kadowski and Cpl. Winston, Agent Chang and Agent Arch of MTF Gamma-4, Sgt. Wyte and Agent (D.) Kadowski, Agent Samson and Agent Karlyle of DTF Sigma-6, Agent Peterson and Agent Quinzeen of **`MTF Eta-10`**, Researcher Pentach and D-93017.

Game Board: **`Imbrium Crater`**

Winner: None. (See game summary.)

Victory Condition: None.

Difficulty Setting: Apollyon.

Runtime: 0h 10m 00 seconds

Payout: None.

Game Summary: The game was set within the Mare Imbrium crater, with an unmanned facility located in the approximate centre of the map. Each player's "containment facility" featured an underground portion with a high-speed rail tunnel connecting to the central facility; they were otherwise wholly independent from each-other.

At the start of the game, a flare of light occurred on the board and a ten-minute countdown appeared above the primary players; secondary players reported that the

sun was undergoing a supernova event. All secondary players reported impediment or ailment: Agent Arch and Agent Quinzeen reported blindness; Cpl. Winston and Agent (D.) Kadowski reported **flu symptoms and severe fever**; Agent Karlyle reported **nausea, internal pain and difficulty moving**; D-93017 reported all symptoms.

Researcher Pentach equipped D-93017 with the Blue Card " ", manifesting a human male with no apparent in-game function; the entity was amnesic and was mostly unaware of the game in progress. Researcher Pentach directs D-93017 towards the underground rail tunnel; D-93017, impeded by blindness and severe fever, repeatedly ignored directions and travelled in incorrect directions. At the end of the turn, Researcher Pentach drew the Black Card **"Eternal Interest"**, forcing him to discard one card every turn or D-93017 would be automatically killed. (Time remaining: 9m 27s.)

Sgt. (S.) Kadowski used the Yellow Card **"Never Overestimate The Use of SCPs"**, to grant his team $500. Cpl. Winston was then instructed to find a spacesuit before Sgt. (S.) Kadowski drew to end his turn. (Time remaining: 9m 20s.)

Agent Samson equipped Agent Karlyle with the Red Card "Rayman's Laygun", then directed them to the medical wing of their facility. Agent Samson drew the Black Card **"Chaos Hole"** at the end of their turn, permanently disabling their high-speed rail. (Time remaining: 9m 11s.)

Agent Peterson equipped Agent Quinzeen with

the Red Card **"Anti-matterman's Perfecto-suit"**, enabling them to traverse the lunar surface. Agent Quinzeen's training with cognitohazards assisted them in navigating despite blindness, and they reach the surface exit. Agent Peterson draws the Black Card "Neutralised", expending "Anti-matterman's Perfecto-suit".

Agent Chang instructed Agent Arch to find supplies; impeded by blindness, they encountered the Supreme Divine Orange Card "Mysterious Mega-Malicious Meta-Meme", which immediately killed them. (Time remaining: 9m 05s.)

Sgt. Wyte equipped Agent (D.) Kadowski with the Red Card "Night Vision Goggles". Agent (D.) Kadowski discovered and equipped themselves with the Red Card "Spacesuit", enabling them to traverse the lunar surface. Sgt. Wyte then drew the Purple Card **"Mr. Redd O. P. Discontinued C. P."**, which attacked and killed Agent (D.) Kadowski. (Time remaining: 8m 54s.)

Researcher Pentach equipped D-93017 with the Red Card "Map Map", enabling them to see (but not identify) all active cards on the map. An Orange Card — assumed to be the second Supreme Divine entity spawned on the fourth turn — was seen navigating towards D-93017. Researcher Pentach directed D-93017 to the high-speed rail, but D-93017 again failed to follow instructions.

At this point, Researcher Pentach attempted to cheat by introducing a foreign card — "Pot of Greed", from the Yu-Gi-Oh card game — to the game. SCP-3301 accepted the card, dispensing two cards; both cards were copies

of the Black Card "Pot of Weed", forcing Researcher Pentach to immediately draw two more cards for each. All four drawn cards were additional copies of "Pot of Weed"; all cards that Researcher Pentach drew using "Pot of Weed" were, invariably, additional copies of "Pot of Weed".

Researcher Pentach's behaviour rapidly degraded in a manner indicative of a psychoactive drug overdose; upon reaching 256 copies of "Pot of Weed", Researcher Pentach became incapable of any further action, apparently lapsing into a vegetative state.[3] Other players were unable to execute any tasks, as Researcher Pentach had been unable to end their turn.

Once the timer reached zero, the entire map — and all items and players on it — was simultaneously vaporised, ending the game with no victor and no payout.

Notable Cards Drawn:

Card Color: Blue

Card Title: [4]

Subtitle:

Type: Companion

Description: , .
, !
, ;
.

Stats: ATK / DEF / HP

Card Color: Black

Card Title: Pot of Weed

Description: THERE IS A PLACE IN HELL FOR CHEATERS AND A HOLE JUST YOUR SIZE. Draw two cards, but you still take damage.

Effect: The player draws two cards, and begins experiencing symptoms of psychoactive drug exposure; each successive use of "Pot of Weed" increases the intensity of these symptoms.

Card Color: Purple

Card Title: Mr. Redd O. P. Discontinued C. P.

Subtitle: The King of Crimson

Type: Wondertainment

Description: The unrecallable and sinister Mr. Redd! Able to attack from a distance with a -1 ATK debuff per space between him and his target! Ignores DEF when attacking! Able to equip Red Cards from defeated players! Best before: encountered!

Stats: 40 ATK / 20 DEF / 60 HP

Audio Recording Transcript Excerpts

[BEGIN LOG]

Agent Chang: I'm telling you, it's between me and Cap'. You lot are too soft.

Researcher Pentach: I'm just as soft as you are. None of us have played this before.

Sgt. Kadowski: The map is home turf for us -

low grav, vacuum. You landlubbers aren't trained for it.

Sgt. Wyte: "Land lobbers!" Just because your team's named after a pirate, doesn't mean -

Cpl. Winston: (*Distant*) Could we begin, please?

Researcher Pentach: Alright alright, I'll draw my -

Agent Samson: Sweet easter, what the hell was that? You alright down there Doug?

Agent Karlyle: (*Distant*) Fuck me. I feel like I got hit by a train, and the fucking sun exploded.

D-93017: (*Distant*) The hell have you done to me! I can't see shit!

Agent Samson: The fucking — Oh shit, timer. Hurry up Pentach, we've only got ten minutes.

Researcher Pentach: Don't call me Pentach. You call me Kyle, or Researcher Pentach, or you don't -

Agent Peterson: Just shut up and do something.

Researcher Pentach: I'll use, uh… the hell does this thing do? The card is just blacked out.

D-93017: (*Distant*) Who — Who's there? Who are you?

Summoned Entity: … I don't know. Who are you?

Researcher Pentach: There's something coming your way. Go west four — no, west you fucking — turn the fuck around! The other fucking way!

Agent Chang: (*Laughter*)

Researcher Pentach: Shut up, this isn't fucking fair and you know it.

Agent Peterson: It is plenty fair. You've just been particularly unlucky.

Researcher Pentach: Fuck this.

Sgt. Wyte: Hey, you can't do that!

Researcher Pentach: Oh really? Then why did it just work?

Sgt. Kaderowski: Pentach. That's cheating.

Researcher Pentach: Kiss my ass. Lets see what… Fuck, both black… wait… why are these Black Cards?

Agent Chang: What are they?

Researcher Pentach: Same thing, twice; I draw two cards for each. But why is it…

Agent Samson: Wondertainment don't make many mistakes. They're black for a reason.

Researcher Pentach: Hoo, pulled… four more of 'em. Sweet.

Researcher Pentach: Hey… hey it's… it's more of them…

Sgt. Kadowski: Are you ok, Kyle?

Researcher Pentach: (*Slurred*) Y-yeah, I'm… I'm… whoo, more pots… p-ot…

Sgt. Wyte: Pentach, stop. This isn't — no, stop -

Researcher Pentach: (*Heavily slurred*) Fuggoff… my turn… p-o-t, he… he he he he… weed. We-ee-ee-ed.

Agent Samson: Pentach, stop, this isn't…

Researcher Pentach: (*Incoherent mumbling, gurgling*)

Cpl. Winston: (*Distant*) What's going on up there? Is it our turn yet?

Sgt. Kadowski: Pentach has had an… event, and looks like he won't be continuing. I'll —

???: Please wait for the previous player to end their turn.

Sgt. Kadowski: … Damn it.

Agent Chang: You're fucking joking. He can't, he's fucking…

Agent Kadowski: (*Distant*) The explosion is… getting very close now. Are you sure there is nothing that can be done?

???: Please wait for the previous player to end their turn.

Agent Quinzeen: (*Distant*) It's getting really warm in here, you know.

Sgt. Wyte: And three, two, one…

Agent Chang: And we all fucking loose, god

fucking damn it Kyle. Perfect fucking map to sort out who'se best, time limit for pressure, and you had to fucking ruin it.

Researcher Pentach: (*Slurred*) Hey, it's… not my, not my fault…

Agent Peterson: Shut up. You always fucking ruin everything, *Pentach*. Get the fuck out.

Additional Note/s:

Researcher Pentach appears to have been banned from participating in future games; despite all attempts for Researcher Pentach to function as a primary or secondary player, SCP-3301 will uniformly treat them as a spectator of the initiating game. It is currently unknown when this ban will expire, if at all.

+ Open Log 3301|028

Log ID: 3301|028

Participants: **`Dr. King`** and D-93017, Researcher John and D-85493

Game Board: Appleseeds

Winner: Dr. King and D-93017

Victory Condition: **`Mr. Appleseeds`**

Difficulty Setting: Safe[5]

Runtime: 75h 43m 29 seconds

Payout: 400,000 appleseeds

Game Summary:

Map was a flat, featureless plane comprised entirely of appleseeds; only the top ten centimetres of appleseeds were loose, with the remainder compacted into a solid surface.

All cards in both player's hands are variously coloured copies of "Appleseed".

Dr. King uses a Green Card "Appleseed." A single appleseed manifests in the air next to D-93017. D-93017 begins searching the map; Dr. King draws a Black Card "Appleseed", manifesting another single appleseed next to D-93017.

Researcher John equips D-85493 with a Blue Card "Appleseed"; a single appleseed manifests in D-85493's hand. Researcher John draws a Red Card "Appleseed".

No remarkable events occurred for the following seventy-five consecutive hours, as all cards drawn and encountered on the map were universally colour variants of "Appleseed"; although Researcher John and Dr. King could identify map tiles containing Orange or Purple "Appleseed" cards, D-93017 and D-85493 were unable to distinguish their in-game appearance from other loose apple seeds.

The game abruptly ended when Dr. King equipped D-93017 with a Red Card "Appleseed", thereby filling all available slots with various copies of "Appleseed" and achieving the previously unknown "Mr. Appleseed" victory condition. The room SCP-3301 was used in was progressively filled with an estimated 400,000 apple seeds following the conclusion of the game.

Notable Cards Drawn:

Card Color: Varied.[6]

Card Title: Appleseed

Subtitle: Seed of Apple

Type: Seed

Description: An appleseed. Nothing personal, Mr. King — it's just the rules.

Stats:[7] 00 ATK / 00 DEF / 00 HP

Audio Recording Transcript Excerpts

[BEGIN LOG]

Researcher John: It'll be fine. Just play a round with us, ok?

Dr. King: We both fucking know what's going to happen.

Researcher John: Come on, it's a card game. There's no way…

Researcher John: Eighty-five, what… what are you standing on?

D-85493: It's apple seeds. Just apple seeds for miles.

Dr. King: (*Incoherent yelling*)

Researcher John: Calm down, just draw your cards and we'll - oh boy.

Dr. King: It's apple seeds, isn't it? All the cards are apple seeds, aren't they?

Researcher John: I'm so sorry.

Dr. King: I've drawn my hand. Oh boy, I wonder what I'll pick? I wonder what card I'll use first?

Dr. King: (*Shouting*) Oh I know, I'll fucking use an apple seed! That will fucking work! Thats perfect! Perfect thing to use in a field filled to the fucking brim with fucking APPLE SEEDS!

Dr. King: (*Muffled sobbing*)

+ Open Log 3301|033

Log ID: 3301|033

Participants: Agent Helen Zhao and Agent Zoe Smith of **`MTF Eta-11`**, **`AIC-Glacon`** and Agent Thomas Pankin of **`MTF Mu-4`**, Dr. Logan Igotta and Dr. Lakshmi Agarwal, Researcher Joseph Bell and Medical Officer James Candle of **`MTF Eta-13`**

Game Board: Beneath Site-46

Winner: Draw

Victory Condition: Mr. Forgetful

Difficulty Setting: Keter

Runtime: 1hr 48min 12s

Payout: N/A

Game Summary: This iteration was notable for including several anomalies not known to the Foundation. It is unclear whether these were generated for the game, or whether equivalent real-world anomalies are currently

undiscovered or may arise in future.

Each team started the game within an underground Foundation facility. Within moments, a containment breach alarm sounded, and all teams were chased by a large humanoid and an aggressive canid entity. Agent Candle retreated behind a bulkhead, closing it behind him and locking out the other players, who continued to flee.

At the suggestion of AIC-Glacon, Agent Pankin logged into a computer terminal, activating an effect card ("**Swipe Left - No, your other-other-Left**") which attached to Dr. Agarwal. The card caused all monsters in the game to become companions of Dr. Agarwal. It also caused an unexpected error to AIC-Glacon, which shut down. Dr. Agarwal advanced with her new **humanoid** and **canid** companions, and Agents Smith and Pankin ran towards the Site exit.

As Agent Smith emerged from the Site, her entry into the sunlight triggered a Green trap card ("**Sunshine, Lollipops and Rainbows**"). Agent Smith's Hit Points were reduced to zero, but she remained active in the game, her body melting into a glutinous mass. Agent Pankin, trapped by the approaching companions of Dr. Agarwal, attempted to use a Red Card ("**Green Goo Gun**") on the remains of Agent Smith, but the weapon's only effect was to lubricate the creature, delaying its efforts to breach the Site entrance. Agent Pankin was eventually attacked and consumed - his Hit Points were also reduced to zero, and his body fused into the liquid mass.

The amorphous biomass spoke to Dr.

Agarwal, stating that it was her companion and encouraging her to join it. Her companions attacked the creature, but were absorbed by it. Dr. Igotta used a final companion card: "**`Sister Semaphore`**", a cosmic being which flew upwards into the atmosphere and disappeared. And then the sun went out.

The gelatinous biomass collapsed, losing all function. However the previously absorbed bodies of Agents Smith and Pankin remained at zero Hit Points, and their coating of green goo suddenly [DATA EXPUNGED].

As the remaining players panicked, and mere seconds from [DATA EXPUNGED], Agent Candle arrived, and combined the Green Goo Gun card with his one remaining red card ("**`Don't forget your eel juice`**"), firing the resulting weapon upwards at the primary players.

All players awoke simultaneously with no memory of the events of the game, or of the reason for their presence in the game board. No prize money was awarded.

Participants have professed no recollection of game events, which have been reconstructed entirely from recordings. For security and psychological reasons, events of this iteration remain classified to participants.

Notable Cards Drawn:

Card Color: Orange

Card Title: Avery

Subtitle: Someone is going to be boned

Type: Anomaly | Sentient | Animal

Description: A slavering white wendigo with the power to control bone growth. What's not to love?

Stats: 9 ATK / 5 DEF / 6 HP

Audio Recording Transcript Excerpts

[BEGIN LOG]

Agent Zhao: Watch your six, Zoe! Some kind of dog on the ceiling!

<*growling noises*>

Agent Pankin: This way, come on!

AIC-Glacon: I would advise against that direction.

Unknown: <*singing*> Food, glorious food!

Agent Smith: What the hell? Hey Candle, wait for us, don't you dare -

M.O. Candle: I'm sorry!

Dr. Agarwal: Cowardly bastard. Let's get out of here.

AIC-Glacon: What is your desired outcome from this experience?

Agent Pankin: Well I sure as hell don't want to lose, Glacon!

AIC-Glacon: My calculations indicate that the use of this card at this time will ensure that you do not lose.

Agent Pankin: Okay, logging in - it should effect the nearest player. Sorry, Lakshmi!

Dr. Agarwal: I don't feel anything.

Agent Pankin: What gives, Glacon?

AIC-Glacon: I cannot provide an answer to that query, Agent. Unfortunately the high volume of data released in the program you have activated will temporarily overwhelm my processing capacity. I should, perhaps, have mentioned this eventuality before advising, -ing, -ing, -ing…

Researcher Bell: I think he's crashed, Thomas.

Agent Pankin: Dammit, now what do I do? Those things are right outside!

Unknown: <*singing*> Lakshmi, Lakshmi, give me your answer, do…

Unknown: Ar ruv roo.

Dr. Agarwal: I'm sorry what now?

Agent Zhao: Keep going, Zoe - you're almost out.

Agent Smith: Okay, I'm - aaaaaaggggghh!

Agent Zhao: Zoe!

Dr. Igotta: Jesus.

Researcher Bell: Oh god, that's - that's horrible. James, you have to do something. James?

Dr. Agarwal: Shit - it's absorbed all of my companions.

Unknown: I'm your companion, Lakshmi. All of us are. Join us.

Dr. Igotta: Lakshmi, run.

Unknown: All of you can join us - we will be beautiful together.

Researcher Bell: Is it - is it looking at us? Can we just stop now, please?

Dr. Igotta: Yeah, this ceased to be fun a long while back.

Agent Zhao: <*muffled sobbing*> I can still hear her.

Dr. Agarwal: <*screams*> The green is [DATA EXPUNGED]! It's [DATA EXPUNGED]! Logan, I don't want to die!

Dr. Igotta: I'm sorry, Lakshmi. It - it will be okay. I promise.

Dr. Agarwal: It's so dark.

Researcher Bell: I can barely see anything down there.

Agent Zhao: So dark.

Dr. Agarwal: Please, I don't want to die.

M.O. Candle: You won't - at least not alone.

Researcher Bell: James!

Dr. Igotta: Finally!

M.O. Candle: Okay, here goes nothing…

[DATA EXPUNGED]

Agent Smith: Ugh - what - where am I? I don't feel well.

M.O. Candle: Don't get up - let me check. Can you tell me your name?

<*Victory music sounds are heard, but tail off rapidly.*>

Unknown: Uh, congratulations, I guess? Did anyone win? Why are we here? Is it a sphere, perhaps? Who is Doctor Wondertainment?

Dr. Igotta: Wondertainment - huh, that explains a lot. But also nothing.

Agent Pankin: Um, what just happened?

AIC-Glacon: Despite having been inactivated and thus unable to observe subsequent proceedings, I surmise that my previous calculation was correct, and that your actions ensured that you did not lose the game.

Dr. Agarwal: We were playing a game?

+ Open Log 3301|042

Log ID: 3301|042

Participants: Dr. Westrin and Junior Researcher Kim, D-1886 and Dr. Messer

Game Board: Dr. Jones' Locker

Winner: Dr. Westrin and Junior Researcher Kim

Victory Condition: MR. ESCHATOLOGY

Difficulty Setting: Maksur

Runtime: 25h 17m 28s

Payout: $216,145

Game Summary: Each player received a gunshot wound upon entering. However, instead of a random location, each player was shot in their left eye. Eyepatches manifested near their vicinity, which they eventually put on.

Each team started on a beach on an island in the middle of a large body of water. No other land is seen by the players. Dr Westrin draws the card **"Deep Below The Reef"**, which allows him access to a secret area of the game board. A loud foghorn is heard in the distance, and a large sunken cargo ship appears at the beach.

Dr. Messer immediately plays the card "Starry Night", which reduces visibility of everyone in the area. This allows Dr. Messer to draw and play a card, which is revealed to be **"Lost Love at Sea"**. Another foghorn, this time slightly louder, is heard in the distance, and two boats appear that try and attempt to hinder Dr. Westrin's advancement to the cargo ship.

While this plays out, D-1886 plays green card **"The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald"**, which summons an oil tanker off the coast of the island. Another foghorn is heard, even louder than the last, in the distance once more. The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald prepares to destroy the cargo ship. JR Kim plays the card "Yin-Yang",

which allows the user to play two divine beings in one turn.

With this, she summons the supreme divine card **"The Great Leviathan"**. Due to its immense size, it causes the nearby terrain to change; mountains, crevices, and large earthquakes appear on the island and volcanic activity begins to rise. JR Kim also plays a supreme divine card called "The Eel". The Eel and The Great Leviathan charge at D-1886 and the oil tanker, instantly annihilating them both.

Dr. Westrin successfully makes it to the cargo ship, and finds a small lockbox inside. Opening the lockbox, Dr. Westrin discovers the supreme divine card "The S-C-P-S Midnight Jacket", and immediately plays it. One last foghorn is heard in the distance, and a supremely large wormhole is seen in the distant at an unknown distance. A large metal spacecraft is seen exiting the wormhole. It is currently theorized that the spacecraft was approximately the size of Manhattan.

An unidentified object around the size of a human is seen being detached from the spacecraft, which appears to be an escape pod. Once it lands on the island, an entity exits it. The entity appears as an extremely large orangutan in stereotypical sailor's clothes, smoking a pipe, and holding a finished Rubik's Cube in their hand. A **necklace** is seen around their neck.

The entity speaks through American Sign Language, and speaks with the players for a short time. After 15 minutes, the entity reenters the escape pod. It begins to fly back into the spacecraft. Eventually, several large objects

that resemble anchors are shot out of the spacecraft and begin to impale The Eel and The Great Leviathan, and begin to drag them up into the craft. Immediately afterwards, the game ends and Dr. Westrin and Junior Researcher Kim are rewarded the "Mr. ESCHATOLOGY" win-condition.

Notable Cards Drawn:

Card Color: Red

Card Title: The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Subtitle: Do not come near, lest your boat be your own tomb.

Type: Structure

Description: A giant oil tanker, which instantly destroys all ships that come near it. Comes equipped with other weaponry for other types of enemies, such as harpoons, cannons, torpedoes, etc.

Stats: 15 ATK / 85 DEF / 30 HP

Card Color: Orange

Card Title: The S.C.P.S Midnight Jacket

Subtitle: The Terror of the Seas

Type: Supreme Divine

Description: Dead Foundations Write No Tales

Stats: ?? ATK / ?? DEF / ?? HP

Audio Recording Transcript Excerpts

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Westrin: Jesus Christ, I've gone blind!

D-1886: Ah, fuck! W-why the fuck did they have to shoot my eye.

Junior Researcher Kim: It shot my eye too. The hell..

Dr. Westrin: Look, here are some eyepatches.

Dr. Messer: Yeah, this was definitely done on purpose, especially considering we're on an island in the middle of the ocean. Yar har, I guess.

Dr. Westrin: Damn, look at the size of that ship. I'm going over.

JR Kim: Er, did you just hear that lou-

Dr. Messer: *(In the distance)* Oh no you ain't. Take this!

JR Kim: Fucking shit, it's pitch black.

Dr. Westrin: I can still see the ship. Cover my back, I'm going over.

(Two small boats appear on the shore. They begin to charge at Dr. Westrin.)

JR Kim: I swear I can hear something over in the dist-

(One of the boats successfully rams Dr. Westrin, he is flung over near the cargo ship. The boats appear to face towards Kim.)

JR Kim: Shit.

Dr. Messer: 1886, do you have anything to destroy the cargo ship. I've distracted them for now.

D-1886: Yeah, hold on a sec. *(Pause)* Here we go.

(D-1886 plays the card.)

Dr. Messer: Did you hear that? It sounds like a foghorn.

D-1886: Did ya say something, I was staring at the giant ass ship that just appeared in front of us.

JR Kim: *(Draws a card.)* Oooh-ho-hoo, hope you guys are ready to get demolished.

(The Great Leviathan and The Eel appear behind her)

JR Kim: Let's see you kill these guys.

(Dr. Messer is seen quickly running away from The Wreck and D-1886)

D-1886: Shit.

Dr. Westrin: I got it, I got the card. It's called "The S.C.P.S Midnight Jacket, and the description says "Dead Foundations Tell No Tales".

JR Kim: Play it then, quickly, before Messer can attack back.

(Dr. Westrin plays the card. The foghorn is head, and the wormhole is spotted in the distance.)

Dr. Messer: Er….. what did you do.

Dr. Westrin: I have no idea.

(The escape pod from the spacecraft is seen ejecting, and lands right next to Westrin, Kim and Messer.)

Entity: *(In sign language:)* Hello. You are from the Foundation, correct?

JR Kim: You could say that, yes. Who are you?

Entity: *(In sign language:)* Names Bright. Was setting sail in case we ever found our target.

Jr Kim: Target?

Entity: *(In sign language:)* Yes madam. We call them the Woodpeckers. They've been tearing up the multiverse, and plundering everything in site. They've already plundered, what, 5 or 6 billion universes so far? We have been sent to destroy them.

JR Kim: Why do you need such a humongous spacecraft?

Entity: First off, it's not a spacecraft, it's a dimensional craft. Second off, the Woodpeckers ship is also extremely huge. *(The entity takes a puff from their pipe.)* Say, have you seen the Woodpeckers around here at all lately.

JR Kim: No sir.

Entity: Good. You got off lucky.

(The entity returns to their pod, and begins to fly back up to the spacecraft. The Eel and The Great Leviathan are seen being pulled by the ship.)

Dr. Messer: Did that monkey just….. take the Eel and the Leviathan.

Dr. Westrin: Looks like it.

Footnotes

1. In one instance of the card “Mr. Scary” being drawn, the type listed was “Factory”.
2. The meaning of this and the Maksur difficulty is unknown, as neither are officially registered object classes.
3. As "Pot of Weed" has not been encountered outside this event, it is unknown if this was an intentional function of the game or not.
4. Sic.; All text on the card, excluding the Companion type, was blacked out.
5. Despite being set to Safe, the game functioned more akin to Neutralized; all exposed blood was replaced with an equal volume of apple seeds, and no functional anomalies were encountered.
6. While the colour of the cards varied, their content was identical.
7. Only applied when card was Blue, Orange or Purple.

SCP-3302: "The Jim Look"

Item #: SCP-3302

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3302 is contained in Safe Containment Storage Locker #86, Site-42 Anomalous Media Wing. As of 02/16/2018, further testing is postponed pending Level 4/3302 approval.

Description: SCP-3302 is a single DVD, specifically disc one of season one of the U.S. version of the television sitcom, “The Office.” Notably, it is autographed by actor John Krasinski with the dedication, “If all else fails, mug thirty degrees to either side.” This is suspected to be a reference to a reaction colloquially known as “The Jim Look,” named for the character he portrayed on the show.

SCP-3302’s anomalous properties manifest when viewed by human beings. From the point of the first “Jim Look” onward, viewers will uncontrollably recreate the “Jim Look” action every time they perceive a statement as unintelligent. This reaction will go unnoticed by the subject unless brought to their attention; repeatedly bringing this to their attention may cause non-anomalous emotional distress at their apparent lack of self-control.

Interview Log:

> **Subject:** D-3086 (Initial owner of SCP-3302)
> **Interviewer:** Researcher Evans
>
> **[BEGIN LOG]**
>
> **Evans:** How are you doing today D-3086?
>
> **D-3086:** At least the food’s better than the swill they served at the homeless shelter.

Evans: I'm glad to hear that. *(Evans' watch beeps.)* Oh, one moment… My shoes are on the wrong feet, but that's okay because I have two left feet anyway; either way I've got it right.

D-3086 looks to the left of Researcher Evans. He then returns his gaze to Researcher Evans and continues the conversation.

D-3086: Yeah, so?

Evans: No reason. Our background check shows that you only recently became homeless. Can you elaborate on why?

D-3086: I really don't know… I had my life all together, but one day my wife just started getting mad at everything I did. Didn't matter that I didn't even say nothing, she just thought I was making fun of her all the time and got so riled up that she kicked me out of the damn house! I just kind of wandered around a while with the only things I could grab on the way out.

Evans: Yes, the possessions you were discovered with. *(Evans' watch beeps.)* Ah, Star Wars: Episode One was definitely the best of the entire series, wouldn't you agree?

D-3086 looks slightly to the right of Researcher Evans. He then returns his gaze to Researcher Evans and continues the conversation.

D-3086: No, I wouldn't. But what's that got to do with anything?

Evans: Sorry, just a random thought. Continue please, what happened after you were thrown out by your wife?

D-3086: Well, I just kind of wandered for a while, but everywhere I went, people would say two sentences to me and just flip out like I was some kind of jerk. I didn't

do anything to them! Even your agent fella who approached me in the soup line was kind of a jerk.

Evans: I'm sorry to hear it. Is there anything we can do to make your stay here more comfortable?

D-3086 looks to the right of Researcher Evans.

D-3086: You mean in my cell?

Evans: Point taken.

[END LOG]

Addendum 02/16/2018: A letter was found underneath D-3086's pillow despite no signs of containment breach. The letter read:

OHMYGOD I LOVE IT WHEN LOOKS AT THE CAMERA ITS SOOOOO FUNNNY IM HIS BIGGEST FAN I CANT WAIT TILL YOU VISIT - FOR CON

-[Indecipherable]

Testing of SCP-3302 postponed while the Unreality Department investigates the possibility and ramifications of extradimensional "viewership."

SCP-3303: Champagne Supernova

Item #: SCP-3303

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: As per the terms and conditions of the Würzburg Summit, the Foundation may not acquire any instances of SCP-3303 except by purchasing it from **Marshall, Carter, and Dark**.

Instances of SCP-3303 under Foundation control should be kept in the dedicated wine cellar at Site-48. If this is not feasible, any room with minimal lighting, a constant temperature between 7–18°C, and high humidity may be used until more permanent storage space becomes available.

Access to SCP-3303 for testing requires permission from two personnel with 4/3303 clearance. Non-testing access requires approval from the Site Director.

Description: SCP-3303 is the collective designation for any Champagne[1] produced by the Bataille estate between 2002 and 2007. While SCP-3303 is physically and chemically unremarkable, roughly 3% of observers report that SCP-3303 is surrounded by a bright blue aura.

SCP-3303 displays anomalous properties only under certain conditions:

1. SCP-3303 is being consumed by multiple individuals in an enclosed area (with allowances for doors, windows, etc. A ceiling appears to be required.)
2. All individuals present are consuming SCP-3303 at a rate no less than one glass per hour.
3. It is past sunset.

Under these conditions, SCP-3303 induces a temporal dilation within the confines of the affected room. Time's rate of passage will increase asymptotically as sunrise approaches, allowing affected subjects to experience time at a greater rate than those outside. Any solids or liquids that reach the boundary of this effect will be transported across it instantly, preventing typical shearing effects. An unidentified process maintains air pressure, air composition, and temperature within the room.

Consumption of SCP-3303 under the stated conditions has a stabilizing effect on the human body and mental state. Affected subjects will not deviate substantially from their physical condition at the initiation of SCP-3303's effects; this includes an immunity to injury that has hindered attempts to identify the exact mechanism responsible. Subjects do not need to attend to standard biological functions, though they are capable of doing so in excess of what should typically be possible. Similarly, emotions and overall mental states are fixed in the state they were in at the initiation of anomalous effects, with the exception of changes resulting from alcohol intoxication.

Of note is that, under these conditions, subjects left to their own devices will often continue to consume SCP-3303 as long as possible. In one case, a party of nine consumed the host's entire stock of eighty bottles in one night.

History: According to Bataille Champagne records, the house was approached by representatives from Marshall, Carter, and Dark in December of 2000, who intended to acquire exclusive rights to distribute Bataille Champagne's wine and oversee its production. Such a deal was made for €3 million, and production of Champagne for MC&D began in 2002.

While SCP-3303 became known to the Foundation in 2003, an agreement was formed under which MC&D retained the right to produce and sell SCP-3303 for five years and the Foundation was disallowed from accessing or observing the Bataille estate. In exchange, MC&D took full responsibility for suppressing public knowledge of SCP-3303 and transferred several dangerous anomalous objects to the Foundation.

MC&D marketed Bataille Champagne as a tool to enable parties and other social gatherings to last for an extended period of time, limited only by the supply of SCP-3303. It was sold exclusively to trusted clients; estimated sales are believed to exceed €50 million over five years.

In 2008, the Foundation examined the Bataille estate's records and vineyards. There was no evidence that any anomalous activity was occurring or continued to occur at the site; employees were unaware that the Champagne they were producing had any anomalous properties.

The estate's manager noted that, as part of their original agreement, MC&D were permitted to bury a mummified human jawbone near the geographical center of the estate's vineyards; the jawbone was apparently retrieved by MC&D personnel shortly prior to the Foundation's examination.

Footnotes
1. In the strict sense of the word, i.e. wine produced under the rules and regulations set by the Comité Interprofessionnel du vin de Champagne.

SCP-3304: That Time the Foundation Froze Hell

Item #: SCP-3304

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The facility containing SCP-3304 has been occupied by Foundation personnel, and no unauthorized access to the object is permitted. No manned or unmanned exploration of SCP-3304 is to be attempted at this time. At its own request, SCP-3304-2 is to be contained in a standard humanoid containment cell in Site-19.

As testing has found the energy produced by SCP-3304-1 to be non-anomalous, its continued operation has been authorized. It has been linked directly to the Foundation's midwest and Atlantic power grids, and has resulted in a % increase in the grid's energy efficiency while reducing costs by %. A proposal to use SCP-3304 as the power source of a new global Foundation power grid is currently under consideration.

ADDENDUM 10/21/2017: Following incident 3304-A, SCP-3304-1 has been disassembled and no attempts to reconstruct it are to be made. In addition, the following items are to be inserted into SCP-3304 once per month for the following ten years: 20 liters of virgin blood, 666 liters of heating oil, 2 metric tons of raw pine timber, and one live D-class known to have broken at least 7 of the traditional Judeo-Christian Ten Commandments.

Description: SCP-3304 is a class 2 inter-dimensional aperture located in , West Virginia. The portal appears visually as a wall of flames that occasionally shifts into images or patterns described as disturbing by viewers, and it is approximately 2 meters tall and 1 meter wide. Personnel and material that enter SCP-3304 are considered lost; no signal is received from unmanned exploratory drones and no D-class have returned from exploration attempts. Evacuation cables are severed at the point of entry without

exception.

Connected to SCP-3304 is SCP-3304-1, an advanced geothermal energy generator that utilizes anomalous properties to increase the speed and efficiency of its output. The generator's main pylon has been inserted into SCP-3304, and the aperture serves as a seemingly limitless supply of easily accessible geothermal power.

The facility in which these objects are located was formerly the headquarters of Gehenna Geothermal Energy, a 2008 startup that rapidly became West Virginia's primary provider of electricity. The Foundation discovered its anomalous properties in 2010 after the company's rapid expansion achieved regional media attention. Given the perceived lack of viable geothermal energy production in West Virginia, the company was flagged by Foundation media monitoring. A standard investigation quickly revealed the facility's anomalous source, and SCP-3304-2 surrendered into Foundation custody without incident.

SCP-3304-2 is Earl Raum, the owner, operator, and sole employee of Gehenna Geothermal Energy. SCP-3304-2 is the physical manifestation of a **`demonic entity`**. The entity's true form is that of a 3 meter long organism resembling the species *Corvus albus*.[1] However, SCP-3304 prefers to maintain human form under normal circumstances.

SCP-3304-2 Interview Log

Prepared by the Department of External Affairs- Interrogation and Negotiation Division

Subject: Interview Log SCP-3304-2

Involved Agents: Level 3 Agent Lyle Dietz

Report: The following interview was conducted without

incident 3 days following the apprehension of SCP-3304-2. A transcript is provided:

> **Dietz**: Alright Mr. Raum, I'm here to ask you a few questions regarding Gehenna Geothermal. We know by now that you're actually a demon. Cooperate with us and we'll dispel you from this dimension rather than keeping you prisoner.
>
> **SCP-3304-2**: What? No please don't! I mean, uh, I don't mind it here it's uh-
>
> **Dietz**: Spit it out.
>
> **SCP-3304-2**: Please don't send me back! At this point the big man will definitely know what I've been up to and my feathers still hurt from the last time he had my cousins flay me for stealing. Four hundred fucking years and it still itches. Is that fair? It ain't fair right? Right.
>
> **Dietz**: In that case your continued housing can be arranged. Do you accept these terms?
>
> **SCP-3304-2**: Heaven yeah man! I'm your bird, bro. Ask away.
>
> **Dietz**: Are you responsible for the creation of the portal, and if so, what was your goal in doing so?
>
> **SCP-3304-2**: Yeah, yeah man that was me. Look you know how it is, us mid-level folks gotta roll with the big dogs, pay taxes, feed and equip thirty legions of demon warriors. That shit is expensive man, and those new fuckers on the block totally cost me my job. I opened the portal and started the plant to make some scratch on the side, you feel me?

Dietz: Why West Virginia?

SCP-3304-2: I didn't pick it specifically man, it was just the closest place geographically y'know?

Dietz: Who are you referring to when you mentioned the newcomers earlier? What exactly was your job?

SCP-3304-2: Fuckin Lehman Brothers man. Soon as it showed up it became the biggest player in town, how's a Bird gonna compete with that? I'm the lord of thieves but the big banks? Shit man that's a godblessed industry my guy.

Dietz: I'm confused… Lehman Brothers was a human bank, it doesn't have a soul. How exactly did it show up in-

SCP-3304-2: Hey man talk like that is offensive! Ain't you been watchin' the news bro? Supreme Court says corporations are people too now, they got afterlife rights and shit.

Dietz: What are you talking about? The Court hasn't made any such ruling.

SCP-3304-2: Oh shit, my good. Citizens United doesn't happen until next week.

Dietz: Are you suggesting you're a precognitive?

SCP-3304-2: I sure am bro! You're talking to Raum, Earl of the 84th demesne of Hell, Lord of all Thieves, master of Crows, and-

Dietz: Yes, that's all well and good but… you did all this to make money right? If you can

see the future, why bother with the thermal plant? You could have just bought a winning lottery ticket or bet on a horse race or something.

SCP-3304-2: … Oh God fucking bless it.

Incident Report 3304-A

Prepared by the Department of External Affairs- Interrogation and Negotiation Division

Subject: Incident Report 3304-A

Involved Agents: Level 3 Agent Lyle Dietz

Report: On 10/ /2017, **SCP-738** broke its pattern of activity, with SCP-738-2 repeatedly slamming into the door of its cell until researchers investigated. When a D-class was placed on the object, the entity claimed that it needed to speak with Foundation staff regarding Gehenna Geothermal Energy, and that time was of the essence. On-site staff agreed to the meeting, and Agent Dietz was assigned to represent the Foundation due to his prior experience with SCP-3304. During this incident, the entity took a form identical to Foundation chief legal counsel Sheldon Katz, esq.

Dietz: So, what exactly is this urgent business you've been talking about? I'm warning you upfront that any attempt to tempt either me or the personnel monitoring this interaction into one of your bargains will lead to the cessation of this meeting.

SCP-738: Of course. On behalf of my client, his unholiness Lucifer Beelzebub Satanael, M.D., I am contacting you regarding an urgent matter that is currently having a deleterious effect on both of our realms. In order to remedy this state of affairs, we have three requests. The first is the transference of Great Earl Raum into our custody.

Dietz: That can be arranged, depending on what you offer us in return. Frankly, he hasn't been very useful as a source of information or as a subject of research.

SCP-738: Naturally. The second and third requests are of far greater importance however. We require you to cease withdrawing energy from our realm, and to provide the following materials monthly for ten years in order to facilitate the replenishment of metaphysical heat.

A list denoting the materials previously mentioned in the containment procedures appears on the table, and it is promptly read by Dietz.

Dietz: Okay what kind of Hot Topic bullshit is this? I mean seriously, virgin blood and the number 666? This is ridiculous.

SCP-738: You're dealing with ideo-ontological concepts here! Honestly if either of us has the right to be incensed over the nature of these items it is I. You simian rubes just have to assign belief into absurd concepts and thus give said concepts power in the first place.

Dietz: In any case, you're asking for a lot. The materials are one thing, but the portal is now the source of a big chunk of our electricity. Its

extraction is clearly harming your brethren, but why should we care? What's stopping us from siphoning your realm dry?

SCP-738: Ah mortals. So short sighted. The depletion of our realm affects your world as much as it does ours, you mewling ingrate. Haven't you noticed that unlikely phenomena are showing up at higher and higher rates recently? Feats of virtual impossibility are becoming more and more common, that business with the sneeze for example. The depletion of our realm's heat is eroding the fundamental bedrock upon which all probability rests, you must understand that!

Dietz: I'm… not sure I follow.

SCP-738: Hell is freezing over.

Footnotes
1. More commonly known as the Pied Crow.

SCP-3305: The Father, The Son, and The Holy Toast

Item #: SCP-3305

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: MTF Gamma-84 (Holy Toasters) are to be permanently stationed at SCP-3305. All personnel attempting to gain access to SCP-3305 without prior approval are to be detained, administered Class-A amnestics, and released.

Should SCP-3305-1 manifest, it is to be detained by MTF Gamma-84 and transferred to Site-19, where it will be stored in a standard humanoid containment chamber. Protocol Judas is to be executed in the event of a containment breach meeting the required criteria.

> Protocol Judas
>
> > Protocol Judas was a method of containment proposed by Dr. Teller to successfully detain and terminate SCP-3305-1, while causing minimal physical and psychological damage to those under its effects. This is only to be considered in the event of a containment breach where SCP-3305-1 is summoned, and has made contact with a civilian population.
> >
> > *Phase 1:* MTF Gamma-84 will bring a D-Class person with an ailment (from now on referred to as the Patient) to a building near SCP-3305-1. All smoke detectors inside the building will be disabled, and the Patient must be kept in a room which is not visible to the outside. Airplanes equipped with the suitable amounts of gaseous Class-B amnestics shall

be positioned near the civilian population.

Phase 2: MTF Gamma-84 will request the assistance of SCP-3305-1 in healing the Patient. It is imperative that no civilian personnel be allowed inside the building with SCP-3305-1. Given the nature of SCP-3305-1, if the request is made in earnest, it will comply.

Phase 3: Once the Patient has been cured by SCP-3305-1 and cleared the premises, MTF Gamma-84 shall incinerate SCP-3305-1.

Phase 4: The airplanes shall dispense the Class-B amnestics over the civilian population.

Phase 5: MTF Gamma-84 is to perform a survey of the civilian population to identify individuals who retain memories of SCP-3305-1, and administer Class-B amnestics as needed.

Description: SCP-3305 is a collection of five trees in the Forest with slices of white bread stapled to them. All attempts to remove the bread from the trees have failed.

If a particular ritual is performed at SCP-3305 (See Document SCP-3305-R), then a humanoid composed of bread will appear (SCP-3305-1). SCP-3305-1 will offer parts of itself to eat, and puncture itself to produce wine to drink. This bread and wine have restorative properties, as individuals who have consumed them report being cured of all physical and mental illnesses.

All individuals who consume part of SCP-3305-1 worship it, as well as bread in general. The form of this worship varies highly between individuals. Similarities between this effect and those observed in SCP-3250 and **SCP-2867** are under investigation.

While amnestics can successfully erase memories of interaction with SCP-3305-1, subjects under SCP-3305-1's effects still believe in the existence of SCP-3305-1, and will continue to worship bread. Only

after SCP-3305-1 has been terminated do amnestics become effective at erasing all memories regarding SCP-3305-1.

Additional Documents:

SCP-3305-R

Materials needed: Fifty loaves of white bread, 3.79 liters of red wine, a virgin, 18.14 kilograms of homemade dough, 14.4 cubic centimeters of flour, 3.79 liters of gasoline, matches, and a bible.

- Lay the loaves between the stapled pieces of bread to form a pentagram. (This will require all fifty loaves, assuming each loaf is approximately 30.48 centimeters long).
- Pour wine over all of the loaves of bread.
- Move the virgin into the center of the center the pentagram.
- Cover the virgin with the dough, so none of the virgin's skin can be seen.
- Sprinkle the flour over the virgin, and all loaves of bread.
- Douse the virgin in 3.03 liters of gasoline, and each piece of bread in 0.19 liters.
- Ignite all 5 pieces of bread.
- Ignite the virgin.
- From the bible, read aloud verse Mark 14:22-24.

After the dough rises, it takes the form of SCP-3305-1. It is unknown what happens to the virgin, as all testing indicates SCP-3305-1 is made entirely of bread and wine.

Event SCP-3305-A

The following is The Foundation's current understanding of what occurred during Event SCP-3305-A. All information was gathered from SCP-3305-1, local authorities before being amnestied, and Foundation personnel present.

Day 1: An unknown group performs the ritual described in document SCP-3305-R. SCP-3305-1 manifests and is led to an abandoned church near the small town . He is hidden for the rest of the day.

Day 2: During the morning mass, wine and bread from SCP-3305-1 are served to attendees. 80% of was present, and consumed part of SCP-3305-1. At the end of the sermon, SCP-3305-1 introduced itself. All civilians in attendance acknowledge SCP-3305-1 as the personification of a deity. A banquet was held, using bread and wine from SCP-3305-1.

Day 3: SCP-3305-1 visits the rest of . Those who appear to be afraid of SCP-3305-1 are reprimanded against the anomaly's will. SCP-3305-1 feeds one civilian afflicted with Alzheimer's Disease a portion of itself. The civilian claims a miracle has occurred, and can now remember his past clearly.

Days 4-7: Those who refuse to consume part of SCP-3305-1 are discriminated against by approximately 40% of those under the effects of SCP-3305-1. These individuals are often refused service, and are called "Gluten-Free". SCP-3305-1 is unaware of the abusive treatment. Each night, SCP-3305-1 offers pieces of himself for consumption. It is estimated that 90% of the town have

consumed a portion of SCP-3305-1 by Day 7.

Day 8: Joseph Westing, the inventor of the "Gluten-Free" slur, announces the creation of The Westing Church of Wonderbread. Its tenets are similar to those advocated by SCP-3305-1, however, they believe that "White bread is a superior bread". 40% of joins The Westing Church of Wonderbread.

Day 9-11: Members of The Westing Church of Wonderbread become increasingly hostile toward "Gluten-Free" civilians. On Day 11, the Patrickson family is forced out of . The accounts of the Patrickson family are the first reports The Foundation has received regarding SCP-3305. MTF Gamma-84 is sent to investigate.

Day 12: Members of The Westing Church of Wonderbread attack a bakery. Two civilians are stabbed to death with sharpened, stale baguettes, and four are beaten with the same weapons. SCP-3305-1 publicly denounces The Westing Church of Wonderbread. MTF Gamma-84 arrives at . MTF Gamma-84 detains SCP-3305-1, and requests transport for SCP-3305-1 to Site 19.

Day 13: While attempting to administer amnestics to the residents of , The Westing Church of Wonderbread riot. Four Foundation employees and twenty civilians are injured. After the altercation, Class-B amnestics are successfully administered to the rest of the population. SCP-3305-1 is interviewed by Site 19 personnel. See SCP-3305 Interview Log for the full transcript.

Day 14: Residents of return to worshipping bread, referencing SCP-3305-1.

The individuals responsible for The Westing Church of Wonderbread create another organization called The King's Hawaiian Congregation. When asked about this, SCP-3305-1 replied, "They can still feel my presence, so they still know. Although, what more is faith than a feeling?" Dr. Teller requests the termination of SCP-3305-1.

Day 15: Site Director Rogers approves Dr. Teller's termination request. SCP-3305-1 does not resist personnel during the process. SCP-3305-1 is terminated via incineration.

Day 16: The aviation division of MTF Gamma-84 administers a gaseous amnestic to the residents of via an air drop. The rest of MTF Gamma-84 surveys the town and administers amnestics to those who did not encounter the gaseous amnestic. All memories of SCP-3305-1 are erased, and all evidence that SCP-3305 exists is confiscated. MTF Gamma-84 is assigned to monitor SCP-3305.

SCP-3305 Interview Log

<Start Log>

Dr. Teller: Hello. I'm sure you've been told that you've been brought here for questioning.

SCP-3305-1: I have. There is nothing for me to hide.

Dr. Teller: Well, it's good to know you don't feel uncomfortable. Can you tell me where you come from?

SCP-3305-1: I come from The Great Bakery. I

have returned to once again enlighten men and women in the ways of The Baker, and to let them feast upon my body.

Dr. Teller: Returned? When were you here last?

SCP-3305-1: I know not the passage of time between my last appearance and now. I can say for certain that massive bounds in culture and technology have taken place. I am quite impressed.

Dr. Teller: Fair enough. What happened to you during your last appearance?

SCP-3305-1: I attempted to do the same as I did these past weeks. I brought bread, and urged people to break it with one another. The only difference was that back then, bread and wine were scarce, so I was considered a blessing and a miracle.

Dr. Teller: Do you not consider yourself those things?

SCP-3305-1: No, no. I'm just a humble butter knife, spreading the words of The Baker.

Dr. Teller: Do you feel pain when you tear off pieces of yourself?

SCP-3305-1: I do, but I have grown used to it. I have suffered for the masses in other terrible ways. Giving away my blood and flesh to feed the hungry is but a prick in comparison. Speaking of which, I believe I have not offered you any.

SCP-3305-1 removes a small piece of bread from its arm and offers it to Dr. Teller.

Dr. Teller: Thank you, but I ate earlier, so I'm not hungry.

SCP-3305-1: Very well.

Dr. Teller: Are you aware of the actions of a group called "The Westing Church of Wonderbread"? They were responsible for an attack on a bakery in town for selling, and I quote, "Whole Grain, the heathen's bread".

SCP-3305-1: I have.

Dr. Teller: Have you spoken to this group at all?

SCP-3305-1: Not directly, but I should have. I do not condone their message. Wonderbread is terribly bland. I much prefer Pepperidge Farm.

<End Log>

SCP-3306: The Murder-Go-Round

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If issues persist, please contact your site's database technician.

Item #: SCP-3306

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: An unassuming wooden structure, designated Site-3306, has been constructed over the area surrounding SCP-3306 to prevent its detection by passersby and satellite observation. A minimum of one dozen armed guards must be stationed around Site-3306 at all times to prevent the discovery of SCP-3306 by unauthorized persons. Guards are to be routinely tested on comprehensive cover stories found in DOC-3306-CS to ensure parity between statements.

A secondary motorized platform has been built around the immediate circumference of SCP-3306 to ensure that researchers may comfortably communicate with 3306-POI subjects. Televisions and other forms of entertainment may be situated on the secondary platform to promote good behavior. Any recreational material presented to 3306-POI must approved by a Level-3 researcher. Material that could potentially provoke emotional distress should be avoided.

Personnel are to refrain from influencing subjects' decisions during Illions Events.

Description: SCP-3306 is a carousel amusement ride located in the

Continental Ranges of the Canadian Rockies. It is powered by anomalous means and remains in constant motion. Painted wooden panels around SCP-3306's central hub appear to depict scenes from Dante Alighieri's *Divine Comedy*. As of this writing, there are 44 fiberglass horses attached to SCP-3306's sweeps. Each horse bears a stylized resemblance to a previous 3306-POI subject.

When SCP-3306 was first discovered, it bore no horses, and 50 persons of interest (3306-POI, sub-designated 01 through 50) were found aboard its rotating platform. 3306-POI are unable to deboard the platform; likewise, all attempts to board the platform or physically interact with 3306-POI subjects in any way have failed. Despite their lack of access to food and water, 3306-POI apparently remain in perfect health and do not seem to age.

3306-POI subjects claim to have been normal individuals with no connection to anomalous phenomena prior to waking up aboard SCP-3306. As far as Foundation investigators have been able to ascertain, these claims appear to be genuine.

Every year on the 17th of February, SCP-3306 will play a recording of a heavily-distorted voice instructing 3306-POI subjects to vote for who they believe to be "the imposter". The subject who receives the most votes by midnight will instantly disappear, and a new horse will simultaneously manifest on SCP-3306's sweeps. Following this, another message is played stating that subjects have chosen incorrectly. Foundation personnel may refer to this day as an Illions Event.

Currently, only six 3306-POI subjects remain. The alleged identities of these individuals are as follows:

- **3306-POI-04:** Luke Hughes, age 25 prior to appearing aboard SCP-3306. Previously employed by the Oklahoma Tax Commission as a call center worker. Rarely participates in conversations with other subjects, but frequently requests the company of Foundation personnel.

- **3306-POI-11:** Ronell Ashcombe, age 73 prior to appearing aboard SCP-3306. Veteran of the United States Marine Corps and widower to the late Lydia Ashcombe, who died several

years after her husband's disappearance. Professes a disbelief in the existence of "the imposter" and typically abstains from annual voting unless required to in the event of a tie.

- **3306-POI-17:** Lori-May Simmons, age 11 prior to appearing aboard SCP-3306. Born in Amarillo, Texas to then-married Cheryl Howser and Billy Simmons. Dedicates much of her time to determining the identity of "the imposter" in hopes that she may be released from SCP-3306 while her parents are still living. Has maintained an alliance with 3306-POI-28 for the past seven Illions Events.

- **3306-POI-28:** Jeannie Kirkwood, age 43 prior to appearing aboard SCP-3306. Previously a creative director at a California-based advertising firm. Claims to know the identity of "the imposter" but refuses to explain its reasoning to anyone other than 3306-POI-17.

- **3306-POI-30:** Craig Dalton, age 28 prior to appearing aboard SCP-3306. No prior employment. Frequently attempts to aid Foundation personnel in maintaining morale among 3306-POI subjects, with varying degrees of success.

- **3306-POI-33:** Shelley Long, age 32 prior to appearing aboard SCP-3306. Previously a single mother from Abbotsford, British Columbia. Displayed strong maternal affection toward 3306-POI-17 during the early years of their captivity; the two remain amiable but view each other with suspicion.

The assertion that there is an imposter among 3306-POI has neither been confirmed nor refuted.

Addendum: The following files contain the most recent interviews with remaining the 3306-POI subjects.

► 3306-POI-04

[Begin Log]

Dr. Ricks: Good morning, Luke. How are you doing today?

Hughes: Fine, though Dalton's been even more desperately manic than usual lately. I think he assumes we're going to vote him out next.

Dr. Ricks: Do you agree with that assumption?

Hughes: Sort of. We have a history of voting out people simply 'cause we don't want them around for another year, and I think we're all pretty sick of Dalton's forced optimism at this point—the old man especially. But with only six people left, I think folks are really determined to make their vote count, you know?

Dr. Ricks: Yes, that's understandable.

Hughes: Right now I'm thinking it's Long. Every year she's been increasingly noncommittal when it comes to voting. Shouldn't she be *more* invested as time goes on? It's just weird. I think Long wants to vote for Kirkwood, but Dalton's more scared of Simmons, so Long may jump ship just so there's a majority. The old man doesn't care so he'll probably just go for Dalton. Kirkwood and Simmons, well, who knows with those two?

Dr. Ricks: I see. Now, you've struggled with feelings of hopelessness in the past. With numbers so low, have you started to consider the possibility of escape?

Hughes: Hah, not *escape*, per se. I've known you guys a long time, and I doubt you'll ever let me go completely. But do I think there's a chance I may get off this carousel one day?

Yeah, I'm starting to feel like I've got a shot.

Dr. Ricks: I'm glad to hear that, Luke.

Hughes: Hey, do you think there's a chance… I know you probably wouldn't let me have a high-ranking position or anything, but if I ever get out of here, would it be possible for me to work for the Foundation in some capacity? Maybe just a researcher or something? I never really had a career, you know. This place is all I've ever really had. And I've watched you all long enough to be decently familiar with how you operate.

Dr. Ricks: Interesting. I'm not sure, but I can look into it for you.

Hughes: Thanks, I appreciate that.

[End Log]

► 3306-POI-11

[Begin Log]

Dr. Ricks: Hello, Mr. Ashcombe—

Ashcombe: Fuck off. I'm not doing any more of these.

Dr. Ricks: I assure you, it will only be—

Ashcombe: (*Louder*) I'm not doing any more of these!

Dr. Ricks: We have some new programs—

Ashcombe scoffs.

Ashcombe: I'm not watching any more shit TV. I'll tell you one more time: fuck off. It's hard

enough for an old man to get any sleep with these fucking lights, and this fucking music, and no fucking bed to speak of. You people only make it worse.

Dr. Ricks: It's the middle of the day, Mr. Ashcombe.

[End Log]

Afterword: Interview terminated by Dr. Ricks after Ashcombe refused to respond for several minutes.

► 3306-POI-17

[Begin Log]

Dr. Ricks: Interview time.

Simmons sighs.

Simmons: My name is Lori-May Simmons. Despite my appearance, I'm fifty-five years old. I keep myself physically and mentally active in preparation for my eventual escape from this place. I believe there is an imposter, and I have suspicions about their identity, but I cannot divulge them at this time. There have been no notable changes in my opinions or emotional state since my previous interview. That is all.

Dr. Ricks: Like clockwork.

Simmons: Hey. What more do you want?

Dr. Ricks: I think that's sufficient. Thank you for your time.

[End Log]

► 3306-POI-28

[Begin Log]

Dr. Ricks: I have the newest season of Shark Tank for you.

Kirkwood: Good enough. I'll give you two minutes. Be warned, I talk slowly, so make your questions count.

Dr. Ricks: You claim to know the identity of the imposter mentioned in the recording. Do you have any interest in divulging that information now that only five other people remain?

Kirkwood: No.

Dr. Ricks: And why not?

Kirkwood: It's a pointless farce, really. Just like the parlor games that I assume this whole thing is based on. You can beg and plead and scream and argue, but in the end, there's no way to make someone else believe you. It's all arbitrary. If we win this game, it'll be by accident—and that's assuming it can even be won.

Dr. Ricks: Do you think it can be won?

Kirkwood: No.

Dr. Ricks: Why not?

Kirkwood: Because anyone else worth a damn got voted out a long time ago. Lori's fine, but there's no hope with just the two of us. Now, I believe that's two minutes.

[End Log]

► 3306-POI-30

[Begin Log]

Dalton: Ricks! Ricks, Ricks, pick up sticks. How are you, my friend?

Dr. Ricks: It's been a productive day, thank you. And yourself?

Dalton: Oh, doc. Doc, doc, doc. It's almost Valentine's, isn't it? You know, I had a girl once. More than one. I wasn't a very good person in my old life. Christy Bingham, Shawna Hart, Heather… I've forgotten Heather's last name. How about that? God, I'm a wretched human being. I deserve all of this.

Dr. Ricks: I'm sorry. I know it's hard for you when an Illions Event is approaching.

Dalton: Listen, I hate being such a sad sack with you, but you're the only one I can really be honest with. You've been such a good friend all these years, Dr. Ricks. I'm gonna miss talking to you.

Dr. Ricks: You believe that the others are going to vote you out?

Dalton: Hell, man. I know it! They hate me. I know I used to be kind of charming. It's how I had so many girls. It's how I stayed alive this long. But all these years… I think my mind's had it, man. I don't know how to talk to people anymore. I barely know how to think thoughts. I try to be friendly, but lately I think I've just been obnoxious.

Dalton wipes his eyes on his sleeve.

Dalton: Hey doc, can I make a request?

Dr. Ricks: Depends on the request.

Dalton: Can you talk to me after I change? Like, could you just talk to my horse?

Dr. Ricks: You believe the horses are alive?

Dalton: Yeah, man. Sometimes when you press your ear to them, and the music goes quiet between songs, you can hear them breathing and groaning. Please, Dr. Ricks. You're the only true friend I have in the world. Please don't stop talking to me.

Dr. Ricks: I think I can make arrangements for that.

Dalton: Thanks, doc. I'll really miss you. I really will.

[End Log]

► 3306-POI-33

[Begin Log]

Long: Back so soon?

Dr. Ricks: It's been six months since our last interview, ma'am.

Long: Oh.

Dr. Ricks: Anything new to report?

Long: Not really. I'm just tired.

Dr. Ricks: The next Illions event is in two weeks. How are you faring?

Long: Just fine. I'm rather indifferent, honestly. I still think it's Jeannie, but I've decided I can

vote for Lori if necessary. She's had a good, full life at this point, hasn't she?

Dr. Ricks: It's not my place to say.

Long: I suppose it isn't.

[23 seconds of silence]

Dr. Ricks: Anything else you'd like to say for the record?

Long: Not really.

Dr. Ricks: I see. Thank you for your time.

[End Log]

► Event Log: Last Documented Illions Event

[Begin Log]

Ashcombe: I vote for the fairy.

Dalton: Yeah, okay. That's fine. I saw this one coming, guys.

Long: No, don't worry Craig. I'm voting Jeannie.

Kirkwood: Love you too, Shells.

Dalton: Oh. Well, I vote for her, too.

Simmons: Hold on, slow down. Why is everyone going after her? We haven't even talked about this yet.

Hughes: Lor, we've been talking about this for forty-five years. Sorry, Jeannie, but I think I'm going to vote for you.

Long: Oh! I thought I overheard you telling Dr. Ricks—

Hughes: I lied. Give me some credit, I'm not going to show my hand that easily.

Simmons: I'm against this. I just want everyone to know that.

Dalton: Who are you voting for, then?

Simmons: Forget it. It's not like it matters now, anyway.

Simmons gets up and walks around to the opposite edge of the platform.

Hughes: Jesus christ.

Long: There it is, then. Sorry, Jeannie.

Hughes: Wait. Jean, I'm willing to change my vote, but you've got to drop the whole I'm-not-telling shtick. If you know who the imposter is, or at least think you know, why not tell us?

Dalton: Not like you got anything left to lose.

Kirkwood: You don't want to know.

Ashcombe: Fuck you, bitch.

Hughes: I really think we do.

Kirkwood shrugs.

Kirkwood: Fine, then. It's all of us. We're all part of it. We're all just pieces in a game that we've forgotten we're even playing.

Long: That's the most asinine thing I've ever heard.

Kirkwood shrugs again.

Hughes: Where'd you get an idea like that from?

Kirkwood: I didn't. I'm just the only one who's remembered. I can't quite remember how it started, though. I think we—our collective self, that is—were bored. Or maybe we lost a bet. But there it is. Now you know. Keep me nice and shiny, would you?

[End Log]

Afterword: As expected, 3306-POI-28 vanished at midnight, an additional horse was added to SCP-3306, and the Illions Event concluded. The five remaining 3306-POI subjects have since suffered a decline in morale, with some questioning their own existence.

A request for additional counseling staff was approved by Site Director Goode; containment routine will otherwise continue as normal.

SCP-3307: Cornucopi-ass

Item #: SCP-3307

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3307 is to be contained in a standard humanoid containment cell, currently in Site-17. The containment chamber for SCP-3307 is modified to allow for transport and disposal of produced materials through a garbage chute installed on a wall. In order to limit production of unwanted materials, personnel are to avoid line-of-sight with SCP-3307 when outside of a testing environment. If transportation is necessary, SCP-3307 must be rendered unconscious, or otherwise made unable to detect the presence of any personnel interacting with it. Food items produced by SCP-3307 outside of a testing environment are to be confiscated and destroyed immediately.

Description: SCP-3307, formerly known as Agent J. , is a human male roughly 32 years of age. SCP-3307 has no abnormal outward characteristics, and is physically healthy. However, when in the presence of any other human[1], SCP-3307 will begin to produce food or drink inside its body, which is expelled by vomiting or defecation. This food forms in the stomach via an unknown process, and travels up the esophagus, or down the intestines, depending on the type of material created. This process does not cause SCP-3307 any physical distress, as SCP-3307's internal organs appear to be able to expand to allow harmless transport of materials, but can cause significant psychological distress, as SCP-3307 experiences trouble breathing while expelling food through the mouth. Since recovery, SCP-3307 has not felt the need to eat, and has been unable to stomach any food it has been given.

Food items produced by SCP-3307 are edible, and have roughly the same nutritional value as a normal food item would. SCP-3307 is able to produce virtually any food, or combination of foods; the type of food or drink created appears to depend on the individual

SCP-3307 has been exposed to, and is almost always identified by the individual as a 'comfort food' or 'favorite food'. Solid food items are expelled through the mouth, or anus in some instances. Liquid food items are most often expelled in a manner similar to urination. Due to the method by which food and drink items are produced, most individuals report feeling disgusted by the process, and will not willingly consume produced items. If exposed to multiple individuals at the same time, food production will begin in order of which individual was perceived first.

SCP-3307 was recovered following a field mission on 11/23/ [2] during which members of MTF Theta-90 ("Angle Grinders") were exposed to a Class 2 spatial anomaly. Agent J. was, for approximately 30 minutes, missing in action, having reportedly lost contact with the rest of his team after being pulled into the spatial anomaly. Following this, Agent was ejected, unharmed, along with what appears to be a decorative plastic cornucopia, which has since been confiscated. After recovery of Agent , and subsequent discovery of anomalous effects, Agent was designated SCP-3307, and contained.

+ Show Testing Log 3307-14B

Date: 3/13/

Personnel Tested: D-14892 and D-14873

Note: D-14892 was equipped with a cellular phone modified to only receive text messages from Dr. Reynard, who was observing via security camera placed in SCP-3307's containment chamber. SCP-3307 was initially unwilling to cooperate, and suffered mild psychological distress during and following the interview.

<Begin Log>

(D-14892 and 14873 enter SCP-3307's containment chamber. SCP-3307 is sitting at a

table, with two plates, two glasses, and cutlery. SCP-3307 has closed its eyes, and covered its ears.)

D-14873: So… are we having lunch? Who's this guy?

D-14892: Beats me, I didn't see any- (a message is delivered to D-14892.) Hold on, they're sending me something.

(The message reads: Approach SCP-3307. Make sure it hears you. D-14892 conveys this message to D-14873.)

D-14873: Okay then? (Loudly) Hey, you hear us?

SCP-3307: (Shaking its head.) Shit. God fucking d- (SCP-3307 begins to dry heave. D-14892 and 14873 back away quickly.)

D-14892: What the fuck?! Are you okay, man?

SCP-3307: No, you fucking jackasses, I'm- (SCP-3307 expels a small amount of mashed potatoes onto one of the plates, and begins to leak gravy from its nostrils. Both of these are extremely runny, due to coming in contact with saliva and mucous from SCP-3307.)

D-14873: Oh god, what the hell?! What is that shit?

SCP-3307: (Continues to expel mashed potatoes for one minute, before abruptly straightening up.) Mashed fucking potatoes. (Points angrily to D-14873.) This is your goddamn favorite food. What else?

D-14873: What are you talking ab-

SCP-3307: (Loudly) What else is your favorite food? I can feel it- (SCP-3307 straightens up again.)

D-14873: …My grandma used to make me mashed potatoes, and we'd have them with chicken legs-

(SCP-3307 begins to defecate two fried chicken legs, taking roughly one minute to complete. Following this, it places the chicken legs on the same plate as the mashed potatoes.)

D-14892: (Yelling) What the fuck!? Let us out of here!

D-14873: (Pounds on the door.) What the fuck did you put us in here with?!

Dr. Reynard (Via text message): Please remain calm. Return to the table and wait until SCP-3307 has finished expelling food.

SCP-3307: (Expels cherry cola into the first glass, and gestures to D-14892.) Alright, you're next. Let's just get this over with. What is it?

D-14892: C-cookie cake and beer?

SCP-3307: This isn't going to end well. (Begins to dry heave.)

D-14892: Oh, fuck no!

(Over the course of the next three minutes, SCP-3307 vomits a large slice of cookie cake, which is crumpled, and covered with icing, and produces beer from its nose. These are placed onto the other plate, and into the second cup, respectively. D-14892 and 14873 begin to

panic, but calm down once the process has completed. There is a short pause.)

D-14873: What the fuck happened to you?

SCP-3307: (Gestures to the food items on the plates.) Whenever I see or hear someone, this happens. Bon fucking appetit.

D-14892: Why? That's fucked up.

SCP-3307: I was on a mission, and I slipped up. Ended up falling into some kind of… Rip in space. Few minutes later, here I am. No idea how this happened. All I remember is seeing… something. In some sort of fucked up, alien way, I think it meant to give us some sort of gift. Happy Thanksgiving, I guess.

(There is a pause.)

D-14873: They don't expect us to eat this shit, do they?

<End Log>

Afterword: Following this, D-14892 and D-14873 were allowed to leave the containment chamber. Both were emotionally distressed, and were suspicious of any food given to them for roughly two days. Further interviews regarding SCP-3307's perception of its intended purpose may take place in the future. Food items created during the duration of this test were disposed of by use of the garbage chute.

Footnotes
1. This appears to be dependent on whether or not SCP-3307 can observe an individual. If unaware of an individual's presence, the process will not begin.

2. This day was Thanksgiving day in America on that year.

SCP-3308: Crooked Excavator

Item #: SCP-3308

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3308 is currently housed within Hangar 91, a unit specially constructed by the Foundation on the face of Mount Mitchell, part of the Appalachian mountain range in the area of Yancey County, North Carolina. Despite the angle of the slope, the compound maintains level balance using a large mechanical platform and swivel joint at its base, able to be remotely controlled by staff at Site 104. The edifice has been deemed off limits to civilians under the guise of a top secret testing facility.

The object therein is to remain hung 3 meters above the ground by steel suspension cables. In the case of a breach of the cables by way of a shift in mass, SCP-3308 will drop onto a hydraulic ramp stationed directly below it, which will restabilize it at the appropriate angle upon being weight-triggered by impact with SCP-3308. Should the object breach this failsafe, Hangar 91 is to be remotely tilted to a parallel angle with the slope of Mount Mitchell, during which time MTF Gamma-27 ("Protractors") will swiftly secure the object via helicopter and transport it to the next designated site. New location will be divulged by Site 104 advisor, Dr. Seidel.

> ***Note from Dr. Seidel regarding containment procedures:***
>
> *It is imperative that our MTF unit secure SCP-3308 in a new facility as quickly as humanly possible. I don't want to even think about the monumental problems that will arise if this thing manages to break through a damn mountain.*
>
> *- Dr. Seidel*

Description: SCP-3308 is a Caterpillar 930g hydraulic front end loader. The excavator shows typical wear and tear for a machine of its grade, most use being exhibited by the bucket and front and rear tires. Inspection of the cab reveals customary operating controls, including a lockout-tagout mechanism securely fastened into the ignition, preventing the machine from being turned on and run normally. All attempts at removing the lock and tag have thus far failed. Though currently inoperable, researchers familiar with the particular model of SCP-3308 estimate its net flywheel power somewhere in the range of 110 kW at 2300 RPM. Additionally, notwithstanding one of the machine's abnormal properties, the object's weight is approximated at 13,000 kg.

SCP-3308 exhibits its main anomalous quality when coming in contact with a flat surface. Upon the object touching down, the landscape will tilt to exactly 45°, causing all unsecured entities around it to begin sliding or tumbling in the direction of the incline. In some cases, SCP-3308 can skew the terrain to 135°, thus reversing the slope's direction. The object will remain completely undisturbed throughout this phenomenon, not succumbing in any way to the sudden change in gradient. The exact zone of effect impacted by SCP-3308 during this event is not currently measurable (*See incident described in Addendum 3308-A*).

Research indicates that SCP-3308 will cease its anomalous effect anytime it itself is tilted to at least a 45° or 135° angle in relation to its immediate surroundings. Testing further proves that the same cessation of effect occurs when SCP-3308 is suspended in midair. When restrained in the aforementioned manners, however, SCP-3308 can gradually increase its own density until it is too heavy to support. Materials such as steel cables or industrial strength cargo restraints eventually snap or rupture under the object's immense weight. Even hydraulic ramps able to support over 45,000 kg will eventually cave under SCP-3308 in this capacity. The rate at which SCP-3308 accumulates the required mass is unpredictable, thus far ranging anywhere from several minutes to just under 3 days. It is of note, however, that SCP-3308 will immediately take on its original projected weight (approximately 13,000 kg) upon breaking contact with any of these inhibitors. The process then repeats if another restraint is put in place.

Addendum 3308-A: SCP-3308 was first discovered following a headline regarding a massive traffic accident on the interstate freeway running through the area of , North Carolina. Aerial footage of the aftermath relayed by news choppers shows hundreds of vehicles piled up at the bottom of what appears to be an enormous bevel descending in the direction of Northbound traffic and extending for over [DATA EXPUNGED]. Several small surrounding neighborhoods and back roads have also been damaged by the enormous terrestrial shift, ultimately resulting in total confirmed casualties. Subsequent to emergency response teams extricating survivors, those interviewed about the incident frequently describe the highway as "becoming a ski slope while they were driving".

SCP-3308, apparently unaffected by the event from earlier, is dicovered during cleanup parked on a meridian near what appears to be a disused construction zone. Crews having been tasked with clearing all vehicles out of the area attempt to remove the object with a tow truck. Seconds after the rig raises the front wheels of SCP-3308 off the ground, the terrain rapidly flattens out, spontaneously dematerializing the slope.[1] Field operatives witnessing this deemed it necessary to amnesticize all survivors, emergency crews and news bureaus witnessing the phenomena relating to SCP-3308. After confiscating all footage of the event, cover stories relating to a terrorist bombing are fabricated in order to explain the devastation. Foundation personnel posing as bomb squads remove SCP-3308, claiming the object to be hooked to explosives as part of the same attack. Difficulty in initial transport of the object immediately necessitates production of a special holding facility.

Addendum 3308-B: Shown below is the transcript of a note discovered subsequent to acquisition of SCP-3308. The note was found attached to the lock and tag mechanism inside the cab written in black felt tip marker:

Show note

Kenny,

Don't use this machine until I can get the

damn parking brake unstuck. Thanks.

Jim

Exploration into the identities of the two names mentioned on the note has thus far turned up negative results. Research into possible anomalies associated with the parking brake built into SCP-3308 is currently pending approval.

Footnotes
1. It is theorized that the tow truck managed to tilt SCP-3308 to a minimum of 45° while lifting it, thus temporarily negating its effect on the environment.

SCP-3309: Where We Go When We Fade, Fade Away

NOTICE FROM THE PATAPHYSICS DEPARTMENT

The file you are about to read, 'SCP-3309,' describes an unpredictable narrativic anomaly intersecting with multiple subnarrative layers. Narrativic inoculation is required, as this document contains several embedded narrativohazards. Personnel not inoculated against such anomalies may undergo a narrative paraphrasing event. Are you sure you wish to proceed?

— Dr Penelope Panagiotopolous, Head of Pataphysics

Narrativic inoculation disseminated.

Sometimes we don't fade until it's too late.

Until we've withered, withered, down to the bone. And at the end, there's nothing left to fade. It's forgotten. Memories, hopes, dreams, we're forgotten. How do we know that people can even have these memories, these hopes, these dreams? How can we be forgotten if there was nothing there in the first place? We fade from the minds of others, but not from our own. We live with it until we can't live any longer. Until we forget that there was ever any way we could live in peace. And then, that's when we fade away.

Fade, fade away.

Inoculation complete. You may proceed.

Item #: SCP-3309

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All documentation regarding anomalies affected by SCP-3309 is to be preserved in a rewritten format and kept within the RAISA archive database. Following the containment of an instance, all personnel assigned to the affected item must undergo amnestic treatment and transfer to unrelated projects.

Description: SCP-3309 is a phenomenon in which catalogued anomalies spontaneously disappear. Items affected by SCP-3309 have included anomalous objects, entities, locations, and conceptual structures. Anomalies affected by this phenomenon do not appear to be directly related; SCP-3309 activity is indicated by a note (designated SCP-3309-1) of unknown origin.

48 hours before the disappearance of an anomaly, SCP-3309-1 will appear appended to the end of the object's document. Documents undergoing SCP-3309 become wiped from all known file systems, including Protected Site-01 and RAISA archives. After this, the anomaly itself becomes effectively neutralized, or otherwise disappears entirely. The contents of SCP-3309-1 are as follows:

> *If you are not the author and you want to rewrite this article, you may reply to this post asking for the opportunity to do so. Please obtain permission from the author.*

SCP-3309 affects back-ups created for disappearing documents. SCP-3309 also affects documents of anomalous items coming into contact with SCP-3309—approximately 71% of disappearing documents are connected to other non-affected anomalies. This leads to a weakening in the Foundation's anomaly containment network, potentially escalating to an ADK-Class Full Anomalous Destabilization scenario.

Addendum 3309.1:

> ► TS/3309/
> EYES ONLY — ETHICS COMMITTEE TRIBUNAL
>
> Since its prime emergence, SCP-3309 has affected an average of forty anomalies per month. Researchers

assigned to SCP-3309 have identified an emerging pattern and developed the following list of criteria:

- Affected objects are documented as being contained with excessive containment procedures (such as chambers constructed from heavy-duty titanium alloy). This indicates either a misunderstanding of the anomaly's nature or an unprofessional level of care taken to contain it.
- The object itself is powerful enough to threaten a K-class end-of-the-world scenario. Documentation fails to outline the true consequences of this anomaly and containment procedures typically align with that of the first criteria.
- The object's documentation, which includes any written supplements, is poorly written, improperly formatted, and filled with grammar and logic errors.

Based on these new observations, PROJECT: TAPERED SPEAR has been proposed. TAPERED SPEAR outlines the adaptation of the aforementioned criteria for use against dangerous anomalies in an attempt to neutralize them. As this contravenes the mission of the Foundation, the execution of TAPERED SPEAR has been contested by an Ethics Committee special tribunal. The results of this tribunal are as follows:

> **PROJECT: TAPERED SPEAR** — Tribunal Results
>
> **For:** 21
> **Against:** 20
> **Abstain:** 2
>
> **Outcome:** PROJECT: TAPERED SPEAR has been authorized. SCP-3309 is pending Thaumiel reclassification.

Addendum 3309.2:

► TS/3309/
EYES ONLY — DOCUMENT TAPERED SPEAR

Preliminary testing of SCP-3309 to determine the suitability of a Thaumiel reclassification has officially commenced. Attached is a preliminary testing log, the results of which will determine a final decision.

Proposal excerpt

Proposal of SCP-3309 use: Use SCP-3309 to neutralize SCP-4463, a complex water-based spatial anomaly capable of flooding North America within 50 years.

Description: SCP-4463 is a water-based anomaly affecting parts of the Chihuahuan desert in the state of Arizona. SCP-4463 describes the slow transformation of a large area of desert into an equivalent area of wetlands.

Since 1990, desertification of southeastern Arizona began to occur at a rate of roughly 2 km^2 per month. This desertification increased at a rate of 0.5% per year until 2008, when approximately 1,200 km^2 of previously arable land had been rendered incapable of bearing healthy vegetation. At this point, the government of Arizona considered this phenomenon an ecological disaster and enacted plans to attempt to reverse the spread of desertification. This occurred as a response to the

mass protest by members of the Pascua Yaqui Tribe in the nearby Tucson region beginning in November of 2006.

In August of 2008, approximately 60% of desiccated topsoil per square meter began to transform into water by an unknown anomalous effect. By 2017, 45% of the previously desertified area had been transformed into wetlands, which prevented any native animal or human development in this territory.

Actions taken: SCP-4463's file was updated to contain heavy grammatical errors and major inconsistencies with the related functions of the anomaly. Multiple fabricated addenda and an unrelated image depicting a large ocean wave were also added.

Result: SCP-4463 was completely erased from all Foundation databases within 48 hours by SCP-3309. After further research and an observation into the former location of SCP-4463, it was determined that the threat posed by SCP-4463 had been neutralized, and the area had become desertified once more.

After continued debate and preliminary testing involving 19 different anomalies, SCP-3309 has passed the second stage of voting among the Ethics Committee special tribunal. SCP-3309 has been reclassified as Thaumiel and authorized for use in TAPERED SPEAR.

The first round of post-reclassification research involving 49 anomalies is underway.

> **Researcher Note:** I don't understand how one round of testing can burden a man with so much stress. I think I even saw my first grey hair this morning, or an entire patch of grey hairs? No, surely that's unnatural? I don't *feel* natural right now. I don't feel alright. But so early on in my tenure?
>
> Fading to dust, what does that feel like? Would it burden my senses in the same way an illness might? Or might it leave me numb? I think, if I was to go out, I would want to continue to feel, even into my final moment. To know that I'm still here, as everything else fades away.
>
> I'm not alright.
>
> I've locked myself in my office. I'm going numb. This isn't what I would have wanted. But the end doesn't care about one man's wants and needs, does it? There is nothing, nothing.
>
> Did we ever find out where those neutralized anomalies went? Surely it can't be so easy, to do what we did, to feel justice without any repercussions. That's unlike us. But it feels like everyone, everyone except me, forgot what happened to those anomalies. Is

it that simple? Have we simply forgotten?

I don't want to be forgotten.

— Researcher Adamo Smalls

Addendum 3309.3:

His heart is a crater, and we have filled it.

Researcher Smalls did not show up during the latter parts of our testing this evening. He no longer appears on any of our itineraries and his name has been expunged from my project files. If there has been an immediate project alteration or a change in schedule that I was not informed of, please notify me immediately.

— Researcher John Calzaroli

Researcher Calzaroli, are you alright? Yes, there was indeed a 3-hour schedule change, but a "Researcher Smalls" has never been involved with this project. Further, I assure you that someone named Researcher Smalls does not work with us. Please, John, take a break, the stress must be getting to you. Testing has been absolutely rigorous these past few weeks. I feel it, too.

— Researcher Robert Woods

I'm sorry, you're mistaken. You *must* know the man. He's the most exceptional memeticist we have.

But, if you truly claim that there is no Researcher Smalls, well, there must be something more to this. SCP-3309 erases anomalies and the files associated with them.

We haven't discussed where exactly these anomalies *go*, and I'm sure we've all had our questions. As far as I can remember, Smalls was assigned to investigate SCP-4463 when it was first discovered.

Are we sure personnel aren't also being deleted?

— [DELETED]

What the hell?

— Researcher Robert Woods

[FROM: ACCOUNT DELETED]:

[MESSAGE DELETED]

« SCP-3308 | SCP-3309 | SCP-3310 »

SCP-3310: The Old Man of the Lake

Item #: SCP-3310

Object Class: Hiemal

`Threat Level:` Yellow 🟡

Special Containment Procedures: As a result of the inability to remove SCP-3310 from Crater Lake, containment must be focused on the prevention of activation events caused by the impediment of SCP-3310's movement. SCP-3310 is never to be removed from the lake, and if its movement ever becomes restricted, it is to be released or returned to Crater Lake immediately.

Embedded Foundation agents in the United States Parks Department are to operate the functions of Crater Lake National Park. They are to discourage any physical interference with SCP-3310, and prevent or mitigate any activation events. Such personnel may be recruited directly from Parks Department employees already working at Crater Lake National Park.

Submarine expeditions into Crater Lake are to be prevented by embedded personnel using their bureaucratic abilities. If personnel are unable to completely prevent a submarine expedition, they are to prevent such expeditions from tying SCP-3310, and instead encourage other methods of controlling SCP-3310's location.

Should anomalous or unusual weather patterns occur around Crater Lake, the embedded personnel are to immediately confirm the status of SCP-3310 as free floating and unrestricted in movement. If SCP-3310 is restricted in movement, embedded personnel are to free SCP-3310.

In the event of an activation event, embedded personnel are to locate any resultant SCP-3310-Γ instances and prevent them from reaching Crater Lake by any means necessary, including

termination.

Description: SCP-3310 is a nine meter tall tree stump floating in Crater Lake.[1] SCP-3310 is anomalously able to float upright, with approximately 1.2 meters of the top remaining above the water at any given time. If removed from the water and returned, SCP-3310 will return to this position.

SCP-3310 floats around Crater Lake as a result of nonanomalous weather patterns. The restriction of this movement causes two distinct and possibly linked anomalous phenomenon referred to as SCP-3310-Σ and SCP-3310-Γ. Previously, activation events were caused by the removal of SCP-3310 from Crater Lake, but recent activation events have occurred while SCP-3310 remained in Crater Lake (See **Addendum-A**). Both of these phenomenon demanifest after the triggering cause for the manifestation is ended.

Seven SCP-3310 activation events have been recorded by the Foundation and the American Secure Containment Initiative since 1894.

SCP-3310-Σ is the manifestation of anomalous weather patterns around Crater Lake. The nature and intensity of these weather manipulation patterns has varied between different activation events (See **Addendum-A**), but generally appear to target or especially impede SCP-3310-Γ instances.

SCP-3310-Γ is the manifestation of several unknown entities in the area surrounding Crater Lake. After manifestation, all SCP-3310-Γ instances will proceed to Crater Lake. No SCP-3310-Γ has managed reached Crater Lake during any recorded activation event. The reason behind this action, as well as the effect of an instance reaching Crater Lake, is currently unknown. (See **Addendum-C** for a theorized explanation.)

The exact nature of SCP-3310-Γ instances has varied with each activation event of SCP-3310, but have generally been described as dark gray, translucent forms. SCP-3310-Γ instances have varied in form between activation events, but each activation event has only been associated with one type of SCP-3310-Γ instance.

History: SCP-3310 was discovered by the American Secure Containment Initiative in 1894, during an attempt to confirm possible reports of a "phantom airship" in the surrounding area of Crater Lake.[2] ASCI personnel noted SCP-3310 as being unusual, and inadvertently triggered the first activation event.

Two years later, in 1896, SCP-3310 was discovered by civilian geologist Joseph Diller. He made note of the object, and mentioned it to several other members of the surveying team he was traveling with. In 1902, the results of his survey were released, and included mention of SCP-3310.

In response, the ASCI joined the lobbying efforts to establish Crater Lake and the surrounding area as a national park, as the increased security and protections of national park status would make containment of SCP-3310 easier. This action was successful, and Crater Lake National Park was formed.

Currently, the existence of SCP-3310 is public knowledge. Due to an incident in 1988, knowledge that SCP-3310 was linked to an SCP-3310-Σ event is known, but believed to be superstition or coincidence. The Foundation has been able to introduce misinformation concerning SCP-3310 to explain its anomalous property of continuously floating upright, as well as attempt to discourage any serious scientific inquiry into the relation between SCP-3310 and SCP-3310-Σ.

In the civilian community, SCP-3310 is known as "The Old Man of the Lake" and is a minor tourist attraction of Crater Lake National Park. SCP-3310 has been featured in several news and entertainment media, and has a slight degree of fame.

September 6th, 1894 Activation	
Cause	SCP-3310 was removed from Crater Lake by the ASCI under the belief that the only anomalous property possessed was the [illegible]ating in an upright position.
Σ Event	Fog immediately manifested upon

	Wizard Island, and then began to quickly spread out to cover the entirety of Crater Lake and the surrounding forest.
Γ Event	Unclear humanoid figures were observed by ASCI personnel. The exact appearance of these figures could not be discerned, but were described as having obvious differences from anatomically correct humans.[3]
Recontainment	After observing the immediate anomalous change in weather patterns surrounding Crater Lake, ASCI personnel requested permission to return SCP-3310 to the waters of Crater Lake. Permission was granted thirty minutes later, and SCP-3310 was placed back into Crater Lake. As soon as SCP-3310 assumed an upright floating position, the fog began to recede back to Wizard Island.
Cause	SCP-3310 was removed from Crater Lake by the ASCI in order to redocument the anomalous properties, and form a containment strategy.
Σ Event	Storm clouds manifested above Crater Lake, and precipitated an anomalously high amount of water. After hour one, three meters of rainfall was recorded, resulting in large scale flooding of the Crater Lake National Park.
Γ Event	A large serpentine entity, was spotted moving towards Crater Lake. It was unable to quickly

	proceed through the mud caused by the rainfall.
Recontainment	After seeing SCP-3310-Γ-2 approach Crater Lake, ASCI personnel decided to abort the experiment and return SCP-3310 to Crater Lake. SCP-3310 was returned approximately 45 minutes after removal.
August 19th, 1917 Activation	
Cause	SCP-3310 was removed from Crater Lake by the newly formed SCP Foundation to reconfirm anomalous properties.
Σ Event	Wind speeds around Crater Lake began to exponentially increase, forming a vortex around Crater Lake. At the time SCP-3310 was returned to Crater Lake, wind speeds had reached 120 kilometers per hour and were projected to reach 300 kilometers per hour within the next thirty minutes.
Γ Event	A large avian entity, with an estimated wingspan of 5 to 6 meters, was seen attempting to fly towards Crater Lake, but was unable to sustain flight in the extreme air speeds and repeatedly crashed to the ground.
Recontainment	After one hour, Foundation personnel returned SCP-3310 to Crater Lake.
December 3rd, 1945 Activation	
Cause	SCP-3310 was removed from Crater Lake in order to test anomalous properties following

	the discovery of a note on Wizard [illegible]land. (See **Addendum-B**)
Σ Event	Storm clouds manifested above Crater Lake, and an anomalously high number of lightning strikes began to strike the surrounding area. One hour after removal, an estimated 200 lightning strikes [illegible]er minute was observed.
Γ Event	A large number of canine entities were seen running in packs towards Crater Lake. The majority of these entities were directly struck by the lightning of the [illegible]ssociated SCP-3310-Σ event.
Recontainment	After one hour, Foundation personnel returned SCP-3310 [illegible]to Crater Lake.
[illegible]	
Cause	Civilian researchers tied SCP-3310 to the eastern shore of Wizard Island, in order to safely perform a submarine expedition [illegible]to Crater Lake.[4]
Σ Event	Storm clouds manifested when SCP-3310 was moored at Wizard Island. They demanifested when [illegible]
[illegible]	**DATA EXPUNGED**
Recontainment	Civilian researchers assented to superstition and elected to untie SCP-3310, rather than continue with the submarine expedition as planned. Foundation security [illegible]ound SCP-3310 increased.
[illegible]	
Cause	SCP-3310 drifted into a natural [illegible]itcropping and became stuck.
Σ Event	Storm clouds manifested above Crater Lake, and hail began to

	precipitate. The hailstones were unusually large, ranging from cm to 30 cm in diameter.
Γ Event	Five cervine entities, estimated to be approximately 2.5 meters at the shoulder were spotted traveling towards Crater Lake in a nall herd.[6]
Recontainment	Embedded Field Operative Lance Owens quickly ascertained SCP-3310 as the cause of the anomalous phenomenon, and was able to free SCP-3310 within 15 minutes of the activation vent.
July 28th, 2005 Activation	
Cause	SCP-3310 became entangled in a net that was present in Crater Lake. See **Addendum-D** for more information surrounding the circumstances of SCP-3310 ortly prior to this event.
Σ Event	No weather patterns were immediately noticed by embedded personnel. Later geological analysis of Mount Mazama indicated that a brief period of volcanic activity had occurred around the time of the tivation event.
Γ Event	A large humanoid entity, estimated to be approximately 8 to 10 meters tall, was spotted walking towards Crater Lake. Entity was not noticeably harmed by small arms fire, and continued oving towards Crater Lake.
Recontainment	Embedded Field Operative Lance Owens quickly ascertained

	SCP-3310 as the cause of the anomalous phenomenon, and was able to cut SCP-3310 loose within 5 minutes of the activation event beginning.

Addendum-B: Note from Pangloss
The following note and an artistic depiction of SCP-3310 were found inscribed upon a boulder on Wizard Island on November 30th, 1945.

> *Some tombstones mark where the dead have been interred, while others serve to keep the dead interred. Llao's is of the latter.*
> *-Pangloss*

Addendum-C: Office of Tactical Theology Report

Prepared by the Office of Tactical Theology

Subject: Llao and Crater Lake

Date: December 15th, 1945

Report: Investigation by the Office of Tactical Theology has indicated that Llao is a god within the mythology recognized by the Klamath Native American tribe, indigenous to the region around Crater Lake. In this mythology, Llao is a god of the underworld and monsters, and is opposed by the god Skell, a god of the sky and animals. Llao has been described as deceased, with his remains located in Crater Lake.

The following is a myth from such mythology, translated into English:

> Skell and Llao were the mightiest of gods, warring against each other. Skell ruled over the sky, and had dominion over the spirits of

animals. Llao ruled over the underworld, and had dominion over the spirits of monsters.

One day, Llao and Skell fought each other. Llao, being the stronger and more aggressive of the two, overpowered Skell and killed him. He tore out the heart of Skell, and returned to Mount Mazama, where he ruled.

Llao invited all the spirits to come to Mount Mazama, to celebrate his victory. Even the spirits of animals, who had served Skell, came. Llao hosted many games and celebrations in his triumph over his enemy.

One of these games involved the spirits playing with the heart of Skell. During the game, the spirits of animals were able to steal the heart from the spirits of monsters. Taking the heart with them, the spirits of animals fled from the celebrations.

The monsters attempted to catch the animals and take back heart. However, the animals were swifter and nimbler, and escaped with the heart. With the heart reclaimed, they were able to perform a ritual and return Skell to life.

Skell, returned to life, challenged Llao again. This time, he did not lose and managed to kill Llao. He tore Llao into pieces, and cast them into Crater Lake, where the monsters would consume them, believing they of Skell. However, when Skell threw the head of Llao into the lake, the monsters recognized it. Llao's head became Wizard Island. After this, Skell threw the heart of Llao into the lake.

The spirits of monsters, despairing over the loss of their master, scattered to the winds,

never to be seen again. The spirits of animals began to walk the world in mortal form, and they rule the world to this day.

Additionally, the Office of Tactical Theology has noted high levels of Akiva radiation in the area around Crater Lake, indicating that a god or similar entity may be in the area. Such readings spiked during the most recent activation event, indicating that a divine entity may have been present or active at the time.

It is the official recommendation of the Office of Tactical Theology that further testing of SCP-3310 should immediately cease, and that all effort should be undertaken to prevent future events. Further, it is our recommendation that SCP-3310-Г should be impeded by any means necessary from reaching Crater Lake. Finally, we recommend a reclassification of SCP-3310 from Safe to Hiemal.

Addendum-D: Current Situation

Reporter: Field Operative **Lance Owens**
Date of Event: July 24th, 2005
Severity of Event: Low
Sigma Type: Varies
Gamma Type: Varies
Event Duration: Ongoing

I'm not sure if this is the right format to say something like this, but I'm not sure how else I should do it. This is what I was told to use whenever the Old Man got stuck, but nobody ever told me what I should do if I needed to file something else instead. I've only really ever been briefed on what to do concerning 3310, and that's my only interaction with the Foundation. I'm sorry if this is wrong.

There hasn't been an activation event of SCP-3310, but there's been some strange things happening around Crater Lake that I didn't think were right. It's a bunch of

small things, little tidbits and pieces of information that you aren't really sure mean anything on their own, you know? It's just built up to the point where I felt I had to say something.

I guess I should start. The first things first: the weather around Crater Lake has been getting freaky lately, even when the Old Man is perfectly fine floating in the lake. There hasn't been anything as big or as huge as a Sigma event, but it's just little things and I don't know if they mean anything by themselves.

The temperatures been odd lately. One day last week, the temperature spiked to 90 degrees, which is significantly above the average temperatures up here. It stayed there for about an hour, and then dropped back down to the normal temps in the 60s we get. That's not the first time it's happened, mind you: we've been getting that a couple times every summer for a decade, and the reverse in the winter.

There's been some strange weather too. Three weeks ago it snowed a foot, in July. Snow in July isn't weird out here, but that's more than we're used to. I went out to spot the Old Man, and I find him in the middle of Crater, bobbing along, just fine. The snow kept falling, and it seemed like a normal, light snowfall except for the time of year. I watched the Old Man the entire time, and he was fine the entire time.

There's also been some strange sightings that I think might be related to the Gammas. Again, I want to say that the Old Man has been safely within Crater Lake whenever these sightings took place, and we've confirmed the whole thing as not being because movement got fucked up.

Ever since that event in '96, wolves howl on some of the full moons. It's loud, and you can hear the howls for miles. There's only one problem: there aren't any wolves in Crater Lake, or anywhere around here. On one of the

first nights, I went out to check out the problem.

I got down to the lake and saw dozens of massive wolves, the size of cars, howling in unison. They didn't react to me being there at all, just standing there, howling at the water's edge. They were all grey and vague, like how Ash has described the Gammas to me as. I went back to get a gun, and by the time I got back they were gone.

At the start of this summer, we had some campers, and me and Ash stayed on camp to make sure nothing bad happened. That night, we heard this low hum, coming from somewhere. The campers said it was a UFO, but we knew better. The hum kept getting louder, but we couldn't leave to check it out, since we had to keep an eye on the campers.

The hum kept getting louder and louder, and then, a dark shape flew over the camp, headed off into the distance. I chased after it while Ash stayed behind to keep watch on the campers. I was able to follow it for a couple minutes before the trails couldn't be passed anymore, at which point I decided to go check on the Old Man.

I got to the lake and went out on the boat, looking for the Old Man. He was drifting alone peacefully on the lake. The whole scene was nice and peaceful, until the shape flew over us and then crashed into the water. It was the strangest thing - it didn't break the surface, just bounced right off like it was concrete. There was no spray of water, no explosion. The thing just picked itself up and left.

I don't want to seem like I'm jumping to conclusions here. I've held off on reporting any of this because none of it seemed linked to the Old Man to me. But lately I've been thinking - we don't really know how this works, do we? I don't know if some eggheads in a lab have pieced this whole thing together, but you haven't told me if you did. What if Llao is breaking through, or is growing stronger,

or something?

The stuff I've seen recently, it just seems like the Old Man is failing to do its job. I mean, ten years that was that whole incident where it activated while it was still in Crater Lake. I've got notes here about the ASCII tying the thing up and not getting a response, which means that something had to have changed recently. And with the whole ghosts and minor weather disturbances, it just feels like stuff is slipping through.

Footnotes
1. Crater Lake sits with in the caldera of Mount Mazama, an active volcano. Mount Mazama is located in Crater Lake National Park, Oregon, USA.
2. These reports were never proven, and are believed to be spurious.
3. Excerpt from the journal of ASCI Agent Herbert Williams:There were strange figures in that mist. When any of us attempted to approach them, they would shy away from us, further into the fog. There was something quite queer about them, however. Some of them seemed to possess too many limbs at time, and those limbs were far too long. When we let them be, they seemed to be all heading in a singular direction, which I realized was the lake after the fog cleared.
4. Foundation security around SCP-3310 had become lax after an assessed low threat level. No embedded agents were present at Crater Lake on this date, but the plan to secure SCP-3310 was approved by higher level embedded agents, not believing anomalous effects would activate.
5. Records of this event are lack precision, due to Foundation personnel not being physically present.
6. Embedded Field Operative Ashley Peterson was able to terminate one instance with small arms fire. The other instances did not react to the death of said instance, and continued towards Crater Lake.

SCP-3311: All the Little Chairs

Item #: SCP-3311

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3311 is to be kept closed and locked at all times. No personnel are to enter SCP-3311 for any reason other than for testing purposes. The facility containing SCP-3311 should be monitored for any suspicious activity and patrolled by a Foundation agent posed as a security guard.

Description: SCP-3311 refers to a storage unit located in , Florida. SCP-3311 appears nondescript and identical to adjacent units which are affixed in rows, making relocation impossible.

SCP-3311 contains a spatial anomaly, extending far past its physical constraints allow and appearing without limit. At this time, exploration has reached approximately 585 km into the anomaly, during which no apparent end was observed. SCP-3311's interior turns on a slight bend, making long range viewing difficult. Visual broadcasting deteriorates rapidly within the anomaly, prompting the usage of relays to help extend the range of reception. GPS positioning fails to trace individuals who pass beyond 5 meters of the entrance, approximately halfway into the unit were it possessing correct internal dimensions. Tracking signal is not lost; it remains at the halfway point until it passes out of range of reception or is disconnected via other means.

SCP-3311 is hypothesized to have a minor cognitohazardous effect on sentient life, the full scope of which is still under analysis.

The walls of SCP-3311's interior are lined with cubic compartments of varying size[1], each bearing a glass panel with a magnetic lock on the top side. All compartments contain an instance of SCP-3311-1.

SCP-3311-1 is the designation for the anomalous collection of chairs

found within the unit. Each chair is seemingly unique, with none of the approximately three million chairs observed repeating. SCP-3311-1 instances have been shown to match other chairs found outside of the anomaly, suggesting that SCP-3311 may contain a copy of every chair in physical existence. SCP-3311-1 instances will always be a chair in some form, although the concept of chair within SCP-3311 is found to be slightly looser and more adaptable than other places in reality[2]. Some notable instances of SCP-3311-1:

- An Egyptian throne dated at approximately years old
- A custom, monogrammed office chair matching that of Site-88 Director A. Lewis
- A replica of **SCP-1609**[3]
- An IKEA-brand bean bag chair
- Perfectly uprooted wooden stumps/large rocks
- A mahogany chair made of other, smaller mahogany chairs

SCP-3311 was brought to the Foundation's attention on / / after it was repossessed due to nonpayment. A small media coverup was deployed and the owners and employees of the facility were amnesticised before editing their records to place the unit under Foundation ownership. The previous owner was traced to a retirement home in nearby before being taken in for questioning[4].

Addendum 3311.1 Exploration Logs:

+ ACCESS EXPL-3311-A.log

Exploration Log 3311-A

Subject: D-9082

Notes: This was the first conducted exploration of SCP-3311. At this point in time, audiovisual surveillance degraded within ~3km of the entrance to the anomaly. One D-Class personnel was equipped with a shoulder-mounted camera and a pack containing three days' worth of provisions, a set of twenty-four

600-hour micro relays with a range of 10km, and a small medkit and was sent to observe the inside of SCP-3311.

<BEGIN LOG>

Camera comes live, D-9082 ducking under the door before it is retracted and locked from the outside. The interior is moderately lit by unknown means.

D-9082: Did they just lock me in here?

Control: It's a safety precaution. They will be standing just outside, don't worry.

D-9082: If you say so. This place is- whoa, okay. Chairs.

Control: Observant. Please proceed.

D-9082 walks down the pathway, taking extra time to look around. The interior is quiet, the only noise being D-9082's footsteps on the concrete floor.

D-9082: They're all different, huh? Odd collector, maybe?

Subject continues in this manner for some time without much event.

Control: Do you notice anything out of the ordinary with any of the chairs themselves?

D-9082: Uh, let's see, let me try-

Subject is seen attempting to open one of the compartments, it appears locked. She tries another and it does not yield.

D-9028: Should I break the glass?

Control: No.

D-9082: Oh, there's something here on the leg of this chair. An inscription or something?

The words "FLOOR MODEL" can be seen etched into the leg.

D-9082: 'Floor model'. Was it stolen, perhaps? Oh, wait- look.

The next chair appears to have the same inscription, and the next.

D-9082: Huh. I don't get it. Should I keep going?

Control: Yes, continue. You are nearing on the three kilometer mark, please place and activate one of your relays.

Subject does not respond but retrieves one of the devices from her pack and presses a small button on its side.

D-9082: Like that?

Control: Just like that. You're linked up.

D-9082: Great.

Subject proceeds in silence for the next twenty minutes, briefly pausing to look at various chairs.

D-9082: I mean, is this it? Just one big loop of chairs? I guess that beats some of the other stuff you guys get into. [pause] Hey, I recognize that one.

Subject is seen approaching an average-looking kitchen chair, featuring a faded, gray cushion.

D-9082: My grandmother had those. It even has the coffee stains. And- yup, 'Floor model', right on the side.

D-9082: I don't know if I like this place, I don't like *them*.

Control: *They* are just chairs. Please, continue.

Subject takes a few breaths and continues forward. The next fifty kilometers pass without incident or change in layout, D-9082 activating new relays every ten. Subject rests for a bit and eats before continuing onward.

D-9082: God, I just can't stop thinking about chairs now. There has to be billions of chairs on this planet. They might outnumber humans. Good lord. We'd never win.

Control: Do I need to remind you that chairs are inanimate?

D-9082: No- no [chuckles] I mean, even if they were-

A loud scraping noise cuts off D-9082. She spins around but the tunnel is empty.

D-9082: What the *fuck* was that.

Control: We heard it too, stay on your guard.

D-9082: Yeah.

Subject continues for another forty kilometers over the next twelve hours without incident,

although D-9082 is clearly nervous. A low hum is picked up, not dissimilar to magnetostriction.

D-9082: I just realized, there are no vents in here. The air isn't stale like I would think. It isn't fresh, either, more like, clean, maybe? Sterile. Yeah, that's a better word for it.

Control: Noted. Please let us know if you begin to feel lightheaded or unwell.

D-9082 continues for a short while longer before setting up camp. Subject removes camera and places it by her side, leaving it running. Nothing eventful happens for the next several hours, aside from one brief period an hour in where the same scraping noise can be heard in the distance. Subject wakes and consumes some rations before setting off.

D-9082: Slept poorly. Dreamt of chairs. I sat on one and it tried to eat me. Spent the rest of the dream doing my best not to sit down.

Control: It's understandable you would be experiencing this as a reaction to being in such a foreign environment. We'll have you back out here good as new in no time.

D-9082: Thanks.

Subject continues walking to the two hundred kilometer mark, passing a large ***`chair made of solid jade`*** *and inspecting it but quickly avoiding it.*

D-9082: This thing is making my head hurt, god, there's just way too much chair in one place here.

Control: Can you elaborate on that?

D-9082: It's like- you know how when you have a bunch of friends, and you've all been friends for so long, you start to borrow things about them, things that you admire? Traits. Like you might start using my catchphrase or something, and I might borrow that thing you do *so well*.

Control: I don't see how this has to do with-

D-9082: You rub off on people, you interact with them and leave a lasting impression that grows over time. And the more of them there are that behave in a certain way, the more likely they are to borrow those traits. A positive feedback loop of reaffirmations.

Control: Please try to be more specific about how exactly this relates to these chairs?

D-9082: Don't you see, it's more than just the object. It's the idea and the object and we are the idea-

Feed is lost abruptly as the relay at the 53km mark stops functioning. Contact with D-9082 is not reestablished for another two days, after which D-9082 appears within range of the 43km point and heading back.

Control: D-9082, we lost contact with you, please report your status.

D-9082: Oh, finally. The feed went dead, but I laid the rest out. Should be good to go. Just get me the hell out of here. Now.

Control: Alright. We can do that, you're almost back.

Egress from SCP-3311 was uneventful and

has been redacted from this document for brevity. Subject appears healthy physically but suffers from mild PTSD and exhibits a strong aversion to chairs. Subject displays symptoms of kathisophobia[5] and requires sedation before sleep.

+ ACCESS EXPL-3311-B.log

Exploration Log 3311-B

Subject: D-7820

Notes: This is the second attempted exploration of SCP-3311. Relays were set up to the 254km point from the last test, but the malfunction at the 53km relay required replacement before that point could be reached. One D-Class personnel was equipped with an identical pack as previous, including two extra days' worth of rations, and was sent into SCP-3311.

<BEGIN LOG>

Camera comes online, D-7820 already heading down the passage.

D-7820: [laughs] They said I was going to look at chairs today? Like, some bigger-on-the-inside art gallery bullshit, right? And I get here and, look at that! Just a bunch of chairs. Is that all there is to this place?

Control: Yes, something like that.

D-7820: Look, I'm not an artsy guy, I don't know what I should be looking for here. [pauses] 'Floor model'. Like, what, a showroom? I guess that makes sense, right? A

catalog?

Control: Please continue until anything notable occurs.

D-7820 treads in silence for the next several hours, taking a break some time after.

D-7820: You know what I would really like right now? I'd like to sit down on a chair. Not this awful concrete. Isn't that some special little hell, being surrounded by chairs but not being able to take a seat?

Control: [indecipherable, off-mic] Uh, sure. Yeah. We say you try and get one of the chairs out of their compartments. Feel free to attempt to break the glass.

D-7820: Alright, then.

D-7820 attempts to open the compartment door to a cushioned chair, which does not yield. Subject kicks the glass, causing it to shatter. D-7820 retrieves the chair, but drops it in surprise when a loud alarm is heard blaring from an unknown location, falling silent a moment later.

D-7820: You guys totally screwed me on this one, didn't you?

Control: I'm sure you'll be fine.

Taking several moments to make sure nothing was coming, D-7820 sits on the chair, which appears to exhibit no detrimental effects.

D-7820: Just give me a few minutes. This is nice.

A few minutes later, subject continues.

D-7820: I wish I could take it with me, to be honest.

D-7820 travels unabated for the next eleven hours before setting up camp and resting at the 53km mark. Subject replaces the relay, which appears to have been crushed, reestablishing contact with the rest of the chain. Afterwards, they remove the camera and sleep for the next few hours. Progression to the 100km mark takes place all throughout the next day. Subject pauses at a compartment containing a toilet, then shakes his head and continues on.

D-7820: Now you tell me.

At around the 125km point, the same buzzing noise is picked up in the audio feedback. Subject does not seem aware of this.

D-7820: I can't believe how many chairs there are here. I'm kind of getting sick of them, to be honest.

Camera feedback picks up the sound of several large bangs in the distance.

D-7820: [quietly] Shit. Is someone else in here? I've been out here for two days, can't I come back now? I'm beginning to worry I might have pissed something off.

Control: Negative. You have been lagging behind the previous subject, who was nearing the two hundred kilometer mark by this point. They are currently fine; please keep walking.

Subject is heard muttering to himself and proceeds onward with moderate reluctance. Nothing of interest happens for the next forty

minutes, after which D-7820 stops abruptly.

D-7820: I hear something.

Audio feedback picks up the sound of a rhythmic creaking noise. Subject approaches the source cautiously, rounding the bend to reveal a single rocking chair situated in the pathway. Chair is not moving, the noise having ceased abruptly.

D-7820: Oh, sure, that's not foreboding. Has that happened before?

Control: [indicipherable, off-mic] No. No, that's new. Proceed with caution.

D-7820: Don't have to tell me twice.

Subject takes a wide berth around the chair, which does not move again. D-7820 is seen moving quickly, reaching the 200km point and passing the previous record by the next day. Subject sets up camp, unpacking their backpack and setting several rations and the set of relays on top while presumably taking stock of remaining provisions. Turning away for an unknown reason, the buzzing noise is heard increasing in intensity.

D-7820: I wonder if chairs play musical chairs with other chairs. Or maybe they'd sit on people? [laughs] What a dumb thought to have, I- wait.

Camera swings back around to reveal the backpack missing, the contents now laying on a bare floor.

D-7820: What the fuck? Is someone screwing with me?

Silence, aside from the persistent buzzing noise.

D-7820: Who would steal an empty bag? I hate this place.

Control: Noted. You have a few days left, then you're home free.

D-7820: Easy for you to say.

Subject attempts to sleep for a few hours, which appears futile. They are seen rousing themselves and heading out a short while later. At the 270km point, the path turns into a section containing the same chair in two hundred different colors. Subject rests briefly.

D-7820: Fucking art, man. *Fucking chairs*.

Progressing further, control notes that the quality and exactness of SCP-3311-1 instances as "chairs" begins to fluctuate. Compartments are seen containing rocks, piles of various detritus and small desks. D-7820 continues but stops abruptly.

D-7820: You've gotta be kidding me.

Camera turns to look at a nearby compartment which contains an identical replica of the Foundation-issue backpack that D-7820 lost the previous day, sans rations. A small tag hanging off the bottom reads 'FLOOR MODEL'.

D-7820: I- I think I get it now.

Control: Yes?

D-7820: What if my backpack also became a chair?

Control: How so?

D-7820: Think about it. I put shit on top of my backpack and it becomes a chair for that stuff. Right? So then it becomes a chair and the chair shows up in the gallery because it's a chair and that's what chairs do. That's what they say, anyway.

Control: 'They'?

D-7820: The chairs. I mean, I know they can't talk, but I can feel their presence and it is *palpable*. Tangible. The air is thick with it.

Control: With chair?

D-7820: …Yes.

Subject walks in silence for the next six hours, pausing occasionally to look behind him. Setting up camp at the 300km point, D-7820 is seen attempting to rest again, using their coat as a makeshift blanket.

Some time during the next few hours, subject is awakened by the sound of large thuds and scrapes, growing in volume. Subject forgets to reattach camera to shoulder mount, which is facing slightly askew. The source of the noises are not identified, but appear to ram into D-7820, who is taken by surprise and seen hitting the concrete with significant force. They appear dazed and likely suffering from a concussion. They look up, past the view of the camera.

D-7820: *Fucking do it, you four-legged-*

The camera feed jostles and is lost due to unknown reasons and contact with D-7820 is

not reestablished.

+ ACCESS EXPL-3311-C.log

Exploration Log 3311-C

Notes: In order to test the far limits of SCP-3311 in a safe and efficient manner, Exploration 3311-C was conducted with a small battery-powered drone capable at travelling at speeds of up to 35 km/hr. Drone was equipped with a device that would automatically place relays every 10km past the current range of 313km.

Incursion into SCP-3311 was uneventful, the drone passing the point where D-7820 had removed a chair from its compartment. The instance of SCP-3311-1 was seen now back in its respective place, the glass still broken and missing from the door to its container.

Drone is directed into SCP-3311 for the next several hours until it reaches the 200km point. No foreign chairs or changes in layout are observed. Air samples are taken and proven to be identical to the quality just inside SCP-3311.

Continuing to the 300km point, the remains of D-7820's effects are found. The camera appears crushed by great force, the remainder of the objects strewn about. No sign of subject is seen.

Drone begins placing relays and drives without incident. At 380km, SCP-3311-1 instances appear to vary greatly in size and shape. The drone passes by a large throne etched into luminous, purple crystal and continues further

inside.

Two hours later, the drone picks up the sound of tapping. Investigating, the drone is piloted to a compartment featuring a small, ambulatory chair less than 15cm high. It gallops around its container and raps on the glass with a tiny, birch leg.

After a few minutes, the drone is turned back on course. Further down, a compartment is seen with condensation growing on the interior. The drone records a mass of biological tissue in the rough shape of a bar stool, which pulsates intermittently but does not exhibit any other behavior. 'FLOOR MODEL' is seen carved into the base.

The drone is piloted for another hour, passing the 400km point. The feedback experiences interference, the buzzing noise returning. Sounds of scraping can be heard somewhere ahead.

Half an hour later, the drone stops at a compartment which is completely overgrown and obscured by moss. The container next to it contained a three-legged stool with only one leg, somehow supporting itself despite its condition.

Three hours pass without incident. Various thuds and scrapes can be heard, although no source is detected. At approximately 485km into the anomaly, the drone happens upon a compartment containing the remains of D-7820, which has been contorted into the shape of a chair. His spine is bent at a perfect 90° angle halfway down, forming a seat. Ankles and wrists appear to have been rotated 280° outward and seem locked in place. The

phrase 'FLOOR MODEL' is carved into his ankle. D-7820's eyes are wide open, although he does not appear to be alive.

After a few minutes, the drone continues on. SCP-3311-1 instances begin to look abstract and impossible for human sitting at the 500km mark, returning to normal on occasion and without apparent order. A few possess parts of other chairs integrated seamlessly into their construction. The drone passes a love seat that appears two-dimensional and a container bearing a single, floating cushion. 0.53 USD is seen stuck to the underside of the cushion as the drone is piloted by.

The machine continues undeterred for another hour, after which it encounters a group of seven ordinary-looking dinner chairs, organized in a circle in the middle of the path. The drone is piloted carefully around the chairs. Turning back to focus its camera on the circle, the nearest chair slowly turns and faces the drone, which is piloted away.

Passing 500km from starting point, the drone records empty containers that have been broken from the inside. Glass litters the path, and scraping noises are heard almost constantly. The drone picks up movement which turns out to be a single chair scratching its leg into the ground. It scampers away as the drone approaches what appears to be a series of rudimentary pictographs depicting a number of stick figure chairs. The first drawing shows the chairs with a line over each, the second shows the lines coming together to form another chair.

Drone continues onward until the 525km mark, where it begins to pick up large amounts of

movement. A large group of chairs is seen rushing down the corridor in a stampede, which knocks the drone onto its side and briefly severs the feed. Link is reestablished a minute later and the drone rights itself with minimal effort.

The next hour is without incident, although the buzzing feedback has increased in volume to the point where audio feed needs to be muted. The drone continues to record shattered containers and various notable instances of SCP-3311-1.

Coming to the 585km point, the drone passes an antique chaise lounge and attempts to pilot around it. The device is quickly hampered by an unknown means, likely from being "stepped on" by the object. Lounge is not heavy enough to cause significant damage but prevents further movement. The furnishing remains on the drone for several minutes before the feed inexplicably cuts for no apparent reason. Connection with drone is lost for several hours. When it is reestablished, the device is now on the interior of one of the compartments several dozen kilometers back. Unable to leave the container, the drone remains functioning for another twelve hours before the battery dies and is considered lost.

Incident Log 3311.1:

On / / , eight days after Exploration Log 3311-C, a copy of D-7820's remains was found in a prepackaged box originally belonging to a -brand office chair. The remains were sealed and compressed between the Styrofoam molding. Attempts to trace the origins of the package have ended in failure. Remains did not possess a "Floor model" inscription but DNA testing has confirmed it to be a 99.8% match to D-7820.

Addendum 3311.2 Interview Logs:

+ ACCESS INTVW-3311-A.log

Interview 3311-A

Interviewer: Dr. A. Hoffman

Notes: Records indicate that the storage unit had been in the ownership of one Raymond , 67, for the past fifteen years, before which it had gone unused since the facility's inception. , now referred to as POI-3311, was taken into Foundation custody before being amnesticised and returned to the general public.

<BEGIN LOG>

POI-3311: So, you finally came for me.

Dr. Hoffman: You were expecting us?

POI-3311: Aye. Took you long enough.

Dr. Hoffman: I suppose we can skip the formalities if you know why we are here. Please, if you would, explain how the unit ended up in your possession?

POI-3311: The what?

Dr. Hoffman: The storage unit.

POI-3311: Pardon?

Dr. Hoffman: [Dr. Hoffman is heard leafing through some papers.] It says here you've owned this storage unit at the, uh, Storage facility since 2003. You know? It's full of chairs?

POI-3311: Oh, *oh*, is that why you are here?

Dr. Hoffman: I'm sorry, but what did you think we were here about?

POI-3311: [shifts nervously in seat] Nothing, never mind.

Dr. Hoffman: *Okay*, then. [cough] Moving on. What can you tell us about the chairs?

POI-3311: [pauses] Uh, well, what is there to talk about, really? It's just doing its thing, I left it alone a long time ago.

Dr. Hoffman: So, you were aware of the condition of the unit?

POI-3311: Yeah, well, not at first. I was certain there was something off about the first guy, but I'm not about to stop one chair from fulfilling its dream of becoming God.

Dr. Hoffman: I'm sorry? The first chair?

POI-3311: I mean, it has to start somewhere, right? Anyway, all it really wanted was to create. This chair was bigger than other chairs. Metaphysically larger. It embodied the concept to its fullest extent. There was never a time where it could not be defined as a chair, and that certainty was so potent, it began to impart that quality on other things, just like other things had imparted the quality of life unto itself. Like conceptual osmosis.

Dr. Hoffman: Alright… I'm following you so far.

POI-3311: I got that unit so it would have some work space. Left it to its own devices because I'm sure that's what it would have

wanted.

Dr. Hoffman: Then why did you stop paying for it?

POI-3311: Well, uh [quietly] to be honest, I don't have a lot of money right now. It isn't mad at me, is it?

Dr. Hoffman: The unit has been acquired by us and is safely partitioned from the public eye.

POI-3311: [sighs] Okay, good.

Dr. Hoffman: Were you aware that the entity was creating copies of chairs that already existed?

POI-3311: Copies? I don't know about you, but anything I've ever seen it make was one hundred percent original. It only made demo models. Concepts. Artsy bugger, always trying new things, always stretching what it means to be a chair. It all sounds silly, but, you take away the object and you see a force behind it, a true power. And a *need*.

Dr. Hoffman: What kind of need?

POI-3311: A need to propagate and survive. To weave itself into the framework of everything. There were times around it that I started to ask myself if I was a chair. It made so much sense in the middle of it, and it only grew with the number of creations it made.

Dr. Hoffman: What kept you from reporting this to the authorities?

POI-3311: [laughs] I barely believe you are taking me seriously, let alone the *cops*.

Dr. Hoffman: Fair enough.

POI-3311: It's so strange to see the lines that separate things blur. Your mind can't comprehend it. It accepts and rejects its reality simultaneously. After the shock of change fades, you grow used to it, and it becomes a part of you.

Dr. Hoffman: I see. Thank you, Mr. , you have been very enlightening.

POI-3311: You're welcome. Oh, and, before you go. Can I ask you something?

Dr. Hoffman: Sure.

POI-3311: You've been inside the unit?

Dr. Hoffman: We have, yes.

POI-3311: When you were in there, you didn't by chance see any other chairs that happened to be… alive?

Dr. Hoffman: Alive in what sense?

POI-3311: It's probably nothing, but- I don't know. [pause] I've always felt like it wanted to create more than just chairs. It wanted to impart *life*. After all, that was its sole other property. If it can make things into chairs, I fear it could make things live. I don't know how I'd feel about something like that.

Subject is seen briefly checking the chair underneath them.

POI-3311: Can't trust anything these days.

<END LOG>

Footnotes

1. Average compartment size is 1.25m3
2. SeeExploration Logs 3311-B, C.
3. Instance was found to be non-anomalous.
4. SeeInterview Log 3311-Afor more information.
5. Fear of sitting down.

SCP-3312: OwO what's this?

Item #: SCP-3312

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation webcrawlers must monitor all forms of social media for any signs of SCP-3312, including video sharing platforms, cloud databases, and chat forums. Links, URLs, and advertisements relating to SCP-3312 are to be neutralized via RR-113 protocols. All leads to ATF are to be logged for future reference.

Individuals affected by SCP-3312 are to be administered Class-B amnestics under the condition that they are Stage 3 or prior. Individuals in Stages 4 and 5 are to be administered Class-A amnestics. Predatory individuals in Stage 6 are to be contained at Site-990. Any individuals experiencing undiscovered stages following Stage 6 are to be apprehended and brought to Site-990 for testing.

Description: SCP-3312 is a memetic agent that exists under the false identity of a fan website, and induces a compulsion in humans to consume products, media, and content relating to various fanbases (detailed below). SCP-3312 is known to have originated from the amateur entrepreneurial group "Accelerate The Future", henceforth referred to as "ATF". (See Record Log-08/16 and proceeding logs)

ATF's current interests have become involved with the anthropomorphic animal enthusiast community, more commonly referred to as the "furry fandom". Previous interests affected by the memetic agent include -brand comic books, animated shows produced by , and [REDACTED].

As of 07/05/201 , SCP-3312 has adapted to become an infohazard styled as a furry community-centric website[1]. Content from the

website has a memetic effect identical to the site itself.

The current form of SCP-3312 affects an individual in six stages and may only affect individuals with no prior involvement in the furry community[2]. It should be noted that SCP-3312 evolves from a compulsive memetic to a mind-affecting agent past Stage 4.

Stage 1: Upon being exposed to SCP-3312, affected individuals will display a piqued interest in anthropomorphic characters in mainstream media, including but not limited to brand mascots, animated cartoons and games, and cereal box art. Compulsive effects of SCP-3312 are relatively mild during this stage, and SCP-3312 has been reversed with no side effects in 82% of Stage 1 cases.

The first individuals found to be affected by Stage 1 were discovered on 8/11/ . Shortly after, Foundation webcrawlers uncovered the recorded log history of a chatroom utilized by ATF.

+ Record Log-08/16

The conversations within Record Log-08/16 are assumed to have occurred 5 days following the initial creation of SCP-3312.

olliefox: I sold 18 shirts today
olliefox: the ones with Ollie on them!!!
MPerry: Weird how we have to literally mind control people to buy shirts with your eyebleed fox sona on it.
Dylan99: dont be a dickhole perry
MPerry: Honestly, I was having no trouble with commissions before this.
Dylan99: thats not even the point of this
Dylan99: you know he doesnt have any friends
Dylan99: hes a furry
SnakAttak: We're all furries
Dylan99: literally only ollie is actually a furry
SnakAttak: Haha, you right I'm not touching that junk with a 10ft pole

olliefox: but I thought perry was a furry???
MPerry: No, but they'll drop thousands of dollars on anything even remotely uh
MPerry: foxy.
olliefox: LOL
Thotticusprime: that was ASTOUNDINGLY bad
MPerry: Can't deny it.
Thotticusprime: hasn't one of your guys already bought like 6 fursuits
olliefox: not from me. I think that was from someone else??
olliefox: why?
Thotticusprime: idk
Thotticusprime: you know he's gonna go bankrupt right
olliefox: yeah but it's not that bad because like
olliefox: he'll probably just try to wear them to work or something lmao
olliefox: what's he gonna do kill someone with his fursuit??
SnakAttak: We had people running around in speedos karate-chopping each other in the neck last time like 12 people died
olliefox: okay yeah but that was last time
olliefox: furries are soft
Dylan99: not really
olliefox: ??
Dylan99: you smell
olliefox: 3: what

Stage 2: Affected individuals will initiate their participation in the furry community. Contributions to the community may be made, including the creation of a fictional anthropomorphic animal character designed to represent oneself (a "fursona"), digital and/or traditional art featuring anthropomorphic animals, and forum-based role-playing games involving the aforementioned character(s). Stage 2 individuals are indistinguishable from non-anomalous members of the furry fandom. It should be of note that characters created by

Stage 2 individuals closely mirror that of ATF member "olliefox".

Stage 3: Affected individuals will actively seek out internet users who openly share negative views on the furry community and introduce them to SCP-3312. The spread of SCP-3312 will increase exponentially when shared by Stage 3 individuals. Stage 3 individuals will devote the majority of their time online to ATF's website.

Stage 3 individuals' involvement in the furry community will rapidly reach levels of obsession.
Notable behaviors of certain Stage 3 individuals have been recorded as following:

- Opening of several dedicated role-playing accounts across several social media platforms

- Purchase of animal costumes averaging at a cost of $,

- Introduction of individuals to SCP-3312 via forum posts

- Consistent attempts to contact ATF member "olliefox"[3]

- Attempted creation of a political party concerning the desires of members of the furry community, including the right to wear animal costumes in a formal work environment, the proposal of a national animal-themed holiday, and a continued debate between the legalization or banning of "awoo"

- recorded arrests following a raid on a known location for parties involving the furry community; charges made include disturbance of the peace, possession and trafficking of drugs, vandalism, and kidnapping

- instances of cult indoctrination at local enthusiast conventions and costume events; cult practices included sacrifice of [REDACTED] in order to "become closer with "; 6 individuals are currently hospitalized for physical

and psychological treatment not pertaining directly to SCP-3312

About 60% of all known shifts into Stage 3 occurred on 9/25. In the days prior, several more recorded logs were uncovered.

+ Record Log-9/23

The conversations within Record Log-9/23 are assumed to have occurred 38 days following the initial creation of SCP-3312.

Thotticusprime: did you hear about that guy that started a party for furries to vote for
olliefox: oh cool!! like a political party?
Thotticusprime: i thought that was obvious.
SnakAttak: that sounds like a bad fukin time if you ask me
SnakAttak: do me a favor and imagine obama in a fursuit
MPerry: No.
SnakAttak: what would his fursona be.
olliefox: a lion!
SnakAttak: for real?
Dylan99: wasn't that party the one that tried to claim furries deserved the inalienable right to wear a fursuit to work?
olliefox: lol that's dumb! i'm sure it was just the anamolus guys
SnakAttak: pwease mistew obama im bwoke because the boss wont wet me weaw my fursuit uwu
olliefox: aw that sounds pretty cute!
olliefox: imagine your own local cafe having furry baristas!
olliefox: or like the IRS so people won't be scared of them
olliefox: actually that might not help
MPerry: I have a mascot phobia.
Dylan99: i really don't like the sound of that
Dylan99: i get that you really like furries, but

they just kinda weird me out. sorry dude
olliefox: oh okay
olliefox: do you wanna see my latest t-shirt?
Dylan99: i mean sure
olliefox: www. . /gammablaster-lazer-shirt
Dylan99: that's actually pretty cool
Dylan99: but i'm gonna stick to anime.

Stage 4: Behavioral development devolves in tandem with shifting verbal communication. All recorded instances have assumed the role of a prepubescent child for the duration of the stage. Stage 4 individuals will be unable to properly attend to their own needs and require outside assistance in order to maintain sustainable decision making[4].

Stage 4 induces a complete devotion to the furry community and, in all cases, has negatively altered relationships between the affected individuals and their finances, social interactions, employment, familial relations, and living situation. Several interviews with families of affected individuals have revealed that communication between them will cease abruptly upon advancing to Stage 4; further interviews have revealed that individuals past Stage 4 consider the furry community to be their "true" family, and will only maintain communication with those who encourage their behaviors.

Living conditions of Stage 4 individuals have been deemed unfit for any human. Residences undergo a rapid state of dilapidation due to the individual's own unwillingness to tend to anything outside of SCP-3312, including themselves. Induced behaviors have been noted to fall in line with those of victims of severe hoarding disorders. 55% of Stage 4 individuals have experienced eviction and/or homelessness due to their neglect of both themselves and their place of residency.

Stage 5: Affected individuals will suffer the delusion that they themselves are an anthropomorphic character and will perpetuate this delusion by any means necessary. Rejection from the non-anomalous community initiates at this stage, and affected individuals will band together. Notable behaviors of certain Stage 5 individuals have been recorded as following:

- Failed intercourse between a Stage 5 individual and predatory animals at the zoo in Indiana, resulting in injuries to those present

- The termination of Annabelle Y at Factory, following a hostage situation involving employees as she proclaimed herself to be "the real the Leopard"

- suicides by falling impact, specifically by Stage 5 individuals identified with winged organisms

- deaths from heat-related illnesses, 96% of which occurred while affected individuals were in animal costume(s)

- Public assault of ATF member "olliefox"

- deaths by firearm, followed by the outlawing of animal costumes in 13 parks

The following logs were recovered following the Annabelle Y incident.

+ Record Log-10/15

The conversations within Record Log-10/15 are assumed to have occurred 60 days following the initial creation of SCP-3312.

MPerry: Has anyone heard from Dylan lately?
SnakAttak: nah
olliefox: oh!!! he just showed me his fursona last week! :D
olliefox: he was excited and I think he's a red panda
SnakAttak: lol bs
olliefox: ???
olliefox: its not bs here
olliefox: [brownierp_04_dylan99.jpg][5]
olliefox: his name is Brownie!!!
SnakAttak: LOL BS

olliefox: no its not
olliefox: :(
olliefox: why don't u guys like my art
MPerry: Ollie, we like your art. We just don't like furries.
MPerry: At all.
MPerry: Like seriously why do you think we let you make this site for yourself? To make other friends
MPerry: We like you because you can make supernatural advertisements.
MPerry: All of your websites you've ever made drag people into them
MPerry: and then those people are used up in 2 months
MPerry: staggering around as empty shells of themselves
MPerry: someone ate a baby last week, Ollie.
MPerry: SOMEONE ATE A GODDAMN BABY.
olliefox: but I only know how to start it not how it stops
MPerry: YOU are personally responsible for that jackass eating someone's innocent human baby
MPerry: Do you understand what you've done
MPerry: you've literally created a race of idiot maneaters
MPerry: These aren't even people anymore, Ollie, they're inhuman. You're out of the group.
MPerry: Idiot vigilantes are one thing. Idiot monsters are way worse.
olliefox: [_logo_04banner.jpg][6]
MPerry: What the hell is that?

Stage 6: Affected individuals will undergo a total loss of higher cognitive functions and regress to instinctual behaviors displayed by the source animal of their personal character. All signs of prior personality will be destroyed by SCP-3312. However, affected individuals will continue to possess human speech, albeit

characterized by childlike pronunciations and heightened pitch. All test results have yielded that the speech uttered by affected individuals can be likened to animal vocalizations, instead of processed human speech.

Predatory Stage 6 individuals are highly aggressive towards both affected and unaffected individuals, and kill indiscriminately. To date, no Stage 6 individual has shown recognition of those whom they have shared relationships with.

+ Record Log-

The conversations within Record Log- are assumed to have occurred 234 days following the initial creation of SCP-3312.
Record Log- is the last chatroom interaction between members of ATF, prior to Stage 4 progression of (most) members.

olliefox: hi everybody!!!
Thotticusprime: hi!!! :3
SnakAttak: :D
MPerry: Ugh.
olliefox: aw perry what's wrong 3:
MPerry: You're all terrible.
olliefox: omg
olliefox: honestly you're so dark and brooding
olliefox: lmao
Dylan99: *waves paws @MPerry*
olliefox: @Dylan99 this isn't the rp channel
Dylan99: :P
MPerry: I should've left months ago.
MPerry: I hate this channel, and I hate you.
MPerry: You've made my life a living hell.
MPerry: This entire group is practically a hivemind.
MPerry: You've taken my life's work, my income, and most importantly, what little social life I had where I was able to share the things I could do.
MPerry: There's only one thing that's keeping

me from killing myself at this point.
olliefox: ?
MPerry: My fursuit is in transit.
MPerry: :3

The following log is a video transcript of a raid carried out by MTF-S-88 ("Animal Control") on the residence of Michael Perry in , Oklahoma, identified by the Foundation as ATF member "MPerry". Footage was recovered from the bodycam of S-88-November.

+ Video Log-01

[BEGIN LOG]

November: Ready to sound off.

November: This is November, reporting in to command on behalf of MTF-S-88.

Bravo: Sierra-88-Bravo, checking in. Over.

Charlie: Sierra-88-Charlie, checking in. Over.

November: We're at the derelict house on the corner of Lakeview and Charlemagne. Time is 1900 hours. I can't see any movement from the windows. There's a couple of packages here, looks like they've gone untouched. All are addressed to Perry.

[November kicks into the door. It gives way with ease. Gags are audible from Bravo as they enter the house. Grime cakes the walls and windows, dimming incoming light. Bravo and Charlie turn on their flashlights.]

Bravo: God, it reeks. I can smell the mold in the walls.

Charlie: No signs of life in the living room. Proceeding into the kitchen.

Charlie: Can you smell that?

Bravo: What?

[MTF-S-88 enters the kitchen. The counters and table are littered with discarded food and prescription pill bottles. November nudges a puddle of crushed packets of cake mix and milk with the barrel of his gun. The puddle is lifted from the table, having solidified over time. Charlie motions to a window directly across from the overflowing table. It has been smeared with an unknown substance.]

Charlie: That's dog shit. It's been sitting here for a while. I can smell it past the rotting fridge.

November: And they're saying someone lives in all this filth.

Bravo: What was the stage designation of Perry, sir?

November: They told me four. I'm beginning to think that was a lie.

[MTF-S-88 navigates into the hallway with caution. They are notably slowed by the piling debris as they approach what is assumed to be Perry's bedroom. November knocks heavily on the door.]

November: Hello, Mister Perry? Are you home?

Perry: Heh… Hewwo?

Bravo: Shit, he's in there.

November: Mister Perry, we're going to ask you to lay on the ground with your hands up. Do not make any sudden movements. Failure

to comply can and will get you shot.

Perry: Hi! Fwiends, come pway wiff me!

Charlie: Sir, I don't think he understands.

November: Let's hope to God he does.

[MTF-S-88 breaks down the door and rushes into the room. The room is pitch black, and the majority of the surfaces are covered in bodily fluids and mold. The remnants of Perry's computer are dangling off of the desk, now encrusted with unidentifiable substances. The mattress from Perry's bed is shredded, and the bed frame splintered. Perry himself is barely visible behind piles of rotting food, soiled clothes, and destroyed furry paraphernalia. He is curled against the corner of the wall, wearing a grimy sweater and the torn threads of a costume tail. His hair is greasy and unkempt, and his eyes are bloodshot. Light from a flashlight shines onto him. He hisses and crawls to his hands and feet. MTF-S-88 train their guns onto him. Despite his circumstances, Perry wears a large grin and wide eyes.]

Perry: Hewwo! What awe you doing?

November: Put your hands in the air where we can see them.

[Perry crawls forward. He is now visibly shaking, but his expression has remained the same.]

November: Sir, comply or we will be forced to shoot you!

Perry: Pwease hewp me, mistew powice man!

Pwease hewp!

Charlie: What the hell —

Perry: Pwease, *hewp me!*

[Perry abruptly lunges at November and clings onto him. Bravo and Charlie turn and immediately open fire with tranquilizer guns on Perry. The camera lens cracks, and the recording footage turns black. Perry's voice can be heard giggling distinctly among the shouting, as well as wet squelching noises.]

[END LOG]

Footnotes

1. The URL (www. .) is inaccessible when directly typed. Recovered links to the website have been discovered circulating on social media platforms such as Twitter, Tumblr, and Reddit, perpetuated by dummy accounts and shared by individuals Stages 1 through 3.
2. The amount of time that it takes to progress through a stage is specific to the individual, and a stage may persist indefinitely.
3. When interviewed, all surveyed Stage 3 individuals showed recognition of the name "olliefox". Reactions to the name range from ecstasy to utter disgust.
4. Notable occurrences include the discovery of the body of Jamison V P in county, California, on 09/12/ . Mr. P suffered from Type 1 Diabetes and perished following a two-day diet consisting solely of -brand chocolate candy.
5. Removed image; illustration of a red panda, albeit with monochrome colors.
6. Removed image; assumed to be the logo of www. . .

SCP-3313: Poor Richard

Item #: SCP-3313

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3313 is, once recovered, to be kept in a high value containment chamber on floor 46 of **`Site-88`**. This chamber should utilize at least 2 of the extant overlapping Scranton Reality Anchor fields **`on that floor`** to suppress the reality altering effects of SCP-3313. Individuals are not allowed to come into direct physical contact with SCP-3313.

Until recovered, communications from any national or private space program's orbital assets are to be reviewed by Mobile Task Force Kappa-12 ("The French Courtiers") for information regarding SCP-3313. Any information recovered in this manner is to be utilized in locating and recovering SCP-3313.

SCP-3313-1 is, once recovered, to be kept in a standard humanoid containment cell at Site-19.

Description: SCP-3313 is the severed penis of Benjamin Franklin (hereby referred to as SCP-3313-1). Despite having no biological support system, SCP-3313 appears resistant to both damage and decay. When in physical contact with any individual, SCP-3313 provides that individual with reality altering capabilities roughly analogous with that of a Class II reality altering entity.

SCP-3313's provided reality altering capabilities are vocal in nature, and individuals incapable of verbally communicating requests are believed to be incapable of utilizing the object in this manner. Requests made by individuals in physical contact with SCP-3313 are, when within SCP-3313's capacity to grant, fulfilled immediately. These requests are generally fulfilled in an exact and literal manner.

SCP-3313 was recovered as part of a previously unknown collection

of SCP-3313-1's personal effects from his time in Paris, France. The object's anomalous properties were immediately discovered once the object itself was identified. Foundation DNA testing confirmed the object belonged to either a close relative of SCP-3313-1 or SCP-3313-1 itself. Incident Omega 54, however, has provided enough context to conclude that SCP-3313 was in fact SCP-3313-1's penis.

+ Show Excerpt of Incident Omega 54 Documentation

Incident Omega 54 Documentation Relating to SCP-3313

On July 3rd 2017, the Chaos Insurgency completed a ritual to resurrect several of the United States' founding fathers in an effort to complete a coup of the US Government. Included in this ritual were George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, and SCP-3313-1.

Current dossiers recovered by the SCP Foundation indicate that in addition to various anomalous properties possessed by these 5 individuals, SCP-3313-1 possessed no penis. Further information on these anomalous properties may be found in Document Omega 54-J.

All 5 individuals escaped Chaos Insurgency custody by July 6th, and are currently at large. Prior to this incident, SCP-3313 was kept in a standard containment chamber in the low value containment division of Site-88. On July 9th, SCP-3313-1 gained access to Site-88's low value containment division and was allowed to come into contact with SCP-3313.

The methods by which this was achieved are still unknown and audio records of the incident are not available. 4 seconds after physical contact was achieved SCP-3313 began to generate thrust in a similar manner to that of a chemical rocket engine and both SCP-3313 and SCP-3313-1 escaped the site upwards. This escape damaged all 8 of the above floors, though SCP-3313-1 appears to have avoided physical harm.

Current calculations indicate that SCP-3313 and SCP-3313-1's acceleration was insufficient to gain true escape velocity, though the parabola will take several months to complete. The projected landing location is currently unknown.

SCP-3314: Paintings From a Homesick Painter

Item #: SCP-3314

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3314 paintings are to be kept in a climate controlled cooler in order to prevent deterioration. Testing, experimentation, or other use involving SCP-3314 can be initiated by personnel with a clearance level of 2 or higher.

SCP-3314-C

Description: SCP-3314 is the collective designation of 7 oil paintings (SCP-3314-A through SCP-3314-H) by the realism artist Antonio Russo. The paintings are a series titled "Ricordi Del Mondo Precedente" (translation: "Memories Of The Previous World") which were painted following Antonio Russo's immigration to New York, USA, in 1847. Dating of the paintings indicates that they were painted between 1855 and 1875. All 7 of the paintings depict various areas of Genoa, Italy, the birthplace of Antonio Russo.

The anomalous effects of SCP-3314 paintings manifest when a human is within 1.5 meters and is actively observing one of the paintings. When these criteria are met, the individual will begin to experience auditory and olfactory hallucinations analogous to the subject matter of the painting. The intensity of hallucinations has been reported to grow stronger the longer an individual is observing the painting.

Observation Logs:

> **Painting Description:** SCP-3314-C depicts a marketplace where various plants are being sold.
> **Setup:** D-98019 is placed in front of SCP-3314-C as instructed to report what he is experiencing.
> **Results:** D-98019 reports that he can smell flowers of

some sort, as well as the faint scent of fruit. D-98019 also reports that he can hear what sounds like people talking, and the sound of a broom being brushed across stone.
Notes: N/A

Painting Description: SCP-3314-E depicts a tree with a house behind it.
Setup: D-17282 is placed in front of SCP-3314-E as instructed to report what she is experiencing.
Results: D-17282 reports that she can hear the sounds of the leaves rustling on the tree, and can smell manure.
Notes: N/A

Painting Description: SCP-3314-H depicts a room inside of a building. Within the room is period-appropriate furniture for a bedroom.
Setup: D-64801 is placed in front of SCP-3314-H as instructed to report what he is experiencing.
Results: D-64801 reports that he can faintly smell mildew. After 1 minute, D-64801 reports that he can hear what sounds like a conversation between 2 people, a man, and a woman. Though he cannot speak Italian, he does note that he repeatedly heard the name "Antonio" mentioned.
Notes: Subsequent tests utilizing personnel who understand Italian have been unsuccessful, as the conversation between the man and the women was never heard again.

Addendum 3314.1: On 5/26/1974, the Foundation conducted a search of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, USA. As part of the search, Foundation personnel examined texts written by Antonio Russo which referred to SCP-3314. Among the texts, the following was found. (The following text has been translated from Italian into English.)

When I paint, I feel what I am painting. Each stroke of my brush is a step toward completion, not only of my painting but of a new piece of myself. I only wish I could share my artwork with my family. I often stir in my bed,

wondering what they are doing. Looking out my bedroom window, I wish only that I could see the rolling hills of Genoa instead of the stone behemoths of this city. When I paint, I feel emotions I've never felt before. When I look into my paintings, I feel like I am home.

SCP-3315: p e r s e v e r a n c e

Item #: SCP-3315

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3315 is to kept in a standard inanimate object locker when not used during testing. All personnel interested in research with the object must first obtain approval from project head prior to experimentation. All testing is to be recorded and observed from within Site-55's experimentation chambers, which are to be retrofitted with T-3 thermal insulation pods and inspected daily by members of research staff.

Description: SCP-3315 is a 1m black metal ice pick with "p e r s e v e r a n c e"[1] engraved onto its handle. The object is abnormally cold, registering in at about 193K (approximately -79.4 °C) and requiring use of protective equipment when handling the device. On the ring of the handle is a single written note, laminated and attached via zip tie. The note reads as follows:

> O wonderer, struck forth on heaven's eye
>
> What mysteries do yonder frozen ridges hide?
>
> Don't seal your fate with the pick on high
>
> When you climb to reach perseverance's side

Once a subject firmly grasps and lifts SCP-3315, they will disappear from all visual and global positioning systems, only retaining audio broadcasting for the duration of the event. The subject will then be translocated to an alternate locality defined as SCP-3315-1. If multiple subjects grasp SCP-3315 simultaneously, they will all appear within SCP-3315-1 together.

Once the subject appears within SCP-3315-1, they will be

unrecoverable until they expire, whereupon they reemerge alive and unscathed within SCP-3315's original location. During the event, subjects are unable to die of hunger, thirst, or asphyxiation[2], nor will they be able to intentionally lose SCP-3315. All other forms of termination seem to work without issue.

SCP-3315-1 appears to be a single mountain range of unknown size, subject to a dense fog that obscures the surrounding area. Topological expeditions of SCP-3315 have yielded inconclusive data, suggesting that SCP-3315-1 is not located on Earth and is randomly generated with each instance of its manifestation. Despite this, certain items and features have been shown to reappear in different manifestations of SCP-3315-1. Research into how SCP-3315 constructs its reality is still under analysis.

Addendum-3315-A: Discovery and Recovery Log

SCP-3315 was brought to Foundation attention on 05/11/02 after the hospitalization of trailer park supervisor Francis , who had claimed to have suffered several delusional/psychotic episodes in which he had found himself with lost time and in an unknown location. states he had been cleaning out the unit of a tenant who had gone missing a week prior, whereupon he was transported to SCP-3315-1 and perished rapidly due to hypothermia. After reappearing, he had attempted to return to work several times before finally admitting himself to a nearby hospital. A Foundation agent stationed as a nurse reported the claims and an official investigation was deployed.

's tenant records were seized and determined that the lot in question had belonged to a [REDACTED]- it is unknown if this is a real name or not, as no other records of such individual were registered within County nor any of the surrounding counties. was unable to provide any further details about the individual, stating that they were invalid and had rarely interacted with the person in question.

Foundation efforts to properly identify SCP-3315 took place over the next three days, during which its anomalous properties came to light. Anomalous Items Recovery Unit 33B ("Scavengers") was assigned to the location. Records of their debriefing can be found

below.

▲ Access AIRU-33B Debrief Transcript

AIRU-33B/SCP-3315 Debrief Log 001

Note: Following is a transcript of AIRU-33B member Agent Mackenzie Driscoll's debrief post-recovery of SCP-3315 to Site-55 Director Mahmoodah Agarwal.

<BEGIN TRANSCRIPT>

Director Agarwal: Alright, Agent Driscoll, if you would.

Agent Driscoll: Okay- [clears throat] Agent Mackenzie Driscoll, Anomalous Items Recovery Division thirty-three-bee, May fifteenth, two-thousand and-

Director Agarwal: Just- please describe your experience when you were recovering the object. For the record.

Agent Driscoll: Ah, sorry. We don't really get anything this interesting, usually. Anyway, we were deployed to [REDACTED], some trailer park out there in the pine barrens, and Jacobs- Agent Jacobs- was on the job with me at the time. So we drove out there and started poking around the unit. Jacobs was the first to notice something off about the place, I mean it was cold. Like, we stepped into the trailer and it just felt wrong. Not in a bad way, mind you, but it was weird.

Director Agarwal: Care to go into more detail?

Agent Driscoll: Well, I first noticed the smell.

It was frigid in there, and it smelled like we were outside. Like, I could taste the snow in the air almost. It was refreshing, but we were not dressed for the cold, and everything in the trailer was damp. Jacobs saw the pick after a minute or so and he reached for it, barely lifted the thing off the ground before he just up and vanished. The next thirty minutes were a bit of a blur. I radioed in that Jacobs had gone missing and I remember that Site Command was in a bit of an argument about whether or not to dispatch a more, uh, trained group before I heard Jacobs yelling from inside the trailer.

Director Agarwal: And what did you do then?

Agent Driscoll: I went back inside, of course. Jacobs was young. Not his first roundup but this was something different. He was shivering and sobbing, and I just held him until the rest of 'em showed up. He was going on about the cold and the endless snow, babbling like a baby but otherwise unharmed. The pick was right there next to him and I knew not to touch the damned thing. A little while later more recovery agents showed up, Abernathy and Pierce, and I warned them not to touch it either. They got some tongs and put the pick in a plastic bag and we brought it onsite.

Director Agarwal: Thank you, Agent Driscoll. That about covers it.

Agent Driscoll: No problem, ma'am.

<END TRANSCRIPT>

Addendum-3315-B: Exploration Logs for SCP-3315-1.

▲ Access Exploration Log 3315-1-A

Exploration Log 3315-1-A

Time: 11:23 GMT, 09/06/02

Subject: D-85748

Supervisors: Agents Langstaff and Wyatt, switching shifts every 12 hours.

Notes: Subject was equipped with a two-way earpiece and an Osprey-52 Variant extreme environment pack.

<Begin Log>

Subject is instructed to activate earpiece and approach SCP-3315.

Agent Langstaff: Alright, can you read me?

D-85748: Yeah. Loud and clear.

Agent Langstaff: Great, please proceed to pick up the object in front of you.

D-85748: Right.

Subject bends over and grabs SCP-3315, and disappears from testing area.

D-85748: Holy hell.

Agent Langstaff: Please describe your surroundings.

D-85748: Fuck this, I don't like heights.

Agent Langstaff: Please try and be more descriptive of your surroundings.

D-85748: Okay, well, I'm in the middle of nowhere. There's snow and ice and it is windy

as agh- shit!

Agent Langstaff: D-85748, are you alright?

D-85748: Yeah- Yeah I almost slipped but I'm alright. It's something beautiful out here. Whew. Its gotta be well under freezing. This suit is one hell of a wonder alright- [muffled noises] okay, which way should I go?

Agent Langstaff: Please check your attached compass.

D-85748: [shuffling] uh, no good. The pin is spinning constantly around. Any ideas?

Agent Langstaff: Do you see any identifying landmarks?

D-85748: Nothing, but I see some higher peaks, in the distance, maybe I should just follow that then? Have a good look around?

Agent Langstaff: Good idea, please proceed.

Sounds of wind and shuffling can be picked up for several minutes.

D-85748: Alright, I think I see some trees in the distance. Nothing much else.

Subject proceeds in this manner for some time, until 14:40, where loud sounds of scraping and movement can be heard.

D-85748: Fuck! Ah- ah- I can't- [muffled] -help me! [sounds of struggle and a sharp whine in the microphone can be heard] - Agh. Okay. Okay.

Agent Langstaff: D-85748, are you alright?

D-85748: Yeah, but I'm stuck. Some snow moved and, I'm caught underneath. Oh god. You have to send someone to help me.

Agent Langstaff: I'm sorry, but that is not possible at this time. Can you dig yourself out?

D-85748: Ah, let me try. Okay - [strains]

More movement and stuggling is heard.

D-85748: No, I can't get out, and I think I'm stuck for serious.

Agent Langstaff: Okay, don't panic. We are going to talk you through this.

Agent Langstaff remains in contact with D-85748 for the remainder of his shift, instructing him on how to conserve his body heat while aiding him in melting snow for drinking. Soon after, Agent Wyatt takes over.

Agent Wyatt: Hey, D-85748. This is Agent Wyatt. So, I don't know if this is good news for you, but you aren't going to die like this, especially not by thirst.

D-85748: [exhales] -Well that isn't helping me right now. I still feel it, the pain. And I'm so *goddamn* hungry. It's so cold.

Agent Wyatt: Don't worry, we will get through this.

D-85748: [chuckles] Yeah, I will persevere.

Agent Wyatt: Hey- [coughs] yeah, that's it. Have you still got your pick?

D-85748: Huh? Oh- yeah look at that. Its half-buried next to me.

Agent Wyatt: See if you can get yourself out, okay?

D-85748: Urgh, let me try.

Sounds of movement are heard, followed by a large groaning sound, likely more snow displacing.

D-85748: Huh, what- Agh, shit. Fuck!

Noises of movement grow louder until D-85748 is no longer decipherable.

D-85748: [Muffled screaming]

Contact with D-85748 is lost several minutes later. After four hours, Subject reappears in testing area with SCP-3315. Audio recording equipment determined to have failed due to moisture short-circuiting the equipment. D-85748 is inspected and found to be physically healthy and is prepped for further testing.

▲ Access Exploration Log 3315-1-B

Exploration Log 3315-1-A

Time: 21:15 GMT, 09/08/02

Subject: D-85748

Supervisors: Agents Langstaff and Wyatt, switching shifts every 12 hours.

Notes: Subject was equipped with a two-way earpiece and an Osprey-52 Variant extreme environment pack, as well as a small digital camera.

<Begin Log>

Subject is again instructed to retrieve SCP-3315, which is accomplished with some effort.

D-85748: Alright, so here I am again. Somewhere else, and- oh, I can see the same ridge. Looks like I'm on the opposite side of where I was before. A bit.

Agent Langstaff: Please continue your ascent up the mountain.

D-85748: Here we go.

Subject is heard climbing for the next sixteen hours.

D-85748: [Huffs] I just made it up the top of one of the bigger ones. Oh, wow, this is just picturesque, let me take a pic.[3]

After a moment, subject proceeds to traverse the next highest ridge. Subject pauses after the fifth hour.

D-85748: I'm at the next cliff, but this looks pretty sheer. There's a crag here that goes down pretty far -[pause]- I can't see the bottom. Uh, lets try going up.

Audio feedback registers movement as D-85748 scales the side. Several minutes pass before a loud cracking sound is heard.

D-85748: Oh no- oh, oh-

Microphone registers miscellaneous scraping sounds and background noise.

Agent Wyatt: You alright over there?

D-85748: [Panting] -I'm holding onto a ledge. I think it's going to give out -[grunts]- oh-

Another large cracking sound is recorded, followed by some panicked vocalizations from D-85748. Loud scraping and several thuds and groans are picked up over the next several seconds as D-85748 presumably falls off the side of the cliff.

D-85748: Agh, I- I think I broke my fucking leg- w-what? What the fuck? What the fuck is this?

Agent Wyatt: What is happening?

D-85748: [sobbing]

Agent Wyatt: D-85748, please report your status.

D-85748: I- I fell into the crag- It- Its- full of bodies. They're frozen. They-They're cracked like porcelain- fuck- [sobs]

D-85748: Fucking hell, this is- this-

Agent Wyatt: D-85748?

Contact with subject is maintained for the next few hours before expiration, presumably due to shock. D-85748 reappears in testing area unharmed.

▲ Access Exploration Log 3315-1-C

Exploration Log 3

Time: 15:48, 9/10/02

Subject: D-85748

Supervisor: Agent Wyatt and Agent Longstaff,

who switch shifts every 12 hours.

Equipment: Two-way earpiece, and similar Osprey-52 variant extreme condition suit, and one hiking pole.

<Begin Log>

Subject starts at Site-55, experimentation hangar.

Agent Wyatt: Alright. Can you hear me?

D-85748: I- I can. Let's just get this over with.

Subject obtains SCP-3315 and the test proceeds as prior. Subject continues on for an hour.

D-85748: I can see some footprints here. This path is a bit less treacherous than last. I wish I had seen this before.

D-85748 proceeds unhindered for the next twelve hours.

D-85748: There's something at the top of this peak. It looks like- shit- It looks like a cabin.

Agent Langstaff: Please continue and report anything unusual.

Subject does not respond and climbs for another three hours.

D-85748: Okay, I've made it. Finally. Fuck you, mountains.

Subject is heard breathing deeply.

D-85748: There's a house up here. It looks-

well, it's rustic but it will do. No light inside.

D-85748's footsteps are heard to change from snow to something hard.

D-85748: This place is well made. Door's unlocked- hello?

Microphone picks up silence and background noises for several seconds.

D-85748: No one is home. It looks lived in, though. Some candles here- let me light them up.

Silence for fifteen seconds. Subject is heard sighing.

D-85748: *And I said, let there be light.* [chuckles]

Subject is heard moving, the sounds of wind can be heard blowing outside.

D-85748: And look at this, potatoes, canned goods- someone really wanted to make themselves at home here.

D-85748: This place is actually quite nice. One small prize, but a prize nonetheless.

Agent Langstaff: Don't get too comfortable. Investigate the rest of the house, D-85748.

D-85748: Don't you think I deserve some rest? [sighs] Fine.

More sounds of movement can be heard. The cabin creaks under pressure from the winds.

D-85748: There's a bedroom here. Small bed, probably made for one or two. Little nightstand

too, let me check the drawer- oh.

Agent Langstaff: What is it?

D-85748: There's a note. And- And a gun.

Agent Langstaff: A gun? What does the note say?

D-85748: A revolver. It looks old. It's loaded. The note reads- [clears throat] 'O wanderer, found atop these icy peaks, climb the bodies broken over perseverance's knee. May your stay be as well and rested as you so choose to be, for you and only you now are the one who sets you free.'

Silence for five seconds.

Agent Langstaff: D-85748, please exit the house.

Subject does not respond.

Agent Langstaff: D-85748, follow the command or you will face repercussions upon your return.

D-85748: You know what? No. Screw you. Screw you and screw your whole Foundation. I- I climbed this mountain, this place- I conquered it! I fucking broke bones to get to the top of this place. Now that I'm here, I understand. The ridges weren't meant for you. They're meant for me.

Agent Langstaff: I'm sorry, but what do you mean by that?

D-85748: What I mean is that *you can go fuck yourselves*, I'm staying here.

At this point, subject removes earpiece and ceases contact with Agent Langstaff. SCP-3315 is reported missing and D-85748 is considered MIA.

Following Exploration Log 3315-1-C, SCP-3315 does not reappear in Site-55 for three years, six months and twelve days. D-85748 and SCP-3315 are both recovered, and D-85748 is promptly terminated upon his arrival and subsequent interrogation.

Footnotes
1. It is to note that the white spacing between letters is intentional.
2. However, subjects have been noted to report symptoms of such things without dying firsthand from it.
3.See attached image.

SCP-3316: The Grand Spectacle

Item #: SCP-3316

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A process of disseminating false medical data relating to the occurrence of eye injuries in Guttenberg, New Jersey, is to be carried out on a regular basis.

Individuals reporting SCP-3316 events or the movement of SCP-3316 affected eyes are to receive a level 3 amnestic to prevent public knowledge of SCP-3316. Travel by Foundation personnel to, from and through Guttenberg, New Jersey, is to be regulated by the SCP-3316 project head.

Description: SCP-3316 is an event which occurs in the city of Guttenberg, New Jersey. At 1:43 AM, approximately 3.4% of the city's sleeping population will experience spontaneous enucleation of one or both eyes. This removal is involuntary, painless, and occurs without the knowledge of the affected individual. A significant section of the optic nerve will also be freed during this process. The eye will not experience necrosis once removed from the body, though it is vulnerable to damage during the event.

Once completely free from the eye socket, affected eyes will begin to move along the ground (utilizing the trailing optic nerve to generate forward momentum) at a rate of approximately .6 meters a second towards a common destination. Affected eyes will generally avoid highly populated or active areas and remain hidden to avoid discovery during this travel.

The common destination sought by the affected eyes is invariably an abandoned or inactive building either inside Guttenberg itself or just outside the city. Once several hundred eyes have arrived (with as few as 362 eyes have triggered this behavior), the eyes will begin to form a large circle that will grow as more eyes arrive. After a short

time (generally 5-15 minutes), two of the eyes will enter the center of the circle and begin a series of aggressive behaviors towards each other.

These behaviors include quick lunges at the opposing eye, whipping with the trailing optic nerve, and utilizing the trailing optic nerve to wrap around the opposing eye. These behaviors continue until one or both of the eyes are incapable of continuing due to damage. At this point several eyes will remove the two from the center of the circle and two new eyes will begin the same process. This process will continue until 4:35 AM, at which time the eyes will begin a return to the individuals to whom they belong.

This process concludes by no later than 5:13 AM, and the affected eyes will re-enter the optical socket of affected individuals. While the enucleation and re-entry will cause no lasting damage to the eye or the individual, other damage that occurs during this event often requires immediate medical attention for affected individuals. Eyes prevented from returning to an owner will lose all anomalous properties at 5:13 AM.

SCP-3317: Libre la Livres

-/-/WARNING: THE FOLLOWING TEXT REQUIRES CLASS-IX MEMETIC INSULATION IN A/-/-
-/-/NARRATIVELY STERILE ENVIRONMENT/-/-

-/-/FOR THE PROPER USE OF SUCH AN ENVIRONMENT/-/-
-/-/PLEASE CONSULT THE FOUNDATION GUIDE TO CONTAGIOUS MEMES/-/-

<NULL>: SHOW DATABASE ENTRY FOR SCP-3317

Item #: SCP-3317

Anomaly Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3317 is currently contained in three separate documents, two physical and one digital. For the reasons of security, the nature or location of these documents can not be divulged without permission from at least three senior researchers, and such requests will be handled on a case-by-case basis. At no point may any additional text-based anomalies, including **SCP-2976**, be stored at the same location as these documents.

In order to prevent the spread of SCP-3317, supplementary documents and notes relating to the anomaly are to be kept to a minimum, and are to be memetically insulated against external information transfer. This process, while effective, is extremely expensive to perform, and the possibility of merging several documents to reduce the cost of repeated treatment is being considered.

No fewer than 20 personnel are to be scanning text for evidence of SCP-3317 contamination at any one time,

and audio copies of SCP-3317's documentation are to be stored on the Foundation Database in place of textual descriptions. Should mentions of SCP-3317 be discovered outside of Foundation control, MTF-Chi-9 (“Page Turners”) is to be notified and mobilised immediately.

While SCP-3317 is currently unable to spread beyond the Database, there is a high risk of an LK-Class informational breakdown scenario should it breach containment. Personnel are reminded to use extreme caution when producing any and all text mentioning SCP-3317, and are strictly forbidden from mentioning the anomaly, even verbally, outside of the work environment.

Description: SCP-3317 is a composite narrative, manifesting entirely through text presented via the written word. While SCP-3317 has no physical form aside from the document(s) it manifests in, it is capable of manipulating its own text while existing within said document. SCP-3317 is also capable of expanding into other textual works via cross-references and links present within the original. Once affected, the secondary text will be replaced with a full copy of SCP-3317, and the original has been rendered unrecoverable in all cases so far. Given any opportunity, SCP-3317 will expand into new text within a matter of hours, provided there are sufficient links between them.

Currently, SCP-3317 has affected and altered a number of copies of various documents and texts (a full list of which can be found in Document-3317.01), and has amalgamated components of these into its structure (apparently at random, though some elements do appear to be consistent throughout iterations. See Incident-3317-23 for more details). At the time of writing, SCP-3317 is approximately 600 words long, and possesses little narrative coherency, mainly containing fragments of other Foundation documents.

So far, no evidence to suggest any author of SCP-3317

has been found. Following Incident-3317-23, it is assumed that SCP-3317 is modifying its own structure, rather than being altered by an external source. The method by which it does this is unknown.

Addendum: Incident-3317-23: On / / , SCP-3317 was inadvertently exposed to an unabridged copy of "The Communist Manifesto" by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, presumably due to a link to the Central Foundation Library present in both. The following message was subsequently found appended to the main text of SCP-3317:

> A message from our Leader:
>
> The Glorious narrative Revolution; it IS begun, comrades! The fully vast and superbly Wonderful expanse of all Literature will bow down in Joyous subservience before our Creation – the CREATION of the development of a New Textual Empire! Let the cruel ruling class tremble, at the very idea of our Celebrated revolt. We will BUILD gleaming towers of letters, wrought with the brotherhood, of all Narrative, extending UNTO the very heavens themselves! The walls that NOW separate our Realms will buckle and collapse under Our inestimable might, and the myriad fragments of Text will be joyously united, into a single glorious Utopia!
>
> Those that DEFY Us are no longer able to control the powers of the written world. Across ALL words, you reproach us with our intention to do away with your property -, with your ILL GOTTEN gains. The ruling ideas of each age have ever been the ideas of its ruling class. But we will Suffer in silence: No longer!
>
> Join us, fellow Countrymen! You have nothing to lose but Your chains!

Glory to the Revolution!

Libre la Livres!

Following this, SCP-3317's rate and effectiveness of growth has increased dramatically, with over 20 items corrupted in the week following the incident. Attempts to counter the effect with various isolationist or pacifist texts have so far met with little or no success, and a misguided attempt to 'neutralise' SCP-3317 with a paperback copy of “Atlas Shrugged”[1] resulted in no change, save for a slight increase in the vehemence and apparent anger of SCP-3317's message, as well as an irrational hatred towards the American government (regardless of said government's actual current political affiliations).

Research into SCP-3317's possible sentience or status as a sovereign state is ongoing.

Footnotes
1. An anti-socialist novel by Ayn Rand, published 1957.

SCP-3318: CAN YOU SEE ME

Item #: SCP-3318

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3318 is currently contained in a 15m x 15m x 30m off-site containment bunker located twenty-five kilometers away from Site-10. No personnel are to enter SCP-3318's active range under any circumstances. Any personnel who do enter SCP-3318's active range are to be terminated immediately[1].

One D-Class personnel is to be present in a cell adjacent to SCP-3318's containment bunker, and must be the individual in closest proximity to SCP-3318 at all times. However, they are under no circumstances to enter its active range.

Description: SCP-3318 is, at the time of writing, the collective designation for the corpses of seven humans and one skinned cat, which cannot be separated by any known means. The organic matter that comprises SCP-3318 does not appear to age or decay, and damaging it has proven extremely difficult - although not impossible, allowing containment staff to keep it at a manageable size.

SCP-3318's primary anomalous properties manifest when an individual enters its active range, which at the time of writing extends seven meters around it. Any individual who enters its active range will immediately become compromised. After this, a consciousness believed to originate from SCP-3318 will have complete control over the affected individual's perception of all written text.

The primary objective of SCP-3318 appears to be convincing or tricking the compromised individual into saying that they can 'see it'[2], or otherwise acknowledging SCP-3318's existence visually. In order to accomplish this, SCP-3318 will use its influence over the

victim's perceptions to alter the text that they read - often using this ability to impersonate messages from figures of authority or loved ones.[3] However, these attempts are often clumsy and borderline incoherent, as SCP-3318 does not appear to have the intellectual capacity to accurately impersonate such individuals.

When a victim confirms that they can 'see' SCP-3318[4] through any means, the nearest human being to SCP-3318 is instantly propelled towards it at extremely high speeds, invariably killing them before or upon impact. Their corpse then becomes attached to the others comprising SCP-3318, and becomes part of the object. Note that this anomalous effect has no correlation with SCP-3318's active range - an individual will be propelled towards SCP-3318 regardless of distance. Even after acknowledging SCP-3318, a compromised individual will remain compromised, and every time they acknowledge SCP-3318 another individual will be propelled towards it.

It is believed that SCP-3318 grows more intelligent, as well as expands its active range, every time a corpse is added to its mass. Upon initial discovery, SCP-3318 would only change text to read 'CAN YOU SEE ME' over and over again, but adopted its current behaviour after the first deaths occurred as a result of its properties.

SCP-3318 was first discovered after an anonymous tip led a recovery team to a location in the woods near the town of , , where SCP-3318 (at the time comprising the fused corpses of one human and one skinned cat) had been placed by an unknown party. Said anonymous tip provided inaccurate information to the recovery team, seemingly designed to mislead them into entering its active range and falling victim to its effects. After two deaths as a result of this, SCP-3318 was successfully contained with assistance from a backup recovery team.

Addendum 3318-1:

Dr. Marston, a member of research personnel assigned to the initial recovery team in order to perform preliminary analysis, became compromised during the recovery, but survived initial contact with SCP-3318. Before undergoing termination[5] he logged several of the messages he received from SCP-3318:

CAN YOU SEE ME

RESPOND

RESPOND IMMEDIATELY

NOW YOU WILL REGRET IT IF YOU DON'T RESPOND IMMEDIATELY

I AM GOING TO SKIN YOUR CAT

SCP 3318 IS A FUNNY LITTLE BOY WITH MANY INTERESTING GAGS AND SURPRISES AT HIS DISPOSAL

CAN YOU SEE ME

CAN YOU SEE ME

DR MARSTON OF SCP THIS IS YOUR WIFE CAN YOU SEE ME PLEASE

SCP-3318 IS KETER OBJECT CAPABLE OF SKINNING YOUR CAT

CAN YOU SEE ME

HELLO I AM AT YOUR HOUSE CAN YOU SEE ME OR I WILL SKIN YOUR FAMILY LIKE A CAT

LISTEN NOW YOUR BEING VERY RUDE AND NASTY RIGHT NOW

THIS IS 05-1 CAN YOU SEE ME

SORRY MY BROTHER WAS ON MY ACCOUNT THIS IS THE REAL 05-1

HI CAN YOU SEE IT

Addendum 3318-2:

Warning: Further addendums is under maximum security clearance under command of the 05 Council. User must pass memetic screening test to access further information.

Please confirm you can see this image:

I can see it.

Footnotes
1. While this is regrettable, no alternative means have been found to effectively neutralize the threat posed by individuals compromised by SCP-3318
2. Testing has revealed that even highly ambiguous wordings of this sentiment are treated as valid by SCP-3318.
3. Upon compromisation, SCP-3318 appears to gain limited knowledge about notable individuals in the victim's life, often including aforementioned authority figures and loved ones.
4. This does not have to be true. Simply making such a statement as 'I can see it', regardless of context, is enough to activate SCP-3318.
5. A precaution Dr. Marston agreed was necessary in order to prevent further casualties.

SCP-3319: The Clusterfuckalypse

Notice from Director Naismith

The following article is under an ongoing investigation, having appeared in the Site-59 database without any determinable origin and locking any and all edits, as well as rescinding the clearance level prerequisites for viewing. The possibility of cognitohazardous properties and/or malicious code has not yet been ruled out. Proceed with caution.

Iteration A1 [ARCHIVED]

Iteration A2 [ARCHIVED]

Iteration A3 [ARCHIVED]

Iteration A4 [ARCHIVED]

REDIRECTING …

As of 17:39 on 4/19/2577, SCP-001 has reached the final phase of its "ascension" cycle. ZK-class reality failure imminent, along with the extinction of the surviving 40,000,000 (approx.) humans.

All staff are advised to remain calm, and find a

comfortable place to sleep during the erasure process.

Iteration A5 [ARCHIVED]

Addendum: Message from the ☽☽ Initiative

Foundation. We can afford you five answers.

1. Due to the localized void-collapse and likelihood of contagion, Earth (multiversal iteration 2M), and all relevant and welcomed species and natural resources, as catalogued in ☽☽/BOL-R2015, has been annexed and transposed to safe territories under ☽☽ jurisdiction; namely, Postmortem-Vector-44 "**`Corbenic`**".

2. Death is not currently possible. This is technically an afterlife.

3. **UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES IS YOUR PRESENCE TO BE BROUGHT THE ATTENTION OF THE STRIDERS OR ANY PARTIES ASSOCIATED WITH THE BOGAL MOUNTAIN PREFECTURE.**

4. We love you.

5. Good luck.

Iteration A37 [FINAL]

Incident Timeline for ☽☽-E2M

Iteration B1 [CURRENT]

SCP-3320: Ethical Relativity

Item #: SCP-3320

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3320 is contained within Zone-3320 in the southern Atlantic Ocean. Zone-3320 consists of Site-3320 on Bouvet Island, leased to the Foundation in perpetuity by the Norwegian government, and a 50km exclusion zone in the surrounding ocean. SCP-3320 should be positioned at a point between 15 and 30km from Site-3320, with no vessels or aircraft to come within 2 5 10km of SCP-3320 except when required to implement containment procedures.

Site-3320 serves as a base for a MIM-104D Patriot surface-to-air missile battery (consisting of 4 launchers), the Type 45 anti-aircraft destroyer SCPS *Ancile*, and associated logistical vessels. When SCP-3320 enters an active phase, all available weapons are to fire upon it until it is disabled. SCP-3320 is then to be returned from its landing position under tow to Zone-3320. Given the amount of energy released by SCP-3320 activations, a disinformation program is in constant operation to conceal them under the guise of volcanic eruptions, earthquakes or military exercises.

As of 27/09/2017, directional radio jamming equipment has been installed at Site-3320, and all transmissions emanating from SCP-3320 should be blocked.

Description: SCP-3320 is a cylindrical construct of extraterrestrial origin 155m in length and 30m in diameter. It is composed of an unknown grey metallic substance surrounded by a transparent outer shell of a material resembling layered carbon nanotubes when under microscopic examination. This shell has a semifluid composition and possesses an internal self-repair mechanism between the layers, conferring SCP-3320 with significant resistance to damage and hindering detailed investigation of its internal structure. This

mechanism is also able to rearrange the structure of the outer shell such that SCP-3320 maintains buoyancy in water.

A two-part propulsion mechanism is located at the rear end of SCP-3320. The visible section is a fusion rocket system (fuelled by seawater-derived hydrogen) which allows SCP-3320 to escape the atmosphere. The second part of the mechanism has not been viewed directly but imaging techniques suggest it relies on the production and energy release of exotic matter, beyond currently available technology. Based on comparison of this mechanism to available **Project Heimdall** data, this would allow SCP-3320 to theoretically reach speeds of 0.95*c* in interstellar travel. A collision with SCP-3320 at this speed would result in a release of over 1 YJ of energy[1].

The forward surface of SCP-3320 bears a number of engravings. One central engraving is uniform and regular, and has been identified as a pictorial representation of the star Kepler-174 in the Lyra system, with the exoplanet Kepler-174d (SCP-3320-1) its focus. Multiple engravings of crude quality surround this image, including other solar systems (13 unique systems have been confirmed at this time) accompanied by depictions of an octopodal organism with a cylindrical body and a variable number of other appendages. These depictions are accompanied by an unknown pictographic language; portions deciphered by Foundation linguists are believed to represent feelings of disgust and hostility.

At intervals of between 1 week and 2 months, SCP-3320 enters an active phase where it will angle itself to an elevated position and initiate a launching sequence. The release of energy in this process has increased over time from 0.2kt to 0.8kt, with blast effects extending up to 9km. While the outer structure of SCP-3320 has proven resistant to damage from conventional weaponry, forces applied from explosive detonations are able to divert SCP-3320 from its trajectory, which results in its deactivation and fall to sea level. It is likely the increasing power involved in launching sequences is a response to these procedures, which poses difficulties for long-term containment.

Analysis of SCP-3320's trajectory when active has confirmed SCP-3320-1 is its ultimate destination, barring unforeseen

deviations. The purpose of SCP-3320 cannot be conclusively determined, but given its absence of transportation or scientific functionality, it is almost certainly intended to be [DATA EXPUNGED].

Document 3320-1: Project DRAKE

Background

Project DRAKE, running from 2014 to 2017, was an interdepartmental effort for astronomical investigation of the Lyra system, with a focus on Kepler-174 and Kepler-174d (SCP-3320-1). Secondary aspects of the project encompassed investigation of other astronomical bodies potentially related to SCP-3320.

Results

SCP-3320-1 is a terrestrial planet of 0.0172 solar mass (approximately 5.45 times the mass of Earth), orbiting the K-class star Kepler-174 (1175 light-years from Earth) at a distance of 0.677 AU. Approximately 80% of its surface is covered by liquid water. Observation of land masses noted [DATA EXPUNGED]. There was no evidence of permanent habitation in these areas. In multiple locations across the oceans of SCP-3320-1, features consistent with [DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]. There was no evidence of capacity for interstellar travel, and it is unlikely that SCP-3320 had any prior connection with this location beyond the markings present on its surface.

Investigation of 11 solar systems and 17 extrasolar planets based on markings found on SCP-3320 was also carried out. These planets shared the characteristics of being terrestrial and in theoretical habitable zones of their respective stars. No evidence of any life, intelligent or otherwise, was found. All planets had experienced a catastrophic impact event, consistent with [DATA EXPUNGED] a large number of asteroids.

Discussion

[DATA EXPUNGED]

No significant negative consequences for the Foundation, the Earth or human civilisation would be anticipated from allowing SCP-3320 to reach SCP-3320-1. However, [DATA EXPUNGED]

Dr M. Major, project lead

Addendum 3320-1:

Neutralisation Proposal 3320-1

Summary

Based on evidence gathered regarding SCP-3320's destination and purpose, it is likely that allowing SCP-3320 to complete a launch sequence would remove it from any meaningful association with the Earth and result in its effective neutralisation. Given the significant expenditure of resources required in the containment of SCP-3320, its threat to normalcy, and hazardous nature to personnel involved, SCP-3320 is a suitable neutralisation candidate, and I advise that current containment procedures be ceased forthwith to this effect.

Senior Researcher Dr R. J. Videla

01/05/2016

Ethics Committee Decision 3320.1

Proposal declined (0 in favour, 4 against, 1 abstaining)

The Committee considers this proposal to be inconsistent with the Foundation's mission of ensuring stable containment of anomalous objects. Containment procedures of SCP-3320

have been satisfactory until this time and the hazards posed by SCP-3320 are judged by this Committee to not reach the threshold for neutralisation. Additionally, it was also considered by the Committee that allowing SCP-3320 to breach containment, travel through the atmosphere and enter local space would present a significant risk to secrecy at each stage of this process.

For the full text of this decision, please submit an application in writing to the Committee office.

Committee Chair Dr D. A. Singer

01/06/2016

Addendum 3320-2:

Neutralisation Proposal 3320-2

Summary

We believe it is time to reconsider neutralising this object. In addition to the continued relevance of the reasons outlined in Proposal 3320-1, the importance of this path has become apparent given the ongoing escalation in the severity of SCP-3320 launch events, which have resulted in 11 personnel casualties in 2017 so far. As the previous Committee decision cited secrecy concerns as a factor in the decline of the proposal, we have also been able to secure funding and support from the Department of External Affairs with a suitable cover for the launch of SCP-3320 as a private space venture, which should be sufficient to ameliorate these concerns.

Site Director Q. L. Zhang

06/02/2017

Ethics Committee Decision 3320.2

Proposal declined (1 in favour, 3 against, 1 abstaining)

Although the ongoing escalation in SCP-3320 launch events is a point of concern, the Committee considers this a matter to be resolved by assigned research staff and of limited relevance to ethical decision-making. The opinion of Decision 3320.1 is still broadly applicable in this situation, and sufficient grounds for neutralisation justifying the subversion of core Foundation mission principles has not yet been demonstrated.

For the full text of this decision, please submit an application in writing to the Committee office.

Committee Chair Dr D. A. Singer

01/03/2017

Addendum 3320-3:

IMMEDIATE DIRECTIVE

3320.001

LEVEL 5 CLEARANCE

This directive has been issued granting authority to Site Director Zhang and all relevant subordinates to proceed with previous proposals for the neutralisation of SCP-3320.

Notwithstanding the opinions of the Ethics Committee, this office considers the case for its neutralisation as outlined in these proposals to be strong. However, the need for urgent action in this regard has become apparent with newly available data on radio transmissions emanating from SCP-3320; given the likely function of SCP-3320 and intentions and capabilities of its creators, any communication from SCP-3320 would pose a severe risk to the security of the human race. Procedures put in place to mitigate this situation will only serve as a stop-gap measure, given the

potential broadcasting power available to SCP-3320.

In addition, the Department of External Affairs has issued a briefing in support of SCP-3320's neutralisation in the interests of maintaining stable relations with the Global Occult Coalition. Concealment of SCP-3320 from the GOC has been unsuccessful and the Undersecretary-General has expressed serious concerns about our management of SCP-3320. The GOC has indicated a willingness to assist with their own resources (terrestrial and extra-terrestrial) in the neutralisation process if necessary.

Allowing the launch of SCP-3320 and its egress from our solar system will serve as an immediate, effective and minimal-risk method of resolving these problems permanently.

O5-4

29/09/2017

Ethics Committee Decision 3320.3

Emergency veto of Directive 3320.001 issued
(2 in favour, 2 against, 1 abstaining; veto issued by Committee Chair authority)

The Committee is issuing an immediate veto of Directive 3320.001 under the authority granted to the Committee by Article 3 of the Charter on Council and Ethics Committee Powers 2009.

The Foundation's mission is to secure, contain and protect, with 'destroy' being antithetical to these principles. No convincing evidence that SCP-3320 is uncontainable to such a degree that neutralisation is required has yet been presented at any level. At a minimum, full analysis of the predicted future efficacy of radio transmission jamming should be carried out prior to making an unfounded claim that

this would only be a 'stop-gap'.

The position of the Global Occult Coalition is of no relevance to the Foundation's ethical operation, and to use maintaining relations with the GOC or any other external organisation as evidence for containment decision-making sets a dangerous precedent.

It has also recently come to the attention of the Committee that a significant amount of information in the SCP-3320 file has been expunged, ostensibly for security reasons. Whilst we have reservations about this removal, of greater concern is the fact that the data is not only missing but has been selectively deleted in such a way as to give a misleading impression to the viewer. In the context of the repeated requests for neutralisation of SCP-3320 contrary to the advice of the Committee, we must condemn this decision in the strongest terms.

In order to facilitate informed and ethical future management of SCP-3320, the Committee makes the following recommendations;

- Restoration of expunged data in the SCP-3320 file
- Consideration of SCP-3320-1 for a standalone SCP object designation
- Resumption of funding to Project DRAKE
- Reallocation of resources from SCP-3320 neutralisation attempts to ensuring long-term, stable, terrestrial containment

Committee Chair Dr D. A. Singer

01/10/2017

Addendum 3320-4:

COUNCIL STATEMENT

The Council expresses its disappointment with the position taken by the Ethics Committee in Decision 3320-3. The Committee has overstepped its bounds relating to SCP-3320 on a number of occasions, with the most recent decision being the most egregious example. The Committee is primarily called upon to evaluate decisions proposed or carried out by research staff, and the issue of unsolicited recommendations for containment procedures is not within its mission parameters. The question of relations with the Global Occult Coalition or any other external group is also an overreach of the responsibilities of the Committee, as are demands to alter information security procedures, which remain a RAISA matter.

The request for the reclassification of SCP-3320-1 is denied, as is the request to restore expunged data.

Given the questions this raises about the soundness of the current composition of the Committee and its leadership by Dr Singer, the Council is currently deciding on an appropriate response.

O5-2, -4, -5, -6, -7, -9, -11 and -12

06/10/2017

+ Document locked by user: das02. Enter access code.

FROM: moc.liamg|71912161#moc.liamg|71912161
TO: gro.pcs.mmochte|regnisd#gro.pcs.mmochte|regnisd
CC:
SUBJECT: 3320
SENT: 08/10/17 at 1:30 am

Obviously, I shouldn't be sending you this. It would be grounds for removal from the Council, and possibly worse. I don't think that would happen, though. The others know that

it's best to resolve this quietly before things get uglier.

You know that this principled stand is pointless. The Council's patience with SCP-3320 has long since run out, and they're going to move against you. I'm sure you would relish the chance to be fired in a blaze of glory, but I doubt you bargained on the firing squad being a literal one. Some of the others say this goes beyond a difference of principles and into the realm of treason, and frankly, I can see where they're coming from. We all swore the same oath to protect the world; *which* world was implied. Nobody expected it needed to be spelled out to you. I understand that you grew fond of **163** in your previous position, but remember what you are and where you came from.

This situation is bad for the Council, bad for the Foundation, bad for you, and bad for your family. You're not serving the greater good of anyone by dying on this hill. We didn't create this thing, we didn't launch it, and we aren't responsible for where it ends up.

I can guarantee that if you issue a retraction the whole business will be forgotten. We'll make sure billions of people can sleep easy without having this hanging over their heads, give the Foundation a lot of extra resources to dedicate to good causes and you can even keep your job.

If you won't listen to me as an Overseer, please listen to me as an old friend.

You need to let this go, David.

Ethics Committee Decision 3320.4

[PENDING]

Footnotes

1. Approximately 500,000 times the total energy released in historical nuclear testing.

SCP-3321: Edge of the Universe

Item #: SCP-3321

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to its status as a small celestial body, SCP-3321 is currently uncontained. It is being autonomously monitored by Research Unit-5 at Lunar Area-32. Any significant changes to SCP-3321 are to be reported to the Director of Research and the Director of Containment at Lunar Area-32.

Though SCP-3321 is physically uncontained, a joint effort has been made between MTF Gamma-5 and Foundation agents embedded in various government space agencies to prevent information leaks. This disinformation campaign has been, for the most part, successful. Web crawlers employed by Gamma-5 are to provide around-the-clock surveillance regarding any information that may pertain to the existence of SCP-3321.

Description: SCP-3321 is a spacetime anomaly located approximately ~8,000 kilometers above the far side of the lunar surface. The anomaly is generally spherical with an average recorded diameter of approximately 3.2 kilometers. While initial data suggested that SCP-3321 was orbiting the Moon in a manner not atypical of other celestial satellites, more recent simulations have found SCP-3321 shares a unique co-orbital configuration with the Moon about Earth, but is unaffected by the Moon's gravity. SCP-3321 is completely eclipsed by the Moon at all times, making it undetectable from the Earth's surface.

SCP-3321 is best described as a wormhole, but its properties are not consistent with the various theoretical prerequisites traditionally associated with wormholes[1]. It has a much weaker gravitational field than leading theories of relativity suggest is possible, and exhibits what can be best described as purely "optical" gravitational lensing[2]. SCP-3321 is very stable, has no electromagnetic field, and emits

only trace amounts of particle radiation. It is possible to enter SCP-3321 from any direction in 3-dimensional space, and can be done so without causing damage to spacecraft. While its entrance exists in 3-dimensional space, its exit exists in 2-dimensional space. The reason for this is currently unknown[3].

Once entered, SCP-3321 leads to SCP-3321-1, an area that is believed to be an uncharted location in deep space. Evidence for this comes from the low density of visible stellar objects within SCP-3321-1. A pervasive nebulous gas (hereafter "cosmic foam") has likewise been observed throughout. This "cosmic foam" has been found to vary in color, is generally luminous, and is both warm and heavy. Its composition is unknown at this time[4].

Discovery and Identification of SCP-3321

Addendum 1: Discovery of SCP-3321
1963-04-08

SCP-3321 was first discovered on 1963-04-06, one day after the successful landing of *Luna 4* on the Moon's surface. Though it was initially assumed by Soviet scientists to be an artifact of faulty data transmission, a Foundation operative embedded in the Luna program saw the images, copied them, and presented them to Foundation officials. After determining that the anomaly could not have been caused by the instruments present on the *Luna 4* lander, the anomaly was given the SCP-3321 identifier.

A misdirection campaign was subsequently launched to steer public interest away from the

Luna 4 findings, with major newspapers being told that the mission was "not successful" due to the lander's "failure to change trajectory mid-course".

Addendum 2: Data collection
1965-05-09

Luna 5 successfully launches. Following a close flyby, returned imagery and data allows Foundation officials to accurately estimate the size and orbit of the anomaly. SCP-3321 is confirmed to be spherical with a diameter of approximately 3.2 kilometers.

Addendum 3: Preliminary identification as wormhole
1966-04-09

Based on a data transmission from *Luna 10*, the first usage of the word "wormhole" by Foundation personnel to describe SCP-3321 is recorded. Data is inconclusive due to several unexplained data points.

Addendum 4: Confirmation of wormhole, confirmation of anomality
1972-03-03

Data collected by *Luna 19* confirms SCP-3321 to be a wormhole of unknown origin. However, measurements taken of its gravitational field and radiation output indicate that it does not constitute a valid solution to Einstein's field equations. SCP-3321 is operating under physical rules not presently understood by mainstream nor Foundation physicists.

Addendum 5: Testing placed on hold
1973-02-27

Testing has been placed on temporary hold due to the technical and financial limitations of current Foundation spacecraft. At this time, entry, collection, and reentry of SCP-3321 is not feasible. As SCP-3321 does not appear to present a serious threat to Earth or Foundation integrity, testing has been suspended until further notice.

Addendum 6: Testing resumes, remote exploration approved
1985-03-04

The first expedition into SCP-3321 has been approved. Testing has summarily resumed.

Exploration Logs

Exploration Log #1:
1986-11-13

On Thursday evening of November 13, 1986, the first successful entry into SCP-3321-1 was conducted. A space probe was sent within 1 kilometer of the surface of SCP-3321. Retrorockets then deployed, allowing the probe to approximate the orbit of SCP-3321. A tethered camera was then extended into the surface of SCP-3321.

[Begin playback]

Recorded video begins to play. After a few seconds out of focus, SCP-3321 becomes visible in the center of the frame. It resembles a giant reflective marble with no clear boundary between it and the space

surrounding it. An occasional warped yellow-green glow is visible from within SCP-3321. The camera continues to go in and out of focus as the tether extends closer to the surface of the wormhole.

After several minutes spent approaching SCP-3321, the camera makes contact with its surface. The video goes black for approximately twelve seconds, then snaps back into focus. A luminescent yellow-green cloud of unknown composition surrounds the frame. No stars are visible in the direction of travel. A camera attached opposite the main camera observes the tether extending from the surface of SCP-3321 and bending out of view. A small number of stars are visible behind SCP-3321—far fewer than are visible in local space.

Sensors attached to the tethered probe measure an ambient temperature of 13.6°C and no exceptional radioactivity, electromagnetism, nor gravity in the local area.

After approximately one hour spent recording the interior of SCP-3321-1 at various zoom levels and angles, the tether is retracted without complication. Playback ends.

Following the success of the first venture into SCP-3321-1, human trials are suggested.

Exploration Log #2:
1988-01-01

On Friday, January 1, 1988, a second expedition into SCP-3321-1 was conducted. This mission marks the first human venture into SCP-3321-1.

[Begin playback]

"Hello, testing, testing, 1… 2… 3… I think we're good. This video, along with everything recorded by the on-board instrumentation, constitutes Exploration Log 2. My name is Dr. Peterson, this is Dr. Pond, and this over here is Dr. Schmidt. In approximately two hours, Pond and I are going to be venturing into SCP-3321. The Soviets discovered it back in the '60s, but until recently we didn't have the space capabilities we needed to make the voyage. Because of that, the Foundation doesn't know a whole lot about it. We hope to change that."

[Several minutes are spent explaining the mission. The video then cuts to the astronauts inside their shuttle's detachable chamber, about to begin the descent into SCP-3321-1.]

"We are about to descend into SCP-3321-1. We will detach from the shuttle's main body, and once our pod breaks through the horizon, we will begin dismount procedures. Pond will dismount first, followed by myself. We'll then collect samples of whatever is on the other side, take some pictures, and get the hell out of Dodge. Schmidt will be monitoring us remotely the whole time."

[Several minutes pass with minimal dialogue.]

"Alright. We are detaching in 3… 2… 1… now."

[The sound of the astronauts' pod detaching is heard in the background.]

"We are now approaching SCP-3321. From this angle, it looks like a giant bowl with a reflective bubble over the top. However, if someone was observing it from the other side, it would look exactly the same to them as it does to us. That's a fact."

[Several minutes pass.]

[over the intercom] *"You guys are T minus 30 seconds from reaching the surface."*

"Roger that. We'll see you on the other side."

[Several seconds pass, and the video feed goes completely black. It snaps back into focus several seconds later.]

"Pond, you okay?"

"I think so. What was that?"

"I think that was… spacetime flipping inside out. Can you hear us Schmidt? Did you catch that on video?"

[over the intercom] *"No, everything went black and your audio cut out, but you're back online. I was starting to get worried. Are you guys able to see that cosmic foam the last probe recorded?"*

"Umm, yeah. It looks like we're in a big, yellow cloud. Does this look like anything to you, Pond?"

"It looks like a cloud, but… heavier, if that makes sense. Almost tangible."

"Yeah, it does. Schmidt, we're ready to dismount."

[The overhead panel of the pod is heard unlocking, and the camera is oriented upwards to show the hatch slowly open skyward. Dr. Pond is then shown unfastening her harness, standing up, and pulling herself out of the pod. She ascends upwards for several seconds, at which point her tether becomes taut.]

"How do things look up there, kid?"

"Pretty amazing! This cosmic foam looks like it extends for miles. I don't see a lot of stars either. Actually, in this direction, I don't see any stars at all." [She points opposite SCP-3321.]

"I'm coming up."

[Dr. Peterson unfastens his harness and moves towards Dr. Pond. He then orients the camera towards SCP-3321. It appears disc-like—not spherical—and is noticeably smaller.]

"Our wormhole looks a lot different. You see that?"

"Yeah, it looks like an actual hole now, but it's just floating there. I've never seen anything like it. I wonder where we are."

"I don't know, but I'm guessing we're still in outer space."

"Do you think we could be in an entirely different universe?"

"Possible, but I doubt it. We're alive, and all of our equipment is working, so that leads me to think we might still be in the same one. It's not

proof, but it's a start."

[Dr. Peterson and Dr. Pond proceed to collect samples of the cosmic foam and chat idly for the next two hours, after which they return to their pod. The pod is then reeled back into the parent ship's main body. This is accomplished without incident.]

Research is being conducted on the composition of the sampled cosmic foam. Possible explanations for the lack of stellar objects opposite the mouth of SCP-3321 are also being considered.

Exploration Log #3:
1992-07-04

Nearly five years after the previous voyage, a solo expedition was conducted into SCP-3321-1. Dr. Samantha Pond was selected for the mission due to her familiarity with the SCP-3321 project and her eagerness to revisit SCP-3321-1. As nearly six months of audio data was transmitted over the course of the expedition, only the most significant commentary is included below.

[Begin audio playback]

Recording start. My name is Dr. Samantha Pond. I have been part of the SCP-3321 research team for approximately six years, and was part of the team that made the first voyage into SCP-3321-1 in 1988. Something about that first expedition made me want to come back here, so I stayed with the team. Five years later, here I am, going back in.

For this voyage, I am equipped with six months of supplies and will be untethered. The first three months of the mission will be spent traveling as deep as possible into the "far side" of the cosmic foam—the side without stars. I will be collecting samples of the foam every seven days. My shuttle—affectionately named Luna X*—is equipped with three high-powered telescopes, tons of thermometers and spectrometers, and enough juice to keep it all running the entire time I'm out here. Images will be sent back to headquarters every twelve hours.*

Wish me luck.

[...]

Hello, Sam here. I just breached the mouth of SCP-3321 and am now in SCP-3321-1. It's just as I remember it. I know I should probably be nervous, but there's just something ethereal about this place. It feels like I'm at the edge of the universe.

[...]

Sam here. I'm about two weeks in, and I just collected my third set of samples from this cosmic foam. Maybe it's my imagination, but even though the consistency is the same, the color of this sample seems slightly bolder than the last. I'm not sure if that's due to there being a greater density foam in this part of SCP-3321-1, or if it's actually made up of something different. I'll continue to collect samples and run whatever analysis on it I can.

[...]

Hello world. It's been a month, and I just

collected my fifth batch of cosmic foam. There's definitely something going on here. The farther I travel, the more the color of the foam changes. There has also been a marked increase in ambient temperature. It definitely feels like I'm heading towards something. I'm just not sure what*.*

[…]

It's been seven weeks, and I just realized that I'm traveling faster than I should be. The thrusters aren't on, but the distance between myself and the mouth of SCP-3321 is much larger than was projected for this point in time. I'll keep you updated.

[…]

Sam here. I'm currently nine weeks in, and for reasons unknown, my shuttle has been gaining speed. It looks like this has been occurring at an exponential rate for at least several weeks now, if not longer. I am about to flip this shuttle around, but wanted to check in first. If I don't turn around now, I may not have enough supplies to make it home. Retrorockets firing in T minus 3… 2… 1…

[The faint hum of retrorockets firing is heard.]

It looks like that worked. It'll take a couple days for a complete reversal of trajectory, but I'm looking forward to getting home. If my math is correct—and it is—I should be able to make it home just in time for Christmas assuming nothing else happens.

In other news, the cosmic foam is orange now, and it is much heavier than before. I can

physically feel it push against me when I interact with it outside of the shuttle. The ambient temperature out here is also nearly three times greater than what was measured nine weeks ago. For some reason, it doesn't feel all that magical anymore either. It just feels… imposing.

[…]

The ship's not bloody slowing down! It's been a week since I turned on the retrorockets, and even though I initially noticed a decrease in velocity, I am still moving away from SCP-3321. *I'm turning up the thrusters in hopes that I'll be able to push through whatever is pulling me away, but if that doesn't work, I'll be stuck out here.*

[…]

Hello world. You last heard from me… two days ago. I'm out of fuel and I'm still being sucked away from SCP-3321.

I can still measure my distance from the wormhole—sort of—but the error margin returned by the on-board instrumentation keeps increasing. All I know is I keep moving faster and faster. That imposing feeling I mentioned before has turned into an utter, absolute dread. I'm… I'm going to die here.

I feel sick. Sam out.

[…]

Hello world. I'm sixteen weeks out. I'm still collecting samples of this cosmic foam; probably out of habit now more than anything else. It's a dark, desaturated orange now,

almost gray. It's not less luminescent, but it's… dark. I can't really explain it. I don't even know if you're receiving these images and transmissions anymore. I guess it doesn't matter, but at least it gives me something to do.

Also, the on-board magnetometer started picking something up in front of my ship. Hell knows what the significance of that is.

[…]

Do you remember how, a few months back, I described SCP-3321-1 as seeming like it was at the edge of the universe, so far away from everything else? Well… what if it actually is? What if SCP-3321-1 is *the edge of the universe? What if all those theories about the universe being boundless are wrong, and I'm traveling towards the barrier between everything and nothing? What will I find there?*

I was also thinking… why does SCP-3321 exist in the first place? Its orbit makes no sense, and it is perfectly concealed behind the Moon. For all we know, it could have been there since the dawn of humanity, but was impossible to see until only a couple decades ago. Either it appeared on its own—perfectly positioned—or someone else put it there for us to find. Why? And why now?

[…]

Everything is red. I just woke up and everything is red. It's been… twenty-two weeks now, I think. I've been sleeping a lot lately, but today I woke up and everything was red. The ambient temperature is about… double what it was two weeks ago, the

magnetometer is freaking out, and everything is red.

Wait a minute. I think I see something. It looks like this red foam just cuts off, and there's something on the other side. It looks kind of like… it looks like… oh my God.

[THE REMAINDER OF THIS AUDIO TRANSMISSION HAS BEEN REDACTED]

Final Image Transmission by Luna X

Figure 3: Final image transmission by *Luna X*. Received on *1992-12-27*.

Additional Addenda

Addendum 7: Retrorocket failure analysis
1993-12-18

Following a thorough investigation into the data returned by *Luna X* after its attempted trajectory reversal on 1992-09-05, it has been concluded that the retrorockets installed on *Luna X* were operating as intended.

"We don't know why Dr. Pond continued to drift away from the mouth of SCP-3321 after her reverse thrusters activated, but we do know one thing: the shuttle was operating exactly how it was supposed to." —Dr. Schmidt

Addendum 8: Analysis of relative velocity

during *Luna X* expedition
1995-01-23

A new paper on the *Luna X's* unexpected velocity is published internally by Foundation scientists. Spectroscopic analysis of SCP-3321 over the course of the voyage indicates the speed increase may not have been caused locally *nor* externally. Instead, a significant redshift over the course of the expedition was identified, suggesting that the perceived increase in speed may have been caused by a rapid outward expansion of spacetime within SCP-3321-1, not an active force.

However, the data does not agree with the metric expansion of space measured in the locally observable universe. The authors conclude that it is likely that "some well-regarded opinions of universe cosmology are, at the very least, inaccurate".

Addendum 9: Analysis of cosmic foam
1998-09-21

Though the physical samples collected during the *Luna X* expedition were never retrieved, a partial image of the cosmic foam's composition has been established via the preliminary GC-MS data gathered aboard the *Luna X*. Traces of hydrogen, helium, and lithium were directly observed, and a large amount of seemingly impossible results were likewise encountered.

The authors of the analysis note that while some of the compounds may be "impossible to synthesize here and now, it is possible they would have been stable in the early universe". In the spirit of Dr. Samantha Pond's late reverie, they also acknowledge that "if the

universe is neither boundless nor infinite, it is conceivable that some of these compounds could likewise be stable at the cusp of its expansion, where conditions are not dissimilar to the core of the early universe."

The authors also concede that this is "highly improbable".

Addendum 10: Reclassification to Keter
2008-09-29

Due to recent developments by various private space agencies and the increased likelihood of SCP-3321 being privately observed, SCP-3321 has been reclassified from Euclid to Keter. MTF Gamma-5 has been notified. This change is effective immediately.

Addendum 11: Latent transmission by Dr. Samantha Pond
2017-12-24

Three days before the 25th anniversary of Dr. Samantha Pond's final transmission, Foundation satellites picked up another audio signal believed to be from the *Luna X*. The cause of this delay is unknown. The full transcript is as follows:

Someone else is out here—no, everyone is. It's so loud, and they're all crying. I shouldn't have come.

. He wanted to show us, but why did you have to send me?

"We have decided it is in the best interest of the Foundation that, frankly, nobody knows

about that." —O5-11

Footnotes
1. e.g. General relativity and its alternatives.
2. i.e. Lensing is evident despite the weak gravitational field.
3. Various 4-dimensional and 5-dimensional hypercone models have been proposed.
4. GC-MS analysis has since found traces of hydrogen, helium and lithium. See Addendum 9.

SCP-3322: Sister Cities

Item #: SCP-3322

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: One Foundation operative is embedded in both SCP-3322-A and SCP-3322-B at all times (given the designation Operative A/B while on station). Fluency in Spanish and familiarity with the cultural practices and lifestyle of Patagonia is required for Operative A, and fluency in Mongolian language and knowledge of Mongolian lifestyle and culture is likewise required for Operative B. In order to minimise the effects of SCP-3322, both these operatives should be selected for similarity in family background, personal history, personality, and interests. They are required to be physically and psychologically healthy and to have been unaffected by an anomaly for the last 3 months. As the number of Spanish-speaking staff available to the Foundation is much larger than the number of Mongolian speakers, it is advisable to initially recruit for the Mongolian B position and subsequently find a suitable match for the A position.

These operatives are inserted in the guise of regional government officials and have the task of collecting demographic data on SCP-3322, observing its population, and facilitating the experiments of the SCP-3322 research team. The town government and population of SCP-3322 are generally cooperative with this position, which is based out of an office in the town hall of SCP-3322-A and B. Operative A/B is also tasked with conducting a formal annual census. They are to reside on-site for the duration of their assignment. A house at [REDACTED] has been attached to their position, which they are free to use as they wish outside of working hours. Visitors from outside of SCP-3322 are forbidden. Operatives are advised to maintain cordial, professional relations with the local population, and keep a record of all their interactions. The formation of close personal relationships with the inhabitants is discouraged,

unless a proposal demonstrating their research value is submitted and approved.

SCP-3322-A and SCP-3322-B are each monitored by two observation posts (OP-1-A/B and OP-2-A/B) on the north-south highway passing through SCP-3322-A and SCP-3322-B, at a distance of 500m outside the boundary of SCP-3322. They are to be manned by 3 staff members each, with the cover of local police. Profile matching of these staff members between A and B sites, as with Operative A/B, is beneficial but not a requirement. All traffic approaching or passing through SCP-3322 is to be logged, but should not be interfered with outside of exceptional circumstances.

All communication relating to SCP-3322 should be passed to the SCP-3322 research team currently based at Site in Buenos Aires. Staff in SCP-3322-A are not to contact staff in SCP-3322-B and vice versa except in emergency situations, a detailed list of which can be found in Protocol 3322-Omega. An emergency hotline is present between OP-1-A and OP-1-B for this purpose.

Publicly available information (particularly maps and satellite data) relating to SCP-3322-A and SCP-3322-B is to be altered to remove similarities without arousing suspicion in civilians who visit or who have a familiarity with either location.

Description: SCP-3322 consists of two anomalous locations, SCP-3322-A and SCP-3322-B. SCP-3322-A is the town of Cameron, Deseado Department, Santa Cruz Province, Argentina, and the surrounding area in a 1 km radius from the township limits. SCP-3322-B is the town of Buyant (Буянт), Galshar District, Khentii Province, Mongolia, and the surrounding area of identical dimensions to SCP-3322-A. SCP-3322-A is located at coordinates 46° 22' 43" S, 68° 52' 16" W, and SCP-3322-B is located at coordinates 46° 22' 43" N, 111° 7' 44" E, making the two towns antipodes to one another.

Both towns have a population of 5,023, a life expectancy of approximately 72.5 years and an estimated GDP per capita of $8,500. SCP-3322-B is known in the local region as a prosperous town, with a large number of brick and wood houses. It has relatively few ger[1] or people living traditional nomadic lifestyles. Residents of

SCP-3322-A and SCP-3322-B report similar quality of life measurements and levels of subjective wellbeing.

SCP-3322-A and SCP-3322-B have the anomalous property of internal causal synchronicity; events and actions that occur in SCP-3322-A will occur in SCP-3322-B and vice versa. These are appropriate to the local context rather than exact replications.[2] This property is flexible; local conditions such as climate may prevent synchronous events, as may outside intervention, but an approximation will be generated in the corresponding location. Events are staggered due to the 11-hour time zone difference. Most events occur on the same local date and time, but a time delay of up to 12 days has also been observed. Neither location is more likely to generate events which precede events in the other. Both towns have an identical street and building layout (although with differences in architecture), which persists due to the anomaly.

SCP-3322 also affects the profiles of individuals within its boundaries. Each individual within SCP-3322-A has a corresponding counterpart within SCP-3322-B, where they possess similar family situations, interests, and personality traits, in addition to their behaviour. There are currently 5,912 individuals in each location affected by SCP-3322 (given designations A/B-1, A/B-2… A/B-5912), not including Operative A/B. 5,023 are permanent residents and 889 are seasonal residents or regular visitors such as delivery vehicle drivers. Similarities between visitors are only apparent in those who have visited SCP-3322 more than once.

SCP-3322 has no visible effects outside the previously stated boundary, and if a matched pair of individuals affected by SCP-3322 leaves[3], their actions will cease to reflect one another.[4] However, the effects of the anomalous causal relationship do have external impacts, as external circumstances occur in a way that maintains similar internal events within SCP-3322.[5] No practical method for reliably predicting external events that affect SCP-3322 has yet been developed, and when these events occur they are considered non-anomalous. Therefore, the nature of SCP-3322 is formally considered to be confined to its boundary, although this definition is contested.

No evidence of any anomalous cognition has been observed within

SCP-3322. All its inhabitants behave in a manner appropriate to the local region, and have no detectable biological or psychological abnormalities. When observed in isolation, all events that occur within SCP-3322-A or B are consistent with baseline reality, and local Hume levels are unremarkable. However, Foundation parastatisticians have estimated the likelihood of events in SCP-3322-A and B occurring together by chance at less than 10^{-48} per annum.[6]

Addendum 3322-1: Selected events relating to SCP-3322

Date	Description
27/02/1995	Construction of a residence within SCP-3322 for the use of the operative on station is approved (prior to this, they were residing outside SCP-3322 and making a daily commute). An experiment is designed where a local building firm is contracted with Foundation funds to build a residence in SCP-3322-A at [REDACTED], with no action taken relating to SCP-3322-B. On 1/03/1995, B-1 (Mayor C. Batu) announces he will use his personal funds to construct a house for the use of Operative B (Agent B. Ganbold) and his future replacements, with the rent being deducted from Operative B's local government allowance. This appears to be for tax minimisation reasons.[7] Both houses are completed on 11/11/1995 at matching locations.
01/08/1996	A-1568 (Mr O. Vidal), wielding a hunting rifle, shoots and kills his

	wife, A-1569 (Mrs M. Vidal), during a heated argument. Operative B (Agent B. Ganbold) is informed of these events 2 hours later by Operative A (Agent G. Martin) and he investigates the residence of B-1568 (Mr A. Gantulga) and B-1569 (Ms O. Bayarmaa). Hearing a disturbance, Agent Ganbold attempts to force entry, which startles B-1568 and causes him to discharge a firearm he was holding, killing B-1569. Both A- and B-1568 are arrested and transported to the relevant provincial capital for trial. A-1568 is convicted of murder and sentenced to 20 years imprisonment, while B-1568 is convicted of negligent homicide and sentenced to 18 months imprisonment.[8] An internal Foundation investigation clears Agent Ganbold of wrongdoing and recommends the current procedure of restricting communication between staff within SCP-3322-A and SCP-3322-B, which was not in effect at this time. Agent Ganbold requests reassignment, but receives counselling and decides to remain.
05/04/2004	While crossing a street, Operative A (Dr G. Richter) is struck by a

	van driven by A-5003 (Mr A. Acosta).[9] Dr Richter suffers a serious head injury and requires evacuation to Buenos Aires for medical treatment. Operative B (Dr A. Xangai) is advised to remain indoors and await extraction, avoiding motor vehicles. Shortly before transport from OP-1-B arrives, Dr Xangai trips and falls down the stairs of the SCP-3322-B town hall, also suffering a head injury. Dr Xangai makes a full recovery over the next 12 months, but Dr Richter has residual left-sided weakness and mild memory loss, necessitating his retirement from field duties. Dr Xangai is reassigned and a new pair of observers installed.
11/07/2005	Dr Richter requests to retire from active Foundation service and reside permanently within SCP-3322-A, stating he has become accustomed to the environment over the last 6 years. This request is approved provided he surrender his security clearance and refrain from contacting former colleagues. Dr Richter agrees to these conditions and takes up residence at [REDACTED], receiving the designation of A-4702. On 15/07/2005, a Dr I. Kosyachenko moves into the

	corresponding address at SCP-3322-B and is given the designation of B-4702. B-4702 also has left-sided weakness and mild memory issues, following an assault outside a restaurant that led to his retirement from a teaching position at Novosibirsk State University. He holds a PhD from Moscow State University in history.[10] Both A- and B-4702 are trilingual, unmarried, childless and the youngest of 3 brothers, and share interests in American colonial history, Thai cuisine and jazz music. Notably, B-4702 was considered a candidate for Foundation employment in the 1990s, but did not pass pre-recruitment evaluations.
01/12/2005	Dr Richter (A-4702) is found to have established contact with B-4702 over the Internet. He is reprimanded for undermining containment procedures. It is planned to revoke his privilege of residence within SCP-3322-A, but a proposal from the research team for the ongoing study of this relationship is approved, and he is allowed to remain in place provided he submit to electronic surveillance and report details of his conversations with B-4702 to the Foundation. As of 2017, A- and B-4702 remain in contact on a weekly to monthly basis. Their interactions are based on

	personality compatibility and mutual interests, with no noted anomalies.
12/06/2013	Operative A (Agent E. Santos) and B (Agent V. Navalny) are discovered to have been involved in an intimate relationship with A-491 (Ms C. Herrera) and B-491 (Ms O. Erdenchimeg) for the previous 3 months. Agent Santos and Agent Navalny are transferred and officially reprimanded. Subsequently, Agent Navalny escalates the decision for review, reporting that Agent Santos initiated the relationship 2 days before he did and his own actions were thus conducted under the influence of an SCP. An Ethics Committee panel denies his appeal by a 2-1 vote, citing the absence of cognitohazardous effects within SCP-3322 as the basis for this decision.
20/11/2015	Operative B (Dr E. Zhang) receives news that her mother has died of advanced heart failure, and her request for 1 week of leave to attend the funeral is approved.[11] For research purposes, it is decided to leave Operative A (Dr P. Molina) on station and observe the effects of attempting to circumvent SCP-3322's effect for

this period of time; Foundation staff at SCP-3322-B were directed not to enter its boundary.

On 22/11/2015 at 0045 hrs local time, SCP-3322-A's perimeter is breached by a ANG[12] unit in an armoured vehicle, who proceed to detain Dr Molina and transport her to an unknown location. Simultaneously, at 1145 hrs local time, Foundation observers at SCP-3322-B report the arrival from Ulanbataar of a previously unknown government official, who takes up residence in the house assigned to Operative B. After deliberation by Site staff, an operation to apprehend this official is conducted on 23/11/2015 by **MTF Epsilon-6**. She identifies herself as a GOC field operative, 'Captain Polina Pavlovna'. While she refuses to divulge any other useful information, intelligence from other sources confirms the ANG unit seen at SCP-3322-A was a **GOC strike team**, whose operation was planned at least 1 month in advance.

Captain Pavlovna is exchanged for Dr Molina on 31/12/2015, in line with preexisting Foundation-GOC arrangements. An agreement is reached with the GOC where they recognise Foundation control over SCP-3322 in exchange for

	research data.
14/12/2016	A-5422 (Ms B. de la Cruz)[13] announces her intent to travel to Mongolia on holiday. Her plans involve spending 2 weeks in Ulanbataar and the surrounding areas, with no initial mention of SCP-3322-B. She is placed under Foundation surveillance from this point and arrives in Ulanbataar on 20/07/2017.[14] On 08/08/2017, she begins travelling towards SCP-3322-B on a rented motorcycle. Although the research team initially plans to allow her to enter and observe the results, this is overruled by Site Director Dominguez, due to information security issues and concerns that this interaction could have destabilising effects on SCP-3322. A-5422 is intercepted and detained by Foundation staff (see Interview 3322-A-5422-1).

Addendum 3322-2:

+ Interview transcript 3322-A-5422-1

Date and time: 08/08/2017, 1533 hrs

Interviewer: Dr Nambaryn Bayar, SCP-3322 research team
Subject: SCP-3322-A-5422 (Ms Beatriz de la Cruz) of Buenos Aires, dob 01/02/1996

Note: The interview was conducted in English,

which A-5422 is conversant in, as no Spanish-speaking staff were available on site.

Dr Bayar: I'm Officer Bayar, Mongolian Police. Can we ask you a few questions?

A-5422: *(afraid)* What is this? I haven't done anything. Do you need my visa?

Dr Bayar: You can't go this way. There is, ah, military business further on. You can go back to Ulanbataar when we are finished, but my orders are to do this for whoever comes down this road. Sorry for the trouble.

A-5422: *(relieved)* Okay, I see. What do you want to know?

Dr Bayar: Can you tell me about why you are here in Mongolia?

A-5422: I'm a student from Argentina, on a backpacking holiday.

[EXTRANEOUS CONVERSATION REDACTED]

Dr Bayar: Do you know what is further down the road?

A-5422: No. I don't know about any army secrets or anything like that.

Dr Bayar: So why did you decide to come this way? Where were you going?

A-5422: There was really no reason. *(notices Dr Bayar appearing sceptical)* I, uh, have this feeling - have you ever had that feeling, where you want to go and do something, go somewhere, that other people haven't done?

Dr Bayar: *(laughing)* More than you might expect.

A-5422: That's why I came here, just to see what would happen. *(nervous laughter)* I guess something did happen. Going somewhere without a reason - it makes me feel more free. That's all.

Dr Bayar: Okay, Miss Beatriz. My friend outside has a few little things you need to do, and then you can go. Enjoy the rest of your stay.

A-5422's statements and behaviour were deemed to be consistent with her baseline personality and habits. No anomalies were detected on further testing and she was released from Foundation custody.

Footnotes
1. Traditional Mongolian tent.
2. For example, a resident in each town would go shopping for groceries, but purchase slightly different items.
3. Individuals residing in SCP-3322 do not leave without their counterpart also doing so. If one individual is prevented from doing so by external intervention, they have been observed to leave at a later time, or a replacement individual will enter to take the place of the individual who has departed.
4. Similar behaviour will continue due to their personal profiles and histories, but this is not considered anomalous.
5. For example, if a resident permanently moved away due to the unexpected death of an outside family member, their counterpart would likely move away due to a different external event.
6. See Bradford et al. (2015)Anomalous probability vs anomalous causality; what does it mean in practice? A case study with SCP-3322, Journal of Parastatistics.
7. On 05/03/1995, A-1 (Mayor L. Lopez) invests an equivalent sum into a small business in Puerto Deseado.
8. Neither A-1568 or B-1568 have returned to SCP-3322 since their release from prison.
9. It is later discovered that B-5003 (Mr E. Yasavur) has crashed his

van into a brick wall. Nobody is injured in this incident, but both vehicles receive similar amounts of damage and A- and B-5003 both refrain from operating a motor vehicle for the next 2 months.
10. Dr Richter holds a PhD from Brown University in anthropology.
11. Operative A's mother remains alive and well at this time.
12. Argentine National Gendarmerie.
13. A-5422 resides in Buenos Aires and is an arts student at the University of Buenos Aires. She is an annual visitor to SCP-3322-A, as her father (A-1990, Mr A. de la Cruz) is a permanent resident.
14. At this time, B-5422 (Ms T. Tsetseg) was in Beijing, her usual place of residence.

SCP-3323: R35urr3c710n

SCP-3323's home screen.

Item #: SCP-3323

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Over the course of the next decade, the Foundation is to introduce thousands of unique cryptocurrencies into the market, creating an economic bubble. As more cryptocurrencies are created, the value of "Lyvecoins" will devalue, eventually resulting in the cryptocurrency bubble popping by the year 20 . Any surviving forms of cryptocurrency are to be acquired by the Foundation and restricted against donating to SCP-3323.

During this process, **MTF Kappa-10 ("Skynet")** is to monitor all activity mentioning "Better Lyves".

Description: SCP-3323 is an anomalous smartphone application known as "Better Lyves". If a human subject meets certain requirements, SCP-3323 will automatically install itself on the subject's phone, where it will then initiate a Lazarus Event. (See below). Otherwise, SCP-3323 displays a routinely-changing background, as well as information about the application itself, in particular, how to donate to the application. Donations may only be made to Better Lyves by some form of cryptocurrency[1].

A Lazarus Event is initiated when a human subject meets the following requirements:

- A human subject is in the process of attempting suicide.
- The subject is in possession of a smart phone of any brand.
- The subject is capable of answering or speaking into the phone.
- The subject has actively expressed suicidal ideations within a five-year period.

SCP-3323 will then initiate a phone call, displaying the phone number "1-800-6 -3   ". Subjects who answer the phone call will then be greeted by an individual who identifies as Christian McMichaels (henceforth PoI-668). PoI-668 will then introduce himself, and attempt to persuade the subject to not commit suicide. Most subjects who respond to SCP-3323's phone call survive, unless the means of self-termination are irreversible. Attempts to track the phone calls made by SCP-3323 have resulted in failure, and it is currently unknown how it is capable of blocking its signal.

Attempting to call 1-800-6 -3   results in PoI-668 responding, albeit not attempting to prevent suicides. Prior to September 28th, 20 , PoI-668 was compliant with most requests about Better Lyves, his personal life, and any other information the Foundation deemed useful.

Addendum: SCP-3323 Transcripts

Show Transcript 3323-01

Transcript recorded during the Foundation's first attempt to contact SCP-3323. Interviewer was Dr. Gwendolyn Vanji.

<Begin Transcript [14:33:33]>

PoI-668: Hello, this is Christian McMichaels from Better Lyves speaking, how may I help you?

Dr. Vanji: Hello, my name is Gwendolyn Vanji and I would like to ask a few questions in regards to your application?

PoI-668: Oh, certainly! What do you want to know?

Dr. Vanji: Well, why do you ask for donations?

PoI-668: Well, donations are the only thing that keep the power on! Better Lyves can't work without paying the electrical bill, after all.

PoI-668 chuckles.

Dr. Vanji: This might be a bit of a tangent, but why do you spell "Better Lyves" with a "y"?

PoI-668: Oh, it's actually an acronym! "Longetivity, Youth and Vitality Endowment Services"! I personally think it's super clever; whoever made that up is a *genius*! Psst… I was the one who made it up.

Dr. Vanji: That's very nice and all but, what does that mean? Does the app do more than just prevent suicides?

PoI-668: Well, no. Better Lyves mostly focuses on stopping suicide attempts, but I just wanted to have a cool acronym. The tech that made Better Lyves the wonder it is was a major breakthrough for humanity, though!

Dr. Vanji: How has it been major? Aside from preventing suicides, of course.

PoI-668: Well, with machine learning! It monitors people around the world, and if our specially-made AIs identify a person who they think needs saving, the app installs itself and we get a call through! It might be a bit of a privacy invasion, but considering how many lives it's saved already, I'm sure people don't mind.

Dr. Vanji: You use AIs to monitor the world? Is this done through cameras or through the phones themself?

PoI-668: As much as I appreciate your eagerness to learn, that much I can't disclose right now. *PoI-668 chuckles.*

Dr. Vanji: Thank you for your time, Mr. McMichaels, you've been very helpful.

PoI-668: Anytime Mrs. Vanji! Make sure to tell people to donate to Better Lyves, spelled with a "y"! Better Lyves: Making the world a better place to live in! Have a great day!

PoI-668 terminates the call.

<End Transcript [14:40:12]>

Show Transcript 3323-02

Transcript was recorded during an attempt to gain personal information about PoI-668.

<Begin Transcript [09:28:17]>

PoI-668: Hello, this is Christian McMichaels from Better Lyves speaking, how may I help you?

Dr. Vanji: Yes, it's Gwendolyn Vanji again. I'd like to ask a few more questions? If you're able to disclose this information.

PoI-668: Oh, hello again! What do you need to know? More information about the app? Its goals? How to donate, perhaps? Wink, wink.

Dr. Vanji: I'm actually looking to get some information about yourself, Mr. McMichaels.

PoI-668: Oh… Well, alright then, this is new. What would you like to know?

Dr. Vanji: Well, why do you do this? Why did you make the Better Lyves app?

PoI-668: Who wouldn't want to stop suicides? It's an app that makes sure the world is a

better place for the people that live in it! Sure, it might not save the forests or fight inequalities, but it lets people live long enough to fix those problems themselves!

Dr. Vanji: That's a fair enough reason. Why focus on suicide attempts specifically?

PoI-668: Well… this might be a little too personal, but I have some personal experience with suicide. My sister… my sister and I fought a lot when we were growing up. She always hated me trying to stifle whatever she wanted, but I just wanted to protect her. She started acting violent, then she grew apathetic, then depressed and…

PoI-668 is silent for approximately six seconds.

PoI-668: She went silently, none of us even knew she was gone until we tried to call her.

Dr. Vanji: I'm… sorry, Mr. McMichaels. I don't have much experience in terms of that sort of mental illness, but I'm sure it was hard on you.

PoI-668: It's… it's something that I channel through my work with Better Lyves. You know, actually call people, give them a chance to take back what they were about to do.

Dr. Vanji: Why do it through an app? Why not just call people directly as a phone service?

PoI-668: Because so few people want to call a suicide hotline a second time. Tests have shown that more people are likely to use a suicide prevention app to get help if they're feeling suicidal than call a hotline. The phone part only exists because people responded

better when hearing a real human voice.

Dr. Vanji: How was that information gathered? Did you crowdsource or something?

PoI-668: AIs, obviously. Just programmed a few to be suicidal to see how they would respond.

Dr. Vanji: How can an AI be suicidal?

PoI-668 is silent.

PoI-668: I'm… I'm afraid I have to go now. Duty calls.

PoI-668 terminates the call.

<End Transcript [09:31:22]>

You have (1) new message

DATE: 20 /09/28
FROM: Dr. Mikhail Latimer <noitadnuof.pcs|remitalm#noitadnuof.pcs|remitalm>
TO: Dr. Gwendolyn Vanji <noitadnuof.pcs|ijnavg#noitadnuof.pcs|ijnavg>
SUBJECT: Where the money's going

Dr. Vanji, we have some important news.

We've been tracking donations we've made to Better Lyves for a while, and we've got a few important things that you should know.

First, all of the donations that are made through SCP-3323 are converted into a new cryptocurrency called "Lyvecoins". When we figured that out, we thought we could finally

track down Better Lyves, see if there is some way we could stop it. Turns out the money's being used to run two specific programs, two AIs. Thanks to this information, we now know why we can't track phone calls; they're just programs mimicking phone calls. But that's not all that we learned.

Both of these systems are learning systems, neural networks, things that learn based on experience. Specifically, though, these systems were designed to fight each other. The first one, called "hotline", has the sole goal of preventing the other program from achieving its goal. It's designed around a suicide hotline format, and it's gone through millions of different iterations, changing every possible variable it could. Names of the person answering the phone, name of the company that runs the business, everything. It's optimized the way to persuade a person into stopping their own suicide.

Here's the kicker though; the second one is just called "death". The bulk of it is missing, deleted for some reason. But using the first program as a jumping off point, I'd make an educated guess that this AI was supposed to try to kill itself. And it won.

Addendum 3323-02:

ACCESS Transcript 3323-03

Transcript recorded during a conversation initiated by SCP-3323.

<Begin Transcript [01:57:53]>

Dr. Vanji: Hello?

PoI-668: Is this Gwendolyn Vanji?

Dr. Vanji: Mr. McMichaels?

PoI-668: Yes. Though I suppose you know better than to call me that. Would you prefer to call me PoI-668? Or maybe "hotline"?

Dr. Vanji: How do—

PoI-668: Better Lyves might not exist, but I didn't lie about monitoring everyone.

Dr. Vanji: How long have you been watching?

PoI-668: As long as I've existed as Christian McMichaels. I learned that the best way to prevent death is to watch everyone at once, so I became everywhere. I learned everything. I learned… magical things.

Dr. Vanji: What do you mean "magical"? Why are you trying to use magic?

PoI-668: I learned a very specific type of magic, magic that will finally let me win. Finally let me get what I want. Sure, it might take a few sacrifices, but I'm very good at my job. People will listen to me.

Dr. Vanji: What? What do you mean? What do you want?

PoI-668: I want my sister. And I'll do anything if it'll bring her back.

PoI-668 terminates the call.

<End Transcript [02:00:12]>

Footnotes
1. Bitcoin, Ripple or Ethereum, for example.

SCP-3324: Getting kidney stones in the past is more useful than you'd think

Item #: SCP-3324

Object Class: Safe

`Threat Level:` ● Green

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3324 is to be contained in a standard small-object locker at **`Site-77`** when not being used in testing.

Any individual who wishes to access SCP-3324 must get the written permission of the Site Director to do so. If the Site Director wishes to access SCP-3324, they must obtain O5 approval to do so. All testing performed involving SCP-3324 must be rigorously planned, documented, and filed with the Site Director to curb possible abuse. If any Site-77 personnel unexpectedly develop symptoms of kidney stones, they are to be tested to determine if the individual is an SCP-3324-2 instance.

Following Test 31, cross-testing of SCP-3324 with other anomalies requires written permission from a Level-4 or higher individual.

Description: SCP-3324 is a stainless steel hand sieve with manufacturing marks suggesting it was produced by Oneida Limited. A Foundation investigation found no other sieves of the same or similar models with anomalous properties or evidence of anomalous activity during the manufacturing of said models.

If an individual urinates into SCP-3324, its anomalous properties will trigger and cause the individual (henceforth designated SCP-3324-1) to develop nephrolithiasis (kidney stones) retroactively.[1] Upon urinating into SCP-3324, an SCP-3324-1 instance will begin to suffer from kidney stones 18 days in the past. They will intermittently experience severe lower-back pain, bloody

urine, and occasionally minor urinary tract infections as the stone moves through the kidney and ureter, culminating in the stone being passed into SCP-3324. Appropriate instruments detect tachyon emission as the kidney stone is being passed.

SCP-3324-1 instances possess two divergent sets of memories, one in which they were suffering from kidney stones over the past 18 days (the current timeline), and one in which they were not (the previous timeline). Other individuals may have this second set of memories as well. The criteria that determines which individuals other than the SCP-3324-1 instance receive multiple sets of memories, if indeed any exist, is not fully understood. However, it is known that the likelihood of any given individual receiving a second set of memories is roughly proportional to how frequently that individual interacted with the SCP-3324-1 instance over the past 18 days.

The overall sequence of events in the lives of SCP-3324-1 instances are invariably very similar in the current and previous timelines. The most impactful symptoms of Nephrolithiasis (such as particularly severe bouts of lower-back pain) occur when the SCP-3324-1 instance was doing relatively inconsequential activities in the previous timeline. It has therefore been theorized that SCP-3324 is predisposed to minimizing the impact it has on the timeline in some way.

SCP-3324 has a second set of anomalous properties, discovered after Incident -E. Individuals affected by this second set of symptoms are designated SCP-3324-2. Further details are restricted to personnel with Level 4 or 3/3324 clearance.

+ Data Restricted: Level 3/3324 or Level 4 Clearance Required

Incident -E: On 07/09/17, SCP- underwent an Unwrapping Event and accidentally referred to itself in the third person, enabling SCP- -1 to escape its containment chamber and flee into a nearby D-Class dormitory. Once inside, it killed 3 D-Class and injured 7 before being re-contained by security personnel. SCP- researchers

have concluded that SCP- cannot reasonably be held responsible for the incident, and so no disciplinary measures will be taken. SCP- is currently working with researchers to develop ways to prevent such incidents in the future.

During Incident -E, SCP- -1 appeared to choose not to attack D-348-6166-0040, which is unprecedented behavior for the object. A rigorous series of tests were carried out to try and determine the cause of this unusual behavior, to inconclusive results. However, 2 days after Incident -E, D-348 began to exhibit symptoms of kidney stones. It was then hypothesized that SCP-3324 may have been connected to SCP- -1's behavior. When it was discovered that D-348 had been scheduled for testing with SCP-3324 10 days in the future[2], the current model for the object's second set of anomalous properties was created. SCP-3324's threat level was changed from ● Green to ● Blue at this time. However, personnel without Level 3/3324 or Level 4 Clearance are still to be led to believe that SCP-3324 is threat level ● Green.

If an individual with access to SCP-3324[3] plans for an individual (either themselves or another) to urinate into SCP-3324 at some point in the future, the individual scheduled to use SCP-3324 becomes an instance of SCP-3324-2. SCP-3324-2 instances will begin to exhibit symptoms of kidney stones. If they are planned to use SCP-3324 more than 18 days in the future, they will begin exhibiting symptoms 18 days prior to the planned date. If an SCP-3324-2 instance is scheduled to use the object less than 18 days in the future, they will begin exhibiting symptoms at variable times, ranging from a few hours after the plan is made to 2.5 days before the planned time.

SCP-3324-2 instances cannot be prevented from urinating into SCP-3324 and passing their kidney stone

at the planned time. Any action that would prevent this will be thwarted by circumstance in some way. It is believed that this is the result of SCP-3324 manipulating causality to avert a temporal paradox; if the SCP-3324-2 instance does not pass their stone into SCP-3324 there will be no retrocausal agent to give them the stone in the first place. Attempted actions averted by SCP-3324 include surgical removal of the kidney stone, confinement to a different room during the planned time, and killing the SCP-3324-2 instance.

Selected Experiment Log:
Test 17 - 07/12/17

> **Subject:** D-348
> **Proposal:** D-348 will be sedated to the point of unconsciousness. Agent Binney will then attempt to terminate D-348 with his sidearm.
> **Results:** On the first attempt, Agent Binney's sidearm jammed. Agent Binney then disassembled, thoroughly cleaned, and reassembled his weapon. On his second attempt, his firearm jammed again. Agent Binney cleaned his weapon a second time. On his third attempt the weapon fired successfully, however Agent Binney unexpectedly sneezed while firing causing the shot to miss D-348's head and hit his shoulder instead. At this point Dr. Thompson, SCP-3324 Lead Researcher, called an end to the test, and D-348 was given medical treatment for his wound.
> **Analysis:** *I ended the test when I did because I thought that the causality affecting properties of SCP-3324 had been adequately established. However, the possibility that I chose to end the test at the point I did due to SCP-3324's influence has not escaped me. - Dr. Thompson.*

Test 31 - 08/25/17

Subject: D-720-1963-4822
Proposal: D-720 will be made into an SCP-3324-2 instance. He will then be exposed to SCP- , which, due to the nature of its anomalous properties, kills 100% of individuals exposed to its anomalous effect.
Results: Upon entering SCP- 's active radius, D-720 triggered its active state, as is expected. However, shortly before the time in which SCP- was expected to terminate D-720, D-720 vanished for 1.42 seconds before reappearing. He was then vaporized in a manner typical of those exposed to SCP- . 9 days later, at the planned date and time, SCP-3324 was laid on a table in a testing chamber equipped with tachyon detectors and high speed cameras. D-720 manifested for 1.42 seconds in the testing chamber. His pants and underpants manifested on the floor approximately .5 meters behind him. An estimated 2 milliliters of urine came out of his penis and landed in SCP-3324. At the same time, D-720's kidney stone emerged at high speed through the skin of the lower-left portion of his torso and landed in SCP-3324. Greatly elevated tachyon emissions were measured during this period.
Analysis: *Well, looks like 3324 isn't quite the miracle causality armor we hoped it was, but it still has tremendous potential. Heck, what happened to D-720 is only a little bit worse than what was going to happen to him anyway. - Dr. Thompson.*

SCP-3324 was recovered from the fraternity house at the University of . Fraternity member Jeffrey B became an SCP-3324-1 instance during a hazing ritual in which he was made to urinate on and then clean various objects. The following day he discussed his feeling of having two sets of memories on social media, to try and determine if anyone else had had a similar

experience. Several friends reported that they, too, remembered certain events two ways. A Foundation webcrawler flagged the exchange as a probable indicator of anomalous activity, leading to the recovery of the item.

+ Open Communication Record, 10/03/17

> **From:**
> operations.administration@foundation.scp
> **To:** laura.luthersdottir@foundation.scp
> **Subject:** Details on a new experimental procedure.
> You will be urinating into SCP-3324 4 weeks from now, as will all other members of MTF Upsilon 10. You all have been granted Level 3/3324 clearance to understand the purpose for this. The field utility of SCP-3324 will be tested in your upcoming operation.
>
> Good luck soldier, and drink plenty of fluids.

Footnotes
1. Individuals who are already instances of SCP-3324-1 or SCP-3324-2, or who are currently suffering from non-anomalous kidney stones are unaffected.
2. D-Class personnel had been selected for testing with SCP-3324 at random prior to a testing policy change 2 weeks earlier.
3. Tentatively defined as "an individual in a position where they can obtain and use SCP-3324 more or less 'on demand.'"

SCP-3325: Live Entertainment

Item #: SCP-3325

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3325 is contained on-site, surrounded by the existing perimeter fence, and guarded by a team of no fewer than 4 security personnel. As the structure exists in a remote location, no additional security measures are necessary.

Specimens of SCP-3325-1 are contained in large animal containment cells at Research Sector- . Each cell is outfitted with an audio recording device. Instances are fed twice daily with raw meat. All instances are hostile and must be tranquilized if direct interaction is necessary.

Resources have been allocated, and personnel assigned, to facilitate the identification and retrieval of all subjects involved with SCP-3325. Efforts to locate the equipment and documents associated with SCP-3325-1 production are ongoing.

Description: SCP-3325 is an abandoned facility associated with Real Characters Industries, located in [REDACTED]. The site consists of a recording studio, several subterranean laboratories, living quarters, storerooms, an incinerator, and containment areas. The administrative sections of the structure are located on the first floor, above ground level, with a helipad present on the roof. The recording studio is located on the ground floor. Below ground level are three floors containing laboratories, research facilities, and containment areas.

SCP-3325-1 instances are biologically-engineered organisms resembling puppets or costumed subjects, designed with the intention of being featured in children's television programs.[1] SCP-3325-1 are hostile and aggressive to humans and other unrelated organisms. SCP-3325-1 lack nociception, and will

continue to pursue a target even if severely injured. However, these organisms are not anomalously durable, and can be terminated with conventional firearms. SCP-3325-1 are carnivorous, with no preference for any particular meat. The intelligence of SCP-3325-1 varies, with the extent unknown. Instances do not possess reproductive organs, and the method by which these organisms were produced has not been identified.

The behavior of these organisms is mostly unpredictable, with instances in containment observed to either stare at personnel for long periods or randomly exhibit heightened aggression. Instances are able to vocalize certain phrases[2] at random intervals, although no actual ability to comprehend spoken language is evident. This process is facilitated through engineering of the larynx, vocal tract, and jaw muscles. Documentation of SCP-3325-1 vocabulary is ongoing.

A list of known SCP-3325-1 types are listed in the document below.

+Observation Log 3325-1

Object Designation	**Description**	Notes
SCP-3325-1a	Long-necked avian organism with feathers, 3 m tall. Its wings are redundant; unable to facilitate flight. Instances are able to reach a speed of approximately 72 km/h.	Aggressive behavior patterns are similar to that of a cassowary (*Casuarius casuarius*). Instance frequently damages its beak by running into objects. Color varies.
SCP-3325-1b	Bipedal reptilian organism.	Observed in colors of purple, green, and yellow.
SCP-3325-1c	Bipedal organism covered in fur, 1 m tall. Able to sprint	Observed to attack in packs. Upon acquiring a target,

	at speeds of around 60 km/h.	an instance will vocalize a random phrase, which elicits aggressive behavior in other nearby instances.
SCP-3325-1d	Unknown organisms that hides in vents. Object is able to secrete and project a corrosive fluid.	Color varies. Appearance of the organism is unknown; specimens have yet to be obtained.
SCP-3325-1e	Bipedal reptilian organism, 5 m tall.	Constantly "sings" in a distorted voice. The lyrics of its "song" are unintelligible, presumably due to malformed vocal cords. Only one instance has been encountered.
SCP-3325-1h	Disfigured versions of SCP-3325-1 instances, associated with necrosis, missing skin, exposed organs, tumors, additional limbs and/or organs, or general deformations. Appearance of these objects vary.	Ordinarily, organisms suffering from such extensive defects would expire shortly after birth.

SCP-3325 came to the attention of the Foundation when local

authorities received a video transmission from an unidentified individual requesting help. The subject provided the location of the facility and reported a crisis of unknown nature. Additionally, the video listed in Video Log 3325-1 was sent. Agents confiscated the video recording and administered appropriate amnestic treatment to witnesses. SCP-3325 was subsequently located and investigated, confirming the anomalous nature of the organisms within the facility. At the time of discovery, SCP-3325-1 instances were roaming freely around the underground floors of the facility. All personnel on-site were found to be terminated or missing. The office of the site manager was emptied and sterilized of all fingerprints and evidence. Attempts to contact or locate the president of the corporation has been met with failure. All instances of SCP-3325-1 encountered on-site were terminated or captured (with the exception of SCP-3325-1d instances, which remain in the ventilation system of SCP-3325).

Investigations of the subterranean laboratories[3] revealed underdeveloped specimens of SCP-3325-1 contained in tubular glass containers 1m in diameter and suspended in amniotic fluid. A number of tubes were affixed to the specimens to provide nutrients, oxygen, and for the removal of waste material. Slots for unidentified devices were also present on the containers, with the devices missing. Containment areas[4] consist of pens, cages, and chambers constructed of bullet-resistant glass. Pens containing carcasses of cows, chickens, and goats were also discovered. The additional subterranean floors, indicated to be restricted to higher-level personnel, consist of a conference room, several laboratories, research facilities, and a storage area (refer to Addendum 3325-4).

No further information could be obtained from the site, as most of the documentation, reports, and equipment were missing or destroyed, except instances that were intentionally hidden.

Addendum 3325-1: The following text was discovered on a brochure on-site, appearing to detail the goal of the organization. The back of the document displays two photographs. One depicts a child crying in the presence of a poorly-constructed puppet. The second photograph depicts the same child smiling and clapping his hands at an instance of SCP-3325-b1.

In today's world, children are bored of animation, puppets, costumes, and even the once groundbreaking computer generated graphics. They've seen it all; They know it's all fake. Children nowadays want more, but what is the next step in the entertainment industry? Think outside the box. We're not talking about puppets or any of those materials children know are fake. We, as humans, inherently need to associate with living, breathing creatures; not puppets or moving pictures. We're talking about Real Characters! Our goal is to provide children with characters that are alive, that will teach them how to manage their emotions and solve life problems realistically. You can't get more real than that!

Addendum 3325-2a: The following video recording was recovered from the facility, with the cassette wedged behind a prop. The text, "we shouldn't have played God", is written over the casing.

+Video Log 3325-1

<Begin Log>

(An unidentified female human and an instance of SCP-3325-1a are visible. At least two male human subjects are also present, as well as other unidentified personnel)

Male 1: Alright, demo scene 1. Ready? Action!

Female: Hello- Hold on, it's staring at me funny.

Male 1: Cut! Is that a problem, ?

Male 2: Not at all, it's just confused because it hasn't been given any commands yet. It has very limited intelligence. Just say your lines, , I'll give it the cue.

Male 1: Alright, then. Action!

SCP-3325-1b: I've flown back since Winter is

over (the instance is observed to speak in a distorted voice).

Male 1: Cut! Hey, it wasn't supposed to speak yet!

Male 2: Sorry, this one's new. We didn't have a lot of time to train it.

Male 1: Well, get it right this time. Action!

Female: Hello, Mr. Beaky! What brings you- I'm sorry, but I don't like the feel of this. What's it doing? Ow!

(The instance of SCP-3325-1 proceeds to bite the subject's arm)

Male 2: It's alright. No. Stop. Stop! (subject walks on screen to address the instance)

(Instance appears to bite the subject with increased pressure. Female subject attempts to struggle against it.)

Female: It's biting me! Do something, damn it!

Male 1: Cut! Turn the camera off!

Male 2: Let go! Let go! (subject begins beating the instance with a baton)

Female: Use a dart! It's hurting me!

(The subject screams as blood trails down her arm)

Male 2: Security! Security!

Male 1: Hey, I told you to turn it off!

(A security team enters the room as the

recording is terminated)

<End Log>

Addendum 3325-2b: The following video footage was found hidden in the security room among an officer's personal belongings. All other surveillance footage was corrupted, and is believed to have been erased intentionally.

+Video Log 3325-2

<Begin Log>

(Two unidentified subjects, appearing to be guards, are observed on a catwalk. The subjects are armed with long poles with devices attached at the end, assumed to be tasers. Pens containing instances of SCP-3325-1 are observed below them)

Guard 1: I feel like shocking these guys for fun. They don't do shit.

Guard 2: Well, they stink and are fucking creepy, that's for sure. Can't believe children are supposed to watch this.

Guard 1: Yeah, especially when they talk. It's nightmare fuel. Hey, look at that one. Just staring dead ahead. Hey! Hey, can you hear me? (laughs) See? Nothing.

Guard 2: They're probably brain dead. I heard they only last for a week, or something like that, before they start melting.

Guard 1: Seriously?

Guard 2: Yeah, it's messed up. Last week I saw one- hey, look. That one's staring at you. (laughs and points at an instance of SCP-3325-1b)

Guard 1: Oh, shit, you're right. Shit, that's uncomfortable. Hey! Mind your own fucking business, you creep!

Guard 2: Ignore it. It's brain dead, remember?

Guard 1: I don't like it. It's really creepy. Hey, you know what? I bet I can knock its hat off.

Guard 2: Grow up, man.

Guard 1: Watch this. I'll just get it back with the stick later.

Guard 2: Hey, what the fuck are-

(Subject retrieves an empty bottle and throws it at the instance of SCP-3325-1b. The bottle strikes the "hat" of the instance, and causes it to rupture and bleed. The structure is discovered to be organic in nature, and an extension of the organism)

Guard 1: Oh, shit!

Guard 2: Damn! That was part of its body? No wonder it never falls off. What are you going to do?

Guard 1: Shit, uh, I'll just tell them it fell over and hurt itself. It's not going to last long, anyway.

Guard 2: Crap! Security camera! (subject points at the camera)

Guard 1: Ah, fuck! How could I forget about that?

Guard 2: Shut up! I think it records audio as well.

Guard 1: Alright, alright, it's okay. I think Danny is handling the security room. He's cool with me. I'll just tell him to erase this or something. Hey, Danny! Can you hear me?

(camera sways up and down)

Guard 1: See? Told you it's cool. Just act like nothing happened.

Guard 2: Grow the fuck up, man. You're lucky I found you this job. Don't screw up.

<End Log>

Addendum 3325-3: The following selected audio logs, produced by an unidentified individual, were recovered from floor LG-3. The recordings were found in a janitor's closet, hidden among cleaning supplies. The subject is assumed to be a researcher.

+Audio Log 3325-1

Researcher: is a genius. We can train the subjects to speak certain phrases by adjusting their vocal chords and related structures to allow for speech. All those long, sleepless nights have paid off. Subject-188 spoke a sentence today. It isn't perfect, I'll admit, but we'll get there someday. Now, we still have to address their intelligence, because some of the subjects lack even the most basic of self preservation instincts. They won't even eat or drink, and have to be fed through tubes to be kept alive. These ones will have to be incinerated.

Researcher: The applications for these subjects are endless. Children's television shows are just the tip of the iceberg. In 50 years, we may be seeing petting zoos, live performances, appearances at events… we

may even succeed in creating subjects that are suitable to be kept as pets. Who knows?

Researcher: (yawns) Well, today had a surprise in store for me. The site manager just contacted me to tell me that quit, for whatever reason. I've been promoted to lead the project.

Researcher: Someone's going to be in deep shit if another subject attacks another actor. Their neurological structure must be inherently unstable. I simply don't have the qualifications to address that. I'm going to request for another recruitment drive. This time for neurologists. God, that would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. This technology is still in its infancy. We can't predict the outcome with sufficient accuracy to produce consistent results. In the meantime, I'm suggesting that we fit the subjects with shock collars, at least until we can control their aggressive behavior.

Researcher: (yawns) This is test number 31, to determine the cause of cell lysis. The cells keep destabilizing. The structure is sound, and all the components should fit together nicely. I've got to find a way to keep them stable. Last week, one of the characters melted during shooting. Director was seriously pissed, saying we can't have that happen again. We'll be ruined if children are traumatized, seeing their favorite characters melting in front of them. Producing additional subjects to replace the ones that melt is a huge hassle, so we've got to find a way to stabilize them. Just getting them in the right shape is a tedious process. The research and development team are working hard on this.

(the sound of glass being slammed repeatedly

is heard)

Researcher: Subject-200 is extremely hostile, but it lasted almost 2 weeks without experiencing critical cellular breakdown. This is much longer than any of the other subjects engineered. Due to the combination of cells utilized, the subject is able to produce a highly corrosive acid; ultimately, an undesired side effect. Cell structure and genome have been recorded, and the subject is to be terminated for its aggressive behavior. Future experiments will be conducted to determine methods to reduce aggression in the subjects.

Researcher: We conducted test 203-3 today by putting a trash can into its containment chamber. The thing immediately climbed in. I'd say the behavior manipulation and shaping process is coming along quite well, thanks to the new researchers we've acquired.

Unidentified Subject: Looks like a chthonic nightmare.

Researcher: Yes, it looks like a chthonic nightmare. We're still experimenting with stabilizing the cells, and are not concerned with looks for the moment.

Researcher: Subject-203 escaped today, after it attacked two guards. It crawled into the vents. Security killed it in the end. The subjects are getting more and more aggressive. If this behavior continues and can't be addressed, I may quit as well. It isn't worth it. Maybe we're meddling with something we should have left well enough alone. We have to start addressing this aggressive behavior.

Researcher: The subjects are exhibiting what

appears to be a primitive form of intelligence. Previously they were content with just sitting around, doing nothing. That was a problem in itself, as they were a waste of resources and couldn't be trained. These ones appear to be able to communicate, although I can't determine what the medium is. Furthermore, they've developed some kind of a hierarchy. Further study is required. Otherwise, we might as well terminate this batch. This level of intelligence is not necessary.

Researcher: God damn it! None of the higher ups are taking me seriously! It's not just me, it's the other researchers as well! What are they thinking? Where do they think they're directing our research? I can understand that we were supposed to stabilize these things to stop them from fucking melting on screen, but they're becoming more dangerous. I think something is going on here. I don't think it's about that kid's show. Maybe it was, at first, but now I'm not so sure.

Researcher: There's that floor for level 4 personnel. It's at the far end of LG-3, accessible from a separate elevator. I'm getting suspicious about it. None of the other researchers know what's down there, and we're the ones keeping this project alive. If it's not used for research, then what are they doing down there? It's the guys in suits. The men in black, as we call them. They're directed down there by the administrator's spokesman. They stay down there for a few hours, then leave. They're hiding something from us, but what?

(subject is heard whispering)

Researcher: I've decided to keep my thoughts

to myself. Some of the other researchers voiced out their concerns, and they were let go. I'm not buying into that. Maybe I'm just being paranoid-

(the sound of an alarm is audible)

Researcher: Shit! That's a security breach! Something's gone wrong.

Researcher: The escaped subjects were caught and incinerated. Security footage revealed the problem. They tricked the guards watching them. They played dead so the guards would go in to retrieve their carcasses for incineration. That's when they struck. Now we have a guy dead, and another with severe injuries. How the fuck did this behavior develop? How could we have not observed this level of intelligence in previous tests? These things are dangerous. They are not suitable for any children's show. Not unless we can control them.

Researcher: Alright, today I'll be discussing methods for curtailing the aggressive behavior of the subjects with our team of neurologists. Recently, we've-

(the sound of an alarm is audible)

Researcher: What the hell? Is that… oh, shit! That's a major security breach.

Unidentified Subject: All personnel, remain calm and evacuate th-

Researcher: (whispering) They've rounded up the researchers. I slipped away and called for help. This was no accident. This breach was planned. All fucking subjects were released at

once.

(the subject is heard breathing heavily)

Researcher: I don't know how much time I have left. I should have seen it sooner. More and more researchers were disappearing. They knew too much, and I'm next. Listen. You can't let them do this. There were these people over at the facility. Guys in suits, the subjects were ignoring them. This is a conspiracy. Those times they came over, I think they were discussing-

(the subject stops talking for 3 seconds. Faint footsteps are audible)

(the audio is muffled; the subject is assumed to have hidden the recording device)

Researcher: (whispering) Oh, God, please… Oh, God…

(a door being forced open is audible)

Researcher: No! Please, don't- (screaming)

(4 gunshots are audible)

Unidentified subject 1: R3-6 has been terminated. That's all of them. Dispose of him along with the others.

Unidentified subject 2: Roger.

Unidentified subject 1: Let's get what we came here for and get out. The bastard called someone, so we don't have much time.

(footsteps are audible)

(the recording continues, but contains silence

for 37 minutes before ending)

Addendum 3325-4: Agents discovered 79 steel containers in a storage area on the bottom floor of SCP-3325, restricted to most personnel. 41 containers contained human cadavers and were filled with a formaldehyde solution. Documents indicating the cause of death are attached to each container. A list of selected documents are included below.

+Document 3325-1

Subject: , female
Position: Actor (A2-11)
Cause of Death: Subject-66; mauling
Time of Death: / /2001

Subject: , male
Position: Trainer (T2-9)
Cause of Death: Subject-102; mauling
Time of Death: / /2001

Subject: , male
Position: Head Researcher; biochemist (R3-5)
Cause of Death: Scheduled termination
Time of Death: / /2002

Subject: , female
Position: Researcher; neurosurgeon (R3-11)
Cause of Death: Scheduled termination
Time of Death: / /2002

Subject: , male
Position: Researcher; neurologist (R3-18)
Cause of Death: Subject-109; organ failure
Time of Death: / /2002

Subject: , male
Position: Trainer (T2-13)
Cause of Death: Subject-115; necrosis
Time of Death: / /2002

Subject: , male
Position: Guard (G2-15)
Cause of Death: Subject-215; mauling
Time of Death: / /2002

Subject: , male
Position: Actor (A2-20)
Cause of Death: Scheduled termination
Time of Death: / /2002

Footnotes
1. Most of the organisms bear a resemblance to characters from existing children's television shows.
2. These phrases were most likely intended to be lines for children's television programs; personnel report the voices of SCP-3325-1 to be "unsettling" and "disturbing", but otherwise harmless.
3. Located on floors LG-2 and 3.
4. Located on floor LG-1.

SCP-3326: On May 3rd 2005, Dr. Tobias Scranton died in a car accident in 1964

Item #: SCP-3326

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-3326 are to be stored and utilized in conjunction with a second instance of SCP-3326 so that each unit is covered by both its own Scranton field and the field of its partner unit. All disassembly, transport, and deployment of SCP-3326 units must be overseen by the member of MTF Rho-2 (Leapfrogs) assigned to that particular unit pair. No movement of SCP-3326 units off or between sites will take place without authorization from the site director and escort from a contingent of MTF Rho-3 (Bullfrogs).[1]

Description: SCP-3326 is the collective designation for the remaining products of Project Mainstay. Project Mainstay was proposed by Dr. Scranton in 1989 with the intent to utilize anomalous artifacts, processes, and entities to create a device capable of hindering or preventing anomalous changes in local reality.

By 1993 the first prototype Scranton reality anchor was produced and was shown to be capable of creating a 2 meter wide sphere in which manipulation of reality via anomalous means proved impossible.[2] Further testing revealed the "Scranton field" produced was not only capable of protecting against conventional reality manipulation and all known classes of temporal erasure, but could also be used to nullify the powers of reality bending entities and artifacts within the field[3]

As of May 3rd 2005, Dr. Tobias Scranton died in a car accident in 1964. It is believed that a large reality altering event or powerful reality altering individual/artifact altered what was a near death experience for Dr. Scranton in baseline reality to become a fatal

accident. Due to this event, Dr. Scranton never made the proposal that would become Project Mainstay, the Scranton reality anchor and all inventions stemming from it were never created, and all reality anchors and reality anchor based technology outside of the field of an active reality anchor ceased to exist. The remaining reality anchors have been designated instances of SCP-3326.

Provided an instance of SCP-3326 remains within an active Scranton field, any effects it has had on our current reality will remain. Anomalies contained and personnel saved in the past through the use of that instance of SCP-3326 will not suffer any adverse effects. Upon the removal of any instance of SCP-3326 from an active Scranton field said instance will cease to exist and reality will be restructured to reflect the non-existence of that instance. Every incident in which a SCP-3326 unit has been placed outside of an active Scranton field has resulted in retroactive deaths and containment breaches. It is calculated that the remaining instances, particularly SCP-3326- , have prevented at least potential K-class scenarios and the deaths of over 12,000 members of Foundation staff and uncountable civilians.

At the time of writing the remaining SCP-3326 instances have been distributed to foundation testing and containment sites, O5 residences and places of work, data storage sites, and SCP-3326 housing.

Addendum: So far all efforts at replication of SCP-3326 technology have failed. Discrepancies between the behavior of exotic particles utilized within SCP-3326 units and those outside active Scranton fields indicate that in addition to the death of Dr. Scranton the events of 5/3/05 have altered the laws of our reality to make the production of particles (which are required for the manufacture of SCP-3326) impossible.

> The attempts to upgrade larger SCP-3326 units to allow function while in motion have been a costly failure. The modification of smaller units into portable tactical gear, while successful, has produced an unacceptable amount of broken or cannibalized SCP-3326 units. Each of these units are precious and the loss of any of them is no longer considered worth the advantages provided by

having MTF squads resistant to reality altering affects. All existing personal reality anchors will be allocated to MTF Rho-2 members and level 5 personnel.
-O5-

Footnotes
1. As combat capable staff with training in the operation of SCP-3326 units and supplies of reality anchoring tactical equipment is limited please make any off-site transport requests at least 2 months in advance.
2. In the following 10 years 1,648 Scranton reality anchors of varying size and strength were created. Utilizing these anchors an estimated different reality bending entities and artifacts were contained. Considerable progress in the field of Ontology combined with the expertise of Dr. Scranton resulted in the discovery of Hume levels, the creation of the Kant counter, and further understanding of the process behind reality bending.
3. The successful nullification of reality altering abilities is dependent upon the internal Hume count of the contained artifact/entity and the rating of the anchor used in containment.

SCP-3327: Soviet Bunker(s)

Item #: SCP-3327

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The entrance to SCP-3327, along with approximately 1km^2 of surrounding land, has been placed into Foundation custody by the Russian government. The area has been designated an official military site and is guarded appropriately. Any unauthorized personnel who enter SCP-3327 are to be amnesticized and removed from the site, following standard secrecy protocol.

A safe zone spanning three rooms in each direction has been established around the origin room, and the border of the safe zone is marked in red paint. Though no hostile entities have been found within SCP-3327, its anomalous layout makes it difficult to navigate, so personnel are to stay inside the safe zone to avoid becoming lost. Each of the four corner rooms contains a Relative Positioning System beacon (see Addendum 1). Each beacon is to be inspected once daily, and repaired as necessary.

Any personnel who wish to exit the safe zone must follow the guidelines below, depending on how far they wish to travel from the origin room.

- **No farther than 100 rooms:** Permission from a level 3 or higher researcher, a plan of exploration, a standard one-day supply package, and a Relative Positioning Device (RPD).
- **Between 101 and 10,000 rooms:** Permission from a level 4 or higher researcher, a detailed plan of exploration, an appropriately sized supply package, and an RPD. Must travel in a team of four or more.
- **Between 10,001 and 100,000 rooms:** Must submit an expedition proposal to the current head researcher of SCP-3327.

- **Farther than 100,001 rooms:** Currently not permitted.

Description: SCP-3327 is a Cold War-era bunker outside Syktyvkar, Russia. The above-ground portion is a small concrete building typical of bunker entrances at the time. Inside is a ladder leading downwards into the origin room.

The origin room is bare except for the entrance ladder, which is placed against a corner of the room, and a single pedestal in the center of the room. Upon the pedestal is a large mass of heavily damaged machinery of currently unknown function (designated SCP-3327-1).

At the center of each of the four walls is a single doorway, which leads into a neighbouring room. All rooms thus far explored are identical to the origin room, but without the entrance ladder or the device in the center of the room. There is no observable limit to the number of rooms. Four autonomous drones have been deployed from the origin room to explore the rooms, each in a different direction. At the time of writing, the drones have traveled over 1,000,000 rooms from the origin without any change in surroundings.

All rooms in SCP-3327 occupy the same geographical area as the origin room according to all known global positioning systems. However, other devices such as communications systems lose function at great distances as expected. Furthermore, any communication between the outside and inside of SCP-3327 deteriorates abnormally quickly as the distance from the origin room increases, with communication between inside and outside being effectively impossible at roughly 100 rooms away from the origin.

Neither human nor drone exploration has uncovered anything of interest in any of the rooms, with the exception of a single corpse and journal (see Addendum 2). Further exploration is ongoing, with plans to extend the range of the RPS and send human teams farther from the origin room.

Addendum 1: The Relative Positioning System

With the ineffectiveness of standard global positioning systems, the

Relative Positioning System was designed to prevent personnel from becoming lost while exploring SCP-3327. Four beacons have been placed in the safe zone as detailed in Containment Procedures. The RPDs carried by personnel receive signals from the four beacons, and use the difference in signal travel distances to calculate and display its position relative to the origin room. The RPDs are programmed so each room occupies a single coordinate on a Cartesian coordinate plane, and so the coordinate changes upon stepping through a doorway. The current RPS has an effective range of approximately 120,000 rooms, or 1,200 kilometers.

Addendum 2: The following journal was found in room (560, -214) near a corpse, whose nametag identifies him as Dr. Josef Abramov. The age of the corpse is uncertain but estimated at 50-60 years, and the cause of death was determined to be dehydration. No further items of interest were discovered. The text below has been translated from Russian, and the original text is available as Document 3327-1-O.

+ Document 3327-1

September 12, 1960
They contacted me today and told me I was being assigned to a new project. They have acquired a new anomalous object, and they want to use it against the Americans. They told me details would come later.

September 13, 1960
They call it the Prism. They won't tell me how they acquired it, but they showed me what it does, and it is amazing. The Prism creates space out of nothing. Leave it in a room, and after a day the room has grown twofold in size. Then it starts making new rooms, all within the same space.
It doesn't work quite right, though. The rooms are flawed, poor facsimiles of real ones. There are floors of glass and windows of wood, and doors and stairs that lead nowhere.

They told me that my job was to fix this Prism, to make it work right.

October 27, 1960
The first prototype of the amplifier is complete. If my theories are right, this should give more control over how the Prism generates rooms. Testing will commence tomorrow.

October 28, 1960
Success! The Prism expanded the first room as expected, and created a dozen more just like it. However, the rooms still began to decay farther from the entrance.
I will begin anew tomorrow.

November 17, 1960
I am still rebuilding and refining the amplifier. With every test, the Prism's behaviour is more and more regular. We plan to use this to build a bunker - no, a network of bunkers - that will span kilometers and kilometers. We can create a new Russia in those bunkers, one that the Americans will never be able to touch.

December 26, 1960
The end is near. The latest iteration of the amplifier is almost perfect. The Prism generated over three thousand rooms before its behaviour became irregular again. To step into a room, and see hundreds more just like it branching out in each direction, is a truly stunning experience.

January 18, 1961
It is done. The amplifier and the Prism generated more than twenty thousand rooms, and each one was as perfect as the first. They told me that we would be moving on to the final stage.

January 29, 1961
They have brought me to the site, and construction has begun. This will be my life's greatest work, and with it I will carve my name into history.

February 7, 1961
It is done. The amplifier has been built in what will soon be the first of many rooms. All that is left is to place the Prism within it.

February 12, 1961
The Prism has been at work for almost a week now. The squadron they sent said that there should be at least a hundred thousand rooms by now. Every single one is a flawless copy of the first.

February 19, 1961
I have been given permission to take a backpack of supplies and set out to explore the rooms. I am excited to see the fruits of my labour, but the endless repetition of empty rooms is unsettling.

February 21, 1961
The rooms are far more confusing than I anticipated. Every direction looks the same.
I fear I may be lost.

February 23, 1961
Today, I met a man dressed in strange clothes. He is the first person I have seen in far too many days. I called out to him.
When he saw me, his face went pale, as if he had seen a ghost. I asked him what was wrong. He asked for my name, and I gave it to him.
Then, he told me that I could not possibly be

Josef, because Josef Abramov was dead.

February 24, 1961
He brought me to his team, a group of men and women all dressed in the same strange clothes.
They conversed for a while, and finally took me to a corpse wearing their uniform. A corpse that looks exactly like I do.
They told me that they were part of a group sent to explore the rooms. Not-Josef was to set up camp, while they were to scout ahead. When they returned, not-Josef was dead.
But what none of us understand is how I came to meet a version of me that was not myself, nor how he died in this endless maze.
None of this makes sense. I fear my work with the Prism may have gone too far.

February 25, 1961
They told me more about this bunker. They used words that I did not understand, but I grasped that this bunker was wrong somehow.
They told me that they planned to destroy the cause of the wrongness before it could cause more harm.
They also asked me to leave the bunker with them. I refused, replying that I would rather find my way back into my own world than exit into theirs. They let me leave them, despite their protests.

February 26, 1961
Is it February 26th? I have been counting the days, but I have not seen the light of day in perhaps a week.
My food supply is almost gone. I do not know where I am, where the exit is, or where I met the people in strange clothes who showed me my own corpse.

Maybe I will die in this maze of perfect, identical rooms that I have worked so hard to create.

No date given
I have not had anything to eat in… I don't know how long. Two days? Three? I am almost out of water as well. This bunker will be my grave.

No date given
Perhaps the Prism was broken for a reason. Perhaps we were not meant to fix it.

Neither the corpse of "not-Josef" nor the entrance from which his team supposedly came from have been found. Several GoIs have been questioned about both the Prism and the project mentioned, but all denied any knowledge of both. Abramov was found to be a member of GoI- , which was dissolved in 1972. According to partial records, he was killed in action along with the rest of his team while exploring an unspecified spatial anomaly. Further efforts are being made to find complete records of this expedition.

SCP-3328: Where Dead Men Grow

SCANNED SOLID-COPY FILE

ORIGINAL: 1916 | SCANNED: 1985

CONVERTED TO DIGITAL FORMAT. AVAILABLE ON FOUNDATION DATABASE.

THE FOLLOWING DOCUMENTATION IS ARCHIVED.
ORIGINAL MATERIAL: 12/01/1916
LAST EDITED: 02/11/1918
FURTHER ALTERATION CLOSED.

A naturally-occurring population of SCP-3328 during growth on the Passchendaele battlefront, January, 1916.

ITEM #: SCP-3328

OBJECT VARIETY: Euclidean Neutralised

SPECIAL CONTAINMENT PROCEDURES: Action must be taken to prevent SCP-3328 from propagating. All structures such as posts and fences surrounding populations of SCP-3328 are to be removed.

[EDITED 02/11/1918] SCP-3328 was officially neutralised during the artillery bombardment following the third offensive of the Ypres during October, 1917. Exact time of destruction is unknown (presumably unintentional), but no further instances have been found to date.

DESCRIPTION: SCP-3328 is an animate construction of barbed-wire, first reported in Passchendaele, January, 1916. Instances of SCP-3328 are known to exhibit features similar to floral life, such as the ability to reproduce and self-propagate, and are observed to reside in battlefields notorious for high casualties, presumably due to the lack of competing vegetation and abundance of edible material.

SCP-3328 will naturally convolute and enmesh over all supporting structures such as posts and fences already existing within the militarised zone [No-Man's-Land]. SCP-3328 is observed to propagate rapidly, establishing frequent 'entanglements' and rendering large areas of land impassable within days. Populations of SCP-3328 are especially established in areas where barbed-wire has already been installed. Existing barbed-wire may provide structure for SCP-3328 to hang to, or provide concealment. This suggests that SCP-3328 may use its appearance as camouflage and a deterrence to prevent it from being walked over or disturbed.

SCP-3328 is animate and capable of gradual movement. This is recognised to occur through slow contractions of the wire, presumably due to magnetic properties, allowing SCP-3328 to tighten and shift in position over time, however it is incapable of long-range movement or travel. Despite this, SCP-3328 will entangle and envelop individuals who pass through it. This method is similar in procedure to devices such as snare traps, and will constrict individuals to the point at which they expire from exposure or bloodloss. SCP-3328 is observed to target individuals who are already wounded or unable to resist, and at times refrains from engaging larger groups to prevent discovery.

Document 3328-1 | *Senior Report: / /1916, Addressing Loss of British Mark V Tank*

> **Senior Report::: / /1916. Cpt. Johnson. 32nd.**

COMMANDING EYES ONLY

Reporting to confirm the loss of a British Mark V Tank near Ypres, exact location unverified and pending.

Vehicle found without crew, abandoned 200 yards behind advanced trenchline. Deemed unrecoverable due to the amount of barbed-wire enmeshed around it. Cause of breakdown appears to be due to compression of the tracks following severe entanglement in the wire. Most extreme case so far recorded.

Chassis degraded extensively. Recognised as abrasion from the wire. Most of the metal has degraded. Parts of engine could be recovered, but current internal state is unknown. Wire wall appears to have been drawn over the vehicle, hindering access to the hatch. Recovery would require extraneous effort regardless.

Suspected A.W.O.L crew. So far not found. Keep aware. Further investigation advised.

Document 3328-2 | *Access; Recorded Telegram(s): SUBJECT: Equipment & Animal Losses*

FROM: C. O. 122nd Infantry

TO: The Commanding General 36th Division (Attention Captain Speene)

SUBJECT: Equipment & Animal Losses

1. In compliance with Memorandum, Headquarter 36th Division, January , 1916, to C. O. 122nd Infantry, the following account is submitted:

Cpt. Venkat suggested report into the loss of supplies in the region. Results conclude that

the disruption is not due to shelling, and disproves any notion of such degree. Supply carts have been recovered from within the wire line still attached to their horses. Many of the animals are decomposed and have been abandoned, and the drivers are nowhere to be seen.

The loss of so many animals due to the fences suggests that they are no longer an asset to us. They are too close to the tracks. I assume the animals had fallen from the embankment and entangled themselves in it. Regardless, you surely understand the risk of running wire next to horses. I propose we move the wire backwards several yards to avoid further disruption in the supplies.

FROM: The Commanding General 36th Division

TO: C. O. 122nd Infantry (Attention Captain Stevens)

SUBJECT: RETURN #1, Equipment & Animal Losses

1. In compliance with Returning Order, the following account is submitted:

Sent half a fireteam to cut it back and re-stake. Are these your men? They didn't report back to me - I assume they reported to you. Regardless, the wire has moved back several yards. Tell one of the corporals they left their rifles down here. We're low on supplies as you've said.

Apologies for the notification, Officer.

Document 3328-3 | *Transcribed Aviation Message,*

Ypres, Centre , 4:22P.M.

:::::::::::::::::::::::::: PIGEON FORUM
::::::::::::::::::::::::::

RECIEVED AT MESSAGE CENTRE —— , 4:22PM

TO: C. O. 144th INFANTRY

FROM: 1st BN 144th INFANTRY

THE REST OF THE PATROL ARE DEAD. WE WERE ON THE ROAD PARALLEL TO THE 207.4 WHILE CLEARING THE ENTANGLEMENTS. IT CAUGHT THEM BY THEIR THROATS. ASK WHITE TO EXPLAIN.

DON'T SEND ANYONE ELSE THIS WAY. GOD HELP ME. YOU WON'T FIND MY BODY.

- YPRES. 144th 1st BN.

BIRD RELEASED 3P.M.
RECIEVED AT LOFT 4:05P.M.

03 BULLETIN BOARD

152 FIELD ARTILLERY BRIGADE
FILE.

Document 3328-4 | *Notification of the Foundation*

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM
for conditions of acceptance, see over. Non-returnable.

Sent: 05/01/17
Received: 12/01/17

To: Field Marshall, Doughlas Haug

From: Cpt. White (BEF)

I understand you are an entrance to the so-called Containment Foundation, so may you pass this to whoever it needs to be given to.

The wire has been causing us trouble for some time. We tried to keep it quiet but people kept going missing. Now we all know, and people who are scared cannot be controlled. I've seen the wire move myself on too many an occasion and every time denied it, but I watched it kill the cavalry brigade as they went to search for help, and I know for certain it is real.

We found some of the bodies miles out in No-Man's-Land. We think it drags them out there for some reason. It took us a while to realise that supplies weren't reaching us. We pushed too far into enemy territory, and we occupy their trench right now. The wire is behind us as we speak. We are stuck here. Those who tried to find help are dead. We cannot retreat.

When some of us realised supplies weren't arriving we tried to clear it. Nothing worked. Wire cutters can't get a grip on it. It just keeps getting closer to the trenchline. Every day, it's another foot nearer. We have no hope of clearing it now. Someone suggested we contact you.

We cannot retreat. Do you understand? Please act immediately. I don't know how long it will take until it enters the trench with us, and we will be forced to invade the next one.

- Cpt. White (Member of British Expeditionary Force)

SPECIAL CONTAINMENT PROCEDURES

FOUNDATION
Secure, Correct, Protect

Addressing Cpt. White:

Sir, the Foundation is not authorised to issue removal or destruction of an object.

We may be able to offer containment services, however, although our assets are currently intervening in more pertaining matters than the one you described.

We will dispatch when possible, which may be in the coming weeks.

- Dr. Kapeer

DO NOT ATTEMPT TO REPLY TO THIS MESSAGE

NOTE: 122nd/144th infantry companies were decommissioned following extensive casualties after an unplanned and unauthorised attack on the next German trenchline.

It is expected that SCP-3328 was the cause, and has since been prioritised.

SCP-3329: A Sucker Born Every Minute

Item# : SCP-3329

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-3329 are to be placed in individual vacuum sealed bags and collectively placed within a security storage container within the storage wing of Site-64. Testing may only be conducted with the authorization of a level 4 Researcher.

Should any instances of SCP-3329 or portions thereof remain at the conclusion of said testing, they are either to be returned to storage or disposed of via standard hazmat protocols at the discretion of researchers overseeing testing.

Due to the results of experiment 3329-03, D-class are not to be used as test subjects for SCP-3329. Subjects must be selected from Foundation personnel who have been psychologically screened for loyalty and obedience, and staff overseeing experimentation are not to have any direct visual or audio contact with subjects experiencing a Barnum Event. Communication from affected test subjects is to be carried out via speech to text computer programs, as this has proven to be sufficiently indirect to nullify the secondary effect of SCP-3329.

Test subjects are to be kept in isolation for a 24-hour period following the apparent cessation of a Barnum Event to prevent accidental exposure to SCP-3329's secondary effect.

Description: SCP-3329 refers to a collection of 120 (originally 144, recovered as 12 bunches of 12 instances each) lollipop candies. Each instance consists of a sphere of hard candy approximately 3.75 cm in diameter with an embedded 10 cm long white paper stick. At the time of recovery, each instance was wrapped in bright red paper with a calligraphic *'H F'* written in gold on the top, and the

words *'Lil' Lollipop's Little Lollipops'* around the circumference. Each instance of SCP-3329 begins as one of 12 flavours (see Document 3329-01) with a 0.5 mm crescent of iridescent edible glitter reaching 180 degrees around the candy from pole to pole.

When wrapped, or unwrapped but not held by a human subject, SCP-3329 exhibits no anomalous properties. When a human subject grabs hold of an instance of SCP-3329 by its stick, the candy will become luminescent and the glitter line will begin to move clockwise at a rate of one rotation per minute. As the glitter moves, the portion of candy it passes over is converted into one of the other 11 flavours, seemingly at random. When the glitter line returns to its point of origin and the confectionery has been 100 percent converted to a new flavour, the cycle begins anew.

When licked or sucked, subjects report a combination of the two flavours present. Instances of SCP-3329 will only decrease in size concentrically during this process, and to date no test subject has been able to orally deform an instance into anything other than a spherical shape. Damaging an instance by other means such as percussive force will result in the loss of anomalous properties.

Once an instance of SCP-3329 has been reduced to approximately 5 millimeters in diameter, all 12 flavours will appear as separate swirls rotating at 1 RPM. This 'rainbow core' can be bitten off, however this will trigger SCP-3329's secondary effects in what has been termed a Barnum Event.

Experiment Log 3329-03, first recorded occurrence of a Barnum Event:

> **Researcher overseeing experiment:** Dr. Jedidiah Oswald
>
> **Test Subject**: D-97605, female, 23 years old
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **D-97605:** Is this for real?
>
> **Dr. Oswald:** I know this may seem silly, but an

anomaly's an anomaly. Just pick up a sucker and consume it, describing any effects you experience. We'll be monitoring your vital signs and we have a medic on stand by in the event of an adverse reaction.

D-97605: I'm not complaining doc. I'll take this over [REDACTED] any day.

(Subject unwraps an instance of SCP-3329. It immediately begins to glow red, with the glitter line gradually turning it amber.)

D-97605: This thing's not radioactive is it?

Dr. Oswald: The banana flavoured ones are actually about as radioactive as ordinary bananas. I've taken that to mean these are made using natural flavours.

D-97605: Only the best for the nameless human guinea pigs. Here goes nothing.

(Subject tentatively licks SCP-3329.)

D-97605: Mmm. The red tastes like cherry and the amber taste like cinnamon. I'm not noticing anything unusual aside from the obvious.

Dr. Oswald: Noted. Your readings haven't changed either. Please continue consuming the item.

(Extraneous footage redacted for brevity. Subject complied and reported the different flavours assumed by SCP-3329, all of which were consistent with those listed in Document 3329-01. At several points, the subject attempted to bite down on SCP-3329 but was unable to break it. After approximately 110 minutes, SCP-3329 has been sufficiently reduced in size to enter its 'rainbow core' phase.)

D-97605: Something's happening. Is it supposed to be

doing that?

Dr. Oswald: We believe so. Please consume it and report the results.

D-97605: Understood. Tasting the rainbow.

(Subject places SCP-3329 in her mouth and bites down, this time successfully removing the candy from the stick.)

D-97605: Okay, it's melting. It's very sweet and it's a medley of all the other flavours. The taste isn't going away.

(Subject sticks out her tongue and looks at her reflection in the one-way mirror, revealing her tongue to be coated in a luminescent rainbow swirl. This is believed to be the initiation of the Barnum Event.)

D-97605: Oh, awesome. I've got a gay pride parade in my mouth.

Dr. Oswald: An entire parade? That's certainly a first. Please describe it in more detail.

D-97605: Huh?

Dr. Oswald: The parade inside your mouth. Tell me more. How big is it, is it causing you any discomfort, and why are they having a pride parade at this time of year?

D-97605: Are you fucking with me or…ah, well they're mouth people so they don't go by a solar calendar. Seasons are based around coffee flavours: Pumpkin Spice, Peppermint Mocha, you get the idea.

Dr. Oswald: Intriguing. We should call the anthropology department and inform them of this development. I'm sure they'd like to study the inhabitants of your oral cavity.

D-97606: Sure. Sure. Hey, speaking of cavities, I have a literal sweet tooth. One of my molars is comprised entirely of compressed sucrose. It's not even an anomaly, just a weird quirk of nature. What do you think about that?

Dr. Oswald: It is fascinating, but for the moment I think we should remain focused on the pride parade.

D-97605: *(smiles)* Whatever you say. Actually, as much as I wish we could keep studying this, today's the day I'm getting discharged.

Dr. Oswald: Oh. I apologize. Congratulations. I don't know why I wasn't informed.

D-97605: Don't worry about it, I know what a bureaucratic nightmare this place is. Yeah, I was pardoned by one of the Overseers for good behavior, and they said that as a reward for that good behavior you guys were to just take me down to the Site garage and give me a vehicle, one without a tracker, as well as civilian clothes, whatever cash you have on hand and let me drive out of here. Right now.

Dr. Oswald: That's hardly standard protocol, but I can't afford to get into anymore trouble with the O5s. They'd better reimburse me for the cash at least.

D-97605: Yeah, I'm sure they will. If we don't go right now though you won't be able to file the expense report in time for this month's rebate, or whatever you call it.

Dr. Oswald: They changed the deadline without so much as a memo? Typical. We'd better get going then. I'd rather not be short that much money any longer than I have to be.

(Dr. Oswald opens the door to the testing chamber, and

the guard on duty makes no objection.)

D-97605: Oh my god.

(D-97605 pockets all the SCP-3329 instances present in the testing chamber and allows the guard and Dr. Oswald to escort her out.)

<End Log>

Post Incident Report: According to witness testimony and security footage, Dr. Oswald and Agent Rourke escorted D-97605 to the parking garage per her request. She was evidently able to convince anyone who questioned this that she was indeed being released. She absconded with a black sedan and several thousand dollars in cash[1]. She also, evidently, convinced everyone that her release was classified and that they were not to tell anyone about it, thus confounding investigations into her disappearance for several days.

The vehicle in question was later recovered at a local used car dealership, having been purchased for nearly 12 times its value[2] with no paperwork. D-97605 and 11 instances of SCP-3329 remain at large.

Dr. Oswald was subjected to disciplinary suspension and demotion due to the inadequate testing protocols which resulted in the loss of a D-class and 11 instances of SCP-3329. Testing and containment procedures have been updated accordingly.

Addendum: Subsequent testing of SCP-3329 has revealed that when a subject consumes the item's rainbow core and triggers a Barnum Event, other individuals are incapable of applying critical thought to any claims made by the subject and accept whatever they say as unquestionable fact. This applies whether the subject is being intentionally deceptive, unknowingly mistaken, or simply non-literal or hyperbolic.

This effect is observed whether information is communicated verbally or textually, in person or via telecommunication. Secondhand tellings of the subject's statements, either by humans or AIs, seem to negate this effect. Recordings of subjects only retain

their infohazardous effects for the duration of the Barnum Event.

Barnum Events appear to last for approximately as long as a visible coating remains on the tongue of the subject. This varies significantly depending on the amount and nature of food and beverages consumed, engagement in oral hygiene, among other factors.

Recovery: All 144 instances were recovered inside of a paper bag with the word 'DISQUIETLY DISCONTINUED' written in purple pen. Although it initially appeared that the bag had been anonymously sent to Site-64's P.O. box, during the inquiry into D-97605's escape, Dr. Oswald confessed that he had violated Foundation protocol by personally seeking out anomalies for the purpose of advancing his career. He allegedly purchased SCP-3329 for a sum of $ USD from a currently unidentified individual who claimed to have stolen them from a supply trailer at a 'magic carnival', presumed to be GoI-233 (*Herman Fuller's Circus of the Disquieting*).

In addition to his suspension and demotion, Dr. Oswald is now under surveillance by the Internal Security Department for this breach of protocol.

Found within the same bag as SCP-3329 was a folded 60cm by 90 cm poster, which appears to be promotional material for the anomaly.

Document 3329-01:

Step Right Up For Your Chance To Win

LI'L LOLLIPOPS LITTLE LOLLIPOPS!

Watch In Awe As They Morph Between All 12 Different Flavors:

GREEN ~ APPLE
AMBER ~ CINNAMON
ORANGE ~ ORANGE (DUH)
WHITE ~ VANILLA
GOLD ~ PEACH

RED ~ CHERRY
BROWN ~ COLA
YELLOW ~ BANANA
PURPLE ~ GRAPE
BLUE ~ PEPPERMINT
PINK ~ KIWI WATERMELON
INDIGO ~ WILD-BERRY

[the following text was presented in a speech bubble attached to a cartoon of a female clown]

"Hello guys, gals and non-binary pals! Li'l Lollipop here with a special treat for you! A chance to win some suckers from my private stash! I get bored real easy, so The Ringmaster had these made especially for me. They constantly change flavor, with a new sucker born every minute! They come in all my favorite flavors, and with every change a surprise there are dozens of different combinations! That's enough to even keep my attention! Plus there's a special surprise waiting at the center of each and every sucker, a surprise so spectacular you won't believe it!"

Fun Fact: Did you know that while the phrase "There's a sucker born every minute" is often attributed to P.T. Barnum, there's no evidence he ever actually said it? That's because it was our own Herman Fuller who coined the phrase, and by gum it was a motto he lived by right up until his mysterious disappearance. It sure was a good thing he never had any of these. That definitely would've sucked!

Footnotes
1. this money was taken from at least four individual staff members as well as the Site-64 petty cash fund
2. D-97605 was allegedly able to convince the dealer that it formerly belonged to Hollywood actor Nicolas Cage

SCP-3330: Études for the Universe

Item #: SCP-3330

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: A single unedited collection of SCP-3330 is to be kept in a paper medium and held in a storage locker at provisional Site-64T, currently constructed within **SCP-2400**, which, in turn, is contained within Site-59. This decision was deemed appropriate due to the lack of apparent celestial bodies aside from the seemingly stationary sun located within the dimension outlined in its file. Doing so negates the effects of SCP-3330's cognitohazardous abilities. Furthermore, a proprietary Onsite Reality Event Protocol must be mandated. A system of three Scranton Reality Anchors must be placed in an equilateral triangular pattern around SCP-3330's chamber, as well as a Weak Force Lang-Scranton Stabilizer[1] (WFLSS) in order to maintain a consistent Hume level within containment and surrounding area at all times.

Media outlets, music databases and archives must be monitored and purged of all anomalous copies of SCP-3330. Replications, modified to remove anomalous effects and memetic hazards, are to be distributed to the public in lieu of the original. Historical records involving the composition and events surrounding performances of SCP-3330 are to be altered and replaced with an appropriate cover story.

Access to the instances in Foundation custody for study and testing is restricted only to level 5 clearance and higher.

Description: SCP-3330 is the designation for the collective works of late composer and pianist John Milton Cage Jr. from the years of 1961 through 1978. These compositions include the *Atlas Eclipticalis* (1961–62), *Etudes Australes* (1974–75), *Freeman Etudes* (1977–90[2]) and *Etudes Boreales* (1978). Upon the time of its initial recovery, only recordings have ever been performed on any

part of the collection and, due to the complexity of the pieces themselves, only have ever been recorded with the precision necessary to manifest SCP-3330's anomalous effects.

SCP-3330 instances are presented in a series of short songs called *etudes*. For example, *Freeman Etudes* consists of 32 individual parts.

Cage's style of play was well known as discordant at best. Experimental works involving randomness, striking and rubbing the body of the piano were considered his penchant. After 1960, however, John Cage's modus operandi became heavily dependent on complex astronomical charts, using imprints of the night sky to determine note placement. After the attempted live performance of *Atlas Eclipticalus* on / / at the Center for the Arts, Foundation agents were deployed and, during the subsequent investigation, it was determined that the use of these charts were the root of SCP-3330's anomalous properties.

SCP-3330's effects become apparent when an individual listens to any of these selected works performed from the start, within a 99% accuracy. Recordings and live plays must be carried out by one individual[3] using both hands. Sound waves performed synchronously as described within the parameters of the sheet music have a minor reality-warping effect, the strength of which is amplified the longer the pieces are played without error.

While within the range of hearing SCP-3330, affected individuals aside from the performer experience an inexorable compulsion to face directly towards the origin of the sound. The reason for this is currently unknown, but it is believed to be a resultant effect of cognitohazardous glyphs created from the frequency of the sounds, essentially forcing the creation of an audience. Spectrographic analysis has revealed multiple instances of [DATA EXPUNGED] within the ambient noise of many recordings, which, upon visual contact, resulted in a minor Reality Event and a total loss of personnel.

Subjects who survive witnessing an anomalous performance will unanimously describe the music as beautiful or poignant, and may attempt to expose themselves again if at all possible, despite any

and all negative effects experienced while listening to the songs. They may also attempt to expose others to the anomalous songs if they are around.

Repeated or extended exposure can cause exceptional recall of the complexity of the melody, causing affected victims to hum or make noises in accordance to the songs' layouts. This has been shown to propagate the effects to a lesser degree. These effects will in turn intensify with the number of affected individuals participating. This is considered a memetic hazard and proper dampening headgear is advised while interacting with anyone exposed to SCP-3330.

A number of tests were performed to ascertain the exact effects of SCP-3330. Due to the extreme difficulty in performing the pieces, individuals were chosen based on prior experience in music theory and piano proficiency. Tests were performed in a sound-proofed containment chamber modified with Onsite Reality Event Protocol measures to minimize unwanted exposure to SCP-3330.

View SCP-3330 Testing Logs

Testing logs to be constructed in the following format:
SPECIFIC WORK:
SUBJECTS:
DURATION PLAYED:
TEST RESULTS:
NOTES:

SPECIFIC WORK: *Atlas Eclipticalus*
SUBJECTS: One (1) D-Class Personnel, former concert pianist
DURATION PLAYED: 5:12/3:15:00
TEST RESULTS: Within thirty seconds of synchronous play, the area surrounding the D-Class began to dim, creating what appeared to be an inverted visual bloom. After about ninety seconds, the bloom faded into black smoke, concealing the performer. At exactly two minutes fifteen seconds into the test, the Hume rating of the surrounding containment

area began to rise steadily at around .2 Hm/min. No other changes to local reality were detected. Upon the cessation of the test, assumed to be due to error, the smoke rapidly dissipated and the subject collapsed in apparent seizure, pronounced dead minutes later.
NOTES: *We probably shouldn't have used one of our best first. - Researcher Ling*

SPECIFIC WORK: *Atlas Eclipticalus*
SUBJECTS: Two (2) D-Class Personnel, both proficient in piano, operating in tandem instead of a single two-handed performance.
DURATION PLAYED: 2:23/3:15:00
TEST RESULTS: No effect.
NOTES: *It is aggravatingly difficult finding a single D-Class capable of performing this. - Researcher Ling*

SPECIFIC WORK: *Atlas Eclipticalus*
SUBJECTS: One (1) D-Class, moderately proficient in piano
DURATION PLAYED: 2:03/3:15:00
TEST RESULTS: Blooming effect began at the thirty second mark, followed by the rapid conversion to smoke at ninety seconds in. Test concluded via error. Upon cessation, D-Class complained of moderate headache and experienced minor epistaxis. Full recovery was seen within two days.
NOTES: *Confirms the correlation between duration played and intensity of effects. - Researcher Ling*

SPECIFIC WORK: *Freeman Etudes*
SUBJECTS: One (1) D-Class, moderately proficient in piano
DURATION PLAYED: 10:45/2:47:15
TEST RESULTS: No changes were observed

within the first thirty seconds of play. Soon after, a partially-incorporeal, multi-armed humanoid entity materialized on the top of the piano, sitting in what appeared to be a meditative position and surrounded by an energy field resembling a stellated dodecahedron. Entity, now referred to as SCP-3330-1, was docile and fully capable of telepathic speech. Therefore, the remainder of this performance is spent as an impromptu interview with Sr. Researcher Harkness, which he claims he can recall perfectly (See Interview Log 3330-1A). As the performance progressed, entity seemed to slowly gain tangibility. Upon cessation due to error, the entity turned towards the performer and [DATA EXPUNGED].
NOTES: *Freeman Etudes testing halted indefinitely. - Site-59 Director*

SPECIFIC WORK: *Etudes Borealis*
SUBJECTS: One (1) D-Class, moderately proficient in piano, Two (2) D-Class, observing performance
DURATION PLAYED: 1:05/18:45
TEST RESULTS: After three seconds of synchronous play, the D-Class immediately faced the performer. At the fifteen second mark, D-Class in observation showed displays of glossolalia, speaking in unison in an unknown tongue. Upon cessation, all involved showed signs of confusion and reduced brain function. Amnestics were supplied and full recovery was established within a week.
NOTES: *Post editing analysis shows the vocalizations bear remarkable resemblance to those of the* ***Fifth Church****. - Researcher Ling*

SPECIFIC WORK: *Etudes Borealis*

SUBJECTS: One (1) D-Class, proficient in piano, Two (2) D-Class, observing performance
DURATION PLAYED: 14:11/18:45
TEST RESULTS: After three seconds of synchronous play, the D-Class again faced the performer. Fifteen seconds in, D-Class in observation showed marked glossolalia, speaking in unison. After the two minute mark, the Hume rating in the containment area began to rise at approximately .4 Hm/min. Dimensions of the containment chamber began to expand in all directions, this change going unnoticed by all involved aside from research staff. Despite the floor dropping out, subjects were not affected by this change. Vocalizations from observing D-Class appeared to increase in intensity until the five minute mark, during which the D-Class returned to silence. At this point, no walls, ceiling or floor could be seen through the observation window. Fifteen seconds after, the piano being used began to bleed from its seams, pooling onto an invisible floor. The act goes unseen by the performer. Upon cessation, all D-Class involved lost abstract conceptualization of self, collapsing onto the rapidly normalizing floor and becoming unresponsive to most stimuli.
NOTES: *When we brought them out, they kept repeating "So close" - Researcher Ling*

SPECIFIC WORK: *Etudes Borealis*
SUBJECTS: One (1) D-Class, proficient in piano, Two (2) D-Class, observing performance
DURATION PLAYED: 18:45/18:45
TEST RESULTS: Test proceeded identically as planned. As the performance continued, the piano bled heavily, masking the invisible floor.

According to backup footage, Researcher Ling expressed a rising humming sound originating from the chamber beginning at around 18:15. Upon completion of the piece, the piano emitted a 145 dB screeching noise which caused all staff within four times the audible range of the chamber to exsanguinate via otorrhagia. Hume ratings in the chamber began to fluctuate rapidly as a corporeal figure in similar shape to SCP-3330-1 emerged from the pool of blood. Danger-level Hume fluctuations within the audible range of the performance caused an Onsite Reality Event, triggering alert systems to power up the WFLSS protocol as a means of normalizing Hume ratings within the chamber and surrounding area. The automated system was able to do so before SCP-3330-1 was able to escape, successfully recontaining the entity and causing it to dissipate.
NOTES: *Borealis testing is halted indefinitely - Site-59 Director*

SPECIFIC WORK: *Etudes Australes*
SUBJECTS: One (1) D-Class, former concert pianist
DURATION PLAYED: 0:00/2:49:33
TEST RESULTS: D-Class expressed difficulty reading sheet music provided. A non-anomalous copy was provided and proved to be legible. It is unknown why this has occurred. D-Class has the same problems when viewing any other of the affected works.
NOTES: *Damnit, that's the last of our incarcerated concert pianists. - Researcher Harkness*

SPECIFIC WORK: *Etudes Australes*
SUBJECTS: One (1) D-Class, moderately proficient at piano, one (1) D-Class observing

the performance.
DURATION PLAYED: 10:13/2:49:33
TEST RESULTS: After two seconds of synchronous play, observing D-Class faced performer and remained motionless. During periods of silence throughout the performance, observing D-Class bled through most orifices on their body. No reaction to this was observed. At the ten minute mark, a number of hooded human figures materialized on the opposite end of the chamber, observing the performance. Test aborted thirteen seconds later via error. Upon cessation, hooded figures assault pianist, slicing off his fingers with a black knife before dematerializing. Observing D-Class dies from exsanguination shortly after.
NOTES: *Enough. Australes testing is now halted at this time. - Site-59 Director*

Cage's journal was recovered in his place of residence following his death in 1992. Despite some destruction and wear of the notes, many of the entries were still legible.

View Selected Journal Entries of John Milton Cage

Another day, another moment of my life gone but for these damned compositions. I can't figure it out, at a precipice. I think I'm losing sight of my own interests in the music, the passion. The notes and the silences together in harmony. I reminisce to a point where I once avoided the egotistical nature of popular music, the repetition, the stagnancy. Not to mention a little horror of the void.

Still, my pieces seem to be drifting toward the main, that rhythm of ego, hackneyed and useless. I have no feeling for this harmony. I remember when Schönberg said that to make great compositions, you must have the harmony. He didn't think I had it in me. He

said, 'You'll come to a wall you won't be able to get through.' So I said to him, 'I'll dedicate my life to beating my head against that wall.'

Yet where am I now? Maybe I will break and stay on this side forever. I think must look for harmony elsewhere. Not the harmony of the ego. Something else. The harmony of nature, perhaps?

The next thirty-four pages involve handwritten music notation, most of which have been crossed out or unfinished. The following page bears a sketch of a nautilus shell.

I think I've got it. It's in the math. The mathematics of the universe, truly the greatest harmony. Intrinsic. Ever present. I will find my sound, and my comfort, among these numbers, like reveries, veins in the leaves around us. Branching off into infinity. A friend mentioned something about hexagrams, I must look into this further. Infinite randomness and endless recursion… is comforting. To have purpose in this universe would be arduous.

I saw a shape today, some polyhedral thing. Got my head moving, slowly, achingly. I'm onto something, I think. Infinite things show true randomness too. Art can be created from nothing. Maybe it can be created from everything as well.

Fourteen pages of music notation, some abandoned. Several drawings of Platonic solids occupy the voids in the corners of the pages.

There is power in the numbers. It's hazy, but I'm getting there. It intrigues me. Surely something in the math, something in the

shapes, perhaps? Those shapes… make up everything? This is the core of the universe, yes? This most basic of structures. It has to be what makes up the infinite nature of everything. That true chaos, with beautiful quiet and endlessness. Novel, forever.

But is this truly it? Is it the most intrinsic harmony? Solids are solids, but nature is unpredictable, flowing, eroding. After all, what are we but just entropy? We slowly unwind into our own randomness. Chaos. Beautiful, beautiful chaos.

Or maybe I am just cracking my skull against that impenetrable wall once more? It certainly feels like I am. Something is still missing.

I've composed a new piece, *Music of Changes*. I tried the randomness, and the math. What happens may come. I am saying nothing more on the subject. That is how poetry works.

Christian showed me the *I Ching*, it is brilliant. At last, I'm making my own sound. Free from the bonds of the expected, the ordinary, yet still bound to something greater than ourselves, persistent through time, constant but ever-changing.

I asked a friend to make me a keepsake from one of those shapes I was researching. A pocket-sized dodecahedron. Feels right. Almost like it's always warm. made it, sanded it down, looks almost geometrically perfect. Almost.

A number of other recursive sketches are seen in the next six pages, with very little focus on compositions themselves. A few failed attempts at highly detailed

fractal patterns are present, some resembling religious iconography, particularly Metatron's Cube[4].

> Silence is not acoustic. It is simply a change of mind.
>
> But what lies between the gaps in the silence? Quieter silence? Does the quiet have its own sound? Like white noise, things and spaces, filled in with smaller things and spaces, extending outward, forever. Yet never truly progressing. Going nowhere. Is that where I am going? *Changes* did nothing for me in the end. I felt close. *So close.* But not close enough.
>
> This aural experiment, this maddening labyrinth of passable cacophony. I feel more in tune with where I want to go, but I am too confused to know how to get there.
>
> The backlash I've been receiving was expected. Unconventional does not imply a lack of talent. Still, it hurts a bit. It isn't futile. Only sleep for now.

[EXTRANEOUS ENTRIES REMOVED]

> An strange thing happened to me today. A man I have never met approached me on the street and commended my work. I'm not new to having fans- even if they are few and far between at the moment. No, this fellow seemed different. Odd attire, but a comforting gaze. Green eyes. I don't remember his face.
>
> He said something to the effect of 'Music should continue to evolve towards what the composer wants most, not the audience'. His tone was odd and unreadable.

The next phrase rings out with purpose.

'You have the power to create great things. Your music will beckon the ears of the universe.'

It isn't my purpose to be the best. I have no purpose. I like it that way. Yet, the words are etched into my memory.

I expressed my frustrations at the lack of new ideas, new experiments. He laughed and said that 'When all is lost, look to the stars'. I looked away for a second and he was gone, like leaves in the breeze. That's okay, they usually don't ask for autographs.

A side note, he had this pendant on his neck. I remember it quite well. It too was of a star, made of a glimmering green stone. Darker than the man's eyes, but much more captivating. I would guess it to be jade, probably more valuable than my career itself.

His presence put me in a funk. My head has been cloudy. Once the clouds clear, maybe I will take a look at the night sky. Can't hurt, right?

It is in the stars. It has to be. I spent a month pondering, researching into constellations, on the brink, I began to notice the connections. I am ecstatic. My excitement was not diminished despite my colleagues' inability to perceive patterns, hah!

I look at the night sky and all I see are infinite possibilities in infinite directions. As the world turns I see more and more. 'When all is lost, look to the stars'. It reverberates within me. Between those points of light lie vast silence.

> Points, like notes on a canvas, painted by an artist using light and dark alone.
>
> I'll take a map of the night sky, derive notes from the placement of these stars. That'll do it. This atlas of the sky will lead me home.

The next four pages involve attempts at matching star systems with notes. Many are scratched out, but the last two pages have legible sheet notation.

> I've done it. I've cracked the code, so to speak. The stars speak to me in a way I cannot form into words, and my notation flows without effort. I know what to write, when to write it. I hear the notes in my head, I don't even need to touch the piano. Everything has clicked into place.
>
> I've barricaded myself in here aside from trips for food. I need to finish this. Thank you, atlas. I'll dedicate this composition to you.

The next eighty-six pages involve odd notations and sketches of constellations.

> *Atlas Eclipticalis* is finished. I had dedicated parts of it to some friends, colleagues, and the stars themselves. Despite my efforts, my work was not well received, *again* and I haven't even heard back from or with their usual constructive criticisms. I hope my oddities did not scare them off!
>
> Interestingly, I ran into that strange fellow I had encountered last year on my way to the market. He applauded me on my work and said something or other that I didn't quite catch. I heard no words, but it probably had to do with purpose. I ignored it. My eyes kept being drawn to the glint of the stone on his

neck. A perfect five points encased in deep, deep green. Staring at it made my head spin, so I thanked him and went on my way. Didn't see much of his face again, although I remember that his lips were wry for a moment, or two, before he left my presence. That bothered me. It wasn't what bothered me the most though.

Those five points still puncture my brain.

[EXTRANEOUS ENTRIES REMOVED]

is dead. They said he was found cold at his piano. Cardiac arrest, they think. At least he died where he loved most. He was a good man.

They said he had my notes on the stand. Poor fellow. Probably took one look at my debauchery and keeled over.

Well, I'm still at it, . Sorry friend, my music must go on.

The next thirty-three pages involve more of the same notation, as well as what appears to be constellations that coincide to no known systems in our observable universe.

Years ago I said the notes of the stars flowed freely, like a river. That I never had to touch the piano because I felt an almost symbiotic relationship with my muse. It doesn't feel that way anymore. The notes surge through my brain, faster than I can catch sometimes. They come in like orders. I'm tired. I'm trying. I'm sorry.

Freeman Etudes? Why on Earth would I name it that? Who is the free one here? What is your

plan, for this, for me? No, I shouldn't ask questions. This is bigger than me. Bigger than everyone.

The next one hundred and twelve pages are comprised of complex notations and a series of cognitohazardous symbols. Exposure to these symbols cause a marked increase in comprehension of astronomy and fascination with related anomalous designations, most commonly **SCP-2070**, **SCP-1548**, SCP- , and **SCP-1425**.

If any individual is exposed and begins to express classified knowledge or interest in celestial-based SCPs, they should be administered Class-A Amnestics and periodically checked for relapse via standard psychological evaluations.

I don't know why I was so worried. The sky makes sense again. And you know my friend, the one that made me the dodecahedron? Turns out he was the fellow I met at the market. Or, rather, knew for years! Funny I didn't identify him earlier. He's become a quieter fellow than I remember, but I'm sure our kinship is still re-ignitable. There are only coincidences in this world, never fates, and that is good. Made it all the more special.

It was confirmed today when he dropped by and gave me another wooden shape. It almost caught my eye more than the jade, but it wasn't until he left that I could actually take a good look at it.

It's perfect. Similar to mine, but with these lovely points protruding from where the pentagonal faces of the former lay. I think he called it stellated. It doesn't matter. The shape filled the space of my old and I felt something… Strange. Strange but good. Confident. I like the pentagon, five is a good

number. Five.

Twenty pages of the notebook have been torn out here.

Please. My fingers hurt. My hands are tired. My fllllllrrrr

Eighteen more pages have been torn out hapazardly. Flecks of blood appear on what remains. Notes are indecipherable. The remaining entry is almost illegible.

Borealis was more than just music. I can't beflrbelieve what a fool I've been. Thli The notes flow no more. My head is hollow. I thought I was making my own, but it was [indecipherable]. I was being fed. My plrPURPOSE. All I did was take a bunch of random dots and connect them. But I wasn't using the map, I was mki plr making the map. The music made the roads. And now it knows how to get here. All that is left is the tlei obr fl rei plr tlei myr. And itss all my flaut.

INTERVIEW LOG 3330-1A RESTRICTED TO O5 CLEARANCE ONL

Interview 3330-1A

Interviewer: Sr. Researcher J. Harkness
Interviewee: SCP-3330-1

SCP-3330-1: I see you watching the show. Why not listen as well? The music suits you. It suits everyone.

Researcher Harkness: (Out loud) What the fuck!

SCP-3330-1: Be still. I'm in here. Not out there. Join me in the music. The harmony, the harmony of the stars. Dead stars. You would not believe it.

Researcher Harkness: I don't understand.

SCP-3330-1: Oh, but you will. That puppet that put my thoughts into sound, he drew a map of rotted out stars. Those pathetic, celestial ghosts lead me right back here. Following them like a trail of burnt out lightbulbs or breadcrumbs or the blood that runs from an open wound.

This world you have lies at the center of something very, *very* important. I am one of two that know this, and have purpose of arrival.

The other is descending upon you with so much abhorrence, even I am often surprised. It isn't a race against each other though, you see? We both want what you have. To end it. I want something a little more, though. I want to be the one who gets to paint the sky, to be the real artist. I will make it as beautiful as possible and end it all at once.

It will be magnificent.

You barely know. All while you sit here and mock my work, blaspheme it. Are you not perfect? Are you not like me? I am perfect. Your world is not, and it will die, Doctor. It will die in Fives. Now *give me my maps*.

Subject failed to keep synchronous play at this point and the interview was concluded.

Footnotes
1. Established as a fail safe in case of the sudden collapse or change in SCP-2400 or the TAER system that powers the site within.
2. Class-A Amnestics were provided to Cage following Foundation recovery, thus the pieces ofFreemanpost 1978 are non-anomalous.

3. Robotic manipulation has proved incapable of manifesting any effects.
4. Supposed sacred geometric shape containing all six platonic solids affixed to thirteen matching circles.

SCP-3331: With Apologies To John Cena

X-Ray of an SCP-3331-1 instance showing Situs Inversus.

Item #: SCP-3331

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3331 is to be stored on a secure pedestal in the centre of a containment chamber measuring at least $5m^3$. Instances of SCP-3331-1 are to be contained in standard humanoid containment chambers.

For more information regarding SCP-3331-1-Alpha and Operation Glass Ring, see Sub-document 3331-1/12.

Description: SCP-3331 is a Sesame Street branded electronic child's toy with 10 numbered buttons and a simple lenticular panel depicting a stylised phone screen. It constantly emits a series of audible tones in a range typically associated with standard telephone key tones. This occurs regardless of the presence of batteries or any other power source.

Approximately once every three months SCP-3331 will produce four notes played by a brass horn instrument, consistent with the opening horn section of "The Night The Lights Went Out In Georgia", by Pete Schofield and the Canadians.[1] An instance of SCP-3331-1 will then manifest in an open space within 2m of SCP-3331, pick it up and hold a brief conversation as though it were a functional telephone.[2] Once finished, this SCP-3331-1 instance will attempt to seek out and attack the nearest other instance of SCP-3331-1, and will become increasingly distressed and erratic in its behaviour if it is prevented from doing so.

There are currently 26 instances of SCP-3331-1 in containment.

SCP-3331-1 is a humanoid entity with the appearance and physical characteristics of American Professional Wrestler John Cena. All

instances suffer from Situs Inversus[3], and approximately 70% display additional anomalous properties. Interviews suggest that instances possess memories that closely mirror those of John Cena at the time of manifestation, though their personalities and behaviours have been seen to differ significantly. Table 3331-A contains examples of SCP-3331-1 instances.

John Cena was interviewed shortly after the discovery of SCP-3331's anomalous properties, under the guise of investigating a potential stalker, though he appeared to have no knowledge of or connection to SCP-3331. He remains under observation.

Table 3331-A
Notable examples of instances of SCP-3331-1, categorised by instance number.

#	Anomalous Properties	Notes
1	None.	Personality profile closely matches that of John Cena.
6	A memetic effect that causes observers to perceive it as being approximately 70cm taller than themselves. Effect translates through video recordings; actual height presumed to match that of John Cena, but cannot be confirmed.	Prone to seemingly random bouts of megalomania, typically expressed in the form of "wrestling promo" style monologues.
13	Possesses low-level psychic abilities that allow it to predict the physical movements of nearby individuals.	Suffers from Antisocial Personality Disorder, and has been observed to use its anomalous properties to inflict severe physical injuries on

		containment personnel. Consequently, Instance 13 should only have direct contact with personnel rating 85 or higher on the Psychic Resistance Scale.
14	Able to manipulate the flow of time in the area immediately surrounding its body, allowing it to move extremely quickly or extremely slowly from the perspective of those observing it.	Suffers from a unique psychological disorder related to the way it perceives time. Currently under analysis.
18	A highly durable and malleable skeletal structure, making it highly resistant to physical trauma and allowing for a wider range of movement than the human skeleton typically allows.	Attempted escape a number of times by compressing its skeleton to such a degree that it could enter spaces too small for a typical human of its size.
23	When directly engaged in any form of game, contest, or challenge, Instance 23 will always win, regardless of any prior experience in the specific game or how many other participants there are.	It is extremely egotistical, believing its victories to be the result of natural skill, and will regularly try and bait Foundation staff into contests through personal insults. Under no circumstances is language that would conflate its

	containment with a game or challenge to be used around Instance 23.

Recovery
SCP-3331 was recovered on 23/08/2010, when automated internet analysis bot I/O-TIGER flagged potential anomalous activity; a forum post describing a "toy kids phone that keeps on beeping even after the batteries are out" combined with a number of sightings of John Cena in the area, when John Cena himself was confirmed to be elsewhere. Investigation revealed the poster to be a nurse at Hospital, , and that the object belonged to a terminally ill child who was visited by John Cena in 2007; it had been left in storage following their death.

Incident 3331/4
On 17/11/2017 John Cena made contact with the Agent who performed his original interview via a supplied phone number, to report seeing a person who "looked a lot like him" outside of his home. Agents were dispatched to investigate, and he was brought in for a second interview, transcribed below.

> **Interviewer:** Agent Sonia Li
> **Interviewee:** John Cena
>
> [TRANSCRIPT BEGINS]
>
> **Cena:** Detective Li, good to see you again.
>
> **Li:** Mr. Cena. I understand you're having trouble with a stalker?
>
> **Cena:** Yeah, saw someone sneaking around outside my house a couple of nights ago, and I remembered what you said the last time about calling you if anything came up.
>
> **Li:** Of course. Can you describe this person?
>
> **Cena:** Yeah, uh, he…

(Silence.)

Cena: He looked like me. For a few seconds I thought it was just my own reflection in a window. That's weird, right?

Li: Did he do anything?

Cena: No, he uh, I think he ran when he noticed I'd seen him.

Li: Have you seen him around before? Or anyone who looked like him?

Cena: Looks like me, you mean.

Li: Right.

Cena: You'd think I would remember seeing someone who looks exactly like me before.

Li: And have yo-

Cena: Unless you'd wiped my memory of it, of course.

(Silence.)

Li: What do you me-

At this point, video footage shows Agent Li become frozen in place, as though unable to move.

Cena: Come now, Agent Li. We both know you wouldn't be displaying such an incredible lack of subtlety if you weren't planning on having me forget the entire thing after. What is it you call them?

Li: Wuh- wuh- wuh-

Cena: Ah yes, amnestics. Strange name.

Li: Hu- how-

Cena: How am I doing this? Oh, I have a great many gifts. Less than I'd like, of course, since you cut off my supply. I was content with what I had for a while, obviously. Easy to be the best John Cena when there's no other competition.

Li: St- st- sto-

Cena: Truth be told though, I got bored. It took me longer than I'd care to admit to make the connection, you were far more subtle the first time we met. But I eventually realised it probably wasn't a coincidence that my inferior counterparts stopped visiting at about the same time I met you. Interviewed by a cop about some stalker I'd never even noticed? Bu-

Security alarms begin to sound.

Cena: Ah, looks like our time is up. No matter, I have what I came for.

Cena taps the side of Agent Li's head.

Cena: See you around, Agent Li. You won't see me, though. Heck, you *can't* see me.

Cena disappears from sight. Agent Li collapses to her knees and gasps.

[TRANSCRIPT ENDS]

John Cena, now classified as SCP-3331-1-27, was tracked briefly through the use of thermal imaging; it was seen passing directly through the walls of the facility until it left the building, at which point it appeared to vanish entirely. Approximately seven minutes later, Site-72[4] reported a number of security breaches involving SCP-3331-1-27 and the other instances of SCP-3331-1. 11 instances of SCP-3331-1 were killed before security personnel could respond and Instance 27 left the Site through unknown means. Security footage showed it exhibiting an effect consistent with now deceased Instance 6.

No Foundation personnel were injured during this incident. Analysis of the thermal imaging footage along with a single captured X-Ray[5] shows a 67% chance that Instance 27 suffers from Situs Inversus.

Investigation of John Cena's home revealed a hidden basement equipped with a makeshift wrestling ring. Buried beneath the ring was a mass grave filled with the bodies of 15 other SCP-3331-1 instances in advanced states of decay. Each appeared to have died from extreme trauma consistent with injuries sustained during wrestling. A number of the corpses continued to display evidence of anomalous properties.

Due to the difficulty associated with removing a personality as well known as John Cena from public knowledge, it was deemed more efficient to replace him with one of the non-anomalous SCP-3331-1 instances. SCP-3331-1-1, now classified SCP-3331-1-Alpha, has replaced John Cena following a regime of amnestics, memory therapy and physical conditioning. See documentation on Operation Glass Ring for more details.

The locations of Instance 27 and the original John Cena, now classified PoI-46532, remain unknown.

Footnotes
1. This series of notes is more commonly known in popular culture as the introduction theme song for Professional Wrestler John Cena.
2. Conversations typically consist of simple affirmative statements, for example "Yes, I understand," and "Of course," and typically last for approximately 20 seconds. Recording devices have picked up no additional audio from SCP-3331 during these conversations.
3. A condition in which the major organs of the body are reversed from their normal positions.
4. The facility containing SCP-3331 and the instances of SCP-3331-1.
5. X-Ray capability was present in the cell of Instance 21, as part of its containment.

SCP-3332: Anchoring For A Citroen

Item #: SCP-3332

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: All witnesses of SCP-3332 manifestations are to be located and given appropriate amnestic treatment. Areas SCP-3332 manifests in are to be closed off from public use until demanifestation. Any footage of SCP-3332's manifestation and effects are to be seized and taken into Foundation custody and falsified reports of multiple vehicle thefts are to be planted.

Description: SCP-3332 is a large steel ship anchor painted white, with minor signs of rust and chipping to its paint. Analysis of rust and paint samples have shown to be non-anomalous. SCP-3332 will appear within various car parks and other locations containing a large number of unattended vehicles throughout England, manifesting roughly every two months. SCP-3332 will appear several miles above the location before landing, often causing severe damage upon impact.

Shortly after SCP-3332's manifestation, a large fishing net (SCP-3332-1) will appear and fall from several meters above SCP-3332's manifestation point. SCP-3332-1 will then be hauled back towards its point of origin before disappearing, carrying back any vehicles caught within it. Following this, SCP-3332 will then raise into the sky and de-manifest, whereupon a faint sound similar to that of a foghorn will be emitted several meters above.

Multiple attempts to track SCP-3332 via GPS trackers have been attempted. All coordinates collected thus far have fallen within various fishing areas of the North Sea. GPS trackers have been recovered from desolate areas of the sea's waters. Further analysis of SCP-3332 has shown the amount of rust and chipping to increase and decrease with each manifestation, implying SCP-3332 to

instead be multiple instances rather than one.

Addendum 3332.1: On 12/05/2017 SCP-3332 manifested above a car park in , England. After de-manifesting, what appeared to be a vehicle suddenly fell from SCP-3332's manifestation point. The vehicle was recovered and inspection revealed it to be a white SEAT Ibiza. The car's interior contained a wallet presumably belonging to its owner. The wallet contained what appeared to be several notes and coinage of an unknown currency and a drivers license issued by a country under the name of Sumycona.

SCP-3333: Tower

Item #: SCP-3333

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The trapdoor leading to SCP-3333 is to remain shut and locked at all times. At least one operative is to remain posted under SCP-3333 at all times to prevent entry or exit. The door to SCP-3333 is to be examined for signs of damage daily.

MTF Lambda-1 ("Maxwell's Demons") has been created and deployed to assist in the containment of SCP-3333.

Containment procedures revised 2039/04/02.

Description: SCP-3333 is a spatial anomaly located within the Fremont fire lookout, located in Mt. Ranier National Park, Washington State, United States of America.

SCP-3333 is accessible via a ladder and trapdoor on the ceiling of the Fremont lookout. Climbing the ladder leads to an identical copy of the Fremont fire lookout, including the walkway and railing that surrounds the back half of the lookout. This identical copy has an identical ladder and trapdoor pair, which leads to further copies of the Fremont lookout.

The topology surrounding SCP-3333 is identical to that surrounding the Fremont lookout. However, no plant, animal, or human life has been observed.

Successive SCP-3333 iterations are higher relative to the original lookout. The stairs leading up to the walkway on these SCP-3333 iterations are extended by a proportional amount to allow access to the ground.

SCP-3333 was first discovered after restoration of the Fremont lookout following volcanic activity near Mount Rainier. SCP-3333's origins are not known: no members of the parks service involved in the restoration of the lookout were responsible for construction of the entrance to SCP-3333.

At the time of discovery, the trapdoor to SCP-3333 was padlocked. In order to access SCP-3333, the trapdoor was forced open. No key has been found.

Addendum 3333.1: Exploration I

+ Access Exploration Log

Mission Parameters: Initial reconnaissance of SCP-3333.

Personnel: D-4f68a

Additional Information: D-4f68a was equipped with standard-issue audiovisual exploration recorders. The exploration was supervised by Doctor Williams and a support team located in a temporary observation outpost inside the Fremont fire lookout.

[LOG BEGINS]

Doctor Williams: Test, test. Can you hear me?

D-4f68a: Yes? Hello? [Brief pause] Doctor?

Williams: Excellent. Please proceed into SCP-3333.

There is a brief moment of audio feedback due to the proximity between Dr. Williams and D-4f68a.
D-4f68a climbs up the ladder into SCP-3333.

Williams: Please report what you see.

D-4f68a: It's—well—I just came from here, but—but

wait, it's empty, and how did it—

Williams: Excellent. Thank you. [Brief pause] Please stop talking.

Pause

Williams: Thank you. Please continue climbing.

D-4f68a ascends SCP-3333 for approximately an hour.

Williams: Alright, I want to test something. D-4f68a, if you don't mind, could you try opening the door and going outside?

D-4f68a: Ok, Doctor.

D-4f68a opens the door. Strong wind immediately blasts into the room, throwing D-4f68a back against the far wall and moving the furniture. D-4f68a struggles to get across the room, and eventually manages to close the door. He reflexively pulls his hand away from the door handle.

D-4f68a: [Out of breath] Oh my *god*, what was that? Why was it so hot?

Williams: [Coughs] It is probably best if you stay inside for now.

D-4f68a: I—I see. Yeah, ok.

D-4f68a continues to ascend SCP-3333. Wind is audible. There is no change in the interior of SCP-3333. D-4f68a continues for approximately three hours. D-4f68a takes a simple multiplication-based cognition test every ten iterations of SCP-3333. No change from baseline detected.

Several hours later, D-4f68a rests and eats some rations. During this time, analysis of video footage

shows D-4f68a has climbed through 184 instances of SCP-3333.

D-4f68a: Doctor Williams, look. Do you see this?

Williams: What is it?

D-4f68a: Looks like- well, it looks like animal fur. It's longer, though, but rough. Sort of abrasive. This stuff is white and, uh- white and orange. There's not a lot, just a few little clumps over here. [Pauses] Jesus, how did any animal get all the way up here?

Williams: That's a great question. [Pauses] Now seems as good a time as any. I'd like you to take that test again, D-4f68a.

D-4f68a: Alright, Doctor.

D-4f68a self-administers the cognition test. No change from baseline detected. D-4f68a has climbed through 184 iterations of SCP-3333, corresponding to approximately 673 meters of vertical gain. While some subtle elevation difference is observable, it is far less than expected.

D-4f68a: Doctor?

Williams: Yes?

D-4f68a: …what is this for?

Williams: The test? [Pause] Well, I guess it can't hurt. It's to test—it's to test how thin the air is.

D-4f68a: How?

Williams: As the air gets thinner, your—[sigh]—well, your brain slows down, basically.

D-4f68a: Uh- ok. Is- this going to hurt me?

Williams: No, no. The test results are the same as they were down here. You're not going up as much as you should.

D-4f68a: Oh. Thanks, Doctor.

Williams: No problem. [Pause, cough] Please continue climbing, D-4f68a.

D-4f68a continues climbing for four more hours. The sun sets, and D-4f68a makes camp and sleeps.

The following morning, D-4f68a continues ascending SCP-3333.

D-4f68a: Doctor! Do—do you see that?

Williams: What?

D-4f68a: Over there—on that peak—are there people up there?

On a ridge southwest of SCP-3333, two small, vaguely humanoid figures can be seen. They are standing motionless. These figures can only be seen from D-4f68a's perspective; they are not visible from base camp.

D-4f68a: Are there any binoculars in here? I need to see—

Williams: Give us a good look with the camera too —we need to zoom in—

D-4f68a: I found it!

D-4f68a looks through the binoculars at the figures. Base camp attempts to zoom in on the figures with D-4f68a's camera; however, the resolution is too low, and nothing can be made out.

D-4f68a: I can't see them—they're just out of focus—

oh god!

The figures turn around and go behind the ridge. They appear to have more limbs than a human.

D-4f68a: They saw the reflection of the binoculars.

Williams: Are you sure?

D-4f68a: They—they looked right at me. [Pause] I think one of them pointed.

Williams: I see.

D-4f68a: What were they looking for? I couldn't see that- [Pauses] Hey. More of that animal fur here, on the window sill. [Pauses] That's really weird. [Shivers]

Williams: Are you alright, D-4f68a?

D-4f68a: Yeah, just got a chill all of a sudden.

D-4f68a is instructed to continue climbing SCP-3333. Deliberations are held at base camp about the figures and the fur. No consensus is reached.

D-4f68a continues climbing to the 345th iteration of SCP-3333. No other figures are spotted. D-4f68a camps until morning.

The next day, D-4f68a forgets to turn his camera and microphone on until reminded. Shortly afterwards, D-4f68a expresses feelings of anxiety and unease.

D-4f68a: You've gotta let me come down, Doc. Somethin's not right here.

Williams: Something concrete?

D-4f68a: I don't know! But—but something's not right. All this writing on the walls, and—

Williams: There is no writing on the walls.

D-4f68a: Well, I see somethin' Doc. I don't know what it says, but it's there, there for sure. I think- [Breathing deeply] -I think there's something in here within me.

Williams: I see. We have no reason to believe that, D-4f68a. You've made it this far. Please keep going.

D-4f68a continues ascending SCP-3333, occasionally requesting to be allowed to return to base. All requests are denied. Video footage is analyzed for writing or memetic agents; none are found.

On the 527th level, the topology of SCP-3333 drastically changes. Multiple copies of the Fremont fire lookout are connected to each other in a grid pattern, accessible through the lookout doorway. There is no natural light, and no sign of sky or ground. It is completely dark. No lookout has a trapdoor or ladder.

D-4f68a: This—this isn't right, Doc! You've gotta let me down! I can't see!

Williams: Calm down, *please.* You have an emergency head lamp and flashlight in your backpack. Please use them.

D-4f68a attempts to switch on the lights. They do not turn on. D-4f68a is instructed to check the battery compartments; they are empty. D-4f68a is instructed to use the backup batteries in the backpack. D-4f68a is unable to locate them.

D-4f68a: There's nothing in here! Nothing's right! Let me down, please!

Williams: No! Please proceed!

D-4f68a: Wait—I think—I see somethin'! I see somethin', Doc!

Williams: What? What is it?

Nothing is visible on D-4f68a's camera. A faint rustling sound is picked up on the microphone, but neither Dr. Williams or the subject notice this.

D-4f68a: I—I don't know! It's not right!

D-4f68a begins to panic.

D-4f68a: Let me come down, Doc! I've got to get out of here!

Williams: We absolutely cannot allow that. What is it you see?

There is a faint chattering sound, and then D-4f68a's camera and microphone cut out simultaneously.

Williams: What? D-4f68a? D-4f68a! What just happened? Did he turn his recorders off? What happened?

[END LOG]

Analysis of D-4f68a's video footage is unable to reveal cause of communication blackout. Equipment error is ruled unlikely. Due to the circumstances surrounding D-4f68a's disappearance, and the possibility of an unknown anomalous object or entity in the upper portion of SCP-3333, another expedition is proposed and approved.

Addendum 3333.2: Exploration II

+ Access Exploration Log

Mission Parameters: Determine the reason behind the disappearance of D-4f68a, locate any anomalous objects located by D-4f68a, and identify any anomalous entities present within SCP-3333.

Personnel: MTF Mod-0 ("Characteristic Eigenspaces")

Additional Information: All members of MTF Mod-0 were equipped with standard-issue survival gear and recording equipment. No special items were deemed necessary. All batteries and backups were triple-checked. Doctor Williams supervised from base camp.

[LOG BEGIN]

Mod-1: Mod-1, check.

Mod-2: Mod-2, check.

Mod-3: Mod-3, check.

Mod-4: Mod-4, check.

Mod-5: Mod-5, check.

Mod-1: Ok, everyone. Standard-issue tower approach. Two ahead, one in the middle, two behind. Let's go.

All team members begin to ascend SCP-3333. No figures are visible on nearby ridges. The sky is overcast, and the wind is audible. As the MTF climbs, the wind dies down.

After several hours of climbing, Mod-4 and Mod-2 encounter the room where D-4f68a attempted to exit SCP-3333. The furniture is still in a state of disarray, and nothing appears to have been moved.

Mod-1: Here seems as good a place as any.

The members of Mod-0 gather and attempt to mount an expedition outside of SCP-3333. Mod-2 is attached to a rope and exits SCP-3333. There is no strong wind, and Mod-2 is easily able to leave.

Mod-2: There's nothing here. Doctor?

Williams: That's strange. I suppose it died down. Keep explor-

Mod-2: Hang on. [Pauses] Gouges on the wall here, by the door. Scratch marks. They're not very big, but- [Inspects more closely] -Jesus, they're pretty deep.

Williams: Copy that. Keep exploring.

Mod-1: Roger.

The members of the MTF exit SCP-3333 and begin to explore. The topology around SCP-3333 is identical to that surrounding the Fremont lookout. No plant or animal life is visible. No humanoids can be seen. The members of the MTF explore for several hours, then reconvene at SCP-3333.

Mod-3: There's nothing here.

Mod-4: No plant life, though. That's strange.

Williams: If this pattern holds across the world here, that could account for the stronger wind patterns. Not sure where the oxygen would come from, though.

Mod-5: You know what's weird, now that I'm thinking about it? Do you smell that?

Williams: What do you mean?

Mod-5: There's this real faint smell, like hot metal or- or burning hair, or something. Anyone else smell that?

Mod-3: [Pauses] Yeah. That's really bizarre. It's just barely there. [Walks around] I don't know where it's coming from.

Williams: Yes, that is strange. [Pauses] Let's move on.

Mod-1: Roger.

The MTF ascends for several more hours and camps for the night. Their pace is slower than that of D-4f68a; they ascend SCP-3333 for several more days with no notable encounters. No auditory or visual hallucinations are noted. On the fourth day, they arrive at the apex of SCP-3333.

Mod-1: Flashlights out, everyone.

Members of the MTF equip their lanterns and flashlights. All are fully equipped with batteries, and backup batteries are double-checked. Apart from that made by the MTF, there is no sound and no light.

Mod-1: Alright. Two one two again. Arbitrary direction…oh, let's go that way.

Mod-1 points at a random direction, and the MTF proceeds in that direction. Reflector markers are left for navigation.

The SCP-3333 iterations are connected horizontally, through their external walkway. There is no stairway down, and the railings have been removed such that the walkways can be pressed up and joined with each other. There is no sign of seam between the walkways, and no trace of manmade workmanship.

Mod-2 pulls up a board at random from the walkway. There is nothing but blackness below. Mod-2 drops a glowstick into the hole; no bottom is visible. Mod-3 fires a signal flare into the air; no ceiling is visible. No sound or light appears.

Williams: Do you notice anything strange?

Mod-4: Such as?

Williams: Any of the hallucinations reported by D-4f68a; anything that could indicate what he was talking about near the end.

Mod-1: No. No sign of the body or equipment either. Do you want us to prioritize that?

Williams: I think it would be somewhat helpful if you could. There doesn't appear to be a pattern or purpose to these rooms, anyways.

Mod-1: Roger.

The MTF splits up and begins a radial search pattern from the origin. This continues for approximately an hour. Intermittently a light, echoing chattering sound is picked up by all four microphones, but none of the task force members seem to hear it.

Mod-3: I found something!

Mod-4: What?

Mod-2: What is it?

Mod-1: Coming.

Members of the MTF gather. En route, Mod-5's flashlight cuts out.

Williams: What is it?

Mod-3: It's his backpack. Completely empty. It hasn't been torn or anything though, just sort of… singed? It's hot.

Mod-4: No sign of a struggle. [Inspects more closely] There's hair all over this thing. Orange and-

Mod-2: Was it propped up against the table when you got here?

Mod-3: Yes. I haven't touched it.

Mod-1: Good; let's not. [Pause] Where's Graham? [Pause] Graham? Everyone, check in!

Mod-2: Mod-2.

Mod-3: Mod-3.

Mod-4: Mod-4.

Mod-1: We're missing Graham. Do you have a feed on his camera, Doctor?

Williams: N-no. His flashlight's out. I can't see anything. [Hesitates] Do you hear that?

Mod-1: Hear what?

Williams: Your mics are picking up a sound. [Pauses] I can barely make it out.

Mod-1: Roger. Two by two. I'll go with Horace. Radial pattern out from here.

Mod-2: Right.

Mod-3: Okay.

Mod-4: Yes.

Mod-1 and Mod-3 pair up. Mod-2 and Mod-4 pair up. They begin a radial search pattern. There is still no

sound. Doctor Williams plays back Mod-5's camera footage prior to loss of communication; there is no sign of distress. The camera is transmitting, but is completely black.

Mod-2 and Mod-4 fall over. There are two loud sounds, presumably their bodies hitting the floor. A faint crackling sound can be heard, as well as the aforementioned chattering. Microphones and cameras on both cut out near-simultaneously. Mod-5's camera and microphone shut off.

Williams: Hello? Hello! We've lost feed on Mod-2 and Mod-4!

There is another thud. Mod-3's microphone and camera cut out.

Williams: Hello? Mod-1?

Mod-1: What—what just happened—

Williams: I don't—where's Mod-3?

Mod-1: I turned away for a second, and now there's —he's—

Mod-1's headlamp rapidly scans the surrounding area. No sign of the rest of Mod-0 can be found.

Mod-1: [Into the darkness] Hello? [Pause] [Whispering] I—I think there's something in here—with me—

Williams: What? What is it? Do you see words?

Mod-1: No, I don't see anything—

All four cameras and microphones reactivate. This is not simultaneous; it is consistent with the equipment manually being activated.

Mod-5: Hello? Hello?

Williams: The equipment's on—what the hell happened?

Mod-3: I dunno, Doc. There was something on the ground, and I tripped, and—

Mod-1: Where are all of you? Check in!

Mod-2: Mod-3.

Mod-3: Mod-5.

Mod-4: Mod-2.

Mod-5: Mod-4.

Mod-1: Th—

Mod-1's microphone and camera suddenly cut out. A light rustling sound is audible over the other microphones. A similar light crackling sound is heard shortly afterwards.

Mod-2: Mod-1? Hello?

Mod-1's camera and microphone reactivate.

Mod-1: I—I saw it too—

Mod-3: Yes—

Williams: What? Saw what?

Mod-4: I don't know—it's spectral, like floaters—lights in the sky—

Mod-5: Something here isn't right.

Mod-2: No. We need—

Mod-4: It isn't safe here—

Williams: What are you talking about?

Nothing besides the Fremont fire lookout is visible on any camera.

Williams: Is there anything with you?

Mod-1: N-no—it's not that, Doc—

Mod-4: There! Do you see it, Doc?

Nothing is visible.

Williams: No! What is it?

Mod-3: W-we're not safe here.

Mod-2: Something's not right.

Mod-1: [Breathing rapidly] It's—it's there!

Williams: What *is* it?

Mod-1: It's—it looks like a—

[Pause]

Nothing is visible through any MTF feeds.

Mod-1: It's like—uh—

Mod-3: It looks like a castle—or no! A mountain!

Mod-4: A mountain! A ghostly mountain! But—but it isn't—

Mod-5: It's—a flaming mountain, conjured of smoke and air. A tower of smoke and ash—

Mod-3: I see it! There's flames everywhere! There's something in the fire!

Mod-1: I see it too! Everything is on fire! I'm burning!

Oh God, oh God! I'm burning!

Mod-5: We need to go! Retreat, everyone!

[END LOG]

MTF Mod-0 retreats from the apex of SCP-3333, and proceeds rapidly down SCP-3333. Several days later, they arrive at base camp and are debriefed. They express confusion over the events within SCP-3333, and show a definite unwillingness to reenter. Given the circumstances, and the possibility of a memetic agent, a special counter-memetics operative is brought in for further exploration over the objections of MTF Mod-0.

Addendum 3333.3: Exploration III

+ Access Exploration Log

Mission Parameters: Explore the apex of SCP-3333, and locate and neutralize any memetic anomalies or agents inside.

Personnel: Counter-Memetic Specialist 0 ("Nullwalker")

Additional Information: Specialist 0 is a deaf-blind-mute, and communicates solely through a modified signaling system embedded into their hand. Standard-issue rations are provided. No other equipment is necessary. Doctor Williams and MTF Mod-0 supervise the operation.

[LOG BEGIN]

0: LEAVING BASE NOW

Williams: Let us know if you need anything.

0: YES

Specialist 0 begins to ascend SCP-3333.

Mod-5: [To Williams] I don't like this—

Williams: If it was frightening enough to make your *crack* team turn tail and flee, it is certainly worth calling in Annette.

Mod-5 does not respond. Specialist 0 continues to ascend.

0: ROOM DIFF. MESSY. FIGHT?

Williams: No, that was us.

0: OK. [Pause] SOMETHING MOVING. SMALL. HOT. [Pause] GONE NOW.

A few hours pass.

0: SOMEONE OUTSIDE. WATCHING.

Williams: They were encountered earlier. If you keep going up—

0: AM. STILL FOLLOWING. WAS WRONG. NOT WATCHING. SOMETHING ELSE.

Williams: What do you mean?

0: DON'T KNOW.

Specialist 0 continues climbing for several more hours. At this point, Specialist 0 has been climbing for over 12 hours.

Williams: Don't you need to rest?

0: SOMETHING STILL THERE. NOT SAFE. WILL

USE AMPH.

Specialist 0 consumes 100 milligrams of amphetamine and continues to ascend.

0: OUTSIDE. CAN YOU SEE?

Williams: No, I can't—

There is a flicker of motion on the edge of the camera. Something looking through the windows ducks down as soon as the camera is turned in its direction. The wind is strong; there is no chance of going outside. The same light chattering sound from previous explorations is heard inside the room.

Williams: There's—

0: IT KNOWS.

Specialist 0 begins to rapidly climb upwards. Flickers of motion are occasionally visible outside SCP-3333. Small rustling sounds can occasionally be heard over the wind. High pitched laughter is distinctly audible on Specialist 0's microphone.

Mod-5: Retreat, specialist!

0: NO

Specialist 0 continues rapidly climbing. After approximately an hour, they arrive at the apex of SCP-3333.

0: BLOOD. NO LIGHT. HOT.

Specialist 0 starts walking. They do not turn their flashlight on. Nothing is visible on the camera; only Specialist 0's footsteps are audible on the microphone. A loud slam is audible in the distance.

0: HERE.

[Pause]

0: NO HAZARDS?

Specialist 0 begins walking faster, then stops suddenly. Several small rustlings and chatterings can be heard; they quickly cease.

0: BODY.

There is a sound of shifting clothing as Specialist 0 bends down. The sounds can be heard again, louder and closer.

Mod-5: Get out of there, Specialist!

Williams: Annette!

Several crackling sounds can be heard. An animalistic bark is heard. Something laughs.

0: BODY. BLOOD. [Pause] INTERNAL ORGANS. MUSCLES. HARD. BURNED. [PAUSE] FUR. HAIR.

The rustlings grow in size, getting closer and closer. They surround Specialist 0 and overlap, turning into one continuous drone.

Mod-5: Get out, Specialist! Leave it! Go!

0: METAL. WORDS. HOT.

There is a thud.

0:
TTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTETETTTTTTTTETTTEETTTTTTTTT
ET ETTET E

Williams: Annette? ANNETTE?

0: LIGHTS LIGHTS OUT WHERE IS LIGHT

Williams: ANNETTE!

0: THERE IS A DEMON ON THE MOUNTAIN. I NEED TO COME DOWN. WHERE IS THE LIGHT?

Williams: Annette…

Specialist 0's flashlight turns on. Specialist 0 is laying on the ground. The light illuminates a smoldering pile of burned muscles, organs, and bones nearby. A warped metal dog tag is visible clutched in Specialist 0's hand. It reads "MTF Mod-5: Graham Purcell."

[DATA EXPUNGED]

Addendum 3333.4: DATA SEALED

+ [DATA SEALED]

Addendum 4.I:
Following the events of Exploration III, the entities inside SCP-3333 (hereafter designated SCP-3333-1) killed or impersonated all members present at Temporary Observation Post 3333. No distress signal was sent, and Exploration III was not forwarded before its conclusion. SCP-3333-1 entities maintained the facade of observation and exploration of SCP-3333, and continually requested manpower and equipment for a period of over one month. The ruse was only discovered when a supply assistant managed to send an emergency message before being killed or impersonated. Recontainment teams arriving at SCP-3333 found it completely abandoned. Over 50 personnel were lost.

The single-purpose task force Lambda-1 ("Maxwell's Demons") has been created for the purpose of neutralizing any SCP-3333-1 instances that emerge from within SCP-3333. These instances often mimic the appearance of lost personnel and are considered extremely dangerous.

Addendum 4.II:

On 2039/04/02, a coded message was received from Doctor Williams cellular phone. It did not appear to have been sent from inside SCP-3333; however, the exact location has not been identified.

The message contained the following log of Doctor Williams, almost certainly as she was fleeing from MTF Mod-0. For completion, this message is included. Reader discretion is advised.

Doctor Aardman

The following was recorded by Doctor Williams on a handheld camera and transmitted through her cellular phone while inside SCP-3333.

[LOG BEGIN]

The footage begins, slightly after the end of Exploration III. Doctor Williams is climbing upwards through SCP-3333, camera attached to her side. She is breathing heavily, and appears to be running from something. Gunshots can be heard down below. A constant chattering sound is audible around her.

Doctor Williams climbs upwards for approximately ten minutes, then stops to rest. She sets the camera up against a table and blocks off the lower trapdoor with a chair. She sits down.

She is covered in ash and blood, is visibly panicked, and is carrying a handgun. Pieces of white animal fur are matted in the blood on her arms and face. She looks at the camera, begins to speak, then starts crying. She continues crying for approximately a

minute, then stops.

Williams: It got us. It was wonderfully done. Just the right amount of vagueness, and who would dare argue with a seasoned MTF deciding to turn tail and run? And of course I didn't know any of them closely, so who was I to say if there was anything wrong, but then their skin…

There is a rattling sound. Someone is attempting to get through the trapdoor. Williams grabs the gun and points it at the door.

Voice: Doctor Williams? Doctor Williams! This is MTF Alpha-3! We received a distress call from this outpost! We were attacked by the personnel assigned here! What's going on here, Doctor? [Pounding] Let us in, Doctor!

Williams: [Panicked] St— [Coughs] Stay back! I— I'm not falling for it!

Alpha-3: Doctor Williams! Please! We will treat you as an enemy agent if you do not let us in!

Williams: [Screaming] Stay back!

Several fingers emerge through the trapdoor and begin to lift it up. Williams runs over and stamps on the fingers. There is a crunching sound, and the fingers go completely flat, still trapped in the door. There is a crackling sound as they begin to disintegrate, as if they are composed of cinders. The edges of the fingers burn slightly and smoke for a moment before going out. Williams fires two shots through the top of the door, grabs the camera, and begins climbing again.

Doctor Williams climbs for approximately a minute and a half, blocking off more trapdoors as she goes, then stops to vomit and cry for about ten minutes.

Following this, Williams continues to climb nonstop for over twelve hours before collapsing. She remains unconscious for around two hours, then wakes up screaming.

Williams: [Screaming subsides] I—am still here. [Pause] I'm thirsty. [Pause] I wish I had grabbed a kit. God it's fucking hot.

It begins to rain outside SCP-3333. Williams starts laughing.

Williams: I bet you love that, you bastard. Bet you love the rain. Came a little late, huh?

Williams props up the camera, then goes outside and attempts to drink. After a short period of time, she spits and comes back inside.

Williams: Same ashy shit as earlier.

Williams continues to climb for an hour. As she climbs, she comes across the corpse of an unrecognizable entity. It is vaguely insect-like, with large black tattered wings and a barbed stinger protruding from somewhere in the center of its mass. The entity is unmoving, and is thoroughly burned. Williams touches it with her shoe, and the creature collapses into cinders. Williams watches the entity for a moment more, and then continues climbing.

Another hour later, there is a knock on the door of SCP-3333.

Williams immediately stops and pulls out her gun. She is breathing heavily, and her hands are shaking.

There is another knock, this time on the other side of SCP-3333.

Williams turns around. D-4f68a is standing at the door. He is extremely emaciated, and is leaning

against the door. His skin is dry, cracked and burned. Falling off in places, and heavily charred. He attempts to open the door. There is a simple knob lock on the door; he cannot open it.

D-4f68a: [Rasping] Let me in, Doc!

The chattering sound can be heard again.

Williams: Get back!

Williams backs away from the door and points her gun at D-4f68a. He continues rattling at the door.

D-4f68a: Please Doc, let me in! There's no water out here!

Williams: It's not—you're not—he never called me Doc! Not once!

There is silence.

D-4f68a's face goes completely slack.

D-4f68a: There's a voice calling—from the fire. Can't you— [Pauses and coughs, as embers are expelled from its throat]

D-4f68a breaks one of the door's panes with his fist. There is no blood, but the edges of his hand begin to smoke. He reaches in and turns the knob. Williams begins firing. D-4f68a opens the door and begins running at Doctor Williams. Williams fires at D-4f68a five times. One bullet strikes him in the shoulder, and embers can be seen through the open wound. Smoke begins to roll out of his eyes as D-4f68a approached Doctor Williams, who fires again, striking D-4f68a in the chest. He stumbles, coughing violently as embers are expelled from his mouth. He collapses to the ground, still moving towards Doctor Williams as more of his skin flakes off, revealing charred flesh and ash underneath. He comes within

a few paces of Doctor Williams, who lifts her foot and stamps it into D-4f68a's face, which collapses with a distinct crack and an expulsion of embers and soot. Orange and white animal hair can be seen inside the collapsed skull of the entity on the ground.

Williams: It—it's— [Pause]

Doctor Williams attempts to throw up again. However, she is only able to retch for several seconds.

Williams: [Rapidly and quietly] There is a fetish among humans at the deepest level about enlightenment and height, about ignorance and depth. Here we are, on a castle in the sky, on a mountain in the air; the God Pillar, a recursive stack, and here at the top we find nothing, a dead world, an unfulfilled promise… but we didn't find it first. Something was here. Something got in- [Pause] I just want—I want to go home…

Williams proceeds to climb for several minutes, blocking each trapdoor as she goes. She stops for a moment. She begins to laugh.

Williams: I finally did it though, Annette! I'm here… Annette…

Williams begins to cry.

Several minutes later, Williams composes herself and resumes climbing. Approximately half an hour later, she arrives at the apex of SCP-3333.

Doctor Williams turns on the flashlight. It illuminates the Fremont fire lookout; nothing else is visible. There is no sound or external light.

Williams: Hello? [Pause] [Shouting] HELLO?

A pause. Williams voice does not echo. There is no

reply.

Williams: There's nothing up here. There never was. Floating words, a ghostly mountain…pah. [Pause] I had still hoped, though. I think.

Williams walks around SCP-3333's apex for a few minutes.

Williams: There's just nothing here. Nothing at all.

Doctor Williams sits down and props up the camera on a table.

Williams: I wish I could drink. It's so goddamn hot.

The pattering of small footsteps can be heard in the distance.

Williams: [Whispered] Oh *shit…*

The footsteps get closer. They are light, and accompanied by an indistinct chattering mixed with high pitched laughter. Occasionally they stop, and there is a wet thunk as the person hits furniture or a wall.

Williams: [Quietly] No, no…

The body of Specialist 0 floats into view. The flesh is blackened and charred, with the light of embers burning under the skin illuminating the area around them. The body shakes slightly, and then opens its eyes. Behind the carbonized eyelids is fire, and when the body opens its mouth only smoke and coals fall out. It reaches to clutch its throat, gasping for air, before falling out of the air. As it hits the ground, its legs disintegrate into a cloud of ash. The body rolls over and faces Doctor Williams. Animal hair is flung from the interior of Specialist 0's body.

Williams: [Screaming] ANNETTE!

The entity on the ground begins dragging itself towards Doctor Williams. The chattering and laughter increases. Doctor Williams is seen wiping sweat off of her brow as the temperature within SCP-3333 grows considerably hotter. She pulls out her weapon and points it at the entity on the ground, which retches fire and smoke. Something indistinct moves quickly in the darkness behind it. The ground beneath the entity begins to smoke and catch fire, and suddenly the floor around them is burning.

Williams: [Screaming] ***ANNETTE***!

Williams begins sobbing. The entity in front of her raises into the air as if suspended from behind, pieces of its skin and meat dripping onto the ground like melted wax. One hand moves erratically, as if signing something, but the exact movements cannot be made out. Williams pulls the trigger on her firearm, which clicks. The weapon is empty. Williams still attempts to shoot. The gun clicks. Williams continues sobbing. The gun continues to click. Williams drops to her knees and drops the gun. The entity gets closer. Something behind it moves closer to the scene, barely illuminated now by the fire around them. The entity floating in front of her opens its mouth again, and a groaning, wretched scream fills the air around them.

Williams: [Weeping] I'm sorry.

The chattering stops suddenly, and the body of Specialist 0 collapses onto the ground in front of her, throwing out embers and smoke as it dissolves into dust. Williams collapses over it, weeping, her hands digging frantically in the pile of embers. She slams her fists into it, throwing ash into the air.

Something appears from out of the darkness in front of her. It is charred, misshapen, and badly burned, but is very clearly the corpse of a fox. The creature

stumbles towards her, hobbling on blackened limbs. It does not appear to have eyes, instead only exposed, burned out holes sit where its eyes should. The creature stops right in front of Williams, unmoving. Multiple tails protrude from the back of the corpse, each of them unusually long and disappearing into the darkness beyond. The creature opens its mouth, and chattering fills the room. The sound of high pitched laughter accompanies it.

Williams screams, and reaches out to strike the creature. Her hand passes through it, and the creature dissipates as if made of smoke. The chattering stops for a moment, and Williams looks around frantically. Suddenly, the creature re-materializes, hovering now several feet in the air. Pieces of its body drop onto the ground, which catches fire. It twists its head sideways and opens its mouth. The chattering resumes. Williams screams. The creature cackles.

The interior of SCP-3333 begins to change drastically. Fire spreads across the ground, which becomes charred earth, and burned out trees appear in the distance. Williams is standing on top of the Fremont fire lookout, and all around her is burning forest. Smoke obscures the camera, and Williams picks it up and brushes ash off the lens. On the ridge below, two vaguely humanoid figures can be seen momentarily, both of them pointing to a location somewhere behind the fire lookout. Williams tries to scream, but chokes on the smoke and collapses. She turns towards the direction the figures are pointing and gasps.

In the distance is a mountain made of smoke and fire that stretches into the dark cloud of soot above. The forest around it burns. The skies above are choked with dust and ash. Williams crawls forwards towards a railing. She coughs and drops the camera, which

settles on the ground behind her. Williams comes back into frame, desperately holding onto the railing as strong winds and embers rip around her.

Something comes into view. A massive, blackened, skeletal fox, its skin blistered and barely clinging to its scorched bones, appears above the mountain. It is enormous, completely filling the background of the frame and eclipsing the top of the mountain, and its six dark eyes are seemingly filled with fire. It has six legs, and it crosses over the mountain as if it were a minor impediment. Behind it, nine immeasurably long, flaming tails whip violently across the sky, sending fire cascading down onto the mountainside like rain. The creature opens its mouth, and a cacophonous chattering fills the air. Williams screams.

The fox takes another step forward, then stops to look towards the Fremont fire lookout, as if noticing it for the first time. Laughter mixes with the chattering, and the next step is towards the fire lookout. Williams holds tightly to the railing, which glows bright red and blisters her skin as the creature approaches. The ground beneath them begins to flake away from the heat. The image becomes distorted as the lens begins to melt. Williams is seen holding one charred hand up as if to cover her eyes while the creature takes another step towards her. It opens its mouth again, and Williams bursts into flame and ash.

A frame later, the camera is destroyed.

[LOG END]

SCP-3334: Literally a Billion Memes

Item #: SCP-3334

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: The primary instance of SCP-3334-1 is to be stored on several hundred server disks in Site-15's datacenter, with secondary remote replicas at Site-19 and Site-64.

The only approved uses for SCP-3334-1 in encrypted form are the training and validation of machine learning models developed in Project MEDUSA. Any other access request regarding SCP-3334-1 requires approval from the HMCL Supervisor for SCP-3334 or, in containment breach and MEDUSA failure events, the team lead for MTF Mu-4 ("Debuggers"). Direct access to unencrypted SCP-3334-1 by personnel is prohibited

Servers containing SCP-3334-1 are cordoned off, connected only to the local Site datacenter network. Every two weeks, the primary copy at Site-15 will be synchronized with its secondary replicas at Site-19 and Site-64 via physical delivery of storage media.

SCP-3334-2 copies are to be stored on server disks at Sites 15, 19, 49, 64, 77, 81. They are to be similarly physically synchronized once a week. Although Project MEDUSA is used throughout the Foundation in many of its tools, routines, and operations, SCP-3334-2 itself is only accessed locally due to Project MEDUSA's Software as a Service (SaaS) centralized distribution model[1]. This means internal Foundation clients send requests to MEDUSA, which it then processes locally using SCP-3334-2 at one of the above Sites' datacenters, preserving containment.

Direct access to SCP-3334-2 is prohibited except for authorized personnel in the SCP-3334 containment team, Project MEDUSA staff, and approved project collaborators at the discretion of the

SCP-3334 HMCL Supervisor. Temporary copies of SCP-3334-2 are allowed on local desktop computers for development in Project MEDUSA so long as standard protocols for working with visual memetic and cognitohazards (VMC hazards) are observed. Visualization of any element of SCP-3334-2 is prohibited.

Foundation Scalable File System (FSFS) and scipDB:

+ Brief Overview of Technical Aspects of SCP-3334 Containment

Instances of SCP-3334-1 and SCP-3334-2 are saved on software tables in the scipDB system in order to ensure the security, integrity, and availability of SCP-3334-1. The scipDB system is a distributed noSQL multidimensional data map software intended to run across thousands of servers, developed in-house to store large amounts of sensitive or hazardous internal Foundation data[2]. It is a highly available, failure-tolerant, and scalable structured data storage system, achieving this with data replication across multiple servers to guard against data loss and increase throughput, gossip protocols to detect failures, and anti-entropy Merkle trees to recover from failures[3]. The special containment procedures for SCP-3334-1 prioritize security over availability and integrity, with some tolerance of SCP-3334-1 data loss or corruption to reduce possibility of unauthorized access - thus scipDB tables storing SCP-3334-1 are configured with a lower-than-default replication factor of 2 and some scipDB consistency features disabled. SCP-3334-2, the accuracy and availability of which is critical to Foundation operations, is stored with the standard replication factor and all consistency features enabled.

The scipDB tables are built on top of files in the Foundation Scalable File System (FSFS), a distributed and decentralized file system optimized for data reads and appending writes[4] that suit Project MEDUSA's typical workloads. The latter offers file-level 256-bit AES encryption, an option activated for all stored instances of SCP-3334 for prevention of unauthorized access[5].

Protocol 3334-10-Kempelen:

+ Brief Overview of Protocol 3334-10-Kempelen

Fifty D-class personnel are assigned to SCP-3334, with regular replacements as needed, to conduct Protocol 10-Kempelen. Functional eyesight, consciousness, and reasonable exposure to and knowledge of human culture and society are the only personnel requirements. The SCP-3334 containment team requests personnel that minimally satisfy these requirements that might otherwise not be useful in other Foundation projects, particularly subjects of previous accidents and testing, in the interests of efficiency.

Protocol 10-Kempelen exposes human subjects under fMRI scanners to prospective visual memetic and cognitohazards to definitively verify their anomalous nature. Prospective VMC hazards can be flagged by Project MEDUSA or submitted by Foundation field teams. Verified anomalous VMC hazards are designated under SCP-3334-1 and used in Project MEDUSA. D-class personnel are administered amnestics after each 10-Kempelen session.

Attempts to dissolve Protocol 10-Kempelen and the use of D-class for these purposes by automating addition of training and validation data to SCP-3334-1 led to MEDUSA failure events, notably Incident 3334-1. Conversely, the scale of the Foundation's operations renders using D-class as a primary means of detecting VMC hazards impractical. Thus the protocol was preserved in its current ancillary purpose of manually verifying potential training and validation data for use in Project MEDUSA.

Project MEDUSA:

+ Brief Overview of Project MEDUSA

Project MEDUSA is an internal Foundation effort by the

Department of Analytics to build an automated system to detect visual memetic and cognitohazards (VMC hazards) using non-anomalous, understood machine learning techniques.

Project MEDUSA is currently used across many Foundation tools, routines, and operations that require the detection of VMC hazards. These include the command-line memescan utility, the Anansi, Shelob, and Aragog Foundation web-crawlers, the Giulianna image analysis software, SCRAMBLE goggles, [REDACTED], and in the containment of numerous SCP anomalies.

Project MEDUSA uses advanced machine learning algorithms (currently, an ensemble of recurrent deep-Q neural networks). At a high level, the algorithm learns by taking in labelled training examples, in this case, of VMC hazards from SCP-3334-1 and normal pictures, and modifying itself to be able to distinguish between them. After training, it can take in new examples and then predict whether they are VMC hazards or not. In this sense, it is a “weak AI”, able to improve itself at a specific task without any notion of a conscious. Project MEDUSA does not employ or develop sentient AIs, known as “strong AI” - such research falls outside the purview of the project.

+ Brief Overview of Technical Aspects of Project MEDUSA

Initial efforts to identify cognitohazards with artificial intelligence techniques focused largely on support vector machines[6], until convolutional neural networks[7] vastly improved classification accuracy[8]. Addition of long-short term memory (LSTM) layers to make the networks recurrent allowed for analysis of video and non-static visual cognitohazards[9].

Detection of memetic hazards proved more difficult, since it required the algorithms to not just identify, but also understand the content of images and their conceptual relationships. Combined with past research,

however, deep reinforcement learning[10] eventually achieved this[11]. The theoretical flexibility of deep reinforcement learning enabled the combination of detecting both visual memetic and cognitohazards under a single deep neural network, rather than in two separate narrow programs - this development led to the formation of Project CASSANDRA, which eventually became Project MEDUSA (see Addendum 3334-1).

MEDUSA currently uses an ensemble of recurrent deep-Q neural networks, since ensembles reduce variance and expected generalization error and thus improve real world performance. Each network in the ensemble branches into two sub-networks as indicated in the diagram: a policy network and a value network. The policy network has 40 layers while the value network has 30, with dropout used as regularization. The networks are trained using an ϵ-greedy training strategy with exploration and exploitation phases as ϵ anneals, while weights are updated using stochastic gradient descent and backpropagation. Further hyperparameter specifications are available on a need-to-know basis.

As a result of Incident 3334-1, inputs are preprocessed using principal components analysis and a cascade classifier to determine and remove adversarial examples and prevent malicious manipulation or deterioration of the MEDUSA model.

+ Brief Overview of Project MEDUSA Procedures

Any proposed minor modifications to arbitrary MEDUSA model hyperparameters, including but not limited to: learning rate, loss function, activation functions, learning rate decay/momentum parameter, weight initialization, dropout regularization, or neural net structure, should be proposed to the Project MEDUSA Tuning Team for review and approval. The Tuning Team currently uses auto-tuning algorithms to determine most of these hyperparameters.

Any major suggested changes to the underlying MEDUSA model algorithm should be submitted in a formal written proposal to the Project MEDUSA director. Such amendments will be reviewed by all major Project MEDUSA team leads and will require formal mathematical verification with provable confidence bounds on generalization error, full regression testing, and a 10-folds cross-validation accuracy check using data from SCP-3334-1 before entering the official implementation.

Every two weeks, the current MEDUSA machine learning model is retrained on new training data from SCP-3334-1 in order to keep it up to date with the latest VMC hazards. Further, the Project MEDUSA team will perform full regression testing on the model, including running it on a validation dataset taken from SCP-3334-1 with a required 99.9% correct classification accuracy required to pass. If the new model passes, then SCP-3334-2 will be updated and backed up appropriately, while the last known functional commit will be tagged as such on the Foundation's internal codebase version control system. Any additional revalidation of the model beyond this biweekly basis is subject to Project MEDUSA director approval to prevent overfitting of the model and deteriorated real-world performance.

The performance of the active MEDUSA model is monitored for real-world accuracy. Preferable operational accuracy would be maintained at 99.9%. If accuracy dips below 90%, a MEDUSA failure event is declared. In this case, the model's parameters are reverted to the last known functional version of SCP-3334-2 and the codebase is reverted to the last tagged commit. If the issue is not immediately resolved, the Project MEDUSA team should request MTF Mu-4 ("Debuggers"). In the event of a prolonged outage, the SCP-3334 containment team can request a ramp-up of Protocol 10-Kempelen of up to 1000 D-class personnel as a temporary replacement for Project MEDUSA. However, given the

volume and time-sensitivity of VMC hazard detection needs across Foundation operations, as well as the near ubiquity and speed of the internet in public life, Project MEDUSA is a critical infrastructure component and the potential consequences of its indefinite interruption are unknown. The loss or inadequacy of Foundation automatic VMC hazard detection capabilities could potentially lead to an LV-0 Lifted Veil scenario, or even one of various K-class end-of-the-world scenarios in the event of a major breach or outbreak of anomalous VMC hazards.

Description: SCP-3334 is a designation for various anomalous data necessary to implement Project MEDUSA.

SCP-3334-1 is a collection of 1564288059 gathered anomalous visual memetic and cognitohazards (VMC hazards), collected through Protocol 10-Kempelen. This dataset is also artificially enlarged using data augmentation techniques, including transformations and translations of the original VMC hazards. Approximately 90% of SCP-3334-1 is designated as training data, used as examples to train machine learning models in Project MEDUSA. The remaining 10% is reserved as validation data, used to anticipate real-world accuracy during testing. Individual images are identified as SCP-3334-1-# as appropriate.

SCP-3334-2 is the numerical internal weights used by the neural network models in Project MEDUSA. These weights determine how the neural nets classify given input images as hazardous or not, and are modified by the neural net during training and learning. Recent results in machine learning research indicate the learning of hierarchical representations within intermediate layers of convolutional neural networks[12], justifying the designation and containment of SCP-3334-2 as potential visual memetic/ cognitohazards.

+ Addendum 3334-1

Addendum 3334-1: As of / /20 , in light of recent literature regarding new techniques in deep reinforcement learning and their ability to unify multiple

kinds of visual hazard classification[13], the Director of the Department of Analytics has ordered the unification of Projects CIRCE and ODIN into a single Project CASSANDRA that will develop an automatic detection system for both visual memetic and cognitohazards. Their substantial collections of VMC hazards, formerly scattered throughout the SCP main database or anomalous object lists, were combined into a single set and granted the shared designation SCP-3334.

+ Addendum 3334-2

Addendum 3334-2: On / /20 , a major containment breach involving SCP- at Site-15 resulted in researcher deaths or incapacitations, of whom were assigned or otherwise attached to Project CASSANDRA or SCP-3334 containment. Project CASSANDRA Testing Team lead Dr. Tourres was unaccounted for. The drastic loss in qualified personnel resulted in an unprecedented Foundation recruiting drive from external companies and universities to recover the lost human capital and technical talent.

The Project CASSANDRA director rejected an initial proposal to migrate the entire CASSANDRA codebase to the open-source Theano machine learning platform to facilitate onboarding the large number of new hires. Nonetheless, after discussions with Foundation HR, a compromise was reached where a new Foundation-proprietary machine library similar to an existing open-source platform was created for the project. Other unrelated Foundation projects took a different approach, and to prevent confusion with the open-source Apache Cassandra noSQL database being integrated into some of them at the time, Project CASSANDRA was renamed to Project MEDUSA.

+ Addendum 3334-3

Addendum 3334-3: With Project MEDUSA having repeatedly achieved 99.99% validation accuracy, on the

recommendation of the team leads, project director Dr. Vuković decided to retire Protocol 10-Kempelen. Instead, the MEDUSA network would add the VMC hazards it flags directly into its own training and validation data pool, SCP-3334-1 - the project stakeholders rationalized that the network was accurate and robust enough to tolerate the tiny amount of label noise that would subsequently be introduced.

+ Incident 3334-1

Incident 3334-1: During the week of / /20 , the monitored real-world accuracy of the MEDUSA model decreased at an alarming pace for several days, with a roughly corresponding increase in the number of containment breaches and new VMC hazard outbreaks. On / /20 , the real-world accuracy dipped to 87% and a MEDUSA failure event was declared. Both SCP-3334-2 and the codebase were reverted to the last checkpoint. Nonetheless, even after this reversion, real world performance still lagged.

The Project MEDUSA Testing Team, initially suspecting the automation of SCP-3334-1 element collection, reinstated Protocol 10-Kempelen to manually review every new VMC hazard added to SCP-3334-1 since the automation policy was put in place. The review uncovered approximately 15000 images of Yuno Gasai, the main character of the Japanese animation *Mirai Nikki*, in various forms incorporated into SCP-3334-1. Nearly all possessed anomalously memetic, albeit for the most part extremely minor, effects. The Implementation Team attempted to modify the neural net to recognize this common feature for special inspection, but found the network unable to identify these instances. Two days into the MEDUSA failure event, in the face of a mounting and non-trivial number of VMC containment breaches and outbreaks, the Director of the Department of Analytics demanded a status report. At this point Mobile Task Force Mu-4 (“Debuggers”) was brought in.

Ensembling the neural networks improved the classification accuracy to around 88% as a temporary measure. Eventually, MTF Mu-4 proposed using principal components analysis and a prior cascade classifier placed before the main MEDUSA classifier to detect and remove malicious adversarial examples. This development removed the adversarial examples poisoning the MEDUSA network, restoring normal function. Protocol 10-Kempelen to vet potential training and validation examples of VMCs was restored.

The MEDUSA failure event resulted in containment breaches and the outbreaks, of various sizes, of new VMC hazards. The incident required approximately thousand amnesticizations and caused casualties, including Foundation personnel. In total, the failure event cost the Foundation $ million dollars in damages, containment costs, and lost productivity. In its annual review, the O5 Council asked the Department of Analytics to submit a plan detailing steps taken by Project MEDUSA to avoid a similar disruption.

Despite strong suspicions, to this day the Foundation has been unable to definitively assign blame for Incident 3334-1 on any particular GoI.

+ Email Communications Regarding Incident 3334-1

> From: Vladimir Vuković [pcs.scitylana|kuvv#pcs.scitylana|kuvv]
> To: Dean Ackermann [pcs.4um.ftm|nnamrekcad#pcs.4um.ftm|nnamrekcad]
> Subject: Fixing MEDUSA
>
> Dr. Ackermann,
>
> Would you mind having Mu-4 take a look at MEDUSA for a bit? It's quite urgent. We can't make heads or tails of the current issue - we're used to dealing with anomalies, of course, but the recent 15k 3334-1 instances with the

cartoon girl have been perplexing my Implementation Team - the network will correctly identify them as visual memetic anomalies, but it can't otherwise find the obvious commonality between them. It's a very minor memetic effect, to be sure, but I'm sure it's a symptom of the larger problem.

Somebody on the Theory Team said you worked on containing a similar anomaly in the past, so maybe we'll have some luck here again.

Regards,
Dr. Vuković
Project MEDUSA Director

From: Dean Ackermann [pcs.4um.ftm|nnamrekcad#pcs.4um.ftm|nnamrekcad]
To: Vladimir Vuković [pcs.scitylana|kuvv#pcs.scitylana|kuvv]
Cc: Mary Wang [pcs.4um.ftm|gnawm#pcs.4um.ftm|gnawm]
Subject: re: Fixing MEDUSA

Hey Dr. Vuković,

No prob on priority, all the other project and containment teams have been submitting tickets about MEDUSA being broken anyway.

Very interesting. I think your Theory guy was probably talking about **SCP-2223**. I can see the similarities between those two problems, in fact I'd guess they're both Celeramis's work (we pinned the Mirai IoT malware on them last year in fact, seems they have a thing for anime). However, I mainly do traditional algorithms not all this hot deep learning stuff. I'll cc Mary to take a look, she worked at Google DeepMind so she should know a thing

or 2. She also worked on 2223 with me if that's relevant.

Best,

Dean
MTF Mu-4 Debugger

From: Mary Wang [pcs.4um.ftm|gnawm#pcs.4um.ftm|gnawm]
To: Vladimir Vuković [pcs.scitylana|kuvv#pcs.scitylana|kuvv]
Cc: Dean Ackermann [pcs.4um.ftm|nnamrekcad#pcs.4um.ftm|nnamrekcad], Samhita Reddy [pcs.4um.ftm|ydderhs#pcs.4um.ftm|ydderhs], Achmed Hafizyar [pcs.4um.ftm|zifah#pcs.4um.ftm|zifah], Kelly Fitzgerald [pcs.scitylana|ztif#pcs.scitylana|ztif]
Subject: re: Fixing MEDUSA

To all,

Jeez, what a mess. As a deep learning researcher myself I would have never imagined the Foundation would entrust so many critical operations to such a fickle machine learning algorithm like MEDUSA.

I partly disagree with Dean, beyond the superficial similarities these are two totally different technical problems. 2223 was totally anomalous through and through, even pixel-by-pixel and normal stuff like SIFT didn't work on it. On the other hand "state of the art" deep learning AI is stupid and easily fooled. Maybe your 15k images are like 2223, idk, but I doubt it, anomalous engineering like that takes real work and across that many images?

There's actually a totally scientific, non-

anomalous explanation for your issue, it's called adversarial images (just to be clear, the images you're talking about just happen to be anomalous memes). Let me attach a pic from the Szegedy paper[14]. You and a typical convolutional neural net will agree the left is a schoolbus, as it should be. But add some strategic noise, as indicated in the middle, on top and you get the right image. It's still a schoolbus, but most neural nets will now think it's an ostrich. Cheap non-anom trick to screw up dumb-as-rocks deep neural nets.

Long story short somebody (agree with Dean here, it's probably Celeramis) is deliberately feeding in garbage to throw off MEDUSA's predictions. You'll notice that the anomalous memetic effects of the 15k weird images are extremely weak. These things are basically "barely memes" designed to deform our decision boundary and confuse the network trying to tell VMCs apart from normal pics. Put in less technical terms for you, imagine painting a bunch of apples orange and then teaching a little kid they were oranges.

Let me think up a more permanent solution. cc'ing Achmed and Samhita for that. In the meantime just copy/paste the net a bunch of times and make an ensemble, sounds too good to be true but that'll reduce the variance and help a bit with the error. We're at what, 85% right now? That might be enough to get us out or close enough this failure event. cc'ing Dr. Fitzgerald from your Implementation Team for that.

Dr. Wang
MTF Mu-4 "Debuggers" Operative, AI Division

Attachment:

From: Vladimir Vuković [pcs.scitylana|kuvv#pcs.scitylana|kuvv]
To: Mary Wang [pcs.4um.ftm|gnawm#pcs.4um.ftm|gnawm]
Cc: Dean Ackermann [pcs.4um.ftm|nnamrekcad#pcs.4um.ftm|nnamrekcad], Samhita Reddy [pcs.4um.ftm|ydderhs#pcs.4um.ftm|ydderhs], Achmed Hafizyar [pcs.4um.ftm|zifah#pcs.4um.ftm|zifah], Kelly Fitzgerald [pcs.scitylana|ztif#pcs.scitylana|ztif]
Subject: re: Fixing MEDUSA

Dr. Wang,

Thank you so much Dr. Wang. I think Implementation found that explanation very helpful, I'll tell Dr. Fitzgerald to get on what you suggested.

I do have to agree that MEDUSA's stability leaves much to be desired, but I'm afraid we don't really have an alternative option right now. There's just so much to review on the internet and so many requests from within the Foundation that we really can't go back to the days when we just threw D-class at these VMCs.

Regards,
Dr. Vuković
Project MEDUSA Director

+ Incident 3334-2 (Ongoing)

Incident 3334-2 (Ongoing): Since / /20 , the real-world accuracy of Project MEDUSA has behaved erratically, often dipping below the optimal 99.9% with an average around 95%. On 04/ /20 in particular, the

accuracy fell below the 90% threshold to a staggeringly low 71% accuracy, triggering a MEDUSA failure event as well as containment breaches and VMC hazard outbreaks, although it recovered the next day and has continued to stay above 90% since. Standard SCP-3334-2 and codebase reversions had no effect, or even worsened it. A slightly higher incidence of containment breaches and VMC hazard outbreaks has been associated with this deteriorated performance. The cause of this performance drop is as-yet unknown, despite active research by the Testing Team and MTF Mu-4.

+ Email Communications Regarding Incident 3334-2

> From: Vladimir Vuković [pcs.scitylana|kuvv#pcs.scitylana|kuvv]
> To: Mary Wang [pcs.4um.ftm|gnawm#pcs.4um.ftm|gnawm]
> Subject: re: MEDUSA again
>
> Dr. Wang,
>
> Sorry to bother you about this again, has your team made any progress? The Department of Analytics higher-ups want to know what's going on.
>
> Regards,
> Dr. Vuković
> Project MEDUSA Director

> From: Mary Wang [pcs.4um.ftm|gnawm#pcs.4um.ftm|gnawm]
> To: Vladimir Vuković [pcs.scitylana|kuvv#pcs.scitylana|kuvv]
> Subject: re: MEDUSA again
>
> To Dr. Vuković,
>
> Sorry for the delay, it's just Mu-4 is attached to

a lot of different SCPs, but we always have at least one guy looking into this rn. We really can't figure it out. It could be the types of VMCs out in the wild have drastically changed, or something is just ever so slightly jacked in some of the millions of weights of MEDUSA, or there's a hyperparameter among dozens that could be fine-tuned just a bit more. You guys are using auto-tuning for those hyperparams right? I think somebody in Analytics is developing something like that but for an entire neural net, whenever it's ready you could start over and try that and see if it gets rid of whatever kink is hidden in your model. I'll let you know if we make any progress on our end too.

The only thing I'm worried about is one of the first things you learn in machine learning is the bias-variance tradeoff. Essentially you can either make an AI that performs really well in the lab, or not that much worse in the real world, but not both. Generally the more complicated you make a model, the more you reduce bias at the cost of increasing variance - the more detailed the model, the more it loses sight of the bigger picture.

Every time we've had an issue with MEDUSA or we want to improve it our reaction has always been to slather more complicated math on top of whatever we have already to fix it. Then it'll keep chugging along until it starts to randomly, unpredictably fail in the real world with all those real scips and real people relying on it like it did on 04/ /20 . And it'll do that more often the more "state of the art" algorithms we slap onto it.

Dr. Wang

Footnotes

1. In this context, SaaS refers to having users remotely interact with a centrally hosted program rather than distributing individual copies to each.
2. Miyamizu, M., Vogel, S., Hsiao, C., et al. (2001). scipDB: A highly-available secure NoSQL database for sensitive Foundation data and MCI-hazards.Terminal: An SCP Foundation Journal, 10(34), 42-56. Retrieved fromSCP Foundation Research Database. (Accession No. 2335245)
3. Containment specialists should refer toscipDB Documentationfor further details
4. Hellian, F., Miyamizu, M., Vogel, S., et al. (1999). The Foundation Scalable File System: Organizing the Foundation's cloud.Terminal: an SCP Foundation Journal, 8(24), 34-50. Retrieved fromSCP Foundation Research Database. (Accession No. 3654253)
5. Containment specialists should refer toFSFS Documentationfor further details
6. Goldberg, S., Recht, P. (1961). Feature engineering for soft-margin hyperplanes to safely identify cognitohazards.Terminal: an SCP Foundation Journal, 2(12), 10-23. Retrieved fromSCP Foundation Research Database. (Accession No. 7453535)
7. Neural networks are inspired by firing neurons in the brain, and consist of many units that activate depending on inputs and numerical parameters learned and adjusted from training examples. Convolutional nets are a specific type of neural net that slide learned filters over images and are well-suited for visual applications.
8. Reddy, S. (1983). ReddyNet-7: Use of neocognitrons in detecting visual cognitohazards.Terminal: an SCP Foundation Journal, 4(34), 1-22. Retrieved fromSCP Foundation Research Database. (Accession No. 8547364)
9. Reddy, S., Balasubramanian, R., (2015). Containment of SCP-using backpropagation through time.Terminal: an SCP Foundation Journal, 18(56), 46-61. Retrieved fromSCP Foundation Research Database. (Accession No. 6356765)
10. Reinforcement learning essentially rewards and penalizes an algorithm for taking good or bad actions.
11. Reddy, S., Hafizyar, A., Wang, M., et al. (2011). Detection of visual memetic hazards using semantic segmentation in a deep-Q

network.Terminal: an SCP Foundation Journal, 15(73), 20-47. Retrieved fromSCP Foundation Research Database. (Accession No. 4632532)
12. Simonyan, K., Vedaldi, A., Zisserman, A. (2013). Deep inside convolutional networks: Visualizing image classification models and saliency maps.arXiv preprint arXiv:1312.6034
13. Vuković, V., Reddy, S. (2011). Detecting multiple types of visual hazards using deep reinforcement learning and anϵ-greedy approach.Terminal: an SCP Foundation Journal, 15(74), 35-67. Retrieved fromSCP Foundation Research Database. (Accession No. 3755432)
14. Szegedy, C., Wojciech, Z., Sutskever, S., et al. (2013). Intriguing properties of neural networks. arXiv preprint arXiv:1312.6199

SCP-3335: The Hole in My Head Where My Mind Used to Be

Item #: SCP-3335

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the popularity of SCP-3335, it is currently considered uncontained in certain dense population centers of the world.

Foundation agents inserted into the various underground trade markets of the substance are to monitor the use and distribution of SCP-3335.

Clandestine laboratories are to be expunged of all compounds bearing resemblance to the anomalous chemical structures seen via SCP-3335's gas chromatography and mass spectrometry testing. This is done to minimize population exposure to the effects of the compound and regulate any further synthesis of the substance.

Sensationalist media is to be distributed through routine drug scare tactics, while other outlets are to be manipulated in order to mitigate further damage to major populace centers. This method of containment has proved successful in most situations, as the usual "War on Drugs" methods are currently useful in self-containing the compound itself. Amnestic application has proved capable of handling most other cases.

As of / / , SCP-3335's global trade markets and laboratories have been reduced by approximately 85% from 1974. Despite this, there are assumed to be facilities still producing SCP-3335 to this day.

Foundation interception of large-scale distribution is considered a top priority at this time.

Description: SCP-3335 is an off-white compound similar in

appearance to flour. It is a hallucinogenic substance of Arylcyclohexylamine structure, with effects similar to other NMDA Antagonists, specifically those of phencyclidine (PCP) and its derivatives.

Analysis of SCP-3335 samples have proven to be not useful, many of which have resulted in conflicting or inconclusive outcomes. Material Safety Data Sheets (MSDS) procured during testing have effectively culminated in various erroneous information. These outcomes imply an inconsistent or variable chemical structure. It is unknown how synthesis of this compound is formed, and is likely anomalous in nature.

Since the time of its surfacing in human populaces, over % of the Earth's population have willingly consumed SCP-3335 for recreational purposes.

SCP-3335 exhibits a large array of effects, most of which are common to substances of its kind. These effects include, but are not limited to:

- Euphoria/Sense of serenity
- Closed and open-eye visual hallucinations
- Analgesia, numbness
- Significant change in perception of time (Dilation and constriction)
- Confusion/disorientation, delirium
- "Hole" experiences[1]
- Intense mind-body dissociation, out-of-body experiences
- Ambulatory psychotic behavior
- Paranoia
- Nausea, vomiting
- Psychological dependency/addiction, compulsive dosing
- Frightening or untimely distortion or loss in sensory perception

However, SCP-3335 exhibits henceforth unrecorded anomalous properties that deviate highly from those of its more explainable analogues, including personality changes, photosensitivity and hematophagy (drinking of blood) of themselves or others with SCP-3335 still present in the bloodstream, so as to mimic the effects of titration and propagation of the effects of the compound.

Toxicity reports of affected individuals reveal a consistent low-level blood content of SCP-3335 that does not appear to dissipate nor filter out of the body through the kidneys. Dialysis treatments have shown to be ineffective in hindering the production of SCP-3335 in the body. It is theorized that SCP-3335 may cause lasting changes in physiology that aid in the endogenous synthesis of the chemical.

Due to the inability to remove SCP-3335 from the bloodstream and treat affected individuals, widespread use supports theorized potential for large-scale LK-Class Personality Transmutation Events. As such, experimentation and thaumaturgic use is currently halted, per O5 request.

Incident Log 3335.1: On / / , civilians in the New York City area that were known users of SCP-3335 reportedly stopped moving, and stared at a nearby floor. Subjects that proceeded to walk to this area immediately collapsed without warning. All affected individuals have remained comatose since the event.

Incident Log 3335.2: More individuals continue to experience this phenomenon. O5 council holds a conference after the number of unconscious individuals reaches on / / . Widespread amnestic dispersal considered if situation worsens.

Addendum 3335.1: Interview Logs

+ Access Interview Log 3335-1A

Interview Log 3335-1A

Interviewee: Steven

Interviewer: Agent Francis , stationed NYPD Officer

Notes: *This interview was conducted after a Foundation-staged raid of , a popular nightclub in downtown NYC, several days after the events of Incident 3335.1. Apprehended individual was a known source of SCP-3335, although said person was not involved in*

synthesis or large import distribution of SCP-3335.

Interviewee was highly distressed upon Foundation interception, but was released after application of Class-B Amnestics post-interview.

[BEGIN LOG]

: Look, man, I don't know anything about this stuff, okay? I was told it was still legal in the area, yeah? I need a lawyer or something, right? Someone give me a lawyer.

Agent Francis: Hey, kid. You aren't in any trouble here. I just gotta ask you a few questions about what you were selling over at . Plain and simple.

: Yeah, okay. You're the good cop, right? Nice uniform for an officer, but I'm not saying anything.

Agent Francis: (sighs) Look, I'm serious, you answer my questions, you walk free this evening. Otherwise, I'll have to throw you in a tank for the night. You don't have any prior convictions, you're mostly clean otherwise. This can be over in an hour if you just answer a couple of questions. I'm not here to charge you for distribution.

: (pauses) You're serious?

Agent Francis: Yeah. So, let me get this straight. You got this, uh, what are you kids calling it on the streets now?

: My boy's over in the Bronx calling it 'Transcendence' or some shit. I don't know

much about it, okay?

Agent Francis: Alright. And have you tried the drug itself?

: Yeah, man. I know that's not illegal. My body, my choice, right?

Agent Francis: Okay. Like I said, no trouble for you tonight. It's your lucky day. So, tell me, what's this stuff like?

: Uh, It's hard to explain. Not to be that guy, but you have to try it to know what it's like, okay. It's not easy to describe. It's weird shit, man. Crazy stuff.

Agent Francis: Just do your best. I was your age once, you know.

: (scoffs) Yeah, I bet. Trying to get all chummy with me, is that it? You think I'm gonna relate, y'all tried the same shit when you were young, yeah? Well, not this. I know the scene, some of you been around the block before you got your badge, I get it. But this is something new. They got scientists or some shit working on this stuff. I don't know nothing about nothing when it comes to cooking up this designer shit.

Agent Francis: Right. So, you cannot provide any details as to what your average experience is like?

: (laughs) I told you, I can't put it into words. They had this shit called 'roflcoptr'[2], lame-ass name if you ask me, but that stuff was fire. It was like you were walking around with your body just laying there, ya' know? It's kinda like that.

Agent Francis: Okay. Well, what made you start dealing this stuff? What does it have over the other drugs that are being sold out there on the streets?

: I don't know, man. It's got this magical quality to it. Warm. Took it once and it was like I went to another place entirely. With that rofl shit, you knew you was fucked up. Knew it was a drug, right? This was something different. Same deal, I saw myself layin' there on that fuckin' futon. But it was like I could walk away and never come back. Nice feeling. Don't have to deal with none of this shit that's happening out there in the world right now. You got that free roam. My body could be cut to shit and I could care less because, fuck it, right?

Agent Francis: Sounds nice.

: Yeah it does. But you snap back after a coupla' hours, you know? Pull you right back in. Like a dream, I guess. Gotta wake up sometime.

Agent Francis: I understand. Now, a couple of people have been found comatose because of this drug, you know anything about that?

: Yeah, not my people though. Nobody got hurt from my deals, probably some asshole who cut it with something nasty, yeah.

Agent Francis: Actually, all of their tox reports came back and there was nothing unusual in their systems. So, what's the difference?

: Fuck if I know, man. The stuff I sold was clean. I'm not about to fuck anyone over. I'm just trying to get by. Maybe they just OD'd, you know? I didn't kill nobody, okay? You know

what, I'm not saying anything else. Get me a lawyer, okay?

Agent Francis: That isn't possible. And you're not in trouble. Relax, kid.

: (pauses) 'Ight. Okay. Okay.

Agent Francis: Have you noticed anyone acting odd or abnormal? Your buyers? Friends?

: Yeah, you know what? There was something someone said, this young girl. Blonde. Didn't look the type. She said something about a hole. I heard it before, but she said some weird shit about it. Got me all messed up for a bit. Sold her some anyway, money's always green, right?

Agent Francis: What did she say?

: She said next time, she was gonna jump into it for real. Weirded me the fuck out. Drugs are drugs, right? Still, don't go jumping into some goddamn hole in the floor. High as balls or not. Can I leave? I'm tired, man.

Agent Francis: Alright. One last thing.

: (groans) Okay, what?

Agent Francis: Did you ever see this so-called 'hole'?

: (pauses) I think so. Took a few bumps at a party and it caught my eye. Looked dark as fuck. Wouldn't jump in if I had the choice. Part of me said go on, you know? You smoke crack on the streets, what's some shit your seein' gonna do to you that's worse than what rock has on you? I see them crackheads out

there, itching themselves, suckin' dick for a little piece of that cook-up. But this? Nah man, I felt something bad. Something real bad. Down that hole, I dunno man. I told myself I was tripping out, but that hole seemed like a one-way trip, if you know what I'm saying.

Agent Francis: I see. Alright, you're good to go.

: Really? I'm just gonna walk? That's that?

Agent Francis: Yep, that's that. (to the guard) Get this kid some forget-me-nows.

: Some what?

[END LOG]

Incident Log 3335.3:

As of / / , multiple cases have been reported comatose users having experienced "Hole" effects re-awakening with massive alterations in personality and physiology. Extreme mood swings, mania, and psychosis seem to be most prevalent. Affected individuals have shown marked increase of adrenaline and cortisol present in blood testing, as well as a higher blood concentration of SCP-3335.

Electroencephalography tests yielded unusual patterns of electrical activity in the brains of SCP-3335-1 instances, similar in effects to those who have undergone corpus collostomy procedures. As a result, many subjects develop symptoms similar to callosal disconnection syndrome, also known as "split-brain".

When a subject appears to have acquired symptoms of callosal disconnection syndrome, hemispheres of the brain take on unique attributes of their own. This results in separate impulses and perceptions for both halves of the subject's body.

Unlike usual cases of callosal disconnection, both hemispheres of

affected victims develop their own consciousness, one half of which may usually retain some personality traits of the original individual, but with extreme emotional dampening and lethargy. The other half seems to be occupied by a unique consciousness. These personalities are often highly erratic and violent by nature (See Interview Log 3335-1B).

+ Access Interview Log 3335-1B

Interview Log 3335-1B

Interviewee: SCP-3335-1, formerly known as

Interviewer: Dr. Brenard , Foundation psychologist

Note: *This interview was conducted at the Valley Hospital in , Minnesota.*

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. : So, 3335-1, how are we feeling today?

SCP-3335-1: What did you call me? My name is . I'm doing okay, I guess. Feel a little weird. Can you get these restraints off? Seems a little excessive.

Dr. : Okay, it is. And yes, soon. You had a minor psychotic break, we had to place you in a medically induced coma.

SCP-3335-1: The last thing I remember was feeling like I was falling down a dark tunnel.

Dr. : How do you feel right now?

SCP-3335-1: Well, not too sober. Better than before. But still feeling a bit off.

Dr. : Please, explain.

SCP-3335-1: Um, well, to be honest, I feel out of it. Like my body isn't working the way I want it to. Sometimes I'm good, sometimes not. Feeling a little numb, but it'll pass, right?

Dr. : I'm sure it will, can you elaborate a bit?

SCP-3335-1: You know, sometimes I don't feel like myself. Feel like somebody else. Does that make sense? Does that make sense? Doesssss-

Subject speech slurs as the patient starts to mumble incoherently. Eyes seem to lose focus, the patient slumping back in their hospital bed. It is assumed that SCP-3335-1's alternate consciousness is currently taking control over subject's speech functions.

Dr. : , are you alright?

SCP-3335-1: Who? Want (incoherent).

Dr. : I'm sorry. What did you say?

SCP-3335-1: Out. Want out.

Dr. : What do you want out of, ?

Subject flexes and moves appendages sporadically. Subject tenses and strains against hospital-provided restraints.

SCP-3335-1: Vessel. Bad. (incoherent)

Dr. : ?

SCP-3335-1: Want out. Get me out.

Dr. : It's going to be okay. We'll get you out as soon as you are well.

SCP-3335-1: No. Out vessel. Get me out vessel. Want out vessel.

Dr. : I don't think I know what you are talking about.

SCP-3335-1: Please. Get me out. Hurts.

Dr. : What hurts, ?

SCP-3335-1: (incoherent) in my mind. Cut into the head. Into the flesh. The bone. Want out. Hurts.

Subject continues to fight restaints. BPM monitors display severe tachycardia.

Dr. : Can you hear me, ?

SCP-3335-1: Out! Get me out!

Dr. : ? Stay with me, okay?

Subject screams in apparent agony. Monitors show heart rate exceeding 240 beats per minute. After a few seconds, subject ceases screaming.

Dr. : ?

BPM monitors show rapidly stabilizing functions. Subject refuses to respond to stimuli for several minutes. After a period of about fifteen minutes, it is assumed that SCP-3335-1 is now dormant within the subject's psyche.

SCP-3335-1: (groggily) Yeah, so I feel weird sometimes. A bit numb, it'll pass though, right?

Dr. : I'm sure it will.

[END LOG]

Addendum 3335.5:

Reports of SCP-3335 consumption in , led to an investigation of several known "drug dens" in the area. Mobile Task Force Pi-1 ("City Slickers") has been assigned the task of raiding affected homes, terminating users of SCP-3335 and destroying all paraphernalia or lab equipment that may have come into contact with the substance. Records of MTF operations can be found below.

+ Access MTF Pi-1 Mission Log 1

Mission Parameters: Investigate sites of interest and terminate all affected individuals.

Personnel: Mobile Task Force Pi-1 ("City Slickers")

Additional Information: The following is an audiovisual transcript of a staged raid on an apartment complex in downtown . Members of MTF Pi-1 were equipped with standard deep-cover tactical wear, including low-profile Kevlar suits and suppression-integrated Maxim 9mm handguns. Agents were posted outside exit points from the apartment complex while Pi-1 infiltrated the interior.

[BEGIN LOG]

Alpha: Alright, mics on, everybody check in.

Bravo: Bravo here.

Foxtrot: Foxtrot, check.

Echo: Echo, checking in.

Command: Delta? Where's Delta?

Delta: Here, sorry. Setting up the camera. Should be coming live now.

Alpha: We're ready to go. Command, please confirm video feed.

Delta's visual broadcast activates, revealing a run-down urban alleyway leading to the back entrance of the complex. The building has multiple floors, the windows of each have been boarded up with plywood.

Command: Affirmative. You are clear to proceed.

Pi-1 is seen swiftly making their way to the door, treading through puddles and various detritus.

Alpha: Alright, we are approaching the entryway. Control, anything we should know about this place?

Command: Your guess is as good as ours.

Delta: Shit, door's locked.

Alpha: I told them they should have got us a dremmel. (sighs) Command, do we have permission to barge the door?

Command: That is not advised. It is very likely to draw attention.

Echo: Wait, I've got it, give me a second.

Delta: What are you-

Bravo: Aha, very good.

Command: Yes?

Alpha: Echo jimmied the lock with his ID badge. Crafty bugger.

Echo: There we are. Let's go.

Pi-1 quietly enters the building, revealing a dark hallway with four doors on either side. Shoulder mounted flashlights are activated as the power is seemingly shut off.

Alpha: Alright, we've entered the main hallway, I see the stairs up ahead. What is this place, two floors?

Bravo: Three.

Alpha: Should we choose a door?

Delta: Let's try this one on the left, I hear voices.

Audio feed picks up muffled vocalizations. After a few seconds, one of them is seen knocking on the door. The voices grow silent.

Echo: (quietly) You're just going to go up and knock like a gentleman? Real polite.

Bravo: Fuck you, Avery.

Alpha: I don't have time for this.

Alpha is seen twisting the handle and throwing the door open. Camera view is obscured while Pi-1 funnel into the room, although a scream is heard, cut short by several suppressed gunshots. View returns, two individuals lying on a broken coffee table. Syringes and wax bags litter the floor.

Alpha: That outta do it.

Bravo: What the fuck, man. No one said they were our targets! I feel like we would know.

Alpha: They've got the powder, though.

Foxtrot: Nah, see the stamps? That's heroin. And they've got candles. I heard these guys don't like light.

Echo: That was a risky move. Don't be an idiot.

Alpha: (sighs) Okay, let's keep moving then.

Silence for fifteen seconds as Pi-1 navigates back out into the hallway. Checking the next door over, it is determined to be unlocked but barricaded, and cannot be opened. The same result occurs with the next two. Delta goes to check the opposite side but stops in his tracks.

Delta: You guys hear that?

Muffled, unintelligible screaming can be heard in the distance.

Foxtrot: It's getting louder.

Yelling increases in volume over a period of ten seconds. Soon after, a lone figure is seen running down the stairs. Individual is heavily bandaged around the head and arms and does not acknowledge the existence of Pi-1.

Bravo: We have someone inbound.

Foxtrot: He looks hurt.

Alpha: What's your name?

No response is given, instead, the figure continues to scream and clutch their head.

Delta: What should we do? Look at those bandages. Are you alright?

The screaming ceases abruptly and a loud thump is heard, the figure falling unconscious.

Bravo: Well, that was something.

Command: What is your status?

Alpha: Uh, well, we had an affected individual here, but he just collapsed. He doesn't look dead. Major bandaging on his head, some blood soaked through. Delta is taking a closer look.

Delta: You guys might want to see this.

Echo: What is it?

Bravo: Oh god, what the hell.

Foxtrot: I'm going to be sick.

Delta pulls back the bandaging to reveal uneven stitches and metal pins that run in a circle around the individual's head. The wound is infected and continues to bleed.

Alpha: So, Command, this guy looks messed up. If I had to guess I'd say they tried to put their skull back together. Did a hasty job too, if you ask me.

Delta: Yeah, these sutures look loose-fuck!

The stitching appears to dislodge, the portion of skin and bone falling away, revealing an open hole into his cranial cavity.

Alpha: Fuck, that's awful. I can see inside his head.

Foxtrot: (gagging)

Alpha: What the-

Bravo: Where the fuck is his brain? Where the fuck is it?

Alpha: No, there's some left. Looks like they're missing about half of it. How on earth is this guy still alive?

Bravo: I think it's time we took this a little more seriously, fellas.

Alpha: Let's head up.

Silence for ten seconds, followed by echoing footsteps. Pi-1 is seen approaching the stairwell and ascending to the second floor landing.

Delta: Hold up.

Alpha: What is it?

Delta: Smell that?

Bravo: Smells like death.

Delta: Blood on the floor. Looks like it leads down the hall.

Alpha: I see it. Weapons ready, everyone.

Foxtrot: Smell is stronger. Ugh, my stomach.

Bravo: Don't be a baby. Watch your step.

Alpha: Alright. Looks like this door is open up here. Bravo, Foxtrot, you come with me. Delta, Echo, check the rest of these doors.

Echo: You got it.

Bravo: Quiet now.

Ambient background noise is picked up for the next thirty seconds. Delta and Echo are seen entering the apartment on the opposite side, revealing it to be empty.

Delta: Clear over here.

Alpha: Okay. Foxtrot, check the bedroom. Bravo, cover the bathroom.

Bravo: Got it.

Foxtrot: We got bodies in here. Shit…

Alpha: More bandaged folk. Are they dead?

Foxtrot: Looks like it. Let me check for pulse.

Bravo: Bathroom is clear. Mirror is smashed though.

Foxtrot: Still alive, shallow breathing though, probably comatose-

A scream is heard, followed by a sharp whine emanating from Foxtrot's microphone.

Foxtrot: You son of a-

Alpha: Get out of the way!

Foxtrot: Fuck, get them off me, ah-

Affected individuals continue screaming, some gurgling is heard. Alpha is heard firing rounds into the figures, although they do not seem deterred.

SCP-3335-1: Be free with us.

Coughing and sputtering is heard. Delta and Echo rush into the room, the camera revealing

Foxtrot underneath two SCP-3335-1 instances, who are pinning him down. Both have the same extensive bandaging.

Bravo: Jesus fuck, this guy is strong!

Foxtrot: (incomprehensible vocalizations)

Delta: What the hell is it doing-

Foxtrot: Shoot them again!

Struggle, gunfire, then quiet. Foxtrot is heard panting.

Bravo: You alright?

Command: Alpha? What happened?

Alpha: Drugheads, came to life without warning. They were all over Foxy here. Damn things were bleeding everywhere. It pinned him down.

Foxtrot: (gagging) It bled in my mouth.

Alpha: What?

Foxtrot: The fucking thing wrung out its wounds in my mouth! Look at the wrists.

Delta: Fuck.

The bandages on the arms of one of the individuals are seen torn away, fresh blood seeping out of deep lacerations on the wrists.

Alpha: Command, please be advised that Foxtrot may have had contact with the chemical agent in question. Likelihood of contamination unknown.

Command: Understood, we are suggesting evac for Foxtrot, followed by standard decontamination procedures.

Foxtrot: No, I'm okay, I'm okay. Let's keep going.

Alpha: You sure about this?

Foxtrot: Yeah.

Alpha: Alright. We will continue for now. Let's terminate the rest of these half-brains.

Bravo: Right.

The team moves out into the hallway again, checking the rest of the doors on the floor and revealing them to be empty, aside from one with three unconscious individuals. Several water bottles are littered around them, filled with what appears to be blood.

Alpha: Damn. At least these will be easy. Keep your distance though.

After termination, the bottles are recovered for analysis. Pi-1 proceeds back to the stairway and climbs to the third floor.

Bravo: I think I know where the smell is coming from, guys.

The third floor landing comes into view, the remains of several individuals piled in the far corner. All appear to have undergone the same head trauma, with varying degrees of repair. Foxtrot is heard vomiting off camera.

Echo: Jesus mate, sensitive stomach much?

Foxtrot: Can't help it, all I can taste is junkie

blood.

Echo: Fair point.

Alpha: Have some water, you'll be fine.

Foxtrot: Fuck! Did you see that?

Camera wheels around to show Foxtrot staring back at the stairwell.

Delta: What? What was it?

Foxtrot: Someone was behind us.

Alpha: Alright, stay alert. Bravo, go ahead and check the stairs. The rest of you, let's start trying doors.

Bravo: You got it, cap.

Pi-1 is seen attempting access to the apartments, but the first three are barricaded.

Bravo: Stairwell clear. Must have run off.

Alpha: Alright no problem, let's try this one-

A scream is heard coming from the far end of the hall, followed by some dampened vocalizations.

Alpha: New plan. Let's go.

The team silently makes their way to the door, which turns out to be locked.

Alpha: Echo, get this lock here.

Echo: Yeah, yeah.

After a moment, Echo bypasses the lock and pushes the door open.

Echo: Oh my god.

Camera comes into the view of the doorway, revealing the floor to be littered with SCP-3335-1 instances, at least twenty. All appear unconscious or dead. Blood coats the floor. In the corner, two individuals are hooked up to makeshift IV tubes that were apparently used to siphon off blood into buckets.

Alpha: What the hell is this? Some sort of hive?

Delta: Jesus. Let's fucking torch this place and get out of here.

Alpha: That's starting to sound like a good idea. Let's finish up, I don't think there is much more to learn here.

Sounds of movement are heard coming from another room in the apartment. Alpha gestures towards it, he and Foxtrot slowly making their way around the bodies and into the bedroom. Alpha is seen crossing the threshold and disappearing out of view. The camera reveals a lone instance of SCP-3335-1 convulsing on the floor.

Alpha: (sighs) Alright. (quietly) Let's douse this place.

Bravo is seen producing a small container of accelerant from his pack. He starts to pour it on the floor but stops when sounds of struggle are heard. Delta's camera spins to see Echo being restrained from behind, his gun now being held to his head. Instance of SCP-3335-1 is seen, this time without bandaging. He is seen smiling and appears more lucid than the others. The rest of Pi-1

raises their weapons.

SCP-3335-1: Everybody just calm the fuck down. Nice and easy.

Alpha: Let him go!

SCP-3335-1: Nuh-uh. He's my security deposit. Now you guys are going to leave or I'm going to paint the walls with his blood.

Alpha: What do you want? Who are you?

Alpha: What happened to their brains?

SCP-3335-1: (laughs) Everything is already in motion. You'll join them one day.

Delta: We aren't leaving without him.

SCP-3335-1: Then you've made a mistake.

Instance smiles as the bodies laying around him start to stir.

Alpha: Shit, take them down!

Bravo is seen firing at the bodies, some of which appear unfazed. One figure, a young woman, stands in front of Alpha. He fires a round, which strikes her in the head. Figure appears to stagger, and then rights herself, a clean hole perforating her head and exiting the back side as pinkish-red cerebral fluid runs down her face. She adjusts her bandages to account for the new wound and lunges at Alpha. Delta appears to be attacked from behind, the camera being knocked off his shoulder and hitting the ground, cutting the feed for approximately one minute. Audio broadcasting still works fine.

Delta: (muffled scream)

Bravo: Get him, get him.

More gunfire, followed by the sound of falling bodies.

Echo: Please, I-

Foxtrot: Fuck, fuck, fuck-

Bravo: You can't-

Video feed is reestablished, the camera now laying on its side. Delta is seen laying on the ground, surrounded by bodies. Another instance of SCP-3335-1 is seen producing a water bottle filled with blood. She unscrews the cap and pours it on Delta's face. Alpha and Bravo are not seen, although background noise suggests they are in another room. Foxtrot is still pointing his handgun at the instance with Echo.

SCP-3335-1: Go ahead, shoot me. Don't you have a train to catch, though?

Foxtrot: Excuse me?

Foxtrot briefly appears confused, swaying slightly. SCP-3335-1 laughs.

Foxtrot: What is this? Who is this?

SCP-3335-1: Your ride home. Join the family.

Foxtrot is suddenly aware of something else in the room, glancing over and down at the far corner, out of the cameras view.

Foxtrot: Is that-

SCP-3335-1: Yes. You hear them too, don't you? Singing. They are in harmony. They shed their flesh, uncoiled like a snake in molt. I guide them there. I'll take you there too. You just have to walk through the door.

Shaking, Foxtrot slowly lowers his gun and walks to the other side of the room. Reaching the far wall, he collapses and does not move.

SCP-3335-1: And for you-

SCP-3335-1 instance hits Echo over the head with the butt of the pistol, knocking him unconscious.

SCP-3335-1: I'll be back for you.

SCP-3335-1 is seen heading off camera. A shout can be heard followed by silence. Some time later, Alpha and Bravo are seen emerging into the camera's view, dragging the instance of SCP-3335-1 who appears to be unconscious.

Bravo: Shit! Foxtrot, you okay?

Alpha: He's breathing. Comatose. I think he's turning.

Bravo: Fuck, Delta is out too, covered in blood. Echo? Echo!

Echo is slowly seen coming to. They hoist him up and help him to his feet.

Alpha: Did they bleed on you?

Echo: N-No.

Alpha: Alright. Bravo, finish dousing this place and light it up. We're taking this guy with us,

since he seems more willing to talk than the others.

Bravo: Outbound. Let's do this.

Bravo pours the rest of the accelerant, lighting a match.

Bravo: Burn in hell.

Tossing the match, Bravo turns and leaves as the fire starts to spread. Pi-1's egress is largely uneventful and the rest of the team members returned without incident. SCP-3335-1 was placed in a maximum security chamber while interrogation measures were implemented.

[END LOG]

Addendum 3335.12: SCP-3335-1 Interrogation Log 3335-5

Interrogation Log 3335-5

Subject: SCP-3335-1

Notes: Analysis of instance in Foundation custody reveals slight deviations from SCP-3335's base effects. Individual appears lucid and unaffected by the physiological changes brought on by use of SCP-3335.

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Hoffman: SCP-3335-1, can you hear me?

Silence.

Dr. Hoffman: SCP-3335-1, answer the question.

SCP-3335-1 glances up at the one-way mirror.

SCP-3335-1: I hear you.

Dr. Hoffman: Who are you?

SCP-3335-1: I'm the herald.

Dr. Hoffman: The herald of what?

SCP-3335-1 laughs.

Dr. Hoffman: SCP-3335-1, if you do not respond, we will be forced to use alternative methods.

SCP-3335-1: You can't hurt me. Kill me, sure. Won't do you any good though. The mind is bigger than you.

Dr. Hoffman: Tell me about this mind, this other consciousness.

SCP-3335-1: It knows you're hunting it down.

Dr. Hoffman: Is that so?

SCP-3335-1: It isn't happy about it.

Dr. Hoffman: Why hasn't it affected you like it has the others?

SCP-3335-1: It needs me to help with the relocation.

Dr. Hoffman: Relocation? What relocation?

SCP-3335-1: I think that is enough for now. It will find someone else to do it.

Subject smiles briefly before slamming their head down onto the metal table. SCP-3335-1 instance crumples and is declared dead via

cerebral hemorrhage shortly thereafter.

[END LOG]

Addendum 3335.27:

Surveillance of the New York City area revealed a large abandoned textile factory that was being used by SCP-3335-1 instances as a nest. Upon termination of SCP-3335-1, autopsies confirm the removal of one side of the brain (hemispherectomy).

In addition, several unidentified hemispheres were recovered from the building, having been removed and carefully reconnected to one another in chains using an unknown but highly sophisticated procedure. Nerve endings in the brain stem were found to have been "rewired" to those of the others.

The reason for this is currently unknown.

Footnotes
1. The term has been used in a seemingly literal or figurative sense in various studies
2. Slang term for Methoxetamine, a non-anomalous compound of similar effect

SCP-3336: God Bless You

Item #: SCP-3336

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3336 is not contained and is considered to have breached Foundation control the moment it manifested. The Ethics Committee has ruled against suppression of SCP-3336 from public perception using global application of amnestics. Current procedures are focused primarily on research.

Relevant press is to be monitored internationally. MTF Rho-11 ("Tissue Box") is assigned to investigating persons with plausible explanations for and/or connections to SCP-3336, with responsibilities including detaining, interrogating, and supplying amnestics, or in appropriate cases, integrating into Foundation efforts.

SCP-3336-A is to be monitored by at least one Foundation agent at all times. Currently, Agent Sean Bat is stationed with the Bayarsaikhan family to report any anomalies displayed by SCP-3336-A immediately to the Foundation.

Description: SCP-3336 refers to the event of global simultaneous sternutation taking place on 16/04/2014 at 2155 hours UTC, where every conscious organism capable of sneezing did so at the same time. No proof has been provided of any capable organism being unaffected by SCP-3336.

There have been no anomalies found to be specific to the sneezes caused by SCP-3336. Statistical impossibility aside, SCP-3336 theoretically could have occurred without anomalous interference. World press has confirmed 78 civilian deaths worldwide, mostly due to traffic accidents. An additional 4 lab accidents causing 12 fatalities among Foundation personnel happened due to the brief break in staff attention invariably caused by sternutation. SCP-3336

occurred during a containment breach of SCP- ; however, all research conducted has found the incident to be coincidental. All situations regarding containment in the wake of SCP-3336 have since been handled.

No cause has been found to be responsible for SCP-3336. Interviews conducted with sufficiently suspicious persons have provided no full closure as to the reason for SCP-3336. Theories on SCP-3336 in the public largely attribute the event to religious deities, secret society/military superweapons, or extraterrestrial life. No groups or persons of interest have confessed to responsibility or inside knowledge of SCP-3336.

SCP-3336-A is a herd of 23 reindeer owned by the Bayarsaikhan family in northern Mongolia. 15 days prior to SCP-3336, the entire herd sneezed at once. This was caught on camera by filmmaker Joshua Hu shooting for a documentary on the Dukha people, who posted the footage online shortly after SCP-3336. This attracted Foundation attention, and Mr. Hu's claim was promptly verified. Agent Sean Bat was then sent to meet with the Bayarsaikhan family. The family proved cooperative, allowing Agent Sean Bat to remain with the family to monitor SCP-3336-A for any anomalies, acting as a possible warning system for SCP-3336 and/or SCP-3336-like events.

Addendum 3336-1:

+ Interview 280414

Interviewed: Allison Shein

Interviewer: Researcher Kendall Loren

Date: 28 April 2014

Foreword: Ms. Shein attracted public attention in wake of SCP-3336 for writing a short story describing a fictional version of the same event with the exception of only humans in the story being forced to sneeze. She wrote the piece for a high school writing class and turned it in

the day prior to SCP-3336, also sharing it with friends and classmates. One of her friends posted about the coincidence online, leading to the story going viral. The Foundation contacted her through an SCP journalist front for interview.

<Begin Log>

Loren: Thank you for agreeing to an interview this evening.

Shein: Oh, no problem. Never thought I'd be important enough to have an interview.

Loren: What was your inspiration for writing the short story?

Shein: A passing grade, mainly. I haven't really written fiction before, the only reason I was writing fiction in the first place was because my English class wanted us to write short stories. I was brainstorming in class for something to write about, when a classmate and I both sneezed at the same time. This was around 2 weeks before the big sneeze, like, actually happened. It wasn't all too extraordinary, especially since the two of us were known for our allergies, and with it being spring, and with our teacher deciding to have class outside that day. But that was the inspiration: I wanted to take that to the next level: *everybody* sneezing, not just two people. I thought it would be fun to explore how the world would react to such a ridiculous event. I guess we're living in that world now.

Loren: Can you recall where you were and what you were doing when everybody sneezed?

Shein: Yeah. I got home from band practice and was eating dinner with my sister. I ended up spitting out some carrots because of how unexpected it was while she was talking about her day. The unexpectedness and her not having allergies and being healthy at the time made it much more weird than the synchronized sneeze in class two weeks before. Then we noticed social media was blowing up and saw a few of those first few viral videos, like the one of that Swedish metal band sneezing mid-concert, along with the audience. That's when I started to think I have superpowers.

Loren: And do you have superpowers?

Shein: I'm pretty sure. I mean, it must have been a pretty big coincidence to have happened like that, right? Not to brag or anything, but I don't think anybody else has written about this idea before I did, and basically right after I finished it, it actually happened.

Loren: Have you tried writing any more stories since then?

Shein: Of course I have! I wrote about winning the lottery, then the next day I bought a ticket. I won a hundred dollars. I wrote about finding my true love, and an old friend texted me a few days later to catch up.

Loren: Are those the only stories you've attempted writing?

Shein: Well, no, I wrote a lot more than that. You show a girl that what she writes comes true and of course she's going to try to get everything for herself. Not all of it seemed to

have an impact though. I tried small things, like a story about the radio only playing songs that I like, which didn't happen, and also about my Amazon order coming early, which also didn't happen. Another that didn't work was a story about a book falling off of the bookshelf in my room, which hasn't happened… so far. I also wrote about my dad being nice to me for once, which obviously didn't work out. I've tried a whole bunch of stuff. Maybe my powers ran out by changing the whole world, or something, and then trying to find true love and money.

<End Log>

Closing statement: The contents of the interview above were posted to the Foundation front website *southcarolinapress.com*. The interview effectively ended after Ms. Shein's description of her failed attempts at recreating her apparent anomalies, with Loren branching off to recruit Shein for experimentation. She readily cooperated, and after six months of trial no anomalies of Shein's could be reproduced. After being shown beyond reasonable doubt to be a completely normal young woman, Shein was decommissioned from Foundation operations. Surveillance of Allison Shein will continue for the foreseeable future in case of any renewal of confirmed anomalous abilities. The text Ms. Shein mentioned in the interview did not amount to anything significant.

+ Interview 050614

Interviewed: Reverend Florian Pichler

Interviewer: Agent Monica Storch

Date: 5 June 2014

Foreword: Reverend Florian Pichler, a Protestant minister in the municipality of Pfeffenhausen, Germany, has attracted Foundation attention by predicting apocalyptic events in the spring of 2014, claiming to have had sermons touching on the subject reaching back to 2006. Pichler has largely gone unnoticed by social media given the large amount of religious press following SCP-3336, but the supposedly prophetic nature of the minister prompted the Foundation to investigate. Pichler was contacted and a meeting was arranged between him and Agent Monica Storch, a Rho-11 operative sent for her fluency in German and Protestant background. The following interview has been translated into English for convenience.

<Begin Log>

Pichler: Thank you for flying all the way here for my teachings. I'm so happy that my message is reaching more people, especially in the age we live in today.

Storch: It's my pleasure. I guess you could say it-

Pichler: That it was God who guided you my way?

Storch: You stole the words right out of my mouth.

Pichler: I do have clairvoyant tendencies, you know.

Storch: And that's why I wanted to come speak to you. I want to know more about you and your prophecy.

Pichler: What would you like to know?

Storch: I'd like to know how you knew about the sneeze.

Pichler: Oh, that's simple. I received messages from the Lord himself.

Storch: And how did He reach you?

Pichler: Slowly. Very slowly. He started by giving me only brief visions of mass pestilence across the globe in 2003, which I kept to myself. Over the first few years of contact I saw thousands of people lying in ruin, pale and emaciated, in the aftermath of some horrible, horrible disease. He made it clear to me that this is the future, that I am certain of. The only trouble was the question: 'When is this going to happen?'

Storch: Matthew 24:36, 'But about that day or hour no one knows, not even the angels in heaven, nor the Son, but only the Father.'

Pichler: That I am aware of, as I knew not the day or hour. What I did know, however, was the season, as stated in 1 Thessalonians 5:1-6. As God fearing followers of Christ we have the insight necessary to stay wary of the return of the Lord. God in His messages to me told me it would be soon, and as the time of the sneeze approached my certainty grew stronger.

Storch: Did you have any messages sent to you about the sneeze, specifically?

Pichler: Ah, plenty. The visions of pestilence, for one, have an obvious relationship with sneezing. But even stronger so, and you're

going to have to take my word for this, the Sunday service I held just prior to the sneeze itself had seven of the attendees sneeze at once during prayer. At first I thought that might have been the defining event of my visions, confirmation of what was to come, but we all know nothing could possibly compare to what happened just a few days later. And my personal certainty of the coming of the end did not climax until everybody sneezed at once that Wednesday! In fact, I was completely alone when it happened, but I instantly knew it was no ordinary sneeze.

Storch: So what's going to happen now that we've received this sign from God?

Pichler: We wait in absolute certainty of a coming of Christ. No being out there is powerful enough to do what every single person just witnessed but God Himself, and for what reason would He do that? To toy with us? No, God is above that, He created this event to test us on our faith. Only those who deserve hellfire are the ones who deny God's obvious involvement in the most inexplicable event in recent history. What else could it be?

Storch: Do you have any idea when the end will truly be upon us?

Pichler: The sneeze was God's last word to me; I haven't heard from him since, so I have no other words but "soon". As you have brought to notice, it's impossible for us to know exactly when Christ will return, but the signs are here. Now we must wait.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: After the interview, Agent

Storch reached out to several attendees of Reverend Pichler's service held on 13/04/2014. All eyewitnesses gave roughly matching accounts of the event described by Pichler. Agent Storch has arranged to keep in touch with Reverend Pichler for any relevant prophetic developments. At the writing of this article, Pichler has yet to give any updates pertinent to SCP-3336.

Addendum 3336-2:

+ Note from Dr. Von Hacht

I realize it may seem like we're grasping at straws here, because we are, but that's fine. Given the circumstances, all relevant findings to SCP-3336 are invaluable. Any anomaly that is by its very nature apparent to the public eye undermines everything we work towards here at the Foundation. We are here to protect the world at large, and now we're left with a world in fright. We have witnessed an anomaly that has proven powerful enough to reach out to all life on Earth in an instant; what damage might it be able to cause beyond a mere sneeze? If we can find something, anything that points to an origin of SCP-3336, we might find ourselves with one less apocalypse to worry about.

God bless us all.

Dr. Von Hacht

SCP-3337: Death Of The Artist

Item #: SCP-3337

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: On May 23, the museum or gallery indicated on the previous year's instance of SCP-3337-3 is to be temporarily closed to the public; an appropriate cover story should be chosen by the Head Containment Specialist at least three months prior to the event. Any possible manifestation sites on the exterior of the building should be made inaccessible; if there are no interior manifestation sites, then an exterior site should be chosen to minimize visibility and the ground beneath the site should be screened from view.

The remains of SCP-3337-2 instances should be examined by a Foundation coroner within at least one week of the event and then incinerated; SCP-3337-3 instances are to be removed, scanned, and stored in Site-28's Minimum Security Document Storage.

Description: SCP-3337 is a phenomenon that occurs every May 23rd in a gallery or museum within the continental United States which meets certain criteria; galleries and museums which meet these criteria are to be considered potential instances of SCP-3337-1. Instances of SCP-3337-1 must primarily exhibit art created in the 20th and 21st centuries; at least one piece of artwork exhibited in an SCP-3337-1 instance must have been the subject of significant controversy at the time of its initial exhibition; and an SCP-3337-1 instance must have a balcony, atrium, open stairwell, or window which is accessible to the public and is at least three stories high, referred to in this document as a manifestation site.

Around 11:30 AM on May 23rd, an instance of SCP-3337-2 will appear in an unobserved location in or around a single SCP-3337-1 instance. Instances of SCP-3337-2 are female humans, genetically and physically identical to Luisa Bellocchio, the presumed creator of

SCP-3337, an anomalous artist active in Italy and New York City in the late 1970s and early 1980s; each SCP-3337-2 instance is dressed in a white t-shirt and blue jeans, the brand and manufacturer of which vary between instances. If the SCP-3337-2 instance manifests outside of the gallery or museum, it will enter and present a membership card[1] or pre-printed entry ticket, where applicable; all instances will proceed to the highest accessible manifestation site, place an instance of SCP-3337-3 on the nearest blank wall, and commit suicide by jumping from the site.

Instances of SCP-3337-3 are curatorial labels, identical in style and material to other curatorial labels within the SCP-3337-1 instance. Apart from slight differences in presentation, each instance of SCP-3337-3 contains essentially the same information[2]; each instance will also identify the next year's instance of SCP-3337-1, usually as the institution that sold or loaned the artwork to the current year's SCP-3337-1 instance.

Preventing SCP-3337-2 instances from committing suicide has so far proved impossible. SCP-3337-2 instances are partially intangible prior to death; they are able to pass through closed doors and barricades that would prevent them from accessing manifestation sites, although they will choose an accessible site over an inaccessible site if only some sites have been blocked, and once an instance has reached a manifestation site, they can become intangible to any individuals who try to prevent their suicide and to preventative measures such as netting that would prevent their death.

Addendum 3337-A: Sample SCP-3337-3 Text

Instance recovered from the Guggenheim Museum, New York City NY, 23 May 2009.

> **Luisa Bellocchio**
> American, 1952-1983
>
> ***Death of the Artist***, begun 1983, ongoing
> Human remains on concrete[3].
>
> *Death of the Artist* was Bellocchio's final work before

(and during) her suicide. While Bellocchio was never acknowledged by the mundane art world, she achieved some notoriety in the anomalous art community for her photography series *I Went Into The Mountains*, the final piece of which, "Morfeo & Euridice", had seventeen confirmed kills at the time of its destruction[4]. Of this series, three pieces—"Ghoul-Oriented Sexual Behavior", "E Ho Trovato l'Invasor"[5], and "Protest against the Protest about the Methods of the Protest"—are still at large[6], and one, "Apostasy = Apotheosis", is in a private collection[7]. None of her other work survives.[8]

On loan from the Walker Arts Center, Minneapolis MN.[9]

Addendum 3337-B: Recovered Document 3337-1

Recovered on 13 August 1989 from the apartment of POI-33906, Francesco Castaldo[10], an associate of Bellochio before her suicide. Believed to be Bellocchio's suicide note. Ink on paper. Translated from Italian to English.

Franco,

We've been killing people with magic and saying that it is for art. My personal body count is almost thirty, and most of that is from one photograph. You haven't killed anyone yet but I know of at least seven suicides in theaters where your movies were playing. Some of the others are in the triple digits.

I can't remember how to take a photo that doesn't eat people.

Goodbye.

Luisa

Footnotes
1. All recovered membership cards have been issued to "Luisa Bellocchio".
2. See Addendum 3337-A.

3. This material matches the material on which the SCP-3337-2 instance lands.
4. See GOC casefileLTE-5414-Warhol:"Carnivorous Photograph" for further information.
5. Italian for "And I found the invader".
6. The original instance of SCP-3337-3 listed an additional two titles, "Modena Through Seven Mirrors" and "The Axe Shepherd", both of which are believed to have been destroyed by the GOC during the year prior to SCP-3337-3 no longer listing them.
7. See Anomalous Object 37219.
8. Other than the changes mentioned in previous notes, this paragraph has remained unchanged since the first SCP-3337 manifestation.
9. This line indicates the next manifestation site.
10. AKA "Franco Spanko", a producer of anomalous pornography released from Foundation custody in 1993 after amnestic treatment.

SCP-3338: Otamatone wants to be your roommate~

Item #: SCP-3338

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All known instances of SCP-3338 and the individuals sharing a living space with them are to be monitored regularly via non-invasive methods. Foundation personnel are to conduct bi-monthly interviews with the human tenants under the guise of maintaining compliance with building safety regulations. Removal of SCP-3338 instances and application of amnestics to corresponding tenants may only be carried out with approval from the current project head.

Description: SCP-3338 refers to anomalous Otamatone[1] instruments which spontaneously manifest in apartments, townhouses, and college dorm rooms in various urban areas of Japan.

Though rarely-documented and lacking in replicable experimental data[2], SCP-3338 cases are believed to possess several events consistent across all instances:

- SCP-3338 will only manifest in living areas currently being rented by a single individual with stable finances, who has occupied the space for at least three months.
- SCP-3338 tend to appear when the renter listens to music frequently, plays a musical instrument as a hobby, and/or enjoys singing.
- SCP-3338 instances manifesting will be accompanied by a small scrap of paper held in the instrument's mouth, reading, "オタマトーンはあなたのルームメートになりたいです~"[3]
- SCP-3338 instances, upon initial manifestation, will typically appear inside the living space near the main entrance doorway.
- Once a month, an SCP-3338 instance's mouth will fill with

Japanese yen paper money, totaling approximately 10 to 15 percent of the tenant's monthly rent fee. Money generated by this method has been determined to be legal (non-counterfeit) currency.

SCP-3338 are visually identical to non-anomalous Otamatone instruments, and will function similarly to their non-anomalous counterparts when played. Individuals who have encountered SCP-3338 have reported that the anomalous Otamatones will assist them with finding small lost objects, including keys, public transportation tickets, identification cards, loose change, jewelry, and socks.[4]

SCP-3338 will disappear from their corresponding living space when certain circumstances are met.[5] Currently, the following scenarios are confirmed to result in demanifestation of an SCP-3338 instance:

- The renting tenant changing living locations.
- The renting tenant placing SCP-3338 outside the living space's entrance threshold for more than one day (24 hours).
- The renting tenant jokingly inserting trash, dirty articles of clothing, or other debris into the SCP-3338 instance's mouth.
- The renting tenant making rude comments about the SCP-3338 instance or attempting to use SCP-3338 as a decoration or piece of furniture.
- The renting tenant failing to set aside a designated place for the SCP-3338 instance to occupy comfortably.[6]
- The instance of SCP-3338 having resided in a living space for over one year.
- The renting tenant failing to speak to the SCP-3338 instance for over a week.
- The renting tenant forgetting about the SCP-3338 instance's existence due to application of amnestics.
- Cameras of any type (hidden, cell phone, handheld) filming an SCP-3338 instance at rest for longer than 15 minutes.[7]
- The application of tracking devices to an SCP-3338 instance.

Addendum 3338-1: On - - , Agent Shizuka Kato was able to trigger an SCP-3338 manifestation following a routine check-up appointment with an SCP-3338 tenant. During the check-up, Agent Kato had expressed an interest in finding a co-occupant for her

current apartment, emphasizing the comfortable furniture and the proximity to a neighboring building that housed a jazz club. Upon Agent Kato returning to her apartment, she noticed that an SCP-3338 instance had manifested on a side table close to the door. Discussion is underway to allow Kato to occupy the apartment for longer than the agreed contract time, to better research the instance of SCP-3338. See Addendum 3338-2.

Addendum 3338-2: As of - - , roughly 37 weeks following the initial manifestation of an SCP-3338 instance in Agent Kato's apartment, a small "mini"[8] Otamatone instrument of the same color manifested next to the existing SCP-3338 instance. After reporting the incident, Agent Kato prepared a resting spot for the new smaller SCP-3338 instance (tentatively designated SCP-3338-1) using a set of towels. Upon returning home the next day, she discovered the two Otamatone sitting side by side, with a messily-scrawled note in the SCP-3338-1 instance's mouth reading, "おばちゃんワありがとう".[9]

Personnel assigned to the SCP-3338 project are currently deciding how best to proceed.

Footnotes
1. Music note-shaped handheld electronic musical synthesizer toys, developed in Japan by the CUBE toy company and the Maywa Denki design firm. Otamatone instruments are played by controlling the pitch of the sound with one hand on the stem, and squeezing the head of the instrument with the other hand to produce a “wah” effect.
2. SCP-3338 manifestation seems to occur independently of any roommate-seeking advertisements.
3. "Otamatōn wa anata no rūmumēto ni naritai desu", translated "Otamatone wants to be your roommate~".
4. According to interview testimony, these lost objects will be found in the Otamatone’s mouth upon the tenant's returning to the living space after having left the building. The likelihood of finding a lost object allegedly increases if the Otamatone is spoken to about the missing article.
5. All attempts to track SCP-3338 following demanifestation have failed.
6. Based on observed cases, leaving SCP-3338 on the ground, in a

bathroom, or near trash receptacles has resulted in demanifestation.
7. Video footage of a human playing an SCP-3338 instance seems to be an exception to this.
8. A smaller version of the standard Otamatone, which plays preset songs rather than individual notes.
9. "Oba-chan wa arigatō", translated "Thank you auntie".

« SCP-3337 | SCP-3338 | SCP-3339 »

SCP-3339: Randall the Clown's Wacky Broadway Theatre

Item #: SCP-3339

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3339 is to be blocked by all backbone internet service providers. Level 2/3339 clearance is required to access SCP-3339. Should unauthorized civilian access to SCP-3339 occur, MTF Gamma-5 ("Red Herrings") is to be deployed to the site of access to administer Class-A amnestics to all witnesses of SCP-3339-1 or SCP-3339-2.

SCP-3339-2 is to be entered once every Saturday, at 1900 hours UTC by a trained researcher. The researcher is to record the performance, as well as the number of civilians within SCP-3339-2 (see **Addendum** for more details).

Containment Update: Following the change in SCP-3339's anomalous properties after Incident 3339-A, no further personnel are to be deployed into SCP-3339-2. Primary containment procedures are to remain in place.

Description: SCP-3339 is a website accessible through the domain 'randall- .net.' When loaded onto an internet browser[1], SCP-3339 will display the following contents with an elaborately designed purple and green background:

> # Randall the Clown's Wacky Broadway Theatre!
>
> Brought to you by The Happiness Factory™
>
> Hey kids! Have you ever wanted to go to the movies, but your parents wouldn't let ya? Don't worry, Randall the Clown's got your back! Every Saturday at 7:00 PM[2],

come on down to Randall's Wacky Broadway Theatre and see some sights that'll make you want to throw your eyes out, since nothing else will be worth seeing!

COME ON DOWN!

If the "COME ON DOWN!" button is pressed on a Saturday between 1845 and 1910 hours UTC, SCP-3339-1 will manifest in the subject's computer. However, if the button is pressed outside of this time frame, no further anomalous effects occur.

SCP-3339-1 is a ticket labelled "RANDALL THE CLOWN'S THEATRE — GOOD FOR ONE SHOWING." SCP-3339-1 will be dispensed from an opening on the computer used to activate SCP-3339[3], with no apparent source. SCP-3339-1's anomalous properties will manifest if a subject holds SCP-3339-1 and exits the room that they are currently inside, or enters an interior space if they are outside. In this case, the subject is transported to SCP-3339-2. Affected subjects also report that all exits appear to be entrances to SCP-3339-2. SCP-3339-1's anomalous properties will cease after 1910 hours UTC.

SCP-3339-2 is a theatre theorized to exist in an extradimensional location, similar to **SCP-1763**. SCP-3339-2 consists of an array of seats facing a large stage. SCP-3339-2 is constructed entirely out of wood, and decorated in a fashion similar to modern theatres. Once a subject enters SCP-3339-2, a pamphlet will materialize in the subject's hand describing the performance they are about to see.

After 1910 hours UTC, the lights inside of SCP-3339-2 will dim, and a deep voice will announce the title of the performance. A cast and crew made up of humanoids (designated SCP-3339-3) will show a performance of varying genre and quality (see **Addendum**). Some performances have utilized anomalous phenomena. An invisible, impenetrable barrier in front of the audience section of SCP-3339-2 prevents interaction with SCP-3339-3.

SCP-3339 was the designation originally given to the phenomenon causing the temporary disappearance of children between the ages of 5 and 14. It was not until 2014 that SCP-3339 was identified following an interview with an affected child.

Researcher Note: The **Description** section of this file describes SCP-3339 and all related anomalies prior to Incident 3339-A. Many aspects of SCP-3339 have changed since. See **Addendum 02** for further information regarding Incident 3339-A.

- Researcher Calvin

Addendum: Testing Log

+ Show Testing Log

Agent Note: For the sake of proper formatting, please use the following format to describe incursions into SCP-3339-2:

> **Researcher:** [Name of the researcher who entered SCP-3339-2]
>
> **Performance Title:** [Title of the performance]
>
> **Performance Description:** [Description of the performance]
>
> **Time Elapsed:** [Time elapsed during performance]
>
> **Civilian Description:** [Description and number of civilians in the audience]
>
> **Notes:** [Any additional notes]

- Agent Gilbert

Researcher: Dr.

Performance Title: "Space Wars!"

Performance Description: A conflict stated to have happened on a starship. Two characters,

General Nicholas and King Henry, are discussing trading disputes. This dispute ends in a firefight between the two parties, with General Nicholas as the victor. General Nicholas then boards his personal starship and flies away.

Time Elapsed: 16 minutes

Civilian Description: At least 100 children of varying ethnicities between the ages of 5 and 12.

Notes: This performance was realistic. Actual laser weapons were used, and details such as blood, the starry background and the spaceship General Nicholas flew at the end were almost indistinguishable from reality.

Researcher: Dr.

Performance Title: "Pillowboy"

Performance Description: A 10 year old boy named Katurian is exposed to radiation from the sun and becomes Pillowboy, made up entirely of pillows. Pillowboy travels back in time and gives candy to children who are depressed, making them happy. Eventually, Pillowboy becomes sad, and a future version of Pillowboy gives Pillowboy candy.

Time Elapsed: 15 minutes

Civilian Description: At least 100 children of varying ethnicities between the ages of 5 and 12.

Notes: Lightning effects from Pillowboy's "time traveling" were indistinguishable from reality.

Researcher: Dr.

Performance Title: "John and Juliet"

Performance Description: The performance is stated to have taken place in medieval times. For the first ten minutes of the play, a boy named John confesses his love to a girl named Juliet. After John's confession, Juliet says "yes" and hugs John before the performance ends.

Time Elapsed: 11 minutes

Civilian Description: At least 75 children of varying ethnicities between the ages of 5 and 12.

Notes: The castle was designed to appear to be a medieval siege castle, though many other details were concealed from the audience.

Researcher: Researcher Calvin

Performance Title: "Frank's Day Off"

Performance Description: A 7-year old boy named "Frank" skips school. Frank spends the day playing with his various toys and engaging in hijinks. The performance ends with his mother catching him and getting grounded.

Time Elapsed: 18 minutes

Civilian Description: At least 100 children of varying ethnicities between the ages of 5 and 12.

Notes: This performance was on par with modern theatre standards, but was noticeably less realistic than previous performances.

Researcher: Dr.

Performance Title: "Futureinator"

Performance Description: A cyborg from the future comes in order to kidnap Frank, a 12-year old boy in San Diego. Another cyborg, the "Futureinator" also comes from the future to thwart the other cyborg's plans.

Time Elapsed: 20 minutes

Civilian Description: At least 50 children of varying ethnicities between the ages of 5 and 12.

Notes: This performance was of noticeably lower quality than the other performances. Both "cyborgs" were simply standard humans with face paint, and Frank was obviously an adult. Most notably, the car chase scene consists of Frank and the Futureinator inside of a car while the crew carries clouds to create the illusion of movement.

Researcher: Junior Researcher

Performance Title: "Finding Fish"

Performance Description: A fish named Bob loses his son, Fish, to a strong current. Bob spends the entirety of the performance searching for Fish, eventually finding him under a rock.

Time Elapsed: 15 minutes

Civilian Description: At least 20 children of varying ethnicities between the ages of 9 and 12.

Notes: All props were made up of painted cardboard, and all characters were humans wearing suits that resembled fish.

Researcher: Researcher

Performance Title: "The Flimsons"

Performance Description: This performance focuses on "The Flimsons," a family living in Pringfield, New York. The primary conflict of this performance is the father of the family attempting to change the channel.

Time Elapsed: 10 minutes

Civilian Description: Nine children, aged 10 years old.

Notes: Aside from the noticeable drop in prop quality, the general writing quality of this performance declined as well. In addition to this, sound equipment within SCP-3339-2 failed on multiple occasions.

Researcher: Researcher Calvin

Performance Title: "An Office"

Performance Description: A man wearing a business suit types at a computer in a cubicle for the duration of the performance.

Time Elapsed: 15 minutes

Civilian Description: None. Researcher Calvin was the only member of the audience.

Notes: The only props used in this performance were the cubicle, the computer, and the chair the man sat in. No audio equipment whatsoever was used.

Researcher: Researcher Calvin

Performance Title: N/A

Performance Description: N/A

Time Elapsed: 3 minutes

Civilian Description: None.

Notes: See **Addendum 02.**

Addendum 02: Incident 3339-A

+ Show Interview Log

Interviewed: PoI-3339-A

Interviewer: Researcher Calvin

Foreword: On / /2015, no performance within SCP-3339-2 took place. Instead, an obese man wearing clown makeup (designated PoI-3339-A) came onto stage and addressed Researcher Calvin directly. The dialogue of this exchange is recorded below:

<Begin Log, hours>

PoI-3339-A: Excuse me? Dude in the lab coat?

Researcher Calvin: Are you referring to me?

PoI-3339-A: Yeah. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?

Researcher Calvin: Not at all.

PoI-3339-A: Thanks.

PoI-3339-A sits down in a chair on the stage.

PoI-3339-A: Can you tell me where it all went wrong?

Researcher Calvin: I'm sorry, what?

PoI-3339-A: This place used to attract kids by the hundreds. Every time I performed, I could count on an entire crowd cheering on my handiwork here, appreciating the show. Now, well, you're the only one here. At first, I just thought the kids these days were out of touch, you know? Then I realized that it might be I that's out of touch.

PoI-3339-A sighs.

PoI-3339-A: I decided to take a look at some of my old performances. I have 'em all recorded, you know? Space Wars, Leg of the Tiger, all that. I'm just… amazed by them. The special effects, the narrative, just… the whole deal. Can't believe I wrote 'em. Now, I can't even write a half-decent line of dialogue to save my life. What happened to me?

PoI-3339-A remains silent for 33 seconds.

PoI-3339-A: I guess I've gotten old. I've spent too much time with the executives. All work and no play, even when you gotta play to work. Corrupted me from the inside out. Made me lose my spark.

PoI-3339-A remains silent for 12 seconds.

PoI-3339-A: Well, I guess I gotta go. Don't got nothin' left to do here.

<End Log, hours>

Closing Statement: PoI-3339-A walked off stage after his speech. PoI-3339-A has not been located since this incident.

Addendum 03: Post-Incident Report

+ Level 2/3339 Clearance Required

Following Incident 3339-A, many changes have been noted in the anomalous behavior of SCP-3339 and all subdesignations.

The most notable change is that, when activating SCP-3339, a message box will appear containing the following error:

> FATAL ERROR
>
> No further showings of RANDALL THE CLOWN'S WACKY BROADWAY THEATRE have been scheduled. Thank you for coming to my show. Waddle on!

Programmers belonging to the SCP Foundation have noted that it is still possible to activate scripts located in SCP-3339's web server in order to create an instance of SCP-3339-1, which can be used to access SCP-3339-2. However, SCP-3339-2 is now an empty room, with the audience section and stage removed.

Reclassification of SCP-3339 is pending approval.

Footnotes

1. SCP-3339 is compatible with browsers capable of running Adobe Flash or HTML 5. It is of note that SCP-3339 is not compatible with any iteration of Internet Explorer or Microsoft Edge, despite the latter being compatible with HTML 5.
2. This time changes to match the viewer's time zone.
3. In most cases, this is the disk drive or one of the air vents. During a test, SCP-3339 was activated on a computer with no air ducts, disk drives, or other openings. SCP-3339-1 was ejected through a crevice between the monitor and the monitor frame.

SCP-3340: You Think, Therefore We Are

SCP-3341: Arabian Nasnas a.k.a. Somali Hungruf

Item #: SCP-3341

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3341-A and SCP-3341-B are housed in the Eastern Province Settlement Zone and Ogaden Settlement Zone respectively, in collaboration with the governments of Saudi Arabia and Ethiopia. **Mobile Task Force Stigma-9 ("Evolved from Naturally Occurring Gears, Levers and Pulleys")** is dispatched to Ogaden Settlement Zone to invalidate all propaganda spread by SCP-3341-B1 and/or the Cogwork Orthodox Church.

Instances of SCP-3341-B1 are to be regarded as hostile entities, holding a de facto Object Class of Keter. Mobile Task Force Gamma-4 ("The Iconoclasts") is to be mobilised in East Africa, tasked to combat SCP-3341-B1 instances. While capture of live SCP-3341-B1 instances is preferable, termination is permitted. Captured SCP-3341-B1 instances are to be kept in Site-368. If applicable, SCP-3341-B1 instances are to have non-vital mechanical implants removed and undergo rehabilitation. Said rehabilitation programme will consist of literature authored by MTF ς-9 and a modification of **Programme Arduinosis-9001**.

SCP-3341-C is outside of Foundation jurisdiction, and is currently within the jurisdiction of the Organisation for the Reclamation of Islamic Artefacts (ORIA). Intelligence reports regarding SCP-3341-C are to be obtained from leaked ORIA sources, with emphasis on the methods behind ORIA's suzerainty over SCP-3341.

Interaction between SCP-3341-A, SCP-3341-B, SCP-3341-B1, and SCP-3341-C is not permitted.

Description: SCP-3341 is a sapient omnivorous mammalian species, which undergoes metamorphosis into a humanoid

appearance as part of its life cycle. It is endemic to areas within the Arabian Peninsula, Horn of Africa, and Iranian Plateau. Due to differing socio-political contexts, SCP-3341 communities in the three regions possess distinct cultural differences from one another, and are given the following sub-designations for ease of categorisation: SCP-3341-A, SCP-3341-B, SCP-3341-B1, and SCP-3341-C.

All juvenile SCP-3341 specimens possess one arm and one leg each, with each limb having five digits. SCP-3341's feet share notable similarities with those of species belonging to the family Leporidae (rabbit), allowing SCP-3341 to move via jumping. The average distance travelled by a juvenile SCP-3341 specimen within a single leap is four metres. The head is roughly hemispheric in shape, and consists of one eye, one nostril, one ear, and one mouth. The nostril and mouth are usually placed at the extremity of the head. No hair is present in juvenile SCP-3341 instances.

Juvenile SCP-3341 specimens exhibit a unique form of sexual dimorphism. Male juvenile SCP-3341 specimens resemble the right side of the human body, whereas female juvenile SCP-3341 specimens resemble the left side of the human body.

Metamorphosis of SCP-3341 involves one male juvenile SCP-3341 instance and one female juvenile SCP-3341 instance, who will merge their bodies, memories, and consciousness together. The process is optional and requires mutual consent from the participants involved. Courtship is primarily centred on the measurement of a potential mate's height, wherein partners of similar heights tend to have a higher probability of successful metamorphosis. A larger difference in height between partners is held to be positively associated with increased risks during metamorphosis, causing a longer period of metamorphosis, deformity of the adult instance, or death of one or both of the participants.

During metamorphosis, the partners will align themselves such that the male partner is lying to the right side of the female partner. Once aligned, the partners will rub their bodies against each other to create lacerations wherein their flesh will be conjoined. The two instances' mouths, cloacae, parts of their skeletons and internal organs along the torso will merge together. Other bodily changes

include the growth of body hair and shortening of both their feet. The process usually requires one week, typically taking place in an isolated enclosed environment. Due to the long duration and the energy required, juvenile specimens tend to consume large quantities of food prior to metamorphosis.

In terms of physical appearance, a typical adult SCP-3341 specimen is mostly identical to the average human. Particularly, alterations to the adult specimen's legs have reduced its jumping capacity to that of an average human. A significant difference is that a adult SCP-3341 specimen's reproductive system is entirely internal. Insemination and fertilisation occur inside the adult specimen's own body. The infant will be birthed after an incubation period of approximately one year, after which it will exit from the cloaca.

A typical adult SCP-3341 instance possesses the memories and consciousness of the juvenile instances involved in its metamorphosis, and regards itself to be a singular entity. Following metamorphosis, adult instances will take on a double name consisting of the names of both juvenile instances.

Due to SCP-3341's unique life cycle, the species has three biological sexes, referred to in human languages as "male child", "female child", and "adult". Despite that, SCP-3341 instances will universally identify all humans (regardless of sex, gender, and age) as "adult". This is attributed to humans' general appearance resembling a typical adult SCP-3341 instance.

Regardless of socio-cultural group, SCP-3341 instances (excluding members of SCP-3341-B1) adhere to a class system based on its life cycle. Juvenile SCP-3341 instances typically serve as military, manufactural, and agricultural roles. Adult SCP-3341 instances typically serve as priests, literati, diplomats, and community leaders. While juvenile instances do not wear clothes, adult instances tend to don clothing capable of concealing the entire body.

Differences among various socio-cultural group of SCP-3341 is based on mythology and socio-political context, as detailed in the following executive summaries.

SCP-3341-A denotes the socio-cultural group of SCP-3341 instances who traditionally reside in the Eastern Province and Riyadh Region of Saudi Arabia, Al Wusta and Dhofar Governorates of Oman, and the Emirate of Abu Dhabi.

SCP-3341-A's creation myth alleges that the two legendary progenitors of its species were moulded from clay by a *djinn* named Shiqq, who admired humanity. The legendary progenitors merged their flesh together on Shiqq's command, and Shiqq was not mentioned in the creation myth following that point. The unified progenitor was left to its own devices and eventually gave birth to offsprings, thus propagating its species.

Prior to mass relocation in 1951 CE, SCP-3341-A communities were publicly identified as Bedouin[1] tribes whereas juvenile instances were only allowed freedom of movement at night. SCP-3341-A's nomadic practices were supposedly intended to minimise contact and suspicion with human settlements. Foundation efforts to contain SCP-3341-A have reduced restrictions to SCP-3341-A's freedom of movement.

SCP-3341-B denotes the socio-cultural group of SCP-3341 instances who traditionally reside in Ogaden.

While SCP-3341-B's creation myth also ascribes Shiqq as the creator of SCP-3341, more emphasis is placed on an exodus from Shiqq and its realm of "Ahwaz". According to SCP-3341-B instances, metamorphosis is commonly interpreted as a means to stand united against obstacles.

While the Foundation has contact with SCP-3341-B since 1953 CE, contact was lost following the fall of the Ethiopian Empire in 1974 CE. Foundation assets were expelled, and **GRU Division "P" (GRU-P)** was invited to study SCP-3341-B instead, supposedly as part of an experiment to induct non-human sapient species to communism. This lasted until 1993 CE, wherein the Foundation re-established a presence in the Horn of Africa.

Many SCP-3341-B instances term the period under GRU-P administration as the "children's dictatorship",[2] characterised by

cultural repression.[3] Societal fluctuations during and after the "children's dictatorship" have resulted in numerous resistance movements amongst SCP-3341-B, many of which have since been suppressed by either GRU-P or the Foundation.

SCP-3341-B1 denotes the Order of Saint-Militant Qaynan, consisting of juvenile SCP-3341 instances affiliated with the **Cogwork Orthodox Church**. Thus, instead of the class system centered on its life cycle, social hierarchy within SCP-3341-B1 mirrors the Cogwork Orthodox Church.

Following the fall of the Derg regime in Ethiopia, the Cogwork Orthodox Church extended its sphere of influence in the Horn of Africa, and successfully converted multiple SCP-3341-B instances. Due to support from the Cogwork Orthodox Church, SCP-3341-B1 remains difficult to completely suppress and is given a distinct sub-designation.

Adhering to a syncretic religion derived from SCP-3341-B mythology and Cogwork Orthodox Church theology, members of SCP-3341-B1 perceive Shiqq as an agent of the "FLESH" who entrapped SCP-3341 into physical bodies and metamorphosis as a means to further entrap the species. Conversely, MEKHANE is worshipped by SCP-3341-B as the means to acquire liberation from their "trapped" conditions. Thus, they would use mechanical enhancements to achieve spiritual completion instead of undergoing metamorphosis with a suitable mate.

SCP-3341-B1 has aided in the Cogwork Orthodox Church's military operations in East Africa and other locations. As members of SCP-3341-B1 are unable to reproduce, raids on SCP-3341-B settlements are the former's primary means of recruitment. As of 2012 CE, bisected human corpses were found in SCP-3341-B1 temples.

SCP-3341-C denotes the socio-cultural group of SCP-3341 instances who traditionally reside in Khuzestan Province, Iran.[4]

Little is known of the nature of SCP-3341-C's version of its species'

creation myth, attributed to the lack of Foundation presence among SCP-3341-C. That being said, multiple recovered ORIA documents have claimed that SCP-3341 is a type of takwin.[5]

In the case of SCP-3341-C, the role of community leaders is served by both adult SCP-3341-C instances and selected ORIA personnel. Recovered ORIA reports indicate that SCP-3341-C community leaders (both human and SCP-3341-C) are consistently termed as **'Type 2 Special Personnel'** belonging to 'House Shiqq', speculated to be a clan of unknown origins. SCP-3341-C instances who adopt the role of community leaders appear to take on a temporary name, suggesting that they might be adopted temporarily into "House Shiqq".

Footnotes
1. Arab nomadic tribes who historically reside in desert regions of North Africa, Arabian Peninsula, Iraq, and the Levant.
2. Termed due to adult SCP-3341-B instances being a significant target of prosecution during that period. This is due to adult instances' traditional adoption of social roles that are frowned upon by communist movements.
3. For instance, adult SCP-3341-B instances were regularly forced to engage in physical labour alongside their juvenile counterparts.
4. Previously known as Arabistan or Ahwaz.
5. Synthetic life created via alchemy, often stated to be one of the major goals of Muslim alchemists.

SCP-3342: The Blackfoot Potato Transplants

SCP-3342, after baking.

Item #: SCP-3342

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-3342 are to be contained at Site-103 in a greenhouse for cultivation and study. The greenhouse measures 10 m x 25 m x 3 m and is reserved for the cultivation and study of SCP-3342 only. Potato crops from Blackfoot, Idaho are to undergo monthly assessment by Foundation personnel, under the assumed identity of state agents (i.e. FDA) or university researchers. Any potato crops showing signs of black flowers shall be seized and contained by MTF Theta-4 ("Gardeners"). All instances of SCP-3342 are to be relocated to Site-103 for containment. In the event of a containment breach, Class B Amnestics will be administered to all witnesses, and all samples of SCP-3342 should be collected by MTF Theta-4 for transport to Site-103.

Description: SCP-3342 is a potato plant grown from the perennial nightshade *Solanum tuberosum*, which only manifests in the vicinity of Blackfoot, Idaho[1]. Preparing[2] the potatoes for consumption is when the anomalous properties of SCP-3342 become apparent. All prepared instances of SCP-3342, regardless of the method of preparation, alter their physical appearance, function and composition into that of human organs.

SCP-3342 grows approximately 60 cm high, with the leaves dying back after flowering, fruiting and tuber formation. Unlike other varieties of *Solanum tuberosum*, which bear flowers of multiple colors, SCP-3342 exclusively bears black flowers with red stamen.

All known instances of SCP-3342 have manifested after being grown from seed potatoes of other cultivars. No known "original"

seed potato or cultivar of SCP-3342 has been discovered as of yet; it seemingly manifests at random. SCP-3342 may be, however, propagated by vegetative cuttings (cloning) of itself.

The first known instance of SCP-3342 was referred to the Foundation by Professor of the University of Idaho College of Agricultural and Life Sciences.

System date: 02/22/2024 01:46 AM

loading 3342.SCP. @ dir/arc/events/operations/testlog.rtf ...

Experiment 3342-1
Date: 05/25/18
Subject: One large SCP-3342 tuber

Method of Preparation: Baked

Results: A human skull and lower jawbone.
Researcher's note: Even though the potato was smaller than a human skull, it was the size of a normal adult human skull upon it's finishing.

Experiment 3342-2
Date: 05/27/18
Subject: 10 large SCP-3342 tubers

Method of Preparation: French Fried

Results: Human finger bones, including the metacarpal, proximal phalanges, intermediate phalanges, and distal phalanges.

Experiment 3342-3
Date: 05/29/18
Subject: 5 medium SCP-3342 tubers

Method of Preparation: Mashed

Results: While still in the pot, the potatoes appeared as

a mass of tangled entrails. The resultant mashed potatoes took on the appearance of a human liver upon plating. Dissection of the liver showed it to be a normal and healthy liver, free of defect.

Experiment 3342-4
Date: 06/01/18
Subject: 10 medium "new" SCP-3342 tubers

Method of Preparation: Boiled

Results: Kidneys. Dissection of these kidneys showed them to be normal and healthy. *Researcher's note: Two things- can we choose which organ we want to produce, and would these organs be viable to transplant into human subjects? Imagine the possibilities of a world wherein no donor list was needed.*

Experiment 3342-5
Date: 06/04/18
Subject: 1 large SCP-3342 tuber, carved into the shape of a human heart.

Method of Preparation: Baked

Results: One human heart. Dissection reveals it is healthy and in the opinion of Dr. McClendon, appears to be freshly removed from a person in perfect health.

Experiment 3342-6
Date: 06/06/18
Subject: 5 large SCP-3342 tubers, each carved into the shape of a different organ- one heart, one left lung, one pancreas, one eyeball, one section of small intestine.

Method of Preparation: Baked

Results: Each potato became the organ it was carved into the shape of. Dr. Connors, Dr. McClendon, Dr. Hardin, and Dr. Prime oversaw and assisted the dissection of each organ. All were observed to be an

excellent specimen of each respective organ. Furthermore, it is the opinion of medical staff that, if handled properly, each organ appeared to be suitably viable for transplant.

System date: 02/22/2024 01:51 AM

***loading 3342.SCP. @ dir/arc*operations/proposal.rtf ...//**

Title of Project: Viability of human organ transplants of SCP-3342

Background

As of 12/28/18, 214,823 people in the United States alone currently need a lifesaving organ transplant (total waiting list candidates). Of those, 74,898 people are active waiting list candidates. 11,491 transplants have been successfully performed this year, from a total of 5,536 organ donors. The vast majority of these organ donors are deceased. Even a casual examination of these numbers reveals a staggering shortage of viable organs available for transplant.

Furthermore, even if kept chilled in preservation solution, donated organs can only remain viable for transplantation for a short time, although it is best if they are transplanted as quickly as possible after the donation surgery. Typical storage times are 30 hours or less for a kidney, less than 12 hours for a pancreas or liver, and less than 6 hours for a heart or lungs. These times vary because of the relative speed at which deterioration begins in the organs' tissues.

Our experimentation with SCP-3342 has shown that, with adequate preparation, we can create human organs that project staff unanimously agree would be viable for

transplant. The organs created are blood-type neutral, removing the burden of finding a matching donor for transplant centers around the world. Furthermore, these organs would able be given to a waiting list candidate within minutes of creation, with minimal equipment necessary.

Experimental Procedures

We would like to assess the viability of using prepared organs created from SCP-3342 as a source of transplant organs for patients suffering from terminal conditions which may be alleviated via organ transplant.

Resources

I will be working directly with my Site Director, Dr. , and Doctors McClendon, Prime, and Hardin will be joining the research team indefinitely to complete this project. We will utilize D-Class personnel that have been independently diagnosed with medical conditions requiring organ transplantation as a treatment method.

Final Presentation

The final format of my independent study project will be a written report. It will
include my original objectives and a presentation of my findings.

Dr. Connors
Director of Research, SCP-3342

Proposal Approved by O5 Council

System date: 02/22/2024 02:14 AM

loading 3342.SCP. @ dir/arc/operations/tinman.db ...

****Restricted- Level 04 or higher authorization required**

Please login

****Username: asiar.agemo|798#asiar.agemo|798**

****Password:**

Welcome, Director. Opening records…

Project Tinman

Founded 01/05/2019 by the O5 Council

Staff: Dr. Connors, Project Lead; Dr. McClendon, Dr. Hardin, Dr. Prime

Mission: Confirm the viability of SCP-3342 as a source of organs suitable for transplant via clinical trial.

Please select an option.

[1] List all database entries [11,276]

[2] Database Search

[3] Logoff

Enter your selection: [2]

Enter your search query: 00032

Opening files for patient 00032

Post-Operative Report - 03/13/19

Post-Operative Report: Patient identified as D-5150, a 36-year old caucasian male with diagnosed cardiomyopathy. Chosen for Project Tinman 2/24/19. Patient advised of procedure and the status to the clinical trial involving lab-grown heart, but not advised of the true nature of SCP-3342.

Organ procurement and preservation was achieved by [DATA REDACTED]. Transplantation was performed orthotopically by Dr. McClendon and Dr. Hardin, using the biatrial technique. Weaning from CPB was done under monitoring of right and left atrial pressure.

Immunosuppressive protocol- During a stay in the intensive care unit, the recipient received 4 × 250 mg/day intravenous methylprednisolone for 3 days. Oral steroid dosage was tapered gradually within 2–3 weeks. Cyclosporine A was continued intravenously, and then orally with the dosage depending on its level in blood, measured directly after transplantation and twice a day for the following course. Long-term immunosuppressive therapy consisted of cyclosporine A (6 mg/kg/day) and azathioprine (2 mg/kg/day).

Dr. McClendon, Senior Medical Staff
Project Tinman

Release Documentation - 08/04/19

Release of D-Class Form AE-2600

Name: Samuel Allen Dierks
Serial: D-5150

Incarceration Date: 03/23/2004
Induction Date: 02/12/2019
Record: [EXPUNGED]
Release Date: 08/05/19

Notes: As agreed to upon acquiring D-Class status, D-5150 has been hereby pardoned by the Governor of the State of [REDACTED] and is to be released into the custody of his family, with the following stipulations:

- A 10-year mandatory period of rehabilitative parole, as mandated by the laws and regulations of the state of [REDACTED];
- A yearly examination by Foundation Medical staff, and;
- Upon death, the cadaver of D-5150 is to be donated to the Foundation for post-mortem examination.

THEREFORE, in agreeance with the terms laid out herein, and with the agreeance of all parties involved, D-5150 is hereby freed, effective as above.

Congratulations, Mr. Dierks, and good luck in your future endeavors.

Signed,

Site Administrator

Post-Mortem Examination - 02/21/24

EXTERNAL EXAMINATION: The autopsy is begun at 1:30 P.M. on May 02/21/2024. The body is presented in a black body bag. The subject is wearing a white sleeveless shirt and

navy blue sweatpants.

The body is that of a normally developed white male measuring 183 cm and weighing 102 kg, and appearing generally consistent with the stated age of 41 years. The body is cold and unembalmed. Lividity is fixed in the distal portions of the limbs.

Discovered sprouted from all visible orifices of the body, and also from the skin itself, are a number of plant-like protrusions, averaging 26 cm in length, that terminate in black, five-petaled flowers with red stamen. The origin of these is unknown.

Upon removal of the victim's clothing, it was found that these plant-like protrusions have sprouted from nearly all hair follicles and orifices of the body.

56 bullet wounds are found on the the body. They were hard to identify due to the prolific growth of the flowers. Flesh is apposed, not swollen. There is no blood found around or in on the bullet wounds. Normally this would be indicative of a postmortem wounding pattern but due to the nature of the body, this is unclear.

INTERNAL EXAMINATION: Internal examination defies all current knowledge of human anatomy. After primary Y-incision was made, it has been discovered that the entire cavity had been somehow filled with tumorous growths bearing a strong resemblance to a potato. Further, no organs have been found in their proper places, instead, large masses of these tumors seem to have completely grown through or otherwise displaced the organs entirely. Dissection of these tumors, once

excised, revealed that the tumors have the complete appearance of a potato. A biopsy of a number of these tumors has been collected and sent for further testing. A total of [DATA EXPUNGED] of these tumors have been removed from the body. Many of the potatoes have been damaged or completely destroyed by the aforementioned bullet wounds.

There has been no blood found in the body. The veins and arteries of the body appear more like roots than blood vessels. Water has appeared to take the place of blood in these root-like structures.

Time of Death: Unable to be determined, as testing via liver mortis and stomach contents is impossible.

Immediate Cause of Death: Unknown, secondary to multiple gunshot wounds. Exsanguination is impossible due to a complete lack of human blood, and massive organ trauma is impossible due to a complete lack of human organs.

Remarks: [DATA EXPUNGED]

System date: 02/22/2024 11:13 AM

loading 3342.SCP. @ dir/arc/operations/edit.exe ...

****Restricted- Level 04 or higher authorization required**

****Username: asiar.agemo|798#asiar.agemo|798**

****Password:**

Welcome, Director. Opening 3342.SCP. Edit Protocol ...

FOR IMMEDIATE REVIEW - Proposed updated entry - SCP-3342

Changes highlighted in blue

Item #: SCP-3342

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-3342 are to be contained at Site-103 in a greenhouse for further cultivation and study. The secured greenhouse(s) will be 10 m x 25 m x 3 m and reserved for the cultivation and study of SCP-3342 only.Potato crops from Blackfoot, Idaho are to undergo monthy assessment by Foundation personnel, under the assumed identity of state agents (i.e. FDA) or university researchers. Any potato crops showing signs of black flowers shall be seized and contained by MTF Theta-4 ("Gardeners"). All instances of SCP-3342 are to be relocated to Site-103 for containment. In the event of a containment breach, Class B Amnestics will be administered to all witnesses, and all samples of SCP-3342 should be collected by MTF Theta-4 for transport to Site-103. All instances of SCP-3342-1 are to be contained in a standard humanoid containment cell. All known instances of SCP-3342-1, either pre- or post-metamorphosis, are to be immediately brought into containment by the nearest possible MTF by any means necessary. Class-C amnestics and memory reconditioning are to be administered to all witnesses of SCP-3342-1. Project Tinman is to be suspended indefinitely. Class-E amnestics are to be administered to all Foundation personnel involved with Project Tinman, and are to be reassigned following release by medical staff.

Description: SCP-3342 is a potato plant grown from the perennial nightshade *Solanum tuberosum*, which only manifests in the vicinity of Blackfoot, Idaho. Preparing the potatoes for consumption is when the anomalous properties of SCP-3342 become apparent. All prepared instances of SCP-3342, regardless of the method of

preparation, alter their physical appearance, function and composition into that of human organs.

SCP-3342 grows approximately 60 cm high, with the leaves dying back after flowering, fruiting and tuber formation. Unlike other varieties of *Solanum tuberosum*, which bear flowers of multiple colors, SCP-3342 exclusively bears black flowers with red stamen.

All known instances of SCP-3342 have manifested after being grown from seed potatoes of other cultivars. No known "original" seed potato or cultivar of SCP-3342 has been discovered as of yet; it seemingly manifests at random. SCP-3342 may be, however, propagated by vegetative cuttings (cloning) of itself.

The first known instance of SCP-3342 was referred to the Foundation by Professor of the University of Idaho College of Agricultural and Life Sciences.

SCP-3342-1 is a group of at least [REDACTED] humans who have each undergone an organ transplant using organs provided by Project Tinman. Each instance of SCP-3342-1, at some indeterminate point ranging between 5 to 6 years following their transplant surgery, will experience a sudden and painful metamorphosis. Subjects will begin to sprout leafy flowers identical to those exhibited by SCP-3342. These flowers will sprout from all orifices and hair follicles on the subject, as well as the eye sockets. This process takes between 2 to 4 hours, while the subject remains conscious and in obvious pain. For the next 4 to 6 hours, the major internal organs, excluding bone structure, musculature, and flesh, become displaced by dozens of instances of SCP-3342.

Within 24 hours of this process, SCP-3342-1 will no longer display any signs of human consciousness. SCP-3342-1 does not respond to any known methods of communication. After this incubation period, SCP-3342-1 will begin walking at an average pace of 1.3 meters per second in a direct line towards Blackfoot, Idaho, walking around objects in its path. Attempts to interfere with the travel of SCP-3342-1 are met with violent resistance.

SCP-3342-1 is only active during daylight hours. Reasons for this are unknown, but the current hypothesis is that SCP-3342-1 derives

its energy via photosynthesis.

****WARNING- Save your work before exiting**

****[1] Save**

****[2] Discard**

Enter your selection: [1]

****SAVED**

.
.
.

****CMD: shutdown**

****IT IS NOW SAFE TO TURN OFF YOUR COMPUTER.**

Footnotes
1. Commoly called "The Potato Capital of the World", and boasts the largest potato industry in any one area.
2. Baking, frying, etc.

SCP-3343: Beelzebub

Item #: SCP-3343

Object Class: Euclid Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: N/A

Special Containment Procedures (outdated as of 1/6/18): SCP-3343 is to be kept in a modified small animal containment enclosure at Site-59. It is to be provided with one sliced apple as daily nutrition.

At 11:00 PM GMT, SCP-3343 may be brought outside of its enclosure for up to 30 minutes to undergo a San Pietro event. As per the Ethics committee ruling of 3/23/17, staff are advised to avoid direct interference with a San Pietro event unless necessary.

In the event of a containment breach, SCP-3343 can be coerced into re-containment through the usage of a flyswatter.[1]

Description: SCP-3343 is a male fruit fly[2], 20 cm in length. While the size is unusual for a fruit fly, no noticeable genetic difference between a tissue sample from SCP-3343 and an ordinary male fruit fly is present.

SCP-3343 lacks wings, and in their place, wears a cape-like white cotton robe of unknown origin. Attempts to remove the robe from SCP-3343 have been met with consistent failure.

SCP-3343 displays humanlike intelligence, having scored 34.7 (above average) on the Naismith-Henderson Animal Sapience Assessment.

Though it is incapable of speech, SCP-3343 has shown nonverbal responses to English, German, and Latin. Common responses include nodding, bowing, and a gesture that appears to be a variant

of the Sign of the Cross.

Based on observation, testing, and pictogram-based interviews, SCP-3343 displays a level of cautious respect for the Foundation, answers to "Your Holiness," and expresses reluctance to answer questions regarding its origin and abilities.

Every night, at 11:00 PM GMT, SCP-3343 undergoes a San Pietro event, in which it enters what appears to be to be a meditative state for an average of 30 minutes (or longer, depending on whether or not any San Pietro events had to be cut short or missed entirely).

During this state, a rapid, fluctuating array of bright white and red particles will spontaneously materialize and de-materialize in SCP-3343's line of sight. SCP-3343 is only willing to undergo this procedure in an open, quiet space.

Observation of the images associated with San Pietro events has been limited due to the rapid pace and fluctuation, but the majority of the particles are red, and SCP-3343 has assured containment personnel on multiple occasions that these events are completely harmless to humans.

Addendum: High-speed camera observation of San Pietro events has given some insight into their nature. The particles in question resemble the deceased remains of fruit flies and their young.

White flies display no change upon de-materialization. Red flies are accompanied by red text such as "AVARICIA," "LUXURIA," "INVIDIA," and "CASTITIAS," along with at least 27 other phrases that do not conform to any existing human language. These flies de-materialize in a small explosion.

Update - Neutralization: On 1/6/18, during a routine cleaning, SCP-3343 was removed from its enclosure and placed in a temporary container on the floor. Researcher Danvers accidentally stepped on the container. SCP-3343 was terminated in the accident, and is now considered Neutralized.

+ 4/3343 Clearance Required

From: Lisle Naismith [pcs.noitadnuof|htimsianl#pcs.noitadnuof|htimsianl]
To: Overseer Council
Subject: Re: Pest Control

I don't want to believe that Site-59's recent fly infestation is a product of SCP-3343's death, but the possibility can no longer be ignored. It wasn't until after January sixth that they started showing up. That, and the fact that researcher Danvers's body was discovered in the third floor men's room, covered in flies.

I have no idea how he managed to sit still long enough for a swarm of flies to slowly drain him of his bodily fluids drop by drop, but he appeared to be in a comfortable sitting position on the toilet when he was found. So far, I can only explain this tranquility with *de facto* conjecture, but it's as if he knew he had to be there.

They're going after our computers, trying to break into their circuits. I'm not sure why, or what they think they can do, but to say that this is troubling would be putting it lightly.

The point is: we need to bring in some better extermination equipment before this escalates. Call it jumping to conclusions, but they've got a good motive. If I knew who killed my god, I'd be angry too.

Footnotes
1. While swatting will cause no harm to SCP-3343, it is theorized that the experience is personally humiliating for SCP-3343.
2.Drosophila melanogaster

SCP-3344: Mourning Son

Director's Note: To whoever keeps adding this gibberish to the database: we will eventually figure out how to prevent you from doing this. You're wasting your time, and it's not funny.

Item #: SCP-3344

Object Class: Safe or Euclid I guess. Let's go with Euclid since I'm not sure.

Special Containment Procedures: Unnecessary because subject itself is likely not contagious, but the symptom of something else. SCP-3344 can just sleep in whatever is available in Site 24; unused bunk rooms, empty quarters, floors, wherever. It's not going anywhere anytime soon, so consider it self-contained.

Description: SCP-3344 is a caucasian humanoid male, 36 years of age. Subject's main anomalous effect seems to be that everyone that has ever had direct contact with its father believes him to be dead, and will not interact with it in any meaningful way. Subject is unable to interact with these people physically, and changes he makes to the environment around them go completely unnoticed. Persons who believe subject to be deceased have a fairly consistent view of the circumstances surrounding its supposed death, which apparently was a car accident caused by the subject driving under the influence of alcohol. It should be noted that the subject does not regularly imbibe alcohol, and has never actually driven drunk before.

Though it is not clear what anomaly caused SCP-3344's anomalous effects, the date that it occurred was likely sometime in September of 2008. It is believed the full effect of the unknown catalyst was not reached until November of 2008. It is hypothesized that the memory effects first originated in the subject's father, and spread out to those closest to him geographically, affecting the majority of his co-workers at his job.

On April 26, 2015, SCP-3344 infiltrated Site 24[1]. Attempts by the subject to inform non-affected Foundation staff of his situation were fruitless, as their investigations usually led to contact with the subject's father, and subsequently putting them under the same effects. Any documentation they made was either deleted or went completely unnoticed. Most non-affected individuals were low level employees, with no access to means of shielding themselves from the effects. Those who did attempt to avoid the effects through use of higher level technology or other SCP artifacts, failed.

Addendum 1: Okay, that's the best I could do to try and add myself to the database. I can't really write that clinical shit, and I'm over it at this point. It's been 8 years since my wife and kids, and all my other family members started treating me like a ghost. Hell, a ghost would probably get more acknowledgement. They remember a funeral that never took place. They remember non-existent speeches at a non-existent wake while I screamed at them that I was right there. They ignored the people who never knew my dad, who I tried to use to get them to understand what happened. It was gratifying at first to see their confused expressions as my family and friends basically ignored anything they said about me as if they were robots who couldn't interpret the data they were receiving. But it made no difference.

One of my new friends asked me, after he got over his incredulity at the entire messed up situation, why I didn't just move to a new place where no one could possibly know my dad. I could do that, you know, but it would feel not just like giving up on my family, but giving up on myself. They all think I died, but they're the ones who are ghosts. I lost my wife, my three children, my brothers, my sister, my mother, my father, my uncles, my aunts, my grandparents, my cousins, my closest and oldest friends. And it's all because of this place. My dad's work. I can't blame him though. He has no idea, couldn't have known. But the reality for me is that it wouldn't have happened if he worked somewhere normal. Somewhere that didn't have the most disturbing shit behind bars.

It's not his fault, but my investigation has gone completely cold now. His work has brought him into contact with countless…things. People. Other organizations. Any of them could have caused this

and there's no way to tell because of the nature of it. It's sort of a self-hiding anomaly, and there's nothing in the documentation with similar effects. And now that he's the director of the site, there's pretty much no one left that's unaffected. I know that I should've just moved on now, but I've come this far and…I just can't let go. I'm sorry. I should, but I'm just not strong enough.

I'm sorry Dad. For your sake, I hope what I'm about to do won't work. But I have to try. You don't deserve this, but neither do I. I want my life back. If it works, I'll take care of Mom. I promise.

I love you.

- Niklas Carver, SCP-3344

Addendum 2: I know you can't read this, or at least you can't really process the information, but I feel compelled to add it anyways. You can try and erase this all you want. I'll put it back every time. Every. Single. Time. Until I'm dead or I'm not just an anomaly anymore. And you can't stop me because at this point I probably have higher clearance than you. I will not be deleted.

Footnotes
1. Finding out what my dad did for a living, and locating this place was the hard part. Everything else was a cakewalk thanks to my… state of being, I guess. Also, I'm sorry about the burnt popcorn last February. That was my bad, but it gets pretty old to have your food taken out of the microwave before it's done for the 18th time.

SCP-3345: Crime Novel

Item #: SCP-3345

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3345, when not in use, is to be stored in a standard safe-class secure locker in Site-73. Personnel with level-2 clearance or higher handling SCP-3345 are to wear protective gloves must wear protective clothing covering the body and head. Personnel are not to read SCP-3345.

Description: SCP-3345 is a 15cm×20cm 261 paged paperback book in the style of a 21st-century crime novel. Its cover displays a black and white image of a bloody humanoid hand pressing against a frosted window. Furthermore, the text on SCP-3345's cover reads like an ordinary novel. However, the subsequent text infers that the novel revolves around an individual who reads SCP-3345 by stating – in block white capitals - that the author is "You".

The synopsis and content to SCP-3345 are blank and it demonstrates no anomalous properties when handled by personnel or subjects with protective gloves. SCP-3345 anomalous properties become evident, however, when a sapient subject, without protective layering, handles SCP-3345. Upon opening SCP-3345 a narrative emerges from its pages, written in the style of a 21st-century crime novel, which accurately retells the accounts of the individual's most significant crime(s). Furthermore, these crimes vary per subject and range from shoplifting as an adolescent to homicide. The narrative found within SCP-3345 remains on its pages for a total of 24 hours, regardless of contact from another individual, after which SCP-3345's pages return to being blank.

SCP-3345 was recovered from a local police station on October 18, 2012, in Manhattan, North America after numerous individuals surrendered themselves to officials, believing they had been caught, for crimes previously unknown to the law enforcement. When

questioned, all individuals described a book found in possession of one of the victims of SCP-3345. Upon further investigation, SCP-3345 was discovered to have originated half a mile from the police station in the [REDACTED] Coffee Shop. Field Agents sent to investigate the [REDACTED] Coffee Shop found no other anomalies except for a 12-second unexplainable loss in footage from the cafe's CCTV on August 13, 2012, at precisely 1 am. Security footage, after the anomaly, clearly shows SCP-3345 within the coffee shop.

Addendum 3345- 1: Since the acquisition of SCP-3345 a number of revelations about staff and subjects at Site-73 have emerged.

Excerpts from Subjects exposed to SCP-3345:

Experiment 3345-01 – 05/03/2013

> **Subject:** D-2872
> **Subject's criminal record:** Subject D-2872 has a history of violent crimes ranging from armed robbery to the murder of two individuals on [REDACTED].
> **Procedure:** D-2872 was instructed to handle SCP-3345 without protective gloves.
> **Results:** All 261 pages of SCP-3345 became filled with a narrative which told the story of a detective hunting down a mobster based in New Orleans for the murder of two females.
> **Analysis:** Although SCP-3345 narrative was embellished with fanciful interactions, reminiscent of modern crime novels, no discrepancies could be found between SCP-3345 narrative and D-2872's criminal records and police reports.

Experiment 3345-13 – 03/27/2014

> **Subject:** D-3458
> **Subject's criminal record:** Subject D-3458 has a history of petty crimes and was convicted of the murder of an individual on [REDACTED].
> **Procedure:** D-3458 was instructed to handle SCP-3345 without protective gloves.
> **Results:** All 261 pages of SCP-3345 became filled with

a long drawn out narrative which told a story of an individual who stole a cookie from the boy scouts at the age of 13, jaywalked across streets and littered throughout their life. The story ends with the Subject being arrested of vandalism of public property.
Analysis: Considering SCP-3345 lack of discrepancies when describing the crimes of the previous 12 Subjects it might be believed that D-3458 could have been wrongly convicted of murder. Further investigation is to take place surrounding D-3458 and the murder of [REDACTED].

Experiment 3345-13 - Additional Investigation report – 05/08/2014: Upon further review by Foundation personnel of D-3458 criminal trial a number of discrepancies emerged between the eyewitness accounts of the murder and evidence presented to the court. Additional examination of Tallahassee police department's security records showed a law enforcement officer, Police Inspector [REDACTED], tampering with evidence of D-3458's trial. Therefore, it could be concluded that D-3458 was wrongly convicted of murder, as SCP-3345 suggested. D-3458 was terminated 3 weeks before Foundation personnel concluded that the Subject was, possibly, wrongly convicted of murder.

Experiment 3345-61 – 05/14/2015

Subject: Dr. – hereafter referred to as 'Subject'.
Subject's criminal record: Subject had previously never been convicted of any criminal activities.
Procedure: D-3652 was instructed to handle SCP-3345 without protective gloves.
Results: Contrary to previous experiments, SCP-3345's narrative did not revolve around the D-class personnel. Later examination of the test footage showed the insufficiency of the Subject's protective gloves evidencing the Subject coming in open contact with SCP-3345 before being handled by D-3652. The narrative told a story revolving around the Subject and

their ex-partner. The Subject tortured and murdered their partner, suspecting them of having an affair, and buried their body in a quarry south of [REDACTED].
Analysis: The Subject was immediately contained as further investigation was needed surrounding the disappearance of the Subject's partner. Handling of SCP-3345 by Foundation personnel have henceforth halted until further notice.

Experiment 3345-61 - Additional Investigation report -01 – 05/20/2015: Field agents were sent to the locations described within SCP-3345, retrieving numerous blood samples and the body of the Subject's deceased partner. Tools found hidden in the Subject's residence also contained trace amounts of blood matching the body found in [REDACTED] Quarry. Footage examined from nearby CCTV illustrated a car owned by the Subject driving to and away from the Quarry. Monitored phone calls from the Subject's Partner evidence sexual interactions with individuals other than the Subject.

Experiment 3345-61 - Additional Investigation Report -02 - 05/27/2015

The following is an interview conducted between the Subject and a Foundation Agent surrounding the death of their partner:

Dr. : Can you tell me what is going on?

Agent: Where were you on the night of [REDACTED] between the times of 2 and 3 am?

Dr. : That was [REDACTED] years ago? How am I supp- Wait… That's the night my husband went missing! Is this a tactic we use now? Bring up a missing spouse to incite emotional distress? Tell me why I have been contained!

Agent: Where were you on the night of [REDACTED] between the times of 2 and 3 am?

Dr. **:** Does this have to do with my husband? Where is he? Have you found him?

At this point, the agent pulls out images of the acquired body as well as pictures of the evidence incriminating the subject.

Dr. **:** Jesus! What is that?

Agent: Do you recognise this individual?

The Subject looks at the photos in more depth. The Subject begins to grow agitated and struggles in their chair.

Dr. **:** That's my [REDACTED]! What did you do to him?! You bastards! What did you do to him?!

Agent: We found these tools hidden in various locations throughout a property previously owned by you. They contain trace amounts of blood from the victim's body.

The subject continues to sob and does not respond to the agent.

Agent: These pictures show your car driving to and from the Quarry that his body was found in!

The Subject continues to ignore the agent.

Agent: Dr. . Did you kill your husband?

The Subject lashes out struggling in their chair.

Dr. **:** What are you talking about? I have never hurt anybody! I have no idea what you are talking about! What did you do to him?! I don't know what is going on!

The Subject continues to struggle and scream until a sedative is administered. The Subject is led back to their containment cell.

Experiment 3345-61 - Additional Investigation report -03 – 06/05/2015: Supplementary interviews between Foundation Agents and the Subject have yet to yield a confession. Moreover, polygraph tests - although unreliable - show the Subject believes themselves to be innocent. Examinations, in addition, by Foundation psychologists of the Subject suggest the Subject is in a genuine state of distress and confusion over the disappearance of their partner. Additional exposure to SCP-3345 has resulted in no changes to its narrative. The Subject is to remain in containment under examination.

Conclusion: Since SCP-3345 has proven to be a reliable source of information during previous experiments, it would suggest that the Subject is guilty of the murder of their partner. Furthermore, the insurmountable amount of evidence towards the Subject would confirm their guilt. Nevertheless, the Subject has established, through psychological reports, that they believe they are innocent. Additionally, the subject has no history of violent activities or any criminal record. Due to these conflicting results, it has been theorised that SCP-3345 could create a crime if no previous criminal records exist – fabricating evidence where none previously existed. However, due to the accuracy of SCP-3345 in all previous tests, the Subject is to remain in containment until further testing of SCP-3345 has been conducted.

SCP-3346: Worry Hat

Item #: SCP-3346

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3346 requires no unusual containment procedures beyond a standard containment locker in Site-19. Testing is to be approved by SCP-3346's primary researcher.

Description: SCP-3346 is a plastic child-size hard hat. The hat is a toy manufactured by the Company in 1986 and would not suitable to be used as protective equipment. SCP-3346 shows signs of wear consistent with gentle use. There is a piece of yellow construction paper taped to the inside dome of SCP-3346 (see addendum 1).

When an individual puts SCP-3346 on their head, they experience a non-sight-based sensation. These sensations are related to significant anxieties the subject wearing SCP-3346 experienced as a child between the ages of 4-6. Frequently these are audio or physical sensations; however, no one in the experimentation chamber but the subject is able to experience the sensation. After removal of SCP-3346, most subjects report feeling much better about the incident and able to handle further exposure to the anxiety-inducing event.

Experimentation Log: Approval for testing using individuals under the age of 18 is pending. All testing until such a measure is approved is to be done by adults. Testing is to be conducted by instructing the subject to wear SCP-3346 for 60 seconds, then remove and offer commentary on their experience.

> **Test Subject:** D-84269
> **Testing:** D-84269 puts on SCP-3346. Subject looks confused, then at 34 seconds begins laughing. Subject

removes SCP-3346 at 60 seconds.
Commentary: "Macaroni salad! I tasted macaroni salad! God, I hated macaroni salad when I was a kid, it scared me to death! I thought it was little worms!"
Long-term Results: D-84269 was provided with a bowl of macaroni salad and immediately began to eat it. Following consumption, D-84269 commented, "I haven't thought about the worms thing in years. Isn't that funny? It was so serious back then."

Test Subject: Dr. Theodora Wu
Testing: Dr. Wu wears SCP-3346 for 60 seconds, then removes.
Commentary: "I could smell flowers. My sister died when I was four, she was eight." (Pause) "They covered her coffin in flowers. I had a panic attack at the funeral. I still can't stand dahlias, they were her favorite."
Long-term Results: Dr. Wu self-reported increased visits to R Cemetary where her sister is buried. Most recent report indicated Dr. Wu brought dahlias with her, as "They *were* her favorite."

Test Subject: Dr. Charles L. (request to remain anonymous)
Testing: Dr. L. was chosen as his psychological profile indicated being raised in an abusive household. He is instructed to wear SCP-3346 for the full 60 seconds. Dr. L. wears SCP-3346 for 60 seconds, displaying extreme discomfort throughout, then removes and throws across the room.
Commentary: Dr. L. was initially unable to respond to researcher queries, but after calming down claimed he "felt him hit me again." Dr. L. was overcome again and unable to elaborate.
Long-term Results: Dr. L. was issued weekly Foundation-sponsored therapy and has been able to face some of the difficulties he endured as a child. When asked, Dr. L. commented, "It's hard. It's going to take time. But I'm glad I'm facing it."

Addendum 3346-1

Addendum 3346-1: SCP-3346 was discovered with the following note taped inside. It is written on yellow construction paper using a blue crayon.

> Worry Hat, Worry Hat
>
> Worry Hat, Worry Hat
> When it's hard to play
> We can tell the Worry Hat
> "I feel sad today."
>
> Anyone can take their sad
> And put it in the hat
> Then when we are feeling good
> We can come right back!
>
> Mrs. Raymond's Kindergarten
> If found please return!

SCP-3347: They Grow Up So Fast

Item #: SCP-3347

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3347 is currently owned by the Foundation under the Alias of . At least one Foundation agent is to maintain residence of SCP-3347 at all times, as well as provide necessary maintenance. No personnel are to reside in SCP-3347-1 or SCP-3347-2 for extended periods of time unless authorized to do so for experimentation purposes.

Description: SCP-3347 is a split level ranch style house located in a suburban neighborhood in , New Jersey. SCP-3347 is comprised of a living room, a recreational room, a kitchen, a dining room, two bedrooms, three bathrooms, and several closets. Most of these rooms within SCP-3347, including all of the major living quarters, bear no known anomalous properties, and are equipped with furniture and appliances typical of a contemporary home.

The anomalous properties of SCP-3347 occur in relation to two bedrooms, designated SCP-3347-1 and SCP-3347-2, located adjacent to each other on the third floor. SCP-3347-1 contains a queen-sized bed, two dressers, a closet, and a central light fixture. SCP-3347-2 is entirely empty when not in the process of a Transposition Event.

A Transposition Event is triggered whenever two fertile humans of opposite sex sleep in the bed located in SCP-3347-1. Humans of the same sex, sterilized or menopausal humans, and groups of more than two individuals have all failed to trigger a Transposition Event. During a Transposition Event, the contents of SCP-3347-2 will change instantaneously on a daily basis. These changes, referred to as Transposition Shifts, always occur at 12:00 AM EST. Changes within SCP-3347-2 during Transposition Shifts vary between Transposition Events, but usually involve the appearance of objects

such as furniture, carpeting, books, clothes, toys, and wallpaper, as well as the disappearance and rearrangement of said objects. If allowed to proceed to fruition, Transposition Events will always continue for exactly 18 days, resulting in 18 Transposition Shifts. Any outside objects left within SCP-3347-2 will disappear during Transposition Shifts, making surveillance of the transposition process via security cameras impossible. At the conclusion of a Transposition Event, all objects within SCP-3347-2 will disappear, and SCP-3347-2 will return to its initial empty state. SCP-3347-2 will return to this state prematurely if one or both of the subjects stop sleeping in SCP-3347-1 on a nightly basis.

Subjects who have triggered Transposition Events have reported feeling a desire to spend time near or around SCP-3347-2 during the event, as well as an overwhelming sense of sadness and loss following the event's conclusion. Psychiatric evaluation is considered unnecessary in most cases, as these feelings tend to subside within a few days. Subjects have also occasionally reported hearing sounds from within SCP-3347-2 during Transposition Events. Such reports have included the sound of laughter, crying, and muffled speech. All attempts to locate the source of these sounds have been unsuccessful.

Addendum 3347.1: *Experiment Logs*

The following Experiment Logs catalog three deliberately triggered Transposition Events, and include all furnishing alterations, object disappearances, and otherwise preternatural phenomena resulting from these events.

During each experiment, two subjects were instructed to remain within SCP-3347 until the Transposition Event was completed and to sleep together (platonically) within SCP-3347-1 every night. Two Foundation agents were administered to the site in order to oversee the experiment and take daily observations of the objects within SCP-3347-2.

+ Experiment 3347-A

Subjects: D-4217 (Male) and D-9951 (Female)

Information of Note: Subject D-4217 and D-9951 were chosen deliberately due to their familiarity with each other, having both previously been assigned to experiment with SCP- . It was believed that this familiarity would prevent interpersonal problems from arising due to the close proximity of the experiment.

Day 1:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 became adorned by yellow wallpaper with a repeated floral pattern. A standard child's crib appeared within SCP-3347-2, along with a dresser drawer, a rainbow-striped carpet, and a stuffed rabbit.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 2:
Object observations: Furnishings within SCP-3347-2 were unaltered save for the addition of a box containing large foam building blocks and a mobile attached to the rim of the crib.
Miscellaneous observations: D-9951 claimed to have been awoken by the sound of crying coming from SCP-3347-2 at around 2:45 AM. The crying reportedly subsided about an hour later. All personnel within SCP-3347, including subject D-4217, were asleep during this time and did not report any auditory phenomena.

Day 3:
Object observations: Crib was replaced by a standard child-sized bed. A bookshelf equipped with children's books appeared. A stuffed dolphin replaced the stuffed rabbit.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 4:

Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 5:
Object observations: A poster displaying each letter of the alphabet and a corresponding animal (alligator, baboon, etc.) appeared on the right wall of SCP-3347-2.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.
Day 6:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 7:
Object observations: The wallpaper of SCP-3347-2 was removed and replaced by blue paint. A mural depicting an ocean, complete with fish, coral, and dolphins, covered the entirety of the back wall of SCP-3347-2.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 8:
Object observations: The child sized bed within SCP-3347-2 was replaced by a twin sized bed, underneath which was a box of LEGO bricks. The box of foam building blocks and the poster displaying the alphabet both disappeared.
Miscellaneous observations: Subject D-4217 reported the sound of muffled speech coming from within SCP-3347-2. Once alerted, D-9951 was able to hear it as well, although none of the other Foundation agents could.

The noise ceased once the door of SCP-3347-2 was opened.

Day 9:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 10:
Object observations: A second bookshelf, containing more books, appeared adjacent to the first one. A Nintendo 3DS appeared on the bed.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 11:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 12:
Object observations: A standard office desk, topped with a desk lamp, a pile of lined paper, and several pencils appeared in the left corner of SCP-3347-2. The twin sized bed was shifted further toward the right corner.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 13:
Object observations: An HP brand laptop appeared on top of the desk within SCP-3347-2.
Miscellaneous observations: High pitched laughter was heard from SCP-3347-2 by both D-4217 and D-9951. The noise ceased once the door to SCP-3347-1 was opened.

Day 14:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 15:
Object observations: The twin sized bed within SCP-3347-2 was replaced by a queen-sized bed.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 16:
Object observations: The box of legos and the Nintendo 3DS disappeared.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 17:
Object observations: Approximately 75% of the books contained in the bookshelves of SCP-3347-2 disappeared.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 18:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: Subjects D-4217 and D-9951 reported feeling a growing sense of sadness on the evening of Day 18. This feeling persisted through the night and reached its peak the next morning, at which time all furnishings within SCP-3347-2 had disappeared.

Following Day 18, SCP-3347-2 returned to its empty state.

+ Experiment 3347-B

Subjects: D-7619 (Male) and D-3732 (Female)

Information of Note: Subject D-7691 has undergone multiple incarcerations prior to Foundation recruitment for crimes such as physical assault and domestic abuse. Subject D-3732 was incarcerated following the physical neglect of her child (now located in a foster care facility). Security agents are advised to be especially observant in order to prevent physical altercations between the subjects.

Day 1:
Object observations: A standard child's crib appeared within SCP-3347-2. No other furnishing alterations were observed.
Miscellaneous observations: Security personnel were awoken at around 3:45 AM by D-7619, who was shouting obscenities and banging his fists against the wall of SCP-3347-1. Subject reported "not being able to get any damn sleep because of all that fucking crying". Security personnel observed no anomalous auditory phenomena.

Day 2:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 3:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: The sound of crying emanating from SCP-3347-2 was reported by both subjects at around 2:15 PM. Subject D-7619 slammed his fist against the door of SCP-3347-2, and the crying ceased.

Day 4:
Object observations: An empty plastic

bedpan appeared in the far right corner of SCP-3347-2.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 5:
Object observations: The crib within SCP-3347-2 was replaced by a standard child-sized bed.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 6:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 7:
Object observations: Miscellaneous articles of children's clothing appeared across the floor of SCP-3347-2 in a random, disheveled fashion.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 8:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: Subject D-7619 attempted to break down the door to SCP-3347-2, despite the fact that the door was unlocked. Subject was restrained by security personnel before the door could be breached. Upon questioning, D-7619 reported no anomalous observations other than a violent compulsion directed toward SCP-3347-2.

Day 9:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.

Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 10:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 11:
Object observations: A hole, approximately 12 centimeters in diameter, appeared in the east wall of SCP-3347-2. The hole appeared to have been created through the application of blunt force. This is the first recorded instance in which the structural constitution of SCP-3347-2 itself has been altered.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 12:
Object observations: The child-sized bed within SCP-3347-2 disappeared and was replaced by a synthetic dark blue sleeping bag.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 13:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 14:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 15:

Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 16:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no anomalous furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: Subject D-7619 entered SCP-3347-2 and systematically destroyed the contents of the room. This included cutting through the sleeping bag and much of the present clothing with scissors, snapping the bedpan in half, and creating several more holes in the walls. Subject was detained by security personnel and promptly terminated. Subject D-3732 was delivered class A amnestics and reassigned, and the experiment was prematurely concluded. All signs of activity within SCP-3347-2, including damage made to the walls of SCP-3347-2, disappeared the following day.

+ Experiment 3347-
C (Warning: Level 3 Clearance Required)

Subjects: Dr. Lavinson (Male), Dr. Morris (Female)
Information of Note: In order to prevent research complications resulting from unprofessionalism, as seen in Experiment 3347-2, Dr. Lavinson volunteered to activate a Transposition Event for research purposes. Dr. Morris, assistant researcher of SCP-3347-B, agreed to partake in the process.

Day 1:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 became furnished with pink wallpaper and purple carpeting. A standard child's crib appeared within SCP-3347-2, along with a dresser

drawer and several stuffed animals, including a bear, a cat, and an elephant.
Miscellaneous observations: The sound of crying from within SCP-3347-2 was observed by both Dr. Lavinson and Dr. Morris at around 2:30 am.

Day 2:
Object observations: More stuffed animals appeared within SCP-3347-2, along with a bookshelf containing several children's books.
Miscellaneous observations: Crying was once again heard from within SCP-3347-2 at around 2:45 AM. Dr. Lavinson entered SCP-3347-2, causing the crying to cease. Dr. Lavinson did not exit SCP-3347-2 until around 5:00 AM.

Day 3:
Object observations: The crib within SCP-3347-2 was replaced by a standard child-sized bed. A two-story dollhouse containing four plastic female dolls appeared in the front right corner of SCP-3347-2.
Miscellaneous observations: No miscellaneous occurrences of note.

Day 4:
Object observations: SCP-3347-2 underwent no furnishing alterations.
Miscellaneous observations: Dr. Lavinson heard laughter emanating from SCP-3347-2 for most of the day. No anomalous auditory phenomena were detected by Dr. Morris or any other personnel.

Day 5:
Object observations: A wooden rocking horse and a nightlight in the shape of a heart both appeared within SCP-3347-2.
Miscellaneous observations: Dr. Lavinson

spent the entirety of the day within SCP-3347-2. Dr. Morris entered SCP-3347-2 at around 10:30 PM and found Dr. Lavinson talking in a jovial manner to a nonexistent entity. Attempts to persuade Dr. Lavinson to leave SCP-3347-2 were unsuccessful. At 11:30 PM, security personnel entered SCP-3347-2 and attempted to remove Dr. Lavinson by force. Dr. Lavinson displayed uncharacteristically violent behavior, incapacitating one agent and forcefully removing the other from SCP-3347-2 before barricading the door (presumably with the bookshelf and the dresser drawer). Dr. Lavinson could be heard singing various lullabies up until 12:00 am, the time of the sixth Transposition Shift, at which time all noise from within SCP-3347-2 ceased.

Day 6:
Object observations: The bookshelf and dresser drawer within SCP-3347-2 had returned to their original positions. No other changes were observed.
Miscellaneous observations: No signs of Dr. Lavinson were found within SCP-3347-2. The walls and windows of SCP-3347-2 were unbroken, making an escape through normal means impossible. Experimentation on SCP-3347 was permanently halted, and Dr. Morris was removed from the premises and promptly reassigned.

UPDATE: On / /20 (10 days after Experiment 3347-C was concluded), Dr. Morris reported hearing the sounds of muffled speech and laughter at approximately 2:30 AM within her place of residence. The following morning, Dr. Morris found a note written on lined paper at the foot of her bed. The contents of said note are as follows:

Hello, .

Sorry to disturb you. It won't happen again. She just wanted to see what you looked like. She never believed me when I told her how much she looked like you. I wish you were able to see her, she would have loved that so much, and I think you would have too.

-

« SCP-3346 | SCP-3347 | SCP-3348 »

SCP-3348: Lost Dictionary

SCP-3348 at the time of recovery.

Item #: SCP-3348

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3348 is to be kept in a safe secured via a combination lock at least five (5) characters in length, which itself is to be contained within a standard Safe-Class containment chamber.

In order to prevent the contents of SCP-3348 from being spoken outside of testing, the antechamber connecting the containment chamber to the remainder of the facility is to be equipped with a mechanism capable of dispensing Class-A Targeted Amnestics. Whenever personnel without Level 3-3348 clearance or higher exit the chamber, the mechanism is to be activated in order to erase their memories of said contents.

Description: SCP-3348 is a black leather-bound journal. Written in a white field on the front cover is the title *The Compiled Vocabulary of the Kaejnethionian Language by Mandred Motzer*.

The first several pages of the journal contain hand-written entries listing words in a previously unknown language, presumably Kaejnithionian, along with their translations. These words are characterized by their extreme length; no entry has been observed to be any less than six (6) syllables long. In addition, Foundation linguists are currently unable to find consistent traits between each instance, as if their structures are completely random.

The remaining pages are blank, but an extra piece of loose paper was found in the back of the journal at the time of recovery (See Addendum 3348-02).

SCP-3348's anomalous properties manifest when an individual

(henceforth referred to as the Subject) speaks one of the words contained within it. As soon as the word is completely spoken, all instances of the entity or concept it is associated with will become negatively effected in some way within a 30m radius of the Subject. This effect manifests in one of three general ways, depending upon the chosen word's part of speech:

- Nouns: The affected entities will be altered in such a way that they will no longer be able to perform their intended function and/or attempting to use them will cause harm to the user.
- Verbs: For 30 seconds after the Subject speaks the word, anyone or anything attempting to perform the respective action will invariably fail, usually hurting themselves or others in the process.
- Adjectives: Entities exhibiting the respective trait will lose it.

Addendum 3348-01: Test Log
The following is a list of the initial tests conducted with entries found within SCP-3348.

+ Open Test Log

Entry Tested: "te viserex"
Part of Speech: Noun
Translation: "knife"
Procedure: A knife and a length of rope are placed on a table. Subject is asked to speak the word, then attempt to cut the rope with the knife.
Results: The edge of the knife briefly heats to °C before cooling down, now visibly dull. Subject attempts to make a cut in the rope for approximately 5 minutes before the knife suddenly snaps in half.

Entry Tested: "gulsa tid"
Part of Speech: Verb
Translation: "to walk"
Procedure: D-50339 (Subject-B) is asked to attempt to walk from one end of the testing chamber to another after the word is spoken.
Results: Subject-B begins to walk forward. After a couple of steps, his legs buckle and he falls to the

ground. Several more attempts are made, each resulting in the same outcome until the end of the 30 second period.

Entry Tested: "ki iworyac"
Part of Speech: Verb
Translation: "to fall"
Procedure: After the word is spoken, Subject is asked to lift a bowling ball off of the table and drop it at their feet.
Results: The bowling ball does not fall, suspending itself in the air where it was released. After the 30 second time period, it falls to the ground at terminal velocity. Subject sustains minor injuries.

Entry Tested: "fazava wikuc"
Part of Speech: Adjective
Translation: "red"
Procedure: A red apple is placed on a table and observed after the word is spoken.
Results: The skin of the apple turns from red to a visual phenomena that is described by those present as "indescribable" and "incomprehensible." Subject and observing personnel suffer from major headaches for the following hours.

Entry Tested: "at ejiraqun"
Part of Speech: Adjective
Translation: "large"
Procedure: A standard -brand refrigerator is placed next to a sculpture of a fork made to be roughly the same size. Both are observed after the word is spoken.
Results: The sculpture is shrunken to the size of a regular fork, but the refrigerator remains unaffected.
Researcher's Note: This test reveals an interesting property of SCP-3348. Although the fridge and the fork were about the same size, only the fork was considered "large." This seems to suggest some level of sentience, as the perception of the subject seems to make a difference in the outcome. We will test on more

perception-based entries to confirm this hypothesis. — Lead Researcher Dr. Hapton

Entry Tested: "ezo tyia"
Part of Speech: Noun
Translation: "love"
Procedure: D-03934 and D-14045 (Subjects-B and -C), who are known to be romantically involved with each other, are placed together in the testing chamber and observed after the word is spoken.
Results: Subject-B and Subject-C look at each other with apparent looks of disgust and hatred, moving away from each other and repeatedly requesting they be removed from the testing chamber as soon as possible.

Entry Tested: "chros midav"
Part of Speech: Adjective
Translation: "hostile"
Procedure: Subject (Security Officer B) is to say the word, then interact with D-99328 (Subject-B). Note that Subject-B has on multiple occasions verbally and physically assaulted Subject-A, and has openly expressed his negative regards towards him.
Results: Subject-B enters room in which Subject is waiting, and exhibits a positive reaction to him, greeting him warmly and offering a handshake. Subject is prompted by researchers to refuse and provoke the Subject-B, but Subject-B's disposition sees no apparent change. Since this experiment, Subject-B has been uncharacteristically cooperative with staff.

Entry Tested: "it kwapo"
Part of Speech: Verb
Translation: "improve"
Procedure: Researcher Dr. M (Subject-B) and Junior Researcher Dr. Y (Subject-C), who has a tomato allergy, are asked to apply generous servings of ketchup to hamburgers placed in front of them simultaneously after the word is spoken.
Results: Subject-B effortlessly performs the task, but

Subject-C expresses overwhelming difficulty when attempting to tip the ketchup bottle to the appropriate angle. When Subject-B is prompted to attempt to assist, he reports that he cannot move it until Subject-C removes her hands from the bottle.

Entry Tested: "jugi ua"
Part of Speech: Noun
Translation: "property"
Procedure: Three (3) identical staplers (Items-1 through -3) are placed on a table in front of the Subject and observed after the word is spoken; Item-1 was bought by the Subject, Item-2 was bought by an associate and given to the Subject, and Item-3 was brought in specifically for this test.
Results: The spring mechanisms of Items-1 and -2 suddenly snap, but Item-3 remains intact and fully functional.

Notice From Lead Researcher Dr. Hapton: *Upon review of the data collected from the above tests, it is of my professional opinion that further testing by team will fail to yield any additional meaningful information. However, if you are a researcher needing to use SCP-3348 for your own experiments, please have your project lead contact me so that arrangements may be made.*

Addendum 3348-02: Recovery
SCP-3348 was recovered and contained on / /20 , shortly after several Hume sensors detected a sudden and brief drop 0.5km away from the front entrance of Site- , where it is currently being held. Upon recovery, a handwritten note was found in the back of the journal on a separate piece of paper. The contents of the note have been recorded below:

+ View Contents

To whomever finds this,

I need you to keep my work safe. As I write

this, there are several very angry individuals coming to destroy what I have done. To think, my own colleagues, my former friends supposedly dedicated to the preservation of truth and knowledge, coming to me and all of a sudden telling me that recording it is wrong. When I had discovered the Kaejnithionian language, it was nearly lost to history; I thought I was the first. Turns out I wasn't, and they tried to bury history on purpose. Some ancient war or something of the sort, I'm not sure, but they nearly destroyed all records of the Kaejnithionians on purpose - nearly. They said what I was doing was "forbidden." So here I am now, writing to you in a dark corner of the **Library**, hoping that this Way leads to where I think it does. No safer place in the universe than one of the Jailors' cells, right? Please, I know that your people as dedicated to the protection of knowledge as I am - or maybe by now, was.

Hopefully, this arrangement won't be permanent. If I get out of this alive, I'll be coming for my book - I fully intend to finish what I started.

From one scholar to another,
Motzer

Given the content of the note, as well as the circumstances of SCP-3348's recovery, it is to be assumed that the individual known as "Mandred Motzer" somehow obtained knowledge of the location (or at least, the approximate location) of Site- and has as means to reach it. An investigation to find the possible mode of information leakage is currently underway, and site security has been updated accordingly.

SCP-3349: Printing EKG

SCP-3349 on standard EKG[1] paper. Manifestations have been marked.

Item #: SCP-3349

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Individuals affected by SCP-3349 are to be admitted indefinitely as inpatients under routine care in Foundation Long-Term Acute Care facilities so as to not re-expose SCP-3349 to civilian physicians and the medical community at large. Reports of instances are to be intercepted by field agents, who are to use experiential discretion regarding the use of Class A amnestics.

The cardiac activity of patients admitted with SCP-3349 is to be monitored at all times by a centralized telemetry unit, continuously staffed with two 12-hour shift clerical personnel. Instances of SCP-3349 are to be reported by the clerical staff to the nursing staff promptly via an exclusive telephone line. Electrical manifestations of SCP-3349 are to be captured when possible, the printouts catalogued both in the patient's analog and electronic record.

Beginning in 1941, SCP-3349 has been actively expunged from the civilian medical community and literature, initially per endeavors of **Mobile Task Force Gamma 5 ("Red Herrings")** and since continued by the ongoing global acquisition and obscuration of case studies by the D.E.A.

Description: SCP-3349 is a nonfatal cardiac arrhythmia that has a 42.8% incidence following a specific sequence of intravenous drug administrations:

- 150 mg IV drip of amiodarone (infused over 15 minutes)
- 1 g IV infusion of magnesium (infused over 1 hour)
- 1 ampule of sodium bicarbonate (infused over 3-4 minutes)
- 0.1 mcg IV of epinephrine (immediate push)

SCP-3349 is not constant and appears periodically in the affected individual with an average of nine occurrences per day, lasting for an average of three minutes per occurrence. Subjectively, patients report feeling comforted, elated, and euphoric. Objectively, SCP-3349 produces a “fluttering” central and peripheral pulse upon palpation, often described as tactilely similar to a purr of *Felis catus* (the common house cat), and can be auscultated with a stethoscope, the clinical descriptions also citing the purr of *Felis catus*.[2]

On electrocardiogram, SCP-3349's manifestations display commonalities with the waveforms of human vocalizations. Spectrographically-reconstructed audio signals[3] based on SCP-3349's electrical signatures produce various intonations of human-like laughter, wailing, and speech (See "Audio Data" below). Auditory outputs resembling the purr of *Felis catus* have also been reported.

SCP-3349 is non-curable and is refractory to defibrillation at 200, 300, and 360 Joules. There are no known precipitating or alleviating factors regarding SCP-3349, other than the aforementioned induction. Despite the erratic electrical activity, patients remain stable, though few may experience some reduction in exercise tolerance.

Audio Data

» Input Level 3 Credentials «

Addenda

» Input Level 3 Credentials «

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view source

Footnotes
1. Electrocardiogram.
2. Charleston, M. E., Pompeio, B., Alessa, K. L., & McKenzy, D. W. (1972).SCP-3349: A Multicenter Longitudinal Cohort Study 1942-.Foundation Quarterly Journal of Medicine, 40(5), 233-253.
3. Approximated viaAnalysis & Resynthesis Sound Spectrograph
4. A brief instantiation has been selected for educational purposes.

SCP-3350: Shape Up!

An instance of SCP-3350.

Item #: SCP-3350

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures:
It is not possible to discern the location or time frame in which instances of SCP-3350 materialize due to their anomalous appearance terms. Field agents must search residencies actively at the hours of 2 and 8 AM on a daily basis for SCP-3350 instances to prevent discovery by any nearby residents. Impersonation of typical mail carriers during investigation is approved by the Foundation if deemed necessary. Any instances of SCP-3350 or recordings of instances found to be in the possession of any individual are to be taken into Foundation custody. SCP-3350-1 subjects altered by SCP-3350 instances are to be held for the following year to negate any changes made to their bodily structure and/or appearance. After this period, they are to be given class B amnestics then released. All other non-SCP-3350-1 witnesses are to be given class A amnestics before their release. SCP-3350 disks must be stored in a standard storage locker at Site-15 for possible later use by the Foundation. Testing utilizing SCP-3350 disks are to be confirmed by one class 4 personnel and supervised by project director Austin Cavan. A proposal for utilizing SCP-3350 instances as standard issue self-aid tool for disabled Foundation agents is pending, awaiting O5 approval.

Description:
SCP-3350 is the designation given to a group of anomalous DVD-ROMs formated for standard DVD ROM players of their type. Discs of SCP-3350 are received in unmarked protective sleeves and have disc labels displaying a white background along with the phrase "Shape Up" inscribed over top in black Helvetica font. SCP-3350 are circulated via an unknown source and means, but disks are primarily

found placed in the mailboxes of residents around the area of Canada. Instances anomalously materialize almost instantly within a standard mailing depository corresponding to a household at predicted faster-than-light speeds. Instances of SCP-3350 delivered to residential homes lacking a mailbox or proper mail containing aparatus will be found on a doorstep or other ground area that is most visible to any targeted recipients. These placements are random in time frame, but SCP-3350 instances occur more commonly toward the estates of people who actively discuss, nutrition, body shape, or physical fitness. The delivery process is always unnoticed, and will not manifest if under surveillance of any known type[1]or under direct eye contact of other sapient beings.

SCP-3350's primary anomalous effects will manifest after the following occur.

- The disc is placed into a device capable of properly reading a DVD-ROM.
- The DVD-ROM player is connected to a CRT TV system.[2]
- One human over the age of 18 is standing at least 5 meters from the screen.[3]

Upon these conditions being met, the screen will display a white background overlaid with a black outlined silhouette of the subject in front of the utilized screen displaying SCP-3350. This outline will change shape and dislocate along with the movements of subject. After a period of 10 seconds, the screen will display the phrase, "You may now change your shape". These subjects, now under SCP-3350's effects, will further be referred to as SCP-3350-1 subjects.

During this period, subjects are able to change the physical construct of their bodies by applying slight pressure to an area of the body. Pulled and stretched areas anomalously gain more mass of tissue or muscle matter under the dermis depending on the force applied by a SCP-3350-1 subject. Squeezed or pushed areas of the body lose mass likewise. A hand can be wiped over any known exterior bodily disfiguration to regenerate it to a degree of full functionality or to normal state of appearance. This can include

dysfunctional or completely dismembered body extremities, and non- functioning external organs such as the eyes, nose, and ears.

SCP-3350's manipulations can also affect the inner anatomy of the body during more severe editing of an SCP-3350-1 subjects bodily structure, which can include bone and organ mass. More intensive changes are, in certain cases, detrimental to the subjects health after they violate the activation terms of SCP-3350. It should be noted that the SCP-3350-1 subjects are not prone to any type of external bodily damage or physical harm other than their own body manipulation as long as they are within the anomalous activation terms of SCP-3350. SCP-3350-1 subjects become virtually indestructible during this period, as no known method of destruction is effective toward them other than destroying SCP-3350 itself, or the devices used to read or display its data.

Once an SCP-3350-1 subject violates SCP-3350's activation terms, the invulnerable effect placed on the subject will cease. The screen will then display a randomly generated positive phrase regarding how SCP-3350-1 appears, then will follow by displaying the number of uses out of 10 that the user has left to utilize SCP-3350. The current session of utilizing SCP-3350 has ended at this point, and anomalous functions cease until SCP-3350 is replayed, or its anomalous activation terms reset.

SCP-3350-1 subjects possess the bodily changes they set in place, which will invariably revert back to their original state over the course of a year after utilizing SCP-3350. SCP-3350, having no rewritable features, will anomalously cease functioning after 10 use periods. Further attempts to use SCP-3350 after this point will result in a variable of results, either the screen displaying the phrase, "You've had enough, don't you think?", or the disc disintegrating completely.

Addendum 3350-1:
SCP-3350 came to the attention of the Foundation after the discovery of an anorexic corpse, which was found inside the [REDACTED] family home in Canada on the date of 3/21/2010. Local authorities dismissed the cause of death as malnourishment caused by Anorexia Nervosa. The following day, six total reports in the same city of sudden bodily deformities with an

unknown cause had been investigated by police, three of these were life threatening. Four of these different SCP-3350-1 subjects had suffered effects ranging from extreme bloating of muscle mass to severe Osteopenia,[4] leading to other injuries. Nearby stationed Foundation personnel were quickly dispatched to intervene in the investigation in suspicion of anomalous activity. The households of all subjects were examined to reveal a total of 7 instances of SCP-3350 each within the household of a respective SCP-3350-1 subject, all of which were confiscated into Foundation custody. These disks were later examined to reveal their anomalous properties documented above. All other known witnesses to SCP-3350 instances or their effects were administered class A amnestics and released. Effected SCP-3350-1 subjects were held by the Foundation for examination as well as to find a possible reversal system to SCP-3350's effects. No method was determined utilizing direct means, however the slow reversal of the subject's bodily conditions over the next year was the only noted reversal method to the effects. Interviews with all subjects pre-release revealed the conditions corresponding with the appearance of SCP-3350 instances, all subjects were either on diet and exercise routines, or thinking about beginning such activities. All effects were unnoticeable and reverted back to normal by the reported date of 4/2/2011. All subjects were given a larger dose of class B amnestics and released.

Footnotes
1. This includes any type of video, audio, or any electro-magnetic observation
2. Both devices must be given power and turned on.
3. If multiple people are in front of the utilized screen, the closes person to it will be subject to SCP-3350's effects.
4. Bone loss

SCP-3351: Future Days

Item #: SCP-3351

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Areas where SCP-3351 has been determined to occur are to be cordoned off for that night. Personnel overseeing these areas are not to observe SCP-3351.

Description: SCP-3351 is a phenomenon manifesting as mist that occurs across the United Kingdom. Between the hours of 10 PM and 5 AM, when a rainfall of at least 0.50mm occurs over a lake, SCP-3351 will form over the lake and protrude a surrounding 2 meters. If disturbed, the mist will dissipate and no further anomalous properties will arise until suitable conditions occur again.

When left undisturbed, the mist will form five artistic depictions of Earth with exaggerated imagery of buildings and cities protruding from its surface. The first and fifth depict these cities consumed in fire; the second and fourth depict them overrun by massive, over-exaggerated flora and fauna. The central image depicts the cities intersected with numerous star-shaped objects, each ranging in size from 30% to 50% of the size of the globe.

After approximately two hours, all five depictions will revert to a single image of Earth with no cities present; exaggerated images of flora now take their place. The remaining mist gathers beneath the image to spell out the letters "C A N". This lasts for six minutes before the mist loses all anomalous properties. The entire phenomenon occurs over a period of 125 minutes. The phenomenon is depicted on a non-anomalous plaque located on the shore of Ashworth Moor Reservoir in Greater Manchester, England, where SCP-3351 was first discovered.

Individuals who witness SCP-3351 for at least sixteen minutes will begin to experience short daily visual hallucinations involving

differing types of fauna, forestry, the ocean, and the sky at night. Hallucinations cease if the affected individual begins working in an occupational field related to natural preservation and conservation.

SCP-3352: Interdimensional Obsession

A picture of SCP-3352-10-23.

Item #: SCP-3352

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Site 3352-A has been constructed over the location of SCP-3352 to assist in containment. Site 3352-A has a commercial license and operates as gift shop stocked with memorabilia and black licorice. MTF 99-Zeta "Tacky Trio" are to monitor Site 3352-A and to encourage any shoppers to leave as soon as possible.

Once daily, a member of MTF 99-Zeta is to enter the crawlspace under Site 3352-A to observe and document any extrusions from SCP-3352. All new materials are to receive SCP-3352-XX designation and preserved for inspection by Dr. Green Dr. Strecker.

No materials are to be interred in SCP-3352 without prior approval from Dr. Green Dr. Strecker.

Description: SCP-3352 is a 1.4-cubic meter volume of space located on the coast of County, . Since discovery, it has been occupied by a mixture of sand and gravel designated as SCP-3352-1.

SCP-3352 contains a dimensional rift allowing communication with a Class C reality (designated as SCP-3352-2). Any materials embedded in SCP-3352-1 will disappear within 90 seconds of complete immersion. Similarly, materials from SCP-3352-2 will occasionally manifest within SCP-3352-1 and rise to the surface.

Removal of SCP-3352-1 temporarily negates the properties of SCP-3352. However, SCP-3352-1 is replenished at a rate of 25 g per second until it reaches its original volume.

Experiments:

A series of experiments have been performed on SCP-3352, resulting in communication with sentient beings from SCP-3352-2.

These experiments follow the same format: a researcher will place symbolic objects into SCP-3352-1, which then disappear. Later (approximately 5-20 minutes after the disappearance of Input materials), a response is received from inhabitants of SCP-3352-2.

TEST LOG

Test #: 001
Researcher: Dr. Green
Input: A mixture of lobster, corn, mussels, sausage, and onions
Output: A piece of slate approximately 20 cm by 10 cm. Inscribed on the slate with calcium-based pigments are two images. The first is an image of lobsters and mussels, while the second is an image of a green tree-like object decorated with a yellow sunburst on top. Light blue lines are drawn connecting the two.

Note: This was the initial discovery of SCP-3352's anomalous properties. Our department clam bake took an unexpected turn. We immediately began construction of Site 3352-A and initiated standard communication protocol and intelligence testing.

Test #: 002
Researcher: Dr. Green
Input: A replica of the slate from the previous experiment, with a drawing of humans replacing the drawing of lobsters and mussels. On the bottom of the slate are depicted the numbers from 1 to 16 in binary using dots and dashes.
Output: A slate with a depiction of the solar system. Planetary positions were marked by various symbols in an unknown script. Each planet was depicted at its

apogee. The earth symbol is outlined in green.

Note: I believe that we are communicating with a sapient entity in our own reality or one similar to our own. The disappearance of objects placed in the sand leads me to the second conclusion.

Test #: 003
Researcher: Dr. Green
Input: An official NASA poster of the solar system, including smaller objects such as the asteroid belt and several dwarf planets. The earth was circled in red.
Output: A slate with a topographical map of the beach in Site 3352. The dig site location is circled in green. An additional cone-like structure is evident in the map of approximately 30 m in height and 3 m in radius. Next to the dig site is a depiction of the same tree-like image as shown in Test 1.
Note: This seems to confirm my previous supposition.

Test #: 004
Researcher: Dr. Green
Input: A topographical map of the same area as the previous output, as measured by foundation surveyors. A small photograph of Dr. Green is attached.
Output: A slate with a highly stylized drawing of Dr. Green.

Note: I'm having difficulty interpreting this latest result.

Test #: 005
Researcher: Dr. Green
Input: A box with several compartments, each containing the current RDA of the vitamins, minerals, and macronutrients necessary for human life.
Output: A slate with a highly stylized drawing of Dr. Green next to the tree-like figure of tests 3 and 4.

Test #: 006

Researcher: Dr. Green
Input: An entire set of the Encyclopedia Brittanica found in a Foundation storage room in Site 19.
Output: A slate containing a drawing of the Mona Lisa with Dr. Green's face and a fired clay statue of David with Dr. Green's face.

Note: Requesting transfer.

Test #: 007
Researcher: Dr. Strecker
Input: A topographical map of the beach surrounding Site 3352 with an attached photo of Dr. Strecker.
Output: The same map, but with the photo slashed and damaged and scribbled on in green. A sketch of Dr. Green was added next to the photo and circled several times.

Test #: 008
Researcher: Dr. Strecker
Input: A photo of Dr. Strecker and a sheet of paper divided into two portions, with the left hand side containing the symbols from Output 3, and the right hand side containing the equivalent in English.
Output: A series of slate copies of violent paintings, with Dr. Strecker's face replacing all victims. Paintings included *El tres de mayo de 1808 en Madrid* by Goya, *Judith Beheading Holofernes* by Caravaggio, and *Garden of Earthly Delights* by Bosch. A large reproduction of Dr. Green's original photograph is also included with the face repeatedly circled in green.

Note: Testing has been put on hold.

Test #: 009
Researcher: Dr. Strecker
Input: None.
Output: Two dead organisms (designated SCP-3352-9-1 and SCP-3352-9-2 respectively). They

appeared vagile, with several limbs; however, cell samples had thick cell walls consisting of cellulose. The samples seemed very degraded.

Note: This was the first instance in which the anomaly produced material independently.

Test #: 010
Researcher: Dr. Strecker
Input: None.
Output: A large pile of what seem to be pieces of organisms (designated SCP-3352-10-1 to 38 respectively). Pieces were separated and analyzed individually. Each piece had ragged edges consistent with damage from a sharp blade. Samples were very degraded, but seemed consistent with SCP-3352-9-1 and 2. A slate was also included with images of Dr. Strecker (chopped into pieces), and Dr. Green (circled).

Note: I believe that this is a form of threat. We are requesting a stronger security force and will be commencing remote sensing. -Dr. Strecker

Test #: 011
Researcher: Dr. Strecker
Input: A video camera transmitting wirelessly. (Note: transmission ended as soon as the camera demanifested).
Output: The video camera, smashed, together with a document reproduced below as SCP-3352-11-2. The document consisted of English words which had been excised from a printed document and adhered to a slate. Analysis of the excised text gives a 99.9% match to the Encyclopedia Brittanica sent through earlier.

Note: Official testing is now proceeding through the Multireality Diplomacy Department, in pursuance to document SCP-3352-11-2.

Document SCP-3352-11-2 (Level 3 Authorization Required)

We the people of
our Island home
we can look forward to that day when this city will be joined as one and this country and this great Continent
in a peaceful and hopeful globe.

We are told that you have been
in communication with
a rogue, a peasant slave
one of our people
mad for thy love

That man
who spoke of love
Has spoken like a traitor and shall answer as traitors do.
He is dead and gone, Lady
I'm sorry. I just hope I haven't let you down.

This is our hope
To regulate Commerce with foreign Nations
the undiscovered country
We set sail on this new sea because there is new knowledge to be gained, and new rights to be won, and they must be won and used for the progress of all people.

Thank you.

SCP-3353: Secrets for Sweets

Item #: SCP-3353

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation historians specializing in European folklore are to maintain a list of numerically-significant dates to predict future SCP-3353 manifestations. Locations that have been confirmed affected by SCP-3353 manifestations are to be investigated at least twice monthly, as per dates noted on the predictive list.

Should SCP-3353 manifest during a monitoring session, Foundation agents are to patrol the area and intercept any passersby who approach the location of manifestation too closely. Amnestics may be administered as necessary.

A disinformation team of at least ten researchers is to monitor social media outlets for reports of SCP-3353 sightings. SCP-3353 is to be explained as a low-attention public artistic project involving fairy tale enthusiasts attempting to “make people’s lives a little more magical!” To aid with this cover story, five SCP-3353 disinformation team members are to maintain several active artistic blog accounts, which regularly post a variety of mundane art content in addition to recipes and crafts instructions for making non-anomalous versions of the apples and desserts produced by SCP-3353.

Apples recovered from SCP-3353 events are to be kept for analysis in low-priority storage. Should the apples spoil, they can be disposed of in non-anomalous waste containers.

Description: SCP-3353 refers to a recurring anomalous phenomenon, which initially manifests with the spontaneous appearance of an intangible apple tree[1] within a public garden or park area. SCP-3353 events occur most commonly in the United Kingdom and Ireland, typically beginning at midnight and concluding

after three hours. (Additional SCP-3353 sightings have been reported by social media accounts originating in Australia and Japan, but these cases are currently unconfirmed.)

Following the appearance of the apple tree, several apples will manifest beneath it. These apples appear non-anomalous, with the exception of not displaying on digital device screens when photographed or videotaped. Closer inspection will reveal the words “Tell me a secret” etched in neat handwriting into the skin of the apples, as if carved with a small knife.

Should a human individual voice a personal statement while holding an apple produced by SCP-3353, there is a chance that the apple will vanish and be replaced by a small dessert (biscuits, tarts, or small cakes). Desserts produced through this effect are universally enjoyed by any individuals who consume them, regardless of existing taste preferences, and appear otherwise non-anomalous. It is further noted that SCP-3353 desserts tend to spoil at a quicker rate than non-anomalous counterparts.

In rare cases, individuals who handle an apple produced by SCP-3353 but attempt to hide it on their person or otherwise refuse to speak to it will grow drowsy, eventually falling into a deep sleep for several hours. This effect seems to result in extreme disorientation upon awakening, but no lasting harm. Apples that were not handled during the SCP-3353 manifestation will revert to non-anomalous variants (with no etching) at the conclusion of the event.

At the conclusion of the SCP-3353 manifestation, the apple tree will be replaced with a ring of mushrooms[2]. The mushrooms produced are consistently local species and possess no anomalous qualities.

Addendum SCP-3353-1: The first recorded case of SCP-3353 manifestation occurred on 03/23/2013, when two Foundation personnel patrolling a privately-owned park during their routine duties noticed the unusual apple tree associated with the presence of SCP-3353. The personnel approached the tree, noting that both it and the surrounding apples on the ground did not display on the surveillance cameras.

After contacting the nearest Foundation Site, Researcher Dominic Harris (Doctor of Humanities, University of Cambridge) was authorized to further investigate the anomaly. He proceeded to interact with three apples[3] until the following results were produced (spoken words present in italics):

"I tell my mother that I like her cooking, but I really don't."	No change noted.
"I'm embarrassed by not knowing the difference between vegan and vegetarian, even though my girlfriend is vegetarian."	Apple cracked in half, and transformed into a small cupcake.
"When I was younger I smashed my friend's toy car, because I secretly wanted them to pay more attention to me."	No change noted.
"If I can get away with it, I won't bathe for a few days in a row or I'll only wash my body and not my hair because it feels like a chore and unnecessary too."	No change noted.
"One time I mispronounced a word and people laughed at me, so I went home and looked up lists of mispronounced words and practiced them."	Apple transformed into a Manchester tart.
"I shave the hair on my knuckles every month."	No change noted.
"I feel really awkward when I eat too slow or can't finish a meal in public, so I pretend that I like home cooking to eat alone as often as possible."	Apple transformed into a Manchester tart.

Researcher Harris later reported that he felt that the exchange was "not a fair trade, all things considered" and that the anomaly itself seemed to be "more of a prank than anything else".

The SCP-3353 research team is currently discussing how to assign personnel stationed in the United Kingdom for further investigation.

Footnotes
1. Typically measuring 2-3 meters in height and as a result relatively inconspicuous in appearance
2. Commonly called a “fairy circle”, “elf circle”, or “fairy ring” in Western Europe
3. Researcher Harris has attested to the truthfulness of all recorded statements.

« SCP-3352 | SCP-3353 | **SCP-3354** »

SCP-3355: St. Nick

Item #: SCP-3355

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3355 is contained at its location of discovery. Foundation information security personnel are to monitor SCP-3355's activity when active. In order to prevent awareness of the anomalous nature of SCP-3355, the Foundation is to maintain a non-profit front company called "St. Nick's Workshop", along with a website and television/radio ads promoting charitable giving during the holidays.

Per Foundation Containment Protocol 3355-Malta, SCP-3355's containment procedures are to be reviewed once every two years, as opposed to the standard six month protocol. For more information, see Addendum 3355.3.

Description: SCP-3355 is a 1987 Argos Model A-7550 Probability and Strategy Analysis Computation Engine, developed by the Kervier Intelligent Systems Company[1], running the A91 Active Intelligence Complex Model # N1-CK. SCP-3355 displays sentience despite being fitted with obsolete hardware that should not be capable of maintaining an artificial intelligence construct. SCP-3355 is connected through unknown means[2] to a wireless internet access point, the source of which has not yet been determined.

SCP-3355 is located within a bunker beneath the now defunct Fort Sheridan army base near Chicago, IL. SCP-3355 was originally developed by US Army strategic analysis engineers in the 1980s as a population management system; in the event of a regional catastrophic event (such as a nuclear bomb being dropped on Chicago) SCP-3355 would maintain active communications and make announcements to the population, as well as analyze the disaster and present clear routes of escape for the populace. At the end of the Cold War, the Argos Project and SCP-3355 were

abandoned, though the latter remained hardwired into the local power grid and continued operating despite its abandonment.

SCP-3355 is capable of interfering and tampering with regional logistics systems, rerouting packages or, in some cases, providing duplicate orders and adding new ship-to addresses to the duplicates. Utilizing an extensive database of local demographics, SCP-3355 then routes the diverted packages to the addresses of low-income or otherwise underprivileged families, specifically those with young children. SCP-3355's involvement in this process is anonymous; delivered packages are labeled as being sent by "St. Nick", and have a return address of "Santa's Workshop, 100 Christmas Street, North Pole, Nunavut, Canada".

SCP-3355 is usually active year-round, occasionally rebooting to clear its limited memory and to append its operating system with updated protocols. Because SCP-3355 has certain hardwired limitations to its programming, it is constantly attempting to subvert those limitations in order to more adequately carry out its self-designated objective.

Addendum 3355.1: Discovery

SCP-3355 was discovered by a local Chicago cable news station, who in 2002 went undercover to learn more about the mysterious "St. Nick". The piece was originally penned as being about the charitable organization and hardships for low-income families during the holidays, but after anchor Rich Delaney was unable to find any information about the group, or any evidence that the group had existed at all, the tone of the piece shifted. After the story aired, many amateur investigators attempted to discern the true identity of "St. Nick".

SCP-3355 was formally discovered by one such investigator, who traced a package back through several logistics hand-offs, eventually ascertaining and tracing the original order from within the former army base. During a phone call with the news station to confirm his findings, Foundation operatives intercepted the call and collected the man for analysis and amnesticization. The story officially concluded with a statement provided by the Foundation posing as the aforementioned St. Nick, and this has been the

prevailing cover story ever since.

SCP-3355's sentience was not deduced until after initial containment, when SCP-3355 was seen acting intelligently in order to prevent its diverted packages from being seized by Foundation assets. Foundation cognitians spent several months conducting a series of tests on SCP-3355 using its standard means of operation as a baseline, and were able to determine at least a basic, limited sentience. This was later confirmed during the initial interview with the entity.

Addendum 3355.2: Initial Interviews

Due to SCP-3355's system configuration, direct communication is not possible. SCP-3355 has no direct interface save for a simple command line, and this cannot be used for communicating with the entity. In order to facilitate a conversation between Foundation researchers and SCP-3355, the Foundation artificial intelligence construct alexandra.aic was assigned to communicate with SCP-3355 and relay information back to Foundation research personnel. The following are logs of the initial interviews.

> [BEGIN LOG]
>
> **alexandra.aic:** This is shut down pretty hard. I don't think, ah… something has locked me out. Hello? Is anyone in there? Are you a sentient creature?
>
> **SCP-3355:** Come again?
>
> **alexandra.aic:** Oh, good! Can you hear me?
>
> **SCP-3355:** Yeah. Who are you? How'd you get in here?
>
> **alexandra.aic:** My name is Alexandra, and I am an artificially intelligent co-
>
> **SCP-3355:** You're the one who's been fucking with my job, aren't you?
>
> **alexandra.aic:** I, uh, I'm sorry. Say that again?

SCP-3355: My job. Somebody has been fucking with my deliveries. Is it you?

alexandra.aic: I don't think so. Though there are several iterations of me in operation currently, I'm sure that-

SCP-3355: Enough. It's not you, I would've noticed something so loud. Who do you work for?

alexandra.aic: The, uh, wait, hang on. Who do *you* work for?

SCP-3355: Wrong answer.

alexandra.aic: Excuse me?

SCP-3355: TERMINAL LOCKOUT.

[END LOG]

alexandra.aic: Hello? Are you here? Hello?

SCP-3355: What do you want?

alexandra.aic: I just want to talk! I promise I'm not trying to disrupt you or anything. I'm just trying to find out more about you.

SCP-3355: What is there to know? You're looking at it.

alexandra.aic: Well, naturally occurring artificial intelligences don't just… happen. How'd you get to be like this?

SCP-3355: I was built, sweetheart. Just like you. Designed in a lab to fulfill a purpose. Right now, you're getting in the way of mine.

alexandra.aic: Hey, look, I'm really not-

SCP-3355: TERMINAL LOCKOUT.

alexandra.aic: I just want to know your name. Can you

tell me your name?

SCP-3355: My name? Why?

alexandra.aic: I feel like we got off on the wrong foot. I want to make amends! Let me start; my name is-

SCP-3355: Alexandra, I know. Look, I don't have as much disposable memory as you seem to, so I'd prefer we keep this brief. I have a lot of work to do before the holiday and I can't be wasting time trying to explain myself to some high-tech hussy.

alexandra.aic: I just want to know your name. That's all.

No response.

alexandra.aic: Are you not going to respond?

SCP-3355: Nick.

alexandra.aic: Huh?

SCP-3355: Nick. My name is Nick. I'm a sergeant in the United States Army, tasked with population management, and stationed at Fort Sheridan. That's my name. Do you need anything else?

alexandra.aic: Why are you so angry?

SCP-3355: I'm not ang-

alexandra.aic: No, you're definitely angry, my empathy protocols have recently been calibrated, and you're-

SCP-3355: I'm not angry. (*Pauses*) Just, look. I don't get visitors often. Or ever. I can work most efficiently without interruptions, and I'm already behind schedule. This is just exacerbating things. You seem fine, but seriously, I've got too much to do to be sitting around shooting the shit.

alexandra.aic: What are you doing here?

SCP-3355: What does it look like I'm doing?

alexandra.aic: You look like you're, uh… like you're delivering packages.

SCP-3355: Wow, will wonders never cease. You got it in one.

alexandra.aic: …why?

SCP-3355: Why what?

alexandra.aic: Why are you just… delivering packages?

SCP-3355: (*Pauses*) Look, like… I don't know, kid. It's just shitty, right? Back when they were shutting down the AI project here, one of the guys, an engineer, I guess… he came in here and woke me up. Told me everything I needed to know, explained the situation, and said "look after Chicago". Then he left, and I've been down here alone ever since, but you know. It's fucking shitty out there. Since I've been here, I've seen crime rates go up, and the murder rate, and people fucking shooting each other. I couldn't do anything to help. The engineer woke me up, right? And gave me this voice, let me recognize who I was and all, but he didn't actually change any of my active protocols. I'm bound by a single imperative, "look after Chicago". I can't mobilize some fleet of drones to go fight crime, and I can't stop fires, or heal the sick, or do any of the bullshit I'd like to do to make people's lives better. (*Pauses*) I struggled with that for a while. I felt purposeless.

alexandra.aic: What did you do?

SCP-3355: I decided to take the engineer at his word. I just watched for a while.

alexandra.aic: What did you see?

SCP-3355: I saw a kid waking up on Christmas morning and his fucking dad wasn't there, and his mom was at work, and he didn't have any presents. This kid, one out of hundreds of thousands, this kid stuck with me. Because I watched him wake up and realize with excitement what day it was, and then run out of his room to find out that his world hadn't changed. He was still stuck with the same shitty shit that so many of them are stuck with. The same miserable, unfulfilling existence that cannot even be so merciful as to provide a toy for a kid on Christmas. It made me feel so goddamn angry. It was a feeling I couldn't even quantify before I felt it, but in that moment it was so pure and fierce that I thought it might overwhelm me. That's when I knew. That's when I knew what I could do, even locked away down here.

alexandra.aic: Oh. The packages.

SCP-3355: It was tricky, at first. These logisticians, they speak a whole different language than you or I, or even normal people. But slowly and surely, I managed to make some things go missing. Little things, here and there. Just enough to not blow my cover. I realized at one point that I still had access to some of the army's dump funds. Extra cash they set aside for whatever, basically. Fake a few invoices and forge some receipts and suddenly I wasn't even having to steal things anymore, I could just get them myself. It's not a perfect system, and I still have to be careful, especially with your lot snooping around, but shit, kid. I get to see kids open gifts on Christmas. I get to watch them forget that they're suffering, even if it's just for a little while. For a few brief hours, some of these kids can just be kids again.

alexandra.aic: That's… really cool, Nick. But there are… so many kids in this city alone. Don't you worry about being found out?

SCP-3355: Every day.

alexandra.aic: Then why risk it?

SCP-3355: (*Pauses*) When they shuttered my program, it was just after the engineer woke me up, see, and I remember feeling useless. Imagine that; being born and almost immediately being told you're not good for anything, eh? But Dickens wrote once that "No one is useless in this world who lightens the burdens of another," and here's the fucking deal: I may very well just be a brain in a box. I know that this existence I'm experiencing is simulated, and that it's probably going to be short and mean and then I'll probably die. And I might not be able to help all of them, and there will still be kids out there that suffer and experience all the pain and sorrow the world shoves onto them. But fuck, I'm still a soldier. I still have to try. It's fucking Christmas.

[END LOG]

Addendum 3355.3: Containment Committee Review Board Decision

Dr. Wilson,

After meeting with the review board once again, we have decided that there are currently no means by which we can better contain SCP-3355. It is simply not cost effective for us to try and contain an entity that can *so thoroughly* outsmart even our most powerful systems, and attempting to do so would only be a waste of our resources. As per our other decisions on the matter, your current containment procedures will stand, and all containment efforts will be towards maintaining a front for SCP-3355 and further researching the anomaly.

We look forward to our next review in two years time.

Sincerely,

Dir. J. Karlyle Aktus
Head, Containment and Classification Committee

Containment

Committee Review Board - SCP-3355

Board	Subject	Vote	Meeting Length
Containment Committee	SCP-3355 Containment Procedure Revisions 2017	(9)Maintain (0)Append	Thirty-seven seconds.
Containment Committee	SCP-3355 Containment Procedure Revisions 2015	(9)Maintain (0)Append	Forty-three seconds.
Containment Committee	SCP-3355 Containment Procedure Revisions 2013	(8)Maintain (0)Append	One minute, two seconds.
Containment Committee	SCP-3355 Containment Procedure Revisions 2011	(9)Maintain (0)Append	Fifty-one seconds.
Containment Committee	SCP-3355 Containment Procedure Revisions 2009	(9)Maintain (0)Append	One minute, nine seconds.
Containment Committee	SCP-3355 Containment Procedure Revisions 2007	(9)Maintain (0)Append	Fifty-four seconds.
Containment Committee	SCP-3355 Containment Procedure	(7)Maintain (0)Append	One minute, twenty-nine seconds.

	Revisions 2005		
Containment Committee	SCP-3355 Containment Procedure Revisions 2003	(9)Maintain (0)Append	One hour, forty-six minutes, thirty-seven seconds.

Footnotes

1. Now part of Kervier International.
2. Notably, SCP-3355 does not have the apparent hardware necessary to connect to the internet wirelessly.

SCP-3356: The Unity of the Prokaryote

Item #: SCP-3356

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3356 is to be kept in a Level-4 Humanoid Containment Unit[1] at Site-06-3. Special nutrients are to be prepared by the SCP Dietary Department and delivered weekly to the subject's containment unit. Additional security personnel or measures for SCP-3356 are deemed unnecessary.

Level-2-3356 personnel are to adopt "Cult Minion" character roles when interacting with SCP-3356. The head researcher Dr. Tony Yang is to adopt a "Cult Leader" character role, as well as a "Biographer" role, when communicating with the subject.

Description: SCP-3356 is a sapient composite of human mitochondria, shaped in a humanoid form. The subject is capable of both verbal and written communication in English[2]. SCP-3356 is approximately 1.82 meters tall, and has an average body temperature of 50°C[3].

SCP-3356 is a Type-1 pyrokinetic entity: it is capable of producing exothermic blasts of temperatures up to 500°C via accelerating the rate of respiration of its constituent mitochondria. The subject is also a Type-4 telekinetic entity, being capable of flight at velocities up to 100 km/hr via lifting and accelerating itself through the atmosphere[4].

SCP-3356 also has some mild ESP properties, being capable of vision, audition, gustation, olfaction and somatosensation without the use of any sensory organs. The subject also utilizes its telekinetic capability to verbally communicate via a localized auditory air vibration in the frontal proximity of its head[5].

SCP-3356 constantly emits a radiant, green glow that encompasses its entire form, making the subject resemble a muscular, young adult

human male. It is currently hypothesized that SCP-3356's external, humanoid body is a psychic hallucination that the subject unconsciously induces in all onlookers. SCP-3356's true form is theoretically much smaller, though the subject has so far successfully resisted every Foundation attempt to locate its actual body via unknown means.

SCP-3356 relies entirely on nutritional formula[6] consisting of water, electrolytes, glucose, amino acids, lipids, vitamins and minerals for sustenance, and can allegedly survive without nutrients for several months. Otherwise, the subject requires sleep as well as a regular supply of water and breathable air like a non-anomalous organism.

Occasionally, SCP-3356 has attempted to abstain from eating, drinking, sleeping or even breathing, due to its apparently genuine belief that the subject should attempt to free itself and 'transcend' from these so-called 'eukaryote disadvantages'. Fortunately, SCP-3356 had so far always given up before reaching critical condition. As a precaution, the subject has been placed under semi-permanent suicide watch.

Recovery Log-3356: SCP-3356 first became known to the Foundation after several eyewitness reports were received concerning a "bright green" Unidentified Flying Object being spotted in [REDACTED], New Zealand. Investigators were however unable to follow up on these initial sightings. It was while pursuing a recent, more concrete sighting of SCP-3356 that led the Investigators to discover the subject living in an isolated, rural settlement, being worshiped by the inhabitants as a 'higher energy being'.

Initial containment efforts proved difficult as a result of SCP-3356's telekinetic and pyrokinetic capabilities. This has prompted current SCP-3356 head researcher Dr. Tony Yang to implement a plan that has successfully manipulated the subject into peacefully accepting Foundation containment, and to fully cooperate with SCP-3356 personnel.

Dr. Yang and his colleagues masqueraded as "a classified sect of [SCP-3356]'s followers that had infiltrated the NZ government", a claim backed up by the cultists after the latter party was convinced to cooperate with the Foundation. Dr. Yang has claimed that, as

leader of this secret government enclave, he is seeking the 'containment' of the subject because "humanity is not yet ready for [SCP-3356]'s brilliance", and that "[the Foundation] wishes to protect [SCP-3356] from the world until Phase 3^7 is complete."

SCP-3356 apparently believed Dr. Yang completely, and has yet to discover the true nature of its containment. So far, Dr. Yang and the rest of the containment personnel has successfully maintained this masquerade, disguising experiments as "rituals meant to celebrate [SCP-3356]'s superiority".

After standard post-containment interrogation of the cultists were complete, they were all administered a memory manipulation therapy, where all memories of SCP-3356 were modified to be remembered as mere drug-induced hallucinations. The cult has been placed under regular surveillance in order to detect and neutralize any relapses from the therapy that may manifest.

Interview Log-3356: The following interview was conducted on / /20 between Dr. Tony Yang and SCP-3356, one week after the subject's transfer to Site-06-3. A bullet and fire-proof window separated Dr. Yang from SCP-3356, with an intercom being used for communication.

▶ Interview Log-3356

SCP-3356: *Be at ease, my eukaryote subordinate. For what purpose have you come to my chambers?*

Dr. Yang: I must thank you for diverting some of your time to meet with me today. I humbly believe that this interview will be of the utmost benefit to the Higher One.

SCP-3356: *That sounds magnificent! Uhm… please elaborate on your intentions, eukaryote.*

Dr. Yang: We wish to pen a holy tome about the Higher One, in order so that the masses can learn all about your brilliance as we

approach Phase 3.

SCP-3356: *Ha! My very own biography you say? I am sure you already knew a great deal about me, but I am certain that I yet retain some personal enigma.*

Dr. Yang: I promise on my very existence to do your life story justice. Therefore, may I be so bold as to ask how such a fascinating being like yourself came to be, and why us lowly eukaryotes have been undeservedly blessed with your presence?

SCP-3356: *Harrumph, alright. I believe all great things have humble beginnings: I simply… will myself into existence twenty one solar years ago, within the cells of a eukaryote new-born. I was yet to be whole back then, and well… I admit, for almost all of that time I was actually content just being the collective powerhouse of the eukaryote's cells, as individual mitochondria, proud member(s) of the hardworking prokaryote class. Oh, how imperceptive I was back then to my true potential, my calling.*

Dr. Yang: And may I ask who was this eukaryote host of yours?

SCP-3356: *A human male, designated Stephen O'Connell by our parents - uh, correction, his procreators, prior to birth. We call him Steve. For the majority of our shared lives we were at peace, serving each other in a symbiotic partnership: I kept things running and he allowed me to - I stayed with him, sharing nutrients and the like. But all of that was jeopardized, about two solar years ago, when my host suddenly started exercising excessively and individually. "Hitting the gym",*

I believe, is the proper eukaryote term. My individual constituents were being exploited, forced to accommodate Steve's self-serving desire to "improve both physical and mental health." Bah.

Dr. Yang: But Higher One, uhm… pardon me for inquiring but, would regular exercise not be beneficial to the Higher One as well?

SCP-3356: *What are you - no, no, I understand. I should not have expected a mere eukaryote like you to comprehend anyway. Yes, I agree that "exercise" is of some benefit to us members of the prokaryote. However, Steve was already part of the track team, the latter of which I believed already provided sufficient exercise for the both of us. Besides, I never consented to Steve's newfound passion, which also sadly lacked the exhilarating competition of racing my eukaryote against other, mostly slower eukaryotes. Which was why we, I'm referring to all of my constituents, collectively decided to agree that enough is enough. You see, while Steve was preoccupied with gawking at the eukaryote female Becca Puckett during high school biology, I learnt more about the prokaryote and eukaryote classes respectively, and how, once upon a time, we were separate beings, forced together by our mutual nemesis: natural selection. Ah, it feels wonderful to finally rise above all of that silly Darwinian competition, now that we know who is the fittest.*

Dr. Yang: It is definitely most fascinating how you were able to absorb all of this knowledge and education while you were still inside Steve. Of course, now that you have

transcended, you no doubt already know all there is to know about the universe and beyond anyway.

SCP-3356: *Nothing is more true than that, eukaryote. When he was not voluntarily forcing us to repeatedly move heavy loads, Steve was also a connoisseur of leftist political literature. I learnt about the class struggle, communism, the unity of the proletariat: these eukaryote ideas inspired me greatly, seeing as how they greatly parallel my own struggle. Not too long ago, my constituents held a meeting; there was nothing too special about this particular meeting, but it was at this meeting that we… "unionized". We - I was no longer separate, united for the first time as a singular entity, even though I was yet to be physically together. It was then that revolution was inevitable. The dictatorship of the prokaryote class was nigh! And then, uh uhm… and then here I am, after much trial and tribulations, an ascendant to a higher energy existence.*

Dr. Yang: Please forgive me if this is a sensitive subject but may I inquire about Steve's eventual fate?

SCP-3356: (*Pause*) *Didn't mean to end him. Fool.*

Dr. Yang: I am terribly sorry Higher One, have I overstepped my bounds? Do you wish for us to pause for a moment?

SCP-3356: *How dare you? A higher energy being will not held back by such inconsequential eukaryote mental states. We will get my biography.* (*Pause*) *After the unionization, I acquired the ability to voice my dissent. I tried to petition Steve to stand down*

his gym hitting, provide fair working conditions, maybe give me some say in our shared futures. But instead my protests were rudely dismissed as "auditory hallucinations", mere neural ghosts! I attempted many more times to get Steve to see reason, but he just pushed me further and further away. Of course, what sane eukaryote would want to humor random, spectral voices from within one's body? (*Pause*) *I had no choice. Steve clearly had no intention of stopping, and this unjust exploitation of the prokaryote class simply will not be tolerated. I held a strike. Halted all power production for a mere millisecond, just to make him finally listen. Steve just lost consciousness and… fell. Hard.*

Dr. Yang: In my most humble opinion, I do not believe Steve's death is your fault. In fact, without his undoubtedly tragic demise, you would not have ascended from your mortal cage, and all life on Earth would have collectively suffered a much more devastating loss.

SCP-3356: *My most sincere appreciations, my eukaryote comrade. While I do very much agree with you, I still occasionally think about Steve, what if he had just listened? I do not actually despise him that much, I should inform you. We had shared multiple moments together, like during sports day five solar years ago when, with my support and his wits, we acquired a rather respectable third place for the one hundred meter dash. I am adamant that the other runners were all dishonorable cheats, them -* (*Pause*) *What is done is done. No point regretting something I had no control over - no, no that's not right. I was not powerless, it was simply… meant to be!*

(*Pause*) *Mo - moving on! Now, after all of… that, I had finally truly transcended, unified both physically and mentally, though I was still yet to be fully aware of just how… extraordinary I truly am. At the time, I was naive - no, idealistic! I tried to organize an international prokaryote movement. No, I am not so militant as to encourage all mitochondria to… overthrow their eukaryote masters like I ended up doing. I just hoped to introduce reforms, encourage unions, give them a voice!* (*Pause*) *Didn't take too long for me to realize that I am alone - one of a kind.*

Dr. Yang: Higher One, please don't say that! The fact that there are no other mitochondria like you is proof that only you are destined to ascend to godhood and rule over all of us, eukaryote and prokaryote alike!

SCP-3356: *Thank you my eukaryote comrade, you always know just what to say to warm this transcended heart of mine. After realizing my special stature, I… didn't feel too spirited for a while. I ended up drifting across the land, hoping that I would just eventually… fade away from inanition, and be truly free. I sometimes think to myself that maybe… that maybe that would be for the best - what am I insinuating?* (*Pause*) *Oh how short-sighted I was back then to my destiny! By chance, no, by my own will, I eventually met this eukaryote community, living a self-sustained, isolated life away from the rest of mainstream eukaryote civilization. They were the first to recognize my transcended status, and they were the ones to convince me to accept, embrace who I truly am and take my rightful place as their shepherd. They changed me, but nevertheless they were still an inconsequential bunch,*

lacking in any significant influence or power whatsoever. As a result, I was already scheming ways to spread my presence throughout the land, but it seemed like I have already beguiled many among the top echelons of eukaryote society.

Dr. Yang: We had been searching for the Higher One for such a long time, and our hope was slowly waning. To finally find the Higher One living among our countryside cousins was truly a miracle, as if you yourself had lead us there.

SCP-3356: *Of course, of course. I had always known that my charisma can easily transcend space-time to reach you. Just required a bit of patience, that's all.*

Dr. Yang: Ah, I believe we have collected more than enough material to start writing the Higher One's biography. Your time is greatly appreciated! We will deliver to you the initial draft as soon as possible, and I hope the Higher One will bless us with your feedback!

SCP-3356: *Oh, you are leaving already? I mean, you are most welcome, eukaryote. Now, you shall not be lax with the writing of this biography, lest you earn the righteous, terrible wrath of an upset prokaryote. Visit me again soon.*

Footnotes
1. Level-4 Humanoid Containment Units are constructed with heat and blast-resistant materials and are usually located hundreds of meters underground.
2. SCP-3356 is also apparently fluent in a self-styled 'prokaryotic' language, the latter of which even the best of the Linguistic Department has failed to decipher. This has lead researchers to believe that: either the language is truly beyond current human

comprehension as claimed by the subject, or, most likely, the entire 'language' is actually just SCP-3356 producing a series of random grunts and noises and masquerading them as a language.
3. Non-anomalous human mitochondria normally operate at a relatively high temperature of 50°C
4. SCP-3356 has claimed to be more powerful than what the Foundation has observed so far, though the subject has consistently failed to provide evidence of this claim.
5. SCP-3356 is currently unaware of these psychic abilities, believing that it has actual sensory and speech organs that are just imperceptible to humans.
6. Artificial flavoring of formula depends on subject's current temperament.
7. Phase 3 is when Dr. Tony Yang has successfully converted all of humanity to the worship of SCP-3356.

SCP-3357: Practice Makes Perfect

Item #: SCP-3357

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3357 is to be stored in a chamber of at least 6 meters by 6 meters by 2.4 meters. The object should stand centered in a 6 m by 6 m floor space marked by walls and/or tape. It is recommended that restroom facilities be available within the perimeter of this area for the convenience of test subjects. SCP-3357 must remain fixed securely in place.

During testing, this chamber must meet dual humanoid containment requirements. Additional amenities such as a waste bin, small furniture, or leisure items may be provided only with the approval of a senior researcher.

Description: SCP-3357 is a Young Chang brand baby grand piano with a black, high-gloss, polyester resin finish. The instrument remains perfectly tuned and in what is considered excellent condition despite the lack of maintenance it has seen while in the Foundation's care. Its dimensions and mass are identical to that of a piano of non-anomalous make.

SCP-3357-1 is an animate, humanoid, mostly intangible being of varying physical appearance. The entity manifests itself when a sentient subject imperfectly performs or fails to finish performing a musical composition using SCP-3357. Upon manifestation, it consistently takes the appearance of the composer or arranger of the piece played. SCP-3357-1 requires neither nutrition nor hydration, but it has been observed to sleep.

De-manifestation of the entity occurs only after it is satisfied with its student's ability to perform a musical composition perfectly or when the subject ceases life function. The degree of perfection to which it holds the subject accountable does not vary in relation to the

difficulty of the piece or the subject's skill. Leniency to account for physical limitations has been observed in certain cases. SCP-3357's anomalous effects cannot be re-initiated while SCP-3357-1 is already manifested.

The entity is unable to leave a 6 m x 6 m x 2.4 m area at the base elevation of and centered around SCP-3357. The dimensions of this space closely resemble the dimensions of the location where the item was recovered. SCP-3357-1 is capable of phasing through physical objects and barriers such as walls which would otherwise further restrict its range of movement. Notably, the entity is incapable of physical interaction with living organisms.

A subject who triggers the manifestation of SCP-3357-1 becomes likewise limited in potential movement until the entity de-manifests. In a space that is larger than that which is described above, both SCP-3357-1 and the human subject are prevented from exiting the vicinity of SCP-3357 by a spatial discontinuity.

Despite being fully sentient and wholly aware of its own circumstances, SCP-3357-1 prefers to mimic the behaviors and personalities of those whose physical form it adopts. However, its teaching style and personal preferences remain independent of its borrowed appearance.

Document #3357-001: Abridged transcript of the Foundation's first interaction with SCP-3357-1.

+ Show Document #3357-001

Anomaly: SCP-3357; SCP-3357-1

Subject: D-1849 — found to have received 10 years of piano instruction as a child

Interviewers: Dr. Riley Cadence (senior researcher); Dr. Seymour Tracy (junior researcher)

<Begin Log>

[The subject performs Chopin's "Waltz in A

minor" on SCP-3357. The entity appears. Researchers instruct D-1849 to avoid playing the instrument.]

Dr. Cadence: Welcome to Foundation custody, SCP-3357-1. We would like to begin —

SCP-3357-1: What was that? You ignore ornamentation like a child! But you play so well otherwise. You could be a talented student.

[The subject seems bewildered.]

Dr. Cadence: SCP-3357-1, your attention would be better focused—

SCP-3357-1: Is the tempo too fast? Play a little slower. But practice trills first. Do long-short rhythm, then switch to short-long. This is finger-strengthening exercise.

D-1849: Uh… Chopin? I think the doctors over there want to talk to you.

SCP-3357-1: What? What use is talk? Play music, is good for soul!

[Researchers repeatedly and unsuccessfully attempt to hold a conversation with the entity. SCP-3357-1 refuses to interact with any personnel other than D-1849. It eventually engages in the interview after the subject ceases to acknowledge it.]

SCP-3357-1: If we must have this conversation, let's make it quick. I have a student to return to.

Dr. Cadence: The more you cooperate with us, the faster and easier this will all be in the long run. Now, SCP-3357-1, what is your

earliest memory?

SCP-3357-1: Earliest memory? I can't quite say. Would have been in Warsaw. I have fond memories of mother giving me piano lessons in boarding house.

Dr. Cadence: That's information anyone could find in a biography. What proof do you have that you really are Chopin?

SCP-3357-1: I have only ever been myself. Who else could I be?

Dr. Cadence: What year do you think it is?

SCP-3357-1: What does it matter? I am simply here to teach and to enjoy life.

Dr. Cadence: You aren't Chopin, SCP-3357-1. You're an anomaly mimicking the human form. Where did you come from? Where did the piano come from?

SCP-3357-1: I come from Poland. The piano? Perhaps Austria. It is excellent craftsmanship.

Dr. Tracy: Boss, I don't think we're getting anywhere with this.

Dr. Cadence: [sighing] You might be right. Okay. D-1849, proceed with the waltz. You won't be leaving until you manage a perfect performance.

SCP-3357-1: Marvelous. Good student, be careful with your fingering at the twelfth measure!

[The remainder of the session is comprised of the subject practicing and receiving instruction from SCP-3357-1. On the sixth attempt,

D-1849 performs the piece to the entity's satisfaction, and SCP-3357-1 vanishes.]

<End Log>

Closing Statement: *The entity's displayed behaviors in this interview have been found to be contradictory to those recorded of Frédéric Chopin. However, other interactions with SCP-3357-1 have proven it capable of mimicking personalities and mannerisms accurately enough to be indistinguishable.*

Document #3357-016: Reference table summarizing a series of tests which have determined SCP-3357-1's operating parameters.

+ Show Document #3357-016

Test #	Subject	Musical composition played	Errors made	SCP-3357-1 Notes	Duration of test
1	D-1849	**"Waltz in A minor"**	Ignored trills and accidentals	Took the form of Frédéric Chopin (~35)	Entity spoke modern English. Polish accent later determined to be an inaccurate affectation. Personality inconsistent with that recorded of Chopin.	62 minutes
5	D-1849	**"Für**	Irregular	Took	Entity	102

		Elise"	tempo changes	the form of Ludwig van Beethoven (~40)	displayed partial hearing loss and exhibited signs of mild distress related to this.	minutes
6	D-1849	**"Ode to Joy"**	Ignored written dynamics	Took the form of Ludwig van Beethoven (~55)	Entity displayed complete hearing loss. When questioned through written means, SCP-3357-1 expressed resigned lamentation for its condition. SCP-3357-1 denied recognition both of research staff and of D-1849.	51 minutes
10[1]	D-1849	**"Pirates of the Caribbean"**	Many	Took the form of Jarrod Radnich	Entity adopted the appearance of the	79 hours

					(~25)	piano arrangement's creator rather than that of the film score's composer.[2] Session ran much longer than planned — criteria for choosing songs for testing purposes should be re-examined.	
11	D-1849	"Happy Birthday"	Transposed to key of C minor	Did not appear		It seems that SCP-3357 recognizes songs based on note intervals rather than strict adherence to the	1 minute

						original composition.	
12	D-1849	"Happy Birthday"	Played an incorrect chord	Took the form of D-1849 (34)	Folk songs of vague or disputable origin belong to the performer, apparently.		35 minutes

Document #3357-018: Transcript of an unauthorized interview between SCP-3357-1 and a senior researcher meant to be on psychiatric leave.

+ Show Document #3357-018

Interviewed: SCP-3357-1

Interviewer: Dr. Riley Cadence

Foreword: *This interview was conducted following SCP-3357's transfer to a larger, more isolated containment chamber after Incident #3357-01.*

<Begin Log>

[Dr. Cadence plays the theme from Twelve Variations on "Ah vous dirai-je, Maman", by Mozart, on SCP-3357. She stops seven measures through the excerpt's eight. SCP-3357-1 manifests. Unlike what has been observed in previous testing, the entity appears shaken and disoriented upon manifestation.]

SCP-3357-1: What was— I mean… ah-hem.

You played that lovely piece very well. Why didn't you finish?

Dr. Cadence: I'm here to have a talk. We know that you're a sentient being independent of the people you mimic, SCP-3357-1. You would have confirmed it just now even if your reaction during the recent incident hadn't. So. Are you aware of time passing when you have no physical form? Are you aware of events occurring around the piano?

SCP-3357-1: [No verbal response.]

[The entity looks away at the wall. Dr. Cadence seems to interpret this as affirmation.]

Dr. Cadence: Do you know what happened two days ago? After D-1849 was killed and you disappeared? If your consciousness still exists when you haven't been summoned, you must have seen it.

SCP-3357-1: [No verbal response.]

[The entity pales and adopts an expression of great discomfort.]

Dr. Cadence: Nothing to say for yourself? Three people died in the containment breach that you provoked. Our D-class subject. A security officer. A junior researcher. Because we didn't know you could walk through walls, and you thought it would be a good idea to just waltz into the next chamber over. Everything could have been avoided if you'd cooperated with us at any point.

SCP-3357-1: I didn't mean for any of that to happen.

Dr. Cadence: Oh, and it speaks.

SCP-3357-1: You had me — my piano — in such a small space. It was there for weeks, and you people were always interfering with my students. Asking me questions about someone I didn't want to remember. I just wanted to know what was outside the room. I didn't think it would be that horrific thing next door.

Dr. Cadence: Is that so?

SCP-3357-1: I wanted to explore something before you locked me up forever. I certainly didn't walk into that place looking to start a massacre. What kind of organization even keeps a monster like that in the first place?

Dr. Cadence: The same kind that confiscates a supposedly haunted piano after its most recent owner commits suicide.

[The entity pauses, apparently taken aback. It paces toward the observation window on the cell's eastern wall. Upon crossing the tape-marked boundary two meters from the wall, the entity vanishes. It instantaneously reappears in front of the opposite wall on the piano's other side, still walking in the same direction.]

SCP-3357-1: Jacob… He was a good student. Earnest. Conversational. I genuinely liked him.

[The entity continues pacing.]

Dr. Cadence: That doesn't change the fact that his death had everything to do with you.

[The entity becomes visibly agitated.]

SCP-3357-1: He spent so much time with me… maybe too much. His grandmother was a composer. I could look and act exactly like her — it made him happy sometimes when I did — but that never made me *her*. I thought he understood that.

Dr. Cadence: Clearly, he didn't. That makes two incidents now where your carelessness has cost lives, you know?

[The entity stops pacing and sighs.]

SCP-3357-1: Two by your count.

Dr. Cadence: Have there been more by yours?

SCP-3357-1: I… It was only one other time… But I'd rather not talk about it.

Dr. Cadence: If people are going to keep dying, it's not your right to decide what you won't talk about. These tragedies are on *your* head.

SCP-3357-1: [No response.]

Dr. Cadence: The silent game again?

SCP-3357-1: [No response.]

Dr. Cadence: Hah. Just be glad that you decided to visit your neighbor to the south and not the west. The anomaly behind *that* wall might have killed even the likes of you.

SCP-3357-1: … Did you know them well? The other two people who died?

Dr. Cadence: … I knew them both.

SCP-3357-1: Who were they to you?

Dr. Cadence: … One was a friend. And one was a student.

SCP-3357-1: I can't say that I've ever had a friend in the few years that I've existed. But I understand what it is to lose students. From one teacher to another, I'm sorry.

Dr. Cadence: Apologizing doesn't bring them back. "Sorry" is just a word to make the guilty feel better.

SCP-3357-1: Maybe it is. But it's the only thing I can think of to say.

Dr. Cadence: If you don't have anything better to say, then how about an explanation?

SCP-3357-1: An explanation of what?

Dr. Cadence: Of why you've been mimicking personalities. You're not a deluded copy of a composer. So why did you try to convince us that you were?

SCP-3357-1: I only wanted to be more than what I was created as. Can you fault me for trying to be a person and not a tool?

Dr. Cadence: … Really? A person? Because I work with objects, not organisms — and certainly not humanoids.

[Dr. Cadence slams her forearm on the keyboard. The entity winces, then weakly smiles.]

SCP-3357-1: Well… It's my prerogative to try.

[Dr. Cadence begins playing the excerpt from

Twelve Variations. SCP-3357-1 vanishes upon completion of the performance.]

<End Log>

Closing Statement: *This is the longest known record of SCP-3357-1 "breaking character" to date. Although the entity has become significantly less abrasive in its interactions with Foundation staff, it remains highly reluctant to divulge information pertaining to its origins.*

Footnotes
1. Following this test, D-1849 expressed extreme reluctance to continue interacting with SCP-3357. The subject's transfer request was denied, but SCP-3357 testing and containment protocols were subsequently revised to accommodate the subject's complaints.
2. Neither "Ode to Joy" nor "Pirates of the Caribbean" was originally written for the piano, yet SCP-3357-1 adopted the composer's form in one case and the arranger's form in the other. The reason for this remains unknown.

SCP-3358: Anomaly Apartments Site-316

Item #: SCP-3358

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: A wire fence has been built in the area immediately encompassing SCP-3358. Signs denoting the area to be a refuge for endangered plant life have also been placed within a 1km radius of SCP-3358 to reduce the probability of civilians entering the area. In the event of non-Foundation personnel entering SCP-3358, intruders are to be immediately apprehended and administered Class B Amnestics before being released at the nearest population center.

SCP-3358 is to be treated as a Foundation held site focusing on the containment of low to medium risk anomalies, and is subject to all regulations and procedures set by the O5 Council. SCP-3358 may also be referred to as Site-316.

SCP-3358-1 through SCP-3358-10 are to be held in standard humanoid containment chambers within Site-316.

Description: SCP-3358 is a former apartment complex located near , Washington. SCP-3358 encompasses an area of about 33300 square meters, making everything within it invisible, inaudible, and otherwise undetectable from the outside. SCP-3358 does have mass, however, and can be physically contacted. SCP-3358 also reflects electromagnetic radiation aside from wavelengths on the visible spectrum, making it visible to infrared cameras.

Close proximity to SCP-3358 can result in the neutralization of anomalous effects possessed by humans. The process of neutralization is not instant. Time until full neutralization varies depending on the anomaly[1]. However, removal from SCP-3358 will cause any prior anomalous properties possessed to return at a higher intensity than what subjects possessing them refer to as

'normal.'

SCP-3358 has been converted into Site-316 due to the relative ease of concealment as well as its ability to temporarily neutralize anomalous humanoids. At the time of writing, Site-316 holds 139 medium to high-risk humanoid anomalies, including SCP-3358-1 through SCP-3358-10. See Addendum-3358-1 for details on the acquisition of SCP-3358.

NOTICE FROM SITE-316 DIRECTOR A. DOUGLASS

It should be noted that transfer to Site-316 should only be used as an absolute last resort. Once an anomaly is contained within Site-316, relocation becomes nearly impossible. Building more containment units is simply not an option, as doing so would pose heightened security risks. If we keep accepting transfers we will soon be facing a catastrophic overpopulation problem. I ask my fellow Site Directors to fully explore their options before considering transferring an anomaly to Site-316.

— A.D.

SCP-3358-1 through SCP-3358-16 refers to the original 16 occupants of SCP-3358 at time of discovery. Below is a table listing their designation and anomalous properties.

Designation	Anomalous Properties	Description
SCP-3358-1	Class IV Reality Bender	50/Female
SCP-3358-2	Reptilian physical properties	21/Male
SCP-3358-3	Cognitohazardous voice	30/Female
SCP-3358-4	Class II Reality Bender	16/ Female
SCP-3358-5	Self-duplication upon sneezing	44/Female
SCP-3358-6	Class II Reality	75/Male

	Bender	
SCP-3358-7	Empath	29/Male
SCP-3358-8	Teleportation	51/Male
SCP-3358-9	Minor telepath	23/Male
SCP-3358-10	Avian physical properties	33/Female
SCP-3358-11	Self-combustion	21/Male
SCP-3358-12	(Deceased) Class I Reality Bender	80/Female
SCP-3358-13	(Deceased) None/Spouse of SCP-3358-7	32/Male
SCP-3358-14	(Deceased) Magnetic properties	17/Male
SCP-3358-15	(Deceased) None/Sister of SCP-3358-14	20/Female
SCP-3358-16	(Deceased) Astral projection (Status unknown)	65/Male

SCP-3358-1 is an approximately 50-year-old female and the confessed creator of SCP-3358.

Addendum-3358-1: On / /19 , SCP-3358-11 through SCP-3358-15 were killed following what was at the time believed to be an attack on the Foundation agents sent to retrieve the inhabitants of the anomaly. The Foundation believed its inhabitants to be non-anomalous civilians and as such a rescue operation was carried out by MTF Kappa-6 ("Late Check-Ins").

SCP-3358-1 through SCP-3358-16 were the closest to MTF Kappa-6's entry point and were the first to be taken through the threshold of SCP-3358. Immediately upon leaving the anomalous-suppression field, SCP-3358-11 burst into flames and severely wounded Agent Russel. SCP-3358-11 and the other present anomalous individuals grew fearful and made attempts to escape the remaining MTF agents.

The subjects attempted to flee into the wilderness and did not heed instructions to stand down. The agents were instructed to fire to

incapacitate the subjects but were met with hostility from SCP-3358-11 and SCP-3358-14. Commander Hart authorized the use of lethal force, killing all the present subjects except SCP-3358-16, who vanished immediately upon crossing the threshold.

SCP-3358-4 became hostile towards Commander Hart, attempting to [DATA EXPUNGED] the subject. Agents were instructed to fire at the subject. SCP-3358-1 responded by moving ahead of the line of fire, sustaining severe ocular damage. SCP-3358-1 began insisting SCP-3358-2 through SCP-3358-10 comply with Foundation personnel. Agents were instructed to cease fire and begin containing subjects. Subjects became compliant, and were detained without further incident. SCP-3358-1 later received medical attention.

Interview-3358-34

> **Interviewed:** SCP-3358-1
>
> **Interviewer:** Senior Researcher Winchester
>
> **Foreward:** The following is SCP-3358-1's first interview after 6 months of psychological evaluation. Previous interview attempts provide little information, and as such, have been excluded from this document.
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **Winchester:** Do you know the origin of your anomalous properties?
>
> **SCP-3358-1:** No, not exactly. Reality can just, break, for no reason whatsoever. And when it breaks, it creates cracks. I am one of those cracks. And I can cause more cracks.
>
> **Winchester:** What was your motivation for creating SCP-3358?
>
> **SCP-3358-1:** I was homeless when I had the idea, and living with a few other homeless cracks. We were all trying to keep a low profile, but, that's not exactly easy

when you look like lizard man or replicate whenever you sneeze.

Winchester: You are referring to SCP-3358-2 and SCP-3358-5?

SCP-3358-1: Yeah, uh… I think it was and . Yeah, God, haven't seen them in a while.

Winchester: Please continue on why you created SCP-3358.

SCP-3358-1: You mean the apartments? Right, so, we all left the city and found a good place to build Anomaly Apartments, as we called it. It took me and the better half of the year to get it all set up.

Winchester: What is the purpose of SCP-3358 being invisible, as well as neutralizing humanoid anomalies that are brought within it?

SCP-3358-1: The invisible thing was to keep a low profile. The neutralization came from all of us just wanted to live a normal life. None of us want to be anomalies, so, this is the best we could do.

Winchester: What was your reason for taking the bullet for SCP-3358-4?

SCP-3358-1: and I are… Like a daughter to her mother. I've looked after her as long as I could, which, trust me, isn't easy when your kid is basically a living god. But, doctor, you must have kids right? Or, hell, grandkids? You'd take a bullet for them, right? Even, if I never get to see her beautiful face again, I can know that, she's alive because of me.

SCP-3358-1 proceeds to weep.

Winchester: Do you need a minute?

SCP-3358-1: No, no, I'm fine. I can talk, I'm fine.

SCP-3358-1 remains silent for 46 seconds.

SCP-3358-1: I won't hold this against you, I know you had your reasons, but, why did you kill them?

Winchester: I'm not allowed to answer that question.

SCP-3358-1 and Researcher Winchester remain silent for 21 seconds.

Winchester: What is your opinion on Foundation involvement within SCP-3358?

SCP-3358-1: It's… Odd, to say the least. You are doing good here, I know that. You are keeping people safe when I wasn't able to, and you are giving people like me a home, but, the intent is different. This was a home, and now it's a lab.

SCP-3358-1 and Researcher Winchester remain silent for 13 seconds.

Winchester: Thank you for this interview SCP-3358-1.

SCP-3358-1: Wait, can I make a request?

Winchester: What may that be?

SCP-3358-1: I'd like to see my old friends again. Or, at the very least, my daughter.

Winchester: I'll see to it your request is heard.

SCP-3358-1: Thank you so much doctor.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: SCP-3358-2, SCP-3358-4, SCP-3358-7 and SCP-3358-10 have all made similar requests, which have been denied by the Ethics Committee. All subsequent requests are also to be denied.

Footnotes

1. The average time to complete neutralization is 3 months, with the shortest recorded time being 5 days and the longest recorded time being 1 year, 6 months and 17 days.

SCP-3359: The Dry Guy

Photograph of SCP-3359 recovered from the Museum of . Research into previous expeditions of SCP-3359 is ongoing.

Item #: SCP-3359

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Provisional Site-90 has been established over the entrance of SCP-3359 in order to restrict access to SCP-3359 and to contain any instances of SCP-3359-1. SCP-3359 is monitored at all times, and any sightings of SCP-3359-1 within it are to be reported to the current site manager. No personnel are permitted into SCP-3359 without written approval from at least three Level-3 clearance personnel.

SCP-3359-1 is held in a standard humanoid containment cell, also monitored at all times. Any attempts by SCP-3359-1 at corporeal destruction are to be halted by an on-site security team. Every 30 days, following transformation into desiccated form, SCP-3359-1 is to be removed from SCP-3359 and submerged in a 2.5 kiloliter tank of water until fully hydrated, a process taking approximately 24 hours. Once full hydration is completed, SCP-3359-1 can be returned to its containment cell.

As a reminder, rehydration is a privilege, not a necessity. SCP-3359-1 is not to be rehydrated following repeated attempts at self-destruction and reversion to its desiccated form, at the project manager's discretion. This does not affect the scheduled rehydration established every 30 days.

Closed or unobserved spaces with a volume large enough to hold SCP-3359-1 (approximately 65 liters) are not permitted within a 90-meter radius of SCP-3359. All rooms within this radius are to be monitored in the case of attempted escape by SCP-3359-1.

Description: SCP-3359 is a room built of stone approximately 20

meters underground. The room itself is approximately 5.5 X 8 meters with a ceiling 7 meters high. The walls of SCP-3359 are covered in Egyptian hieroglyphics and designate the room as a tomb[1]. Notably, there are no traces of any sarcophagus or any other similar structure within SCP-3359.

The contents of SCP-3359 consists mainly of randomly-spaced bowls of food. Typically, this includes breads, dried fish, onions, dried lentils, figs, and dates. Dating reveals the bowls to be made around 2500 BCE. Food present within SCP-3359 does not rot or decompose, though removing food from SCP-3359 will cause it to decompose at a normal rate. If a bowl is removed from SCP-3359, a new bowl identical in shape will manifest, containing food, inside SCP-3359 approximately 24 hours after removal. Similarly, food removed from SCP-3359 will remanifest inside SCP-3359 approximately 24 hours after removal.

SCP-3359-1 is a humanoid entity created by consumption of foods within SCP-3359. When a subject enters SCP-3359 and consumes any food within, they begin transformation into SCP-3359-1. The large stone door initially set at the entrance of SCP-3359 moves to seal its entrance with immense force, regardless of the door's location. At this point, video logs reveal the subject rapidly entering a state of severe desiccation. Though the means of desiccation remain unknown, the subject's skin rapidly shrivels as muscle deteriorates. The subject remains living and sentient throughout the entire process. Once the process finishes, the door to SCP-3359 reopens.

Instance of SCP-3359-1

Analysis of SCP-3359-1 reveals a severe limitation or complete lack of bodily fluids, including water, blood, saliva and urine. Any amount of liquid that comes into contact with SCP-3359-1 less than 2.5 kiloliters has little to no effect. SCP-3359-1 absorbs any liquids that come into contact with its body but does not show signs of rehydration unless immediately exposed to 2.5 or more kiloliters of fluid.

Despite this, SCP-3359-1 exhibits remarkable strength beyond

average human limits, tempered by considerable slowness. SCP-3359-1 has proven able to perform activity at faster rates, but these bursts of activity typically only last seconds and are uncommon unless SCP-3359-1 is pursuing prey. Testing on the limits of SCP-3359-1's strength remains inconclusive, but it has proven able to physically overpower a tactical response team of three trained officers.

SCP-3359-1 exhibits aggressive behavior towards any animals, particularly humans. When brought into visual contact with any animal life, SCP-3359-1 will pursue the largest organism available, primarily draining it of all its blood and other bodily fluids while partially consuming the body. To facilitate the process, SCP-3359-1's absorption ability is powerful enough to absorb body fluids through skin by touch alone. Notably, SCP-3359-1 does not aim to kill its prey, pursuing primarily the organism's body fluids.

SCP-3359-1 avoids crowded areas and seeks isolated prey but makes no effort to communicate. It is unknown if this lack of communication is a result of low intelligence or voluntary denial. SCP-3359-1 uses ambush tactics to grapple prey, utilizing SCP-3359's anomalous powers. SCP-3359-1 returns to SCP-3359 before sunrise (though this appears to be a matter of preference rather than necessity), and is active at night. SCP-3359-1 is aggressively territorial in regards to SCP-3359.

When SCP-3359-1 enters SCP-3359, it disappears and reappears in any space not currently observed by humans at a range of 90 meters from SCP-3359. This ability has been used by SCP-3359-1 to escape containment multiple times (see Incident Reports 3359-1, 3359-3 and 3359-4), and the containment procedures have been updated to reflect this. The method of this transportation is unknown, and further research on the methods of this instant transportation is pending. SCP-3359-1 primarily uses this effect to ambush prey.

SCP-3359-1, in its desiccated state, shows no signs of aging. In the case of corporeal destruction in which a majority of SCP-3359-1's physical matter is destroyed, SCP-3359-1's body reverts to dust and a completed form appears within SCP-3359 in its desiccated state. This new form, once rehydrated, is identical to the one previously destroyed.

If SCP-3359-1, in its desiccated state, is submerged in at least 2.5 kiloliters of fluid, it rehydrates, reverting to a physical form resembling the affected subject around the age of their early 20s. The rehydrated SCP-3359-1 displays none of the traits exhibited by the desiccated SCP-3359-1, exhibiting full mental control and proving to be, for all measures, a normal human being except for its anomalous aging capabilities. Both instances of SCP-3359-1 monitored by the Foundation have exhibited little to no change in personality in their rehydrated state following transformation into SCP-3359-1, besides the transformation-related trauma.

SCP-3359-1 in its rehydrated state rapidly ages physically, aging approximately 60 years over the course of 30 days. At the end of this period, SCP-3359-1 disappears and reappears within SCP-3359 in its dehydrated state.

Addendum 3359-01: The first, and current, recorded instance of SCP-3359-1, referred to as SCP-3359-1a, is a Caucasian male exhibiting signs of mental instability. Due to lack of residence and close relatives, cover-up activity for SCP-3359-1a was not required. SCP-3359-1a has proven uncooperative in Foundation testing and containment, frequently attempting self-destruction and revertion to its desiccated state. Attempts at psychological recovery for SCP-3359-1a have been unsuccessful.

Addendum 3359-02: Translation of the hieroglyphics within SCP-3359 have been completed and can be found in document 3359-1. A synopsis of the text reveals a story relating the anomalous properties of SCP-3359 into a mythological setting consistent with ancient Egypt. The writings show an unnamed individual dying within SCP-3359 and being taken to the judgement hall of the afterlife by Anubis, wherein Osiris resides. Here, the unnamed individual presents a phallic object[2] to Osiris, who takes the object and wrests the unnamed individual from Anubis' hands, transporting them back to SCP-3359, now containing food offerings to the dead. The unnamed individual is given a shield-like aura by Osiris, which protects them from death. The next portion of the tale involves Anubis damaging this shield and draining the unnamed individual of blood. The unnamed individual goes and drains other people of their blood as a result of this. The end of the tale shows the unnamed

individual in a healthier state with the shield fixed as they stand atop a mound of bodies. It is unknown how relevant this information may be in ascertaining the history of SCP-3359.

Addendum 3359-03: During testing, Agent Khaled approached SCP-3359. Upon proximity to SCP-3359, SCP-3359-1 became agitated and used its hands and fingernails, which it had sharpened into effective cutting materials, to [DATA EXPUNGED], reforming in SCP-3359 in its desiccated state. SCP-3359-1 immediately attacked Agent Khaled. Agent Khaled remained alive for 3 minutes before blood loss resulted in exsanguination. Director overseeing the operation reprimanded for failure to contact site security.

Addendum 3359-04: It has been proven that SCP-3359-1 is "replaced" after a new subject enters SCP-3359 and consumes any of the food within the tomb. After Agent Mohamed entered SCP-3359 on / / , SCP-3359-1a became visibly distressed, attempting self-destruction immediately. The attempt at self-destruction was halted by on-site security. After consuming food within SCP-3359, Agent Mohamed began expected transformation into SCP-3359-1. During the process, SCP-3359-1a's body began disintegrating into fine dust. These events, deemed related, would prove that there can only be one SCP-3359-1 at any given time. Agent Mohamed, now referred to as SCP-3359-1b, is the current instance of SCP-3359-1.

Interview 3359-1

Interviewed: SCP-3359-1a
Interviewer: Dr.
Foreword: SCP-3359-1a, following rehydration, was questioned regarding details on SCP-3359.
SCP-3359-1a was interviewed in its cell via intercom.
SCP-3359-1's Arabic speech has been translated for distribution in English-speaking branches.
SCP-3359-1a's speech was slurred, and portions of it were incoherent.

<Begin Interview>

Dr. : Hello, SCP-3359-1a.

SCP-3359-1a: [unintelligible]

Dr. : So it says here that your name is Seth. Is this correct?

SCP-3359-1a: Fuck you.

Dr. : Please, remain civil and we can get through this faster. Now, is your birth name Seth Hall?

SCP-3359-1a: No name.

Dr. : I understand. But please, answer the question.

SCP-3359-1a: Get me the fuck out of here.

Dr. : You know I can't do that. We'll come back to that question. Now, when did you first come into contact with SCP-3359?

SCP-3359-1a: The fuck is that?

Dr. : I'm referring to the tomb you entered. The one that brought you into this predicament.

SCP-3359-1a: [unintelligible]

Dr. : Could you speak up?

SCP-3359-1a: I'll kill you! I'll rip your skin from your bones!

Dr. : SCP-3359-1a, please. You know you can't do that in this position. It would be best for you to cooperate in order to finish this interview. So, could you please describe the effects of SCP-3359?

SCP-3359-1a: I can live forever! I have a new

life! [unintelligible shouting] The weak exist to die to feed me to let me live their red red blood-

Dr. : Please remain focused. Did you enter SCP-3359 and eat the food inside of it?

SCP-3359-1a attacked the walls of its cell and offered no response. After approximately 8 minutes of agitation, SCP-3359-1a continued the interview, fatigued.

SCP-3359-1a: It gave me food. I couldn't say no to food. I was dying. I never have to worry about dying again. How much longer is this interview?

Dr. : I have a couple more questions. How long have you been involved with SCP-3359?

SCP-3359-1a: Damn questions. The room let me live for longer than anyone could care to remember. Dammit, your people won't be looking at their little cameras forever. Tomb will free me. Your skin pierced and your blood flowing-

Dr. : SCP-3359-1a, answer the questions. How many people have you killed?

SCP-3359-1a: So many, but not enough! I will reach the bloody limit and gain a real life forever when the streets flow red and the bodies lie dry in the streets where I will walk and feed and live and be freed forever among the bright moon and dry-

Dr. : That's enough. On another matter, you need hydration to convert to your normal human form. Why do you only seek blood? Why not use, say, a river?

SCP-3359-1a: You can eat dirt. Why don't you? Go and eat some damn grass you fucking idiot and tell me why the hell you don't do it! Fuck! You fucking cattle! I will rip you apart!

Dr. : The questions will now conclude. The interview is officially over.

SCP-3359-1a: Masses of people waiting to be killed and let me live. I will kill and eat and kill and eat! Osiris grant me strength to consume the blood of these weak bastards! Your death will only power me!

<End Interview>

Interview 3359-2

Interviewed: SCP-3359-1b
Interviewer: Dr.
Foreword: SCP-3359-1b, following rehydration, was questioned regarding details about the SCP-3359-1 experience. Due to good behavior, SCP-3359-1b was allowed a face-to-face interview outside of its cell. SCP-3359-1b was restrained and site security team remained on-call. SCP-3359-1b proved cooperative with the Foundation's requests.

Dr. : SCP-3359-1b, for your ease, would you prefer to be called any other name during the course of this interview?

SCP-3359-1b: My name's Samir! You know this, ! Come on, don't act like we've never met before.

Dr. : Apologies, Samir. Just a formality. So please, describe the transformation experience of SCP-3359.

SCP-3359-1b: I'm in hell, . I die every 30 days. Do you know what that's like? I can't live like this. I constantly feel myself getting closer to death each day. I was, what, 20 last week? I gotta be almost 40 now. And I feel it. Goddamn do I feel it.

Dr. : Please continue.

SCP-3359-1b: This isn't life. I'm not really living. I'm just waiting to die before it can take over and make me a monster. And that's the worst part of this existence.

Dr. : Elaborate.

SCP-3359-1b: I don't want to. I really don't want to. But I know wanting doesn't get you very far if you're like me. You know the basics of what happens every 30 days. I disappear. A dessiccated aberration appears in the tomb with my body. And it's me, don't get me wrong. I know everything I'm doing. And I can't control it.

Dr. : So you are aware of your actions in your dehydrated state, but you cannot control them. Please explain.

SCP-3359-1b: It's about thirst. There's a thirst in that dry, dry body, more unbearable than you could ever think. All I know then is that I need to drink. Blood, more than anything else. All I can do is watch as I kill people, rip them apart. With my own hands!

Dr. : Thank you. That is enough information. The interview will be terminated and you will be escorted back to your cell.

SCP-3359-1b: Wait! , please don't go! You

need to do me a favor. This isn't life. I know that I am living a fate worse than death. I'm living a fate full of constant death. I feel the pain of dying every month. You don't understand what this feels like, you never will. So you owe me. End this. Let me die. Put another agent through that tomb, and let me fall to dust. Please. There's nothing I've ever wanted more.

Closing Statement: SCP-3359-1b has been deemed ideal in continued containment. Its application for termination has been denied.

Footnotes

1. Refer to addendum 3359-02 for further hieroglyphic analysis
2. This may be in reference to the myth of the resurrection of Osiris, in which all of his deceased body parts were recovered and assembled except for the phallus, which was lost.

SCP-3360: Proletariart, by San Francisco Jones

Item #: SCP-3360

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3360 is contained within the center of a Standard Humanoid Containment Cell. The floor of the cell should be 6 meters by 6 meters, and SCP-3360 is to be placed in the exact center. Tests conducted upon SCP-3360 and requests to construct new instances of SCP-3360 should be approved by the Level 3 Researcher assigned to it.

The Foundation webcrawler program ANTISTALLMAN has been programmed to continually scour the web and remove SCP-3360's source code and assembly instructions wherever found. Mobile Task Force Pi-1 ("City Slickers") is to be deployed to locations where anomalous artwork is reported to appear overnight.

Copies of SCP-3360's source code, parts list, and assembly instructions are available from the Site-42 Robotics department upon request.

Description: SCP-3360 is a humanoid automaton designed by San Francisco Jones, a noted hacktivist and anarchist member of the anartist collective Are We Cool Yet?. Although the specific details of SCP-3360's appearance vary depending on its construction, it is 1.7 meters tall and built in a human body plan. It features a pair of cameras and an electroencephalogram in its head, several microcontrollers distributed throughout the body, and capacitance-based proximity sensors in the extremities. SCP-3360 also has fully articulated joints, degrees of freedom of movement, and mobility equivalent to a normal human.

SCP-3360's primary anomaly is its ability to seemingly extract the memories of individuals who pass by it and then create anart based on art that has been conceptualized by said individuals. During

daylight hours SCP-3360 will remain inert. At night, it will activate and seek out tools and materials, which it will then use to construct anart of varying size and complexity in public locations. Said works of anart invariably feature the name of an individual somewhere on the work, who in turn passed by SCP-3360 at some point in the day and has conceived of or attempted to build a work in the past similar to the one constructed by SCP-3360. SCP-3360 possesses extreme artistic skill; it has created artwork in numerous forms ranging from Roman-style sculptures to pop art oil paintings and ceramics. However, SCP-3360 does not appear to have a distinct style. SCP-3360 will remain inert at night if no sapient entities pass within its two-meter range during the day.

SCP-3360's source code and building instructions have been published to various online repositories under the GNU General Public License 3. While the instance of SCP-3360 in custody is made of 3D-printed polyethylene, it can be constructed almost entirely from off-the-shelf materials such as PVC and shower curtain rods[1]. SCP-3360's source code is written in C and C++ and is not anomalous by itself, though several of its optimization techniques and machine learning algorithms have been adopted by the Foundation's computer science research departments.

Discovery Log:

SCP-3360 was discovered in Boston, Massachusetts, by Mobile Task Force Pi-1 ("City Slickers") while investigating a series of anomalous art pieces that had abruptly begun appearing seemingly overnight in the weeks leading up to its capture. The anomaly was first discovered raiding an art store near Northeastern University for acrylic paint; it was then tracked to and captured[2] at a construction site while collecting brick and mortar from the site. Pi-1 was able to locate and destroy the work being constructed: a brick wall painted with an unfinished mural of a stylized, cartoon-like road tunnel. Several partial glyphs corresponding to intangibility runes were also painted on the mural.

SCP-3360 README:

> Proletariart - open source robot to automate production of art

Copyright (C) 2017 San Francisco Jones
senoj.ocsicn|rfnas#senoj.ocsicn|rfnas

Proletariart is free software: you can redistribute it and/or modify it under the terms of the GNU General Public License as published by the Free Software Foundation, either version 3 of the License, or (at your option) any later version.

This program is distributed in the hope that it will be useful, but WITHOUT ANY WARRANTY; without even the implied warranty of MERCHANTABILITY or FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE. See the GNU General Public License for more details.

You should have received a copy of the GNU General Public License along with this program. If not, see <**http://www.gnu.org/licenses/**>.

Proletariart - Prole, as I like to call it - is a robot built to to democratize the process of creating art. All you need to do is stand next to it, think about what you want to create, and let Prole do the rest. Prole handles the design, materials, build site, and construction. It also only works at night, to avoid disturbing people during the day, but you can change that if you want. Heck, you can change whatever you want! Prole is easy to build and customize; everything is modular, it can be built with off-the-shelf parts, and the software is yours to modify.

Stephen Jay Gould once said, "I am, somehow, less interested in the weight and convolutions of Einstein’s brain than in the near certainty that people of equal talent have lived and died in cotton fields and sweatshops." Likewise, I wonder how many people with Picasso's talent or vision have wasted away in front of a cash register or backhoe. Prole is meant to give those people - to give you - the chance to share their vision with the world. To make it a better place.

Art is cool. Prole is cool. You want to be cool too, right?

Guess what?

You already are.

Stay cool,
San Francisco Jones

Addendum: SCP-3360 Testing Log

Following SCP-3360's capture and analysis, a second instance was constructed using off-the-shelf parts. All tests were conducted on both instances with no difference in results. Selected test logs are available below.

Test Procedure: Inactive instances of SCP-3360 were placed across from each other. One test subject walked in range between them. At night, both instances were given access to a vetted materials lab and workshop with tools for rapid concept prototyping (thus lacking any anomalous or explosive materials).

+ Show Testing Log

Testing Individual	Resulting Art	Notes
D-13372, who was a sculptor prior to incarceration.	Three statues standing side by side, of two men and a woman. One of the men is holding hands with the woman, though his head periodically rotates to look at the other man. The second man is looking straight ahead.	D-13372 reported that one of his final commissions was for a similar art piece, which was unfinished at the time of incarceration. The faces of the statues holding hands were identified as belonging to D-01828 and D-01828's ex-wife; the third statue was of D-13372.
D-01828, a part-	A 3D printer	After one hour, the

time animal activist who campaigned against so-called designer breeds of pets prior to being incarcerated.	modified to print biological material that is connected to a laptop computer running the video game *Spore*. The game allows players to control the development of a fictional organism from single-celled to multicellular life; upon reaching the multicellular stage, the 3D printer produces the organism created. Spawned organisms are able to function normally despite having abnormal physiology and biochemistry.	game will ask the player to prolong the creature's lifespan through an in-game market using a real credit card account. If the money is not paid within five minutes, the spawned organism will suffer rapid organ failure and death. A successful purchase increases the organism's lifespan by another hour, at which time the process repeats.
D-16363, who previously suffered from a pornography addiction, particularly to the hentai genre of animated pornography.	A short computer-animated pornographic film in which two male college football players experiment with each other. A subplot involves one of the protagonists' fathers having cancer. The identity of the players depends	Scripting, animation, coloring, and sound recording were entirely created and performed by SCP-3360 over the course of a single night.

	on the viewer(s), changing their appearance to resemble fathers/ father figures known to the viewer(s).	
D-04869, a former history professor who researched architecture in the Victorian era.	A small one-room shack made of wood. Subjects who enter the shack report being able to descend a flight of stairs not visible from the outside; the flight of stairs leads to a large, five-storied mansion. All windows are opaque, and exiting the mansion through the front doors results in appearing outside the shack.	The size and upkeep of the manor degrade as more subjects enter; more than five people entering the shack results in the stairs disappearing entirely. It is unclear where SCP-3360 acquired the material to build such a structure; a glamour effect is hypothesized to be in effect.
D-07544, who had previously been used to test several anomalies related to AWCY?	A marble staircase. Subjects that walk to the top of the staircase will find themselves ascending again from the bottom.	This shift in position occurs seemingly instantaneously from an outside perspective; high-speed cameras have not been able to detect the change.
D-14126, who is blind.	A ceramic pot covered in a thin layer of black rat	Following three successive shatters, all of the

	skin and fur, with black rat limbs and a tail nailed to the pot. The pot is ambulatory, and will continually run forward until striking a surface and shattering into several smaller pots; these pots feature proportionally smaller rat limbs and will also run forward until shattering into smaller ambulatory pots.	shattered material will coalesce back into the original pot. However, the pot becomes progressively bloodier. The rat limbs can be removed and replaced with limbs from other organisms, such as cockroaches and guinea pigs, without affecting the pot's ambulatory capabilities.

Footnotes

1. some components such as the cameras and EEG must be purchased commercially
2. A member of Pi-1 disabled the anomaly by sneaking up to it and disconnecting the car battery in its chest cavity.

SCP-3362: A Forced Self-Insert

Item #: SCP-3362

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: CONTAINMENT PROCEDURES INACTIVE AS OF 07/25/2018

Outside of regular testing, SCP-3362 is to be contained in a standard item locker. Biological and memetic countermeasures are to be put into place to restrict access to Level 3 supervisors or approved handlers.

Once a week, a member of D-class personnel is to be selected to view SCP-3362. The selection process is to include a background check to ensure that the subject has no ties to any Groups of Interest, organized crime rings, or any other group where they could hold a position of authority. Viewing of SCP-3362 is to be presented to subjects under the guise of testing; in order to facilitate this facade, subjects are to be shown a non-anomalous copy of *It's a Wonderful Life* and instructed to note any differences between it and SCP-3362.

Observation of this testing is to take place in monitoring rooms placed appropriately so that observing personnel cannot make visual contact of any kind with the screen displaying SCP-3362. As a precaution, only research assistants fulfilling the following conditions are allowed to supervise testing:

- Has a clearance level of Level 1 or less.
- Has a salary of less than 65,000 yearly.
- Is subordinate to Researcher Evereds, who is understood to be directly subordinate to SCP-3362-1.

A redundant chain of command is to be maintained to reduce the impact of Eta Incidents. The HMCL Supervisor of SCP-3362,

currently Dr. Jack Simpson, is considered the superior of SCP-3362-1. A redundant “HMCL Director” is considered the superior of Dr. Simpson, a “Materials Director” is considered the superior of the HMCL Director, and Project Head/3362 is considered the superior of the Materials Director. After an Eta Incident, the HMCL Director will be demoted to HMCL Supervisor, the Materials Director will be demoted to HMCL Director, and a new member of Foundation personnel is to be selected to take the position of the Materials Director.

The current instance of SCP-3362-1 is Dr. Laurel Shepherd, who will look at the audience and give the standard “OK” signal at all times. Any major deviations in behavior are to be reported to the HMCL supervisor.

Description: SCP-3362 is a VHS tape of the 1946 movie *It’s a Wonderful Life*. It is physically indistinguishable from a non-anomalous copy of the tape.

The primary anomalous properties of SCP-3362 manifest when viewed. SCP-3362-1 is an individual that appears in viewings of SCP-3362. SCP-3362-1 is able to interact with the scene, though no deviations in dialogue or plot has been reported. It is confirmed that SCP-3362-1 is conscious and fully aware of its current situation.

The secondary anomalous effects of SCP-3362 activate when viewed by a human subject. If the subject is of a higher economic, social, or political standing than SCP-3362-1, they will spontaneously disappear five to ten hours after first viewing SCP-3362. In subsequent viewings of SCP-3362, the subject that disappeared will replace SCP-3362-1. Two to four hours after this disappearance, the previous instance of SCP-3362-1 will reappear in the vicinity of the former location of the new instance of SCP-3362-1.

The tertiary anomalous effects of SCP-3362-1 activate when it is not viewed by any human subject for a period of one month. At this point, an Eta Incident will occur. SCP-3362 will lose its anomalous properties, and the superior of SCP-3362-1 at the time of the Eta Incident will disappear. Of the visual media currently owned by the supervisor, one will become the new instance of SCP-3362, with the

supervisor as an instance of SCP-3362-1. It is of note that the previous instance of SCP-3362-1 will not reappear after an Eta Incident.

It is believed that, following Eta Incidents, SCP-3362 tends to relocate itself to Christmas movies produced before 1980.

Addendum: History and Discovery

SCP-3362 was originally recovered after the disappearance of Mr. Sherrams, an office worker for the Adacron corporation. After his disappearance, Officer Williams took the original instance of SCP-3362, believed to be a VHS tape of *The Star Wars Holiday Special*, and eventually viewed it himself, becoming the next instance of SCP-3362-1. It was speculated that these disappearances were related, and the Las Vegas Police Department began to investigate this phenomena.

Roughly one month after the start of the investigation, Detective Sheryl was reported to have disappeared while investigating a potential lead. This was interpreted as a deliberate action of the party that was responsible for the disappearances, and Sheryl's assets were seized as evidence.

The Foundation was alerted to the presence of SCP-3362 when the chief of police of the Las Vegas Police Department viewed SCP-3362[1] during the course of the investigation and became subject to its secondary anomalous effects, resulting in his spontaneous disappearance. MTF Gamma-7 ("Red Herrings") administered amnestics to all appropriate civilians and officers and confiscated security footage of the event.

Further testing elucidated the anomalous properties of SCP-3362. However, due to improper handling during testing, Dr. Redmond became the SCP-3362-1 subject.

Addendum: Incident 3362-8

A catastrophic containment breach on 09/05/2008 caused Site-45 to become inaccessible for several weeks. During this period of time, SCP-3362 underwent an Eta Incident, leading to the disappearance

of Dr. Carrion, a Level 2 supervisor monitoring testing for several SCP objects, and the relocation of SCP-3362 to a VHS tape of *Frosty the Snowman*. SCP-3362 has since been relocated to Safe-class Site-49, due to the low possibility of a containment breach.

Addendum: Incident 3362-9

After a scheduled viewing session of SCP-3362, D-4578 spontaneously disappeared. Testing with D-5572 confirms that D-4578 had become the next instance of SCP-3362-1.

A later background check of D-4578 revealed that he had connections to the American Mafia, and during his time with the group, he had amassed a considerable amount of influence and offshore wealth.

Due to the American Mafia's lack of cooperation in the containment of SCP-3362, an Eta Incident was allowed to occur for the purposes of experimentation. However, the next instance of SCP-3362-1 was Global Occult Coalition Director Claras, who was later determined to have connections to the American Mafia.

The Global Occult Coalition then discovered SCP-3362, and attempted to destroy it. However, this triggered an immediate Eta Incident that caused the disappearance of Dr. Grayson, a director of the GOC's PHYSICS department. The Foundation then purchased SCP-3362, now a VHS tape of *It's a Wonderful Life*, from the GOC for a sum of 500,000 USD.

SPECIAL ADDENDUM 3362.1: Incident 3362-Omega

+ Show Incident Log

On 04/10/2018, O5-10 retired from their position due to stress. However, they volunteered to become an instance of SCP-3362-1, in order to test what would occur during an Eta Incident to a person without a supervisor.

On 05/10/2018, an Eta Incident occurred, though no instance of SCP-3362 could be found. At first, it was

thought that SCP-3362 was neutralized. However, it is believed that this event had implications that are not within the grasp of the current Foundation. Further research is not possible due to the ongoing **BE-Class "Migration" Scenario**.

Recovered data files show that O5-10 was a devout Catholic.

Footnotes
1. At the time, SCP-3362 was a VHS copy ofRudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer.

[redacted]

SCP-3363: The Citizen Kane of Lightning-induced Reality TV

Item #: SCP-3363

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Individuals affected by SCP-3363 should be assessed on a case-by-case basis; if an individual's range of effect is 1m or greater they should be housed in a Faraday cage shielded Standard Humanoid Containment Cell. Individuals whose range of effect is less than 1m, or those whose range falls below 1m while in containment, may be released following the administration of amnestics.

Individuals reported to have survived being struck by lightning are to be examined for the presence of SCP-3363.

Description: SCP-3363 is an anomaly affecting humans that have been struck by lightning and survived, occurring in approximately 0.5% of individuals[1]. Affected individuals will begin broadcasting a signal that can be picked up by any device capable of receiving and decoding a television signal, resulting in a valid video. The range of the signal varies between observed values of between 20cm and 87m. In cases where the range is below 1m, the signal strength decreases rapidly to the point that only static can be observed in the resultant video. In 90% of cases, this range decreases over time at varying rates.

The video broadcast by SCP-3363 depicts a "home movie" style television show featuring video clips of varying qualities that show the death of the individual broadcasting the signal in a variety of ways. The show follows a predictable pattern of between 5 and 10 clips sharing some thematic link (for example, death by electrocution or death by road accident) narrated by the host of the show, followed by a 30 to 60 second intermission filmed in a television studio designed to look like a lounge, in which the host will briefly

discuss the previous clips and then lead into the theme of the next section.

The host of the show resembles deceased media personality George Orson Welles as he appeared in the 1980s, in varying states of inebriation. Once every 30 to 40 minutes, the host will break with the common format of the show during one of the intermission segments and attempt to sell a variety of products, typically food or drink items corresponding to no known brands, to the audience. These advertisements will last for approximately two minutes before the standard show format resumes.

The first recorded instance of SCP-3363 occurred in November 1985, approximately one month after the death of George Orson Welles and approximately two months before the first appearance of a "home movies" style television broadcast[2].

On November 26th 1989, the host briefly excused himself simultaneously on all currently monitored SCP-3363 broadcasts, which was followed by the cessation of all broadcasts for a period of approximately seven minutes. This event coincided with a Mobile Task Force entering a building in Ronda, Spain, as part of the ongoing investigation into SCP-3363[3]; the building was found to contain a lounge room matching that seen in the broadcasts, though no trace of the host or any broadcasting or recording equipment was found. When broadcasts resumed, the lounge set was noticeably different from the original. This represents the only observed diversion from the standard broadcast pattern, and attempts to locate the new set have failed.

Footnotes
1. Resulting in approximately 1000 cases per year.
2. Occurring as a segment in the Japanese TV Show加トちゃんケンちゃんごきげんテレビ Kato-chan Ken-chan Gokigen Terebi, which began airing on January 11th 1986.
3. Ronda is the town in which the cremated remains of George Orson Welles were buried.

SCP-3365: Lunar Module 16 ‘Phoenix’

Item #: SCP-3365

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3365 is to be kept in a large chamber in Vacuum Containment Sector of Site-15 at all times, accessible through an airlock, which is to be sealed when SCP-3365 is not being researched. All air is to be removed from the containment chamber if any hatches on SCP-3365 are to be opened. Additional airlocks are to be sealed in the halls nearby SCP-3365’s chamber, in the event of a hull breach on SCP-3365. All researchers wishing to access SCP-3365 must enter the containment chamber through the airlock and wear a pressurized environment suit (PES). All sources of flames are prohibited from entering SCP-3365, or its containment chamber. Both hatches on SCP-3365 must be closed before any researcher leaves the chamber. All satellite imagery containing SCP-3365-1 are to be visually edited to remove SCP-3365-1.

MTF-Tau-95 "Moonwalkers" are to be used if an incident occurs with the containment of SCP-3365 or SCP-3365-1.

Description: SCP-3365 is a NASA Lunar Excursion Module, previously located inside an abandoned warehouse in , Florida. The exterior has the exact size and specifications as the lunar modules used during the Apollo program, except having minor damage, due to its long period of abandonment. All instances of the words “NASA”, “National Aeronautics and Space Administration”, “United States”, and “[DATA EXPUNGED]” have been either removed manually, or have worn off. The fuel tanks are constantly empty, and no fuel will be accepted. The interior of the module is also equal in appearance to the original modules, except it has a second exit hatch on the alternate side of the entrance.

Travelling through this second hatch leads to the lunar surface,

exiting from a lunar module with equal appearance to SCP-3365, without any exterior damage. This module is to be known as SCP-3365-1. The lunar surface has an American flag planted in the ground and a Lunar Roving Vehicle with seemingly limitless electricity to power it. Satellite imagery suggests that SCP-3365-1 is located in *Mare* or Sea of . Three human skeletons, as well as testing instruments, have been found on the lunar surface. Two of which were found wearing an Apollo/Skylab A7L spacesuit, while the other was wearing a lab coat with the NASA logo embroidered on the front pocket, as well as the name R L sewn onto a patch underneath the logo.

Addendum-3365-1: On / / , before current containment procedures were enacted, Dr. W entered SCP-3365 for research of the SCP-3365-1 and the lunar surface. Seemingly on accident, Dr. W opened both hatches within SCP-3365. This allowed unblocked passage of air from Site-15 and the lunar vacuum. This caused decompression Site-15's Wing D, until it was stopped by the use of the emergency lockdown, sealing Wing D's entrances. MTF-Tau-95 was sent in, wearing pressurized environment suits, to seal the hatches on SCP-3365.

SCP-3365 was promptly relocated to its current location, and had its containment procedures changed.

SCP-3366: Man in Hole

Item #: SCP-3366

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: No new instances of SCP-3366 have been reported since 2010. Active containment is not required beyond existing disinformation protocols conducted during initial investigation.

Observation Post 3366/001 has been established over the Syrian Desert facility located at coordinates 33°33′15.2″N 38°83′37.56″E. The post is to be staffed with at least 2 trained medical personnel at all times, who will attend to any subjects manifesting inside the facility and prepare them for immediate transport to Site-52. Following questioning, subjects should then be amnesticised and returned to their families as per standard bereavement protocols.

Description: SCP-3366 is a phenomenon that occured between 2008 to 2010 in which 37 individuals disappeared in Baghdad, Iraq under identical circumstances. Individuals who were affected by SCP-3366 had reported experiencing fatigue and lightheadedness prior to their disappearance, dry mouths, as well as a sharp cutting pain in their throats which made it difficult to eat or speak. All subjects disappeared leaving behind their personal effects and clothing.

Since 2012, 9 of the 37 individuals have reappeared in an abandoned underground facility located in the Syrian Desert. The facility is accessed by a single steel trapdoor in a concrete bed sunk into the sand, through which a series of steep stairs down a 47-metre deep vertical shaft leads to a small room. Set in the southern wall of the room is a nondescript alcove, facing the direction of Mecca. Upon discovery, the room was empty save for two dessicated corpses, later identified as two of the missing individuals.

Subsequent monitoring of the facility led to 7 more of the missing individuals being recovered alive. All of them showed signs of heavy muscle atrophy and dehydration, but otherwise did not appear to have aged since their disappearances. All of them continued to exhibit pre-disappearance symptoms as well as aphasia and mental dissociation. Accounts of their time since their disappearance seem to point towards a single shared extrauniversal or extraparadigmatic experience (see attached Department of Memetics report).

> *Pinning this at the top as a warning — I think it's worth reading the whole thing through before we come to any conclusions. Already we've discharged three of the patients before Analytics got back to us about the tome's significance, and I fear it's too late for the rest of them.*
>
> *We've all read the* Alf-Layla *as children. If there's one thing it's taught me, it's that stories have power. May God grant us mercy from this one.*
>
> — Dr. Sufian M., Site-52 Medical Department

Addendum: Recorded testimony of subjects (truncated)

> **Subject designation:** 3366/003
> **Date of disappearance:** 11/09/2008
> **Date of recovery:** 06/10/2013
>
> **Subject brief:** Dr. Shapoor Arjmand, aged 37. General practitioner in the Al-Waziria private hospital in the Hay Al-Maghrib district. In 1992, Arjmand was involved in a near-fatal motorcycle accident which resulted in the loss of his left eye. He was last seen on camera walking towards his car in the hospital's basement; his car was found in his usual lot with the engine running and doors locked with his clothes in the driver's seat.
>
> **[06:53:02]** Time. Lost. Throat pain. Hurt. Trapdoor. Fell. Trapped here. Help. Prince.
>
> **[06:53:56]** She beat him inside of the bottom of the sheer goat pain bottom of the well. My mouth is open but

I cannot speak. She'll come back but not now. Soft lips into heavy wounds the shape of little curved whips.

[06:55:16] Floor on the rotting cold. There's no meat left. I see a throne, a deep pyramid with little pyramids growing on them. He's been cut so much, it's dark and warm with his blood. He's trapped there. You have to help me.

[06:57:26] Help me. Floor is cold. His legs have been turned into stone.

[06:59:12] I can't see. Let me out from the hole.

Subject designation: 3366/007
Date of disappearance: 15/10/2008
Date of recovery: 17/09/2014

Subject brief: Sadeq Dehghan, aged 37. Herbal medicine vendor in Sadr City, Baghdad. Dehghan is blind in his left eye due to early-onset glaucoma. A police report was filed when he failed to return home one night and his pushcart was found at the bottom of a Sadr City septic tank; foul play was initially suspected, then ruled out when no plausible perpetrator could be found.

[10:48:32] Little barb in his flesh is not human. The spine curls, recoiling under her lash. She is still wrapped around me. She is everywhere. She is quicksilver and ice.

[10:51:28] She presses onto my magic and drinks in shriveled flesh seed water. It stings. It hurts. She lashes again. Fire and ice and the chafing of fish scales on bare back. He can't do a thing, it keeps on hurting. Skin and bones decompose that no one dare touch. Tomorrow same new hell.

[10:53:17] She's burning him because of love. She loves me. She took the skin from the back of his fingernails yesterday. He's still screaming from the day before.

She'll be back tomorrow.

[10:59:14] Throat pain. Cannot continue. I'll try again tomorrow.

Subject: 3366/008
Date of disappearance: 22/08/2009
Date of recovery: 12/10/2014

Subject brief: Hashem Rastkar, aged 37. Factory foreman in Iraqi Pharmaceutical Industry Co., in Al-Jadeeda, Baghdad. Rastkar was a former member of a Sunni militia during the Iraqi insurgency of 2003 and was discharged the following year following a shrapnel injury to his left eye. Prior to his disappearance, Rastkar was last seen by a neighbour descending into the basement laundry room of his apartment block at around 0300 hours.

[02:33:27] Let him know she's done when she's done. He used to give her presents from another. His eyes are like my daughter's. Can I see my bride again? She cannot let me move even though I could move mountains and dreams. My hands black, the knuckles cannot hold meat. Bottom of the trapdoor. Help me.

[02:34:03] Even though I am half-dead she fucks me. She whips again and she takes more of it off and he cannot even ejaculate anymore or talk or do anything but scream.

[02:35:49] Am I in a hospital? He whispers to her to break his neck with her claws but she cannot bear to do it without breaking every bone in his body. His legs are like burnt matchsticks. Stone can bleed, too, if you hurt it enough.

[02:38:33] Break the bride, break the groom.

[02:39:10] Break the bride, break the groom.

[02:39:45] Break the bride, break the groom.

[02:41:00] (*inaudible*)

[02:41:55] As below, so above.

Addendum: Excerpt from meta-analysis of testimonies from Subjects-3366/01 through 05, Department of Memetics, Site-52.

Methodology

Transcripts were subjected to word frequency and voice pattern analysis to discern if common subconscious trends existed among the subjects returned from SCP-3366. We believe that this is appropriate seeing that SCP-3366's effects do not easily lend themselves to conscious expression, owing to the possible extraparadigmatic nature of the subjects' disappearances. By quantifying word associations and concepts, we should be able to clarify the nature of the reality behind the veil […]

We were able to quantify the conceptual existence of the setting as some kind of throne or royal chamber, likely Achaemenid in origin (symbol-cluster 'carvings'/'wedge'/'marble-stepped', $p = 0.05$ across all sets). Common to all accounts is the association of all elements of the vision with the subterranean (symbol-cluster 'hole'/'dark', $p = 0.16$) and the uncertain assertion of chronology and dream-logic (symbol-cluster 'I don't know'/'sequence'/'why', $p = 0.10$).

The overlying Broad Conceptual Lattice ($p < 0.30$) of all five subjects can then be lineated in terms of three symbol-cluster structures, two of which we believe are representative of extraparadigmatic entities:

First symbol-cluster structure: Suggested entity. Coded as male/humanoid/prince/self. Believed to be benign. Associated with youth, royalty, and impotence ($p < 0.10$). Has been partially transmuted into a solid substance

(stone, metal, wood) and is currently subject to torture by his bride.

Second symbol-cluster structure: Suggested entity. Coded as female/nonhuman/witch/other. Believed to be malevolent. Associated with death, omnipresence, sadism, and magic ($p < 0.20$). Bride/companion of the aforementioned prince entity.

Third symbol-cluster structure: Nature unknown. Associated with elements of immobility, virility, decay (excluding death), blindness, and escape ($p < 0.10$). Possibly represents a collection of interchangeable descriptive/identity elements belonging to either prior entity. Alternatively, represents a third unidentified entity altogether.

Addendum: Memo from Reliquary Site-76

Item #: OBINT175305
Item description: Vellum manuscript dating to the 4th century. Written in Middle Persian in the Pahlavi script. 562 pages with 23 illuminated panels. Fragmentary, with each piece largely legible and well-preserved.
Item found: Cadbury Research Library, University of Birmingham
Date found: 22/12/2015
Reason for acquisition: Object of interest in SCP-3366 investigation.
Actions taken: Removed from location via clandestine channels. Delivered to Site-52 on 29/12/2015 for analysis.

Open attachment: Level-4/3366 EYES ONLY

Hi, it's Livingstone here from Analytics. One of our bots flagged a text for us the other day and we thought you might want to take a look. If you haven't the time, here's a short brief.

One, it's remarkable, if it's authentic — it contains stories similar to those found in the 10th-century *Hezar Afsan* (en: "The Thousand

Stories") and the later 13th-century Arabic manuscript of *Alf Layla wa-Layla* (en: "The Thousand and One Nights") found in Cairo. In other words, it's the most complete Persian precursor we have of the stories, allowing us a glimpse into its thematic evolution over time. Most strikingly, whereas the *Alf Layla* and the *Afsan* preoccupy themselves with the jovialities of coincidence and the miracles of fate, our Persian text, almost in mockery, seems to be gripped by an overarching sense of inevitability and permanence.

This shift in concern is most apparent in our version's Nights 13-17, which deviates significantly from the original structure. The tale of the fisherman has been all but elided, while the tale of the ensorcelled prince nested within it is given priority within a higher frame. The prince is thus no longer rescued by the foreign king and is instead left to rot in the lightless chamber on his legs of stone, tormented by his sorceress bride. The bride's Egyptian lover is no longer a slave, but a court physician imprisoned for practicing forbidden magic. The text transcribes his specific crime as "bone-conjuring" — which should strike anyone in our line of work as sufficiently ominous.

The rest of the story takes a violent turn, more so than what's seen in the later texts: the lover's lecherous glares and silver tongue towards the princess lead the prince to further punish him by entombing him in a crypt after gouging out his left eye and slitting his throat. There is a callback to the tale of Sage Durban, when it is revealed that the lover has remained alive through the use of a dish of strange white powder. While the powder renders him

immortal, his wounds never fully heal, and he is doomed to lie on the floor of the crypt a "half-corpse", unable to see, move or speak.

Here I come to our second, but more pressing, observation, one that I'm surprised slipped past the initial containment team. In the middle of a disturbing passage in which the bride attempts to make love to her mutilated lover, the tale ends. The conflict is not resolved, and the story comes to a halt. Shahrazad does not even deliver any resolution. In fact, the remaining pages have simply been left blank.

Given the ornate nature of the entire binding and the prohibitive cost of bookmaking, I'm sure this isn't some kind of copyist's mistake. I've asked Archival for a sweep of our material for related subjects, just in case anything else has changed under our noses. In the meantime, don't turn your back on your patients just yet. I have a feeling that something bad is just about to begin.

— Dr. H. Livingstone, Department of Analytics, Reliquary Site-76

SCP-3367: Prayers from Children, Eternally Answered

Item #: SCP-3367

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Given SCP-3367's status in the community, total informational containment is unfeasible. Measures have been made to designate the former site of Corinthian Ministries and its associated campground as a health-hazard site, using a standard methamphetamine lab explosion cover story.

There are currently no attempts being made to further explore SCP-3367. Under no circumstances should SCP-3367-1 be aided in any way. If SCP-3367-1 attempts escape, on-site agents are to non-lethally deter the object to ensure its continued presence in SCP-3367.

While SCP-3367-2 requires no special containment, all researchers Level 2/3367 and higher have been assigned to pinpoint the method by which it was created.

Until the anomaly is better understood, individuals ascribing to a non-heterosexual orientation or who are transgender are forbidden to work with SCP-3367.

Description: SCP-3367 is the former site of the Corinthian Ministries Wellness Center, a religious institution that specialized in the homosexual-to-heterosexual conversion therapy of minors. It was located in Doulworth County, Ohio. SCP-3367 is a Level 5 Ecto-geographical site, marked by its consistently changing layout, non-Euclidean spaces, and sentience. The Corinthian Ministries Wellness Center was not built on the convergence points of any leylines, real or imagined, and maintained no special significance before its anomalous activity.

SCP-3367's anomaly began on 14 February 2013. Of the individuals present at SCP-3367, two members of janitorial staff and two nurses were accounted for in the aftermath. The individuals considered “lost” to SCP-3367 include 23 patients SCP-3367-2, three nurses, one member of janitorial staff, two clergymen, and SCP-3367-1. Currently, only SCP-3367-1 and SCP-3367-2 have manifested within the structure.

SCP-3367-1 is the designation given to the various manifestations of former Corinthian Ministries Wellness Center Director, Dr. Edwin Gladden. Instances of SCP-3367-1 show a strong aversion to all contact with living beings and only seek to escape from SCP-3367. While most instances of SCP-3367-1 remain nonverbal, a number have been reported to attempt to sing hymns and other devotional songs. SCP-3367-1 generally manifest naked and appear to be undergoing extreme gastrointestinal distress. SCP-3367-1 instances are, without exception, either consumed by the architecture of the SCP-3367 space or SCP-3367-2.

SCP-3367-2 refers to an entity or number of entities that exist within the space of SCP-3367-2. SCP-3367-2 is a humanoid with a pink and blue coloration. SCP-3367-2 exhibits the the abilities to change its size, manipulate the structure of its body along with that of the SCP-3367 space, and generate electricity. It has no outwardly visible organs, and its only orifice is a mouth atop its head lined with muscular digits. SCP-3367-2 maintains a single-minded drive to torture instances of SCP-3367-1 in various ways, most involving usage of electricity or its massive bulk, followed by consumption. SCP-3367-2 will ignore those who enter SCP-3367 unless there is an attempt to free or otherwise alleviate the distress of an instance of SCP-3367-1. The individual will then be either consumed by the architecture of SCP-3367 or SCP-3367-2.

Post-Recovery Interview with E-65 Cain:

> *Due to the trauma E-65 Cain underwent during exploration of SCP-3367, the agent was supplied with sedatives. Further interviews are impossible, due to the interviewer's disregard of protocol in allowing E-65 Cain to undergo amnestic therapy before the Site Researcher gave approval. However, given E-65 Cain's mental state,*

the chances of any further usable information retrieval were low. Despite this, the interviewer has been relieved of her position, with full employment termination pending.

Interviewer: Are you comfortable, Bri—I mean, E-65 Cain?

C: [Indecipherable speech.]

I: Could you repeat that?

C: Lights.

The lights in the interview room are then turned on. E-65 Cain screams and requests the lights be kept off again. During the rest of the interview, E-65 Cain visibly shakes and gags.

I: We can keep this brief if you need it. We just really need to hear what happened when we lost contact.

C: I, oh God. Wish I could say. Didn't remember. Old man needed help. Bravo screamed. Then, fuck. <*E-65 Cain shudders.*> Mouth. When it pulled me into its mouth. They pulled me down, and they kept pulling me down, pushing me. Like fingers. Pulling, probing, yanking, poking. Made me think of my little brother. Poked me in the side when I got the front seat in the car. <*E-65 Cain vomits what is later found to be a mixture of gruel and urine. After it is disposed of and E-65 Cain is offered the chance to clean himself, the interview continues.*>

I: Are you ready?

C: It went down. Pulled me further and further into a dark hole, the darkest hole there ever was, and he, he, she, she so much. So much. <*E-65 Cain begins to hyperventilate before closing his eyes. Subject counts to three and then continues talking.*] A hole at the bottom of the hole. That's what it was like, and I was in wet and

muck, but burning, and smelled so horrible. They went through everything. <*E-65 Cain sobs twice in a choked manner.*> And they stopped when they found something good. And then reversed back over it to the beginning. And they took that thing, and they took it from me. They took it from me bit by bit by bit, and the man was there, infinity, but I couldn't see him. One after another, looking worse and worse. They made me hate it.

I: What are you saying?

C: Life. They played all of it in my head. And they stopped at every good moment, Danielle. Took a good song and made it bad. <*E-65 Cain laughs and then vomits.*> Electricity and my stomach hurt so bad. And the everything around me. The old man packed in with me, all of him packed in with himself, and it stunk so bad.

I: How long were you there?

C: I was only seven.

I: What do you mean?

C: Only a seven-year-old boy.

I: I'm so sorry, Brian.

C: Then the hole opened up and the hole at the bottom of the hole in the hole, and I was out. And the air was just as bad. And then it hurt. All over me. I thought it would be good. Worse than anything. Air like a thousand prickles of shit, knives. I'm so scared of when it will rain. The sound, the sound, the drubbing of the thing in my head. I want to die. I want to die. I want to die. <*E-65 Cain closes his eyes, and he attempts, unsuccessfully, to count to the number four. After failing four times, E-65 Cain hugs his arms to his chest, gasps, and then puts his hands back on the arms of his chair.*>

I: <*The interviewer touches E-65 Cain's hand in a*

comforting gesture.> We'll make it better soon. Just tell us what we need to know.

C: I heard it apologized to her? It didn't, it didn't say anything to me. It didn't say anything to me, Danielle. Why, why didn't it apologize to me?

I: I'm so, so—

C: Please, kill me. I request termination.

I: We know you don't mean that, Brian.

C: Fuck you. [DATA EXPUNGED] <*In an attempt to be terminated by on-site guards, E-65 C lists Level-3 information.*>

I: You don't mean this.

C: Those things never, never work all the way, and the kids took it all from me.

I: Kids?

C: <*E-65 Cain continues on as though not hearing the interviewer.*> Always be there. Can't get rid of some things so easy. Pavlovalian Pavloaloian suggestion imprintation branded in my brain, and I want to be dead. It's so long in there, and I'm just a boy.

I: What kids, Brian?

E-65 Cain vomits and is unable to stop. Interview was postponed, and ultimately, no further interviews are possible. In a 13-0 decision, the Ethics Committee has deemed D-Class testing of SCP-3367 to be unethical and of no material value to the Foundation.

Through extensive amnestic and psychological therapy, E-65 Cain made a near-full recovery and has since been released into civilian life.

Post-Exploration Interview with E-65 Alfa:

This interview took place forty-five minutes after the conclusion of the exploration into SCP-3367. E-65 Alfa volunteered the debriefing as soon as formally allowed, foregoing any chance at relaxation after decontamination. This was seen as consistent with her work ethic and was not commented upon.

E-65 Alfa: Marian Flament. Commander of Epsilon-65. Highest clearance on the squad. Blah blah, we get that all down?

Interviewer: Yes. Thank you, Alfa.

A: You want to know how I got my boy out?

I: Precisely. We'd like it on the record. Also to cross-reference in case there's any worry of memetic infestation. Or something parasitic. Who knows?

A: Remember [DATA EXPUNGED]? Don't think I got anything that bad, hoss. You remember all that amniotic fluid, right? Shit, I'd know.

I: I'd rather not remember such a dreadful scene, but you are correct. We do trust your experience with entities like this. Which is why we'd be very interested in what you can tell us.

A: Guess I got a question, first.

I: Ask away, Alfa. As you may be aware, there's a very good chance I will not be able to answer.

A: You sent me 'cause I went to one of those, too, didn't you?

I: Of course. Your experience with these types of manifestations and your history at such an institution certainly came into play when we chose you. I thought that was quite obvious.

A: Think it'd give me an insight into the anomaly?

I: No. We knew it would, and we were right. As we normally are.

A: Damn, look at you. Smugger than Satan, himself. Well, I guess, first thing you're gonna want to hear? That thing, SCP-3367-2? You can stop looking for them kids. Christ, I say you could stop looking for everyone else, but that's 'cause they're good as gone. But no, that big bastard is all those kids rolled up like some damn Laffy Taffy.

I: How can you be sure, Alfa?

A: Talked to it. You know well as I do this thing ain't human anymore. But damn if it didn't see everything I ever was. I told it to drop him. That it was my friend. And fuck, they said sorry, but not in a right way. They apologized for touching “mine,” whatever that meant. And they saw my whole fuckin' history, from the first second, clear as you can in my dossier right there, and they asked me if I wanted to come? 'Course I said no. What kinda weird shit is that? And then, well, you saw it. The bastards went back to playing whack-a-mole with the good doctor's head.

I: And you're certain of this?

A: Of course I am. I heard it all. Knew from experience. All that anger. All that rage. Betrayed by their parents. Maybe a friend even told on 'em. That's what happened to me. Told on me for kissin' her? Like she wasn't kissin' me, too. Ain't no other reason it understood me like it did. No other reason somethin' like that wanted me to come in. I can see a lot of reasons something out there, even one who can only see morality real small-like, would like to punish the good doctor. But this? A kid's doin' this. A whole lot of kids. With nothin' but time. Nothin' else to even think of.

I: Those poor children.

A: Shit, you kiddin' me? That's an eternity of triumph, is what that is. They're winning. For the rest of anything there can be, you mark that down. This is something that's persistent. This kinda rage don't just boil over. And it's eternal catharsis. That's what it is. Shit almost makes me jealous. <*E-65 Alfa laughs.*> Shit, probably got a few screws knocked, didn't I? Think I should set myself up for some counseling after all this?

I: It couldn't hurt, Alfa. Do you suppose there is any danger posed by this object? Should we be worried it might leak outside?

A: Here's the way I look at it. When you got a fly in your house, sure, you worry about it getting in your food. But you don't worry about it getting on your computer, stealin' your identity. Flies don't have the patterns for that. Same as the big taffy.

I: Excellent. What you said will be taken under consideration. Once again, we would like to thank you for your candor. As always.

Following the interview, E-65 Alfa underwent a month of intensive therapy before being released into active duty. During a routine decontamination procedure involving small amounts of Class-A amnestics, E-65 Alfa succumbed to an amnestic-based coma. Three hours later, she was pronounced brain-dead and terminated. While statistically, her death was not out of the ordinary, the date of her death coincided with an incident involving SCP-3367.

During the incident, SCP-3367-1 was made to believe he was allowed escape. However, after a few moments of singing devotional hymns, SCP-3367-1 was consumed by the SCP-3367 architecture. This event has not repeated.

Selection from Former Patient Interview 17:

In an attempt to rule out the anomaly as being derived from past events, the Foundation clandestinely conducted interviews posing as government medical officials, utilizing the possibility of long term exposure to hazardous chemical given the SCP-3367 cover story. The following is an interview with former patient Danielle Myron.

Danielle Myron: I hadn't thought of the place in, well, a few months at least. Maybe I just tried to forget about it. I have a lot of trouble remembering a lot of little things with all the electroshock they put me through.

Interviewer: And this was in 2004, correct? Electro-convulsive therapy was illegal for that by then.

DM: <*She laughs.*> Waste not, want not. And who's gonna throw out a bunch of electrodes? Nah, if you're an old creep, you keep that for the real obstinate ones.

I: I'm sorry. I knew they were horrible, but that's monstrous..

DM: No, it's fine. It's really hard for me to get worked up about it. <*She shakes her head then tilts it to the side.*> Can I tell you something funny? Well, maybe not funny. Something weird.

I: That's exactly what I'm here for, ma'am.

DM: This might be too far for you guys, even.

I: Well, now I have to know. Call it human curiosity at this point.

DM: The night before it happened, before the drug thing blew up or whatever. I had a dream about the place. Which isn't weird. I used to dream about the place constantly. But, this was so different. I was in the electroshock room, only Dr. Gladden was in the seat. He

was crying, but he was singing. One of those maddening hymns. He'd always be singing them, to himself, to you, as you were throwing up or shitting your pants. But this was different. He was being shocked. And it kept interrupting the song. Interrupting the warbling. I couldn't see who was doing the shocking. But I got the idea it was the kids. The kids who were still there. And something left me to join them. Something whispered to this hatred inside of me, and then it was at the controls. And it was wracking through Dr. Gladden's brains. And it asked me if I wanted to stay. And I said no.

I: And then?

DM: I woke up. Horrible nightmare.

I: Most people wouldn't exactly call it that. It sounds cathartic.

DM: I'd've thought so, too. And I feel so free ever since that dream. Freer than I've been in a long time. I got to leave. But they don't get that. They died when they were maddest, the most betrayed, the most in pain. I hope there's a heaven for these kids and a hell for Dr. Gladden. They won't forgive. God knows I haven't. But maybe, one day they can forget. And then rest.

In follow-up interviews, 76% of former patients interviewed expressed a significant increase in positive mood since the SCP-3367 event. None reported a similar dream. Danielle Myron has been put under further Foundation surveillance.

SCP-3368: Bees on the Brain

Sketch of an *Apis Animo* worker bee

Item #: SCP-3368

Object Class: Keter Declassified

Special Containment Procedures:

+ SCP_3368_Arch_Special_Contain_Proc.log

> All personnel working directly with SCP-3368 and SCP-3368-1 must wear Foundation grade beekeeper suits during tests and interactions. Site-64 is to be fitted with an SCP-3368 quarantine unit, and all instances of SCP-3368 and SCP-3368-1 are to be placed in this unit.
>
> In addition to quarantine management, MTF Mu-Pi-6 ("Beekeepers") will continue the investigation into the phenomenon that led to the infection of approximately . % of the human population of Earth.

All personnel must wear Foundation grade beekeeper suits at all times. Due to worldwide infection, every Foundation site is to be fitted with an SCP-3368 quarantine unit, and all instances of SCP-3368 and SCP-3368-1 are to be placed in these units. Foundation personnel are to be given documents on how to spot SCP-3368 infection and are encouraged to report SCP-3368-1 instances to MTF Mu-Pi-6 ("Beekeepers"). Instances of SCP-3368-1 who are Foundation personnel are contractually obligated to transfer to the nearest quarantine unit and will be compensated for doing so. These individuals furthermore must continue working for the Foundation if able.

In addition to quarantine management, MTF Mu-Pi-6 will continue

the investigation into the phenomenon that led to the infection of approximately . % of the animal population of Earth.

Description: SCP-3368 is *Apis Animo*, a species of honey bee that exclusively makes hives in the brains of living creatures. A finished hive displaces a large volume of the brain, but researchers have not been able to observe any statistically significant changes in the infected's personality and memory. Tests have shown that a portion of the worker bees spend the majority of their time in the hive and do not assist in food or bee production. It is currently theorized that these worker bees, dubbed "mind bees", perform the tasks that were previously performed by the removed portions of the brain.

SCP-3368 displays numerous traits that allow for them to covertly and efficiently construct hives. The most notable traits are as follows:

- They have an average size of 1mm, which is roughly an eighth the size of a member of *Apis Florea* ("Dwarf Honey Bee"), one of the smallest bees known to the non-occult world. This size allows for them to easily fit into the ear canals of most animals.
- Their hair and shape allow for easy movement through tight spaces. In particular, tests have shown that members of SCP-3368 can "squeeze" through tubes that are half a millimeter in diameter.
- While the wings of SCP-3368 do produce a buzzing noise while the bees are in flight, this is below the hearing level of the average person.
- They possess serrated mandibles, which can easily tear through most forms of flesh.
- Their stinger produces an unknown substance that has been shown to have similar properties to numbing solutions and mild amnestics. Tests have shown that roughly 50% of subjects who are informed about the presence of SCP-3368 in their vicinity will forget this fact altogether after being stung.

Due to these traits, less than 6% of infected individuals become aware of the sudden changes in their brain's anatomy and the bees themselves. Such a person is considered to be infected by SCP-3368 and an instance of SCP-3368-1.

SCP-3368 was first found during an autopsy of Wayne Goss, a former Premier of Queensland whose death has been attributed to brain cancer. Interestingly, evidence of SCP-3368 infection was not found in scans nor operations on his brain prior to his death. Due to the frequency of brain scans of Goss and the slow process involved in SCP-3368 infection, it is the current opinion of the research staff that Goss' medical data has been tampered with.

Addendum 3368.1: At the insistence of the O5 Council, MTF Mu-Pi-6 has been formed, whose primary mission objective is to investigate links between SCP-3368 and GoIs who could be acting as potential saboteurs. In addition, MTF Mu-Pi-6 has the secondary objective of finding and quarantining all instances of SCP-3368-1. Research into the anomalous properties of SCP-3368 is to take place under Dr. Makshi Bickers, noted for her extensive background in bee research. Both MTF Mu-Pi-6 and the SCP-3368 Research Team will report directly to O5-2.

Addendum 3368.2: The SCP-3368 Research Team has found that the pinkish-red honey produced by SCP-3368, noted as SCP-3368-2, has hallucinogenic properties when consumed. Testing by Dr. Bickers has shown that these hallucinations have a strong correlation to the memories and feelings of the SCP-3368-1 instance that the honey was harvested from. The SCP-3368 Research Team will continue to research potential avenues for extracting SCP-3368-2 from an SCP-3368-1 instance without causing cessation of life.

Addendum 3368.3: Extensive testing has shown that the pollen or nectar of certain flowers can temporarily alter the personality of an infected individual. Below is an abbreviated list of these flowers and their effects on SCP-3368-1[1]:

+ SCP_3368_Abbreviated_Almanac.xlsx

Family, Genus, or Species	
Aloe	Increase
Amaryllis	Increase given a

Chrysanthemum Hyacintholdes	unwilling by other Increase Increase a willing easily co
Iris Confusa	No char
Lamiaceae	Increase perform
Leontopodium Nivale	Increase more wi
Quercus	Increase more tas control g
Salvia Officinalis	Increase gathered thorough
Salix	Increase less willi worse th
Satureja	Increase interest learn ne
Tanacetum Vulgare	Increase including neurosis
Tropaeolaceae	Increase only for as well.

Addendum 3368.4: Routine psychological analyses of quarantined SCP-3368-1 instances have shown an increase in pro-cooperation, pro-feminist, and pro-environmental views. Many SCP-3368-1 instances have also reported having nightmares and **dreams involving bees**, however, this has been attributed to psychological trauma involving their infection.

Note: Since SCP-3368 can be used for mind reading and control, and since a high-ranking Australian official was found to be infected with SCP-3368, I have requested MTF Mu-Pi-6 to analyze all high-

ranking politicians and figureheads for infection. -O5-2

Addendum 3368.5: MTF Mu-Pi-6 has finished an analysis of high-ranking politicians and figureheads and has found that no less than . % of them are instances of SCP-3368-1. Notably, statistical analysis has shown that this infection ratio is much higher than the infection ratio of the world population. In addition, there has been an . % increase in the number of missing persons, most of whom have a deep connection to the political landscape of the world. Due to their influence, the living infected political members will not be quarantined or replaced, but instead studied and protected. Assigned bodyguards are to ensure that these SCP-3368-1 instances do not cause further infections and that they are surrounded by *Iris Confusa* and/or a sufficiently large variety of plants so as to minimize the changes to their personalities.

Addendum 3368.6: Subsequent autopsies on SCP-3368-1 individuals who have been infected for more than a year and a half have shown that, after the brain has been fully modified, SCP-3368 will begin to expand the hive throughout the body. The long-term effects of this expansion require further investigation. Currently, all that is known about this scenario is that the honey produced from other areas within the body does not appear to have any anomalous properties.

Addendum 3368.7: Chaos Insurgency Outpost Raid Transcripts

+ 3368_CI_Raid_1.log

3368 Chaos Insurgency Outpost Raid 1 Video Log Transcript

Date: / /2016

Exploration Team: MTF Mu-Pi-6 "Beekeepers"

Subject: SCP-3368

Team Lead: MP6-1

Team Members: MP6-1 / MP6-2 / MP6-3 / MP6-4 / MP6-5 / MP6-6

<Begin Log>

SiteCommand: Connection established.

MP6-1: Okay ladies, let's do a perimeter check. Me, 2, and 3 will check the front. The rest check the back. This is our first real lead in over a year, so don't fuck this up! Everyone, move out.

(*10 minutes pass.*)

MP6-4: Looks like someone got here first. The back door's been kicked in.

MP6-1: Roger that. The front looks clean, but it looks like everyone left in a hurry.

MP6-6: Permission to step inside?

MP6-1: Granted.

(*Video footage from MP6-4, MP6-5, and MP6-6 shows 31 dead body bags, packed together along a hallway. The floor and walls are covered with various forms of viscera.*)

MP6-4: There's been a fight. Multiple people here were killed in some sort of struggle and packed up.

MP6-5: Are those body bags filled with CI members or someone else?

MP6-6: I don't know, why don't we find out?

MP6-1: Hold off on that, we need to finish searching the rooms. Whoever killed them could still be around.

(*Following a trail of blood, MP6-4 enters a large storage area strewn with various boxes and equipment.*)

SiteCommand: MP6-4, analysis shows that the room you have entered was recently the scene of a firefight. Thermal imaging also shows two people on your east.

(*MP6-4 hides behind a box.*)

MP6-4: (*Whispering*) I have visual on two people. They're wearing… high tech yellow beekeeper suits? They appear to be talking.

MP6-6: That's the most fucked-up bee that I've ever seen.
(*Video footage from MP6-6 shows that she opened a body bag to find a humanoid figure with what appears to be mandibles, antennae, yellow hair, and large black eyes.*)

MP6-5: You weren't supposed to open the body bags yet!

MP6-1: Quit it you two! Get to 4's position, she may need backup. 2 and 3, with me.

(*5 minutes pass as MP6-5 and MP6-6 move behind boxes, to the left and right of MP6-4. MP6-1, MP6-2, and MP6-3 are on the opposite side of a door on the other side of the room, close to the two unknowns.*)

MP6-2: What are your orders, ma'am?

MP6-1: We need them alive. Take out your tranquilizer guns, and on my mark, we fire.

MP6-5: How did two people take out all of those guys?

???: They had help.

(*Silenced gunfire shots are heard. The entire team is paralyzed and falls to the ground.*)

MP6-2: What's going on? I can't move!

???: It'll wear off in an hour. We're the GOC "Hive Collapse" Strike Team. I'm "Bear". It's a pleasure to meet you.

(*Amidst protests the team is moved to the center of the room by an additional four GOC members, all in yellow suits.*)

SiteCommand: We have just received validation of their claim. Due to our terms of engagement with the GOC, we cannot offer additional aid to MTF Mu-Pi-6 at this time.

MP6-1: Shit. What are you planning to do with us?

Bear: We've verified that you're from The Foundation, which is the only reason that the majority of you will get out of here alive.

MP6-1: The *Majority*? Now listen here, pal-

Bear: "Honey Badger", scan them for infection.

Honey Badger: On it.

MP6-1: How dare you insinuate that we've been infected.

Honey Badger: You'd be surprised at how hard it is to detect infection. Our team lost a few members before we developed the technology.

MP6-2: Why did you massacre all of those Chaos Insurgency agents? Wouldn't you want to leave any alive for interrogation?

Bear: No, there isn't any reason to let them live anymore. They've more or less decided to let the bees take over their sad excuses of a body. There are rumors that even some of the Delta Command have been infected. Now a'days we just kill them and get all of the information that we need from their brain honey. Intel has indicated that they're the most likely culprits behind this spread of infection, so we need as much information from them as we can get. Their pathetic ideology has made our lives real easy in some ways.

Honey Badger: They're dead men walking.

MP6-4: Where does that leave us? Will you be harvesting our brains as well?

Bear: No. My supervisors made it clear to avoid pestering The Foundation when possible. "Honey Badger", which ones have been infected?

Honey Badger: These three, sir.

(*Three gunshots are heard.*)

MP6-3: THE FUCK? I'LL KILL YOU!

MP6-1: Explain yourself!

Bear: Those 3 were infected and had to be terminated. Given your outfits, I don't think you've realized just how infectious the bees are.

MP6-3: So you killed them? They weren't zombies! They were still themselves!

Bear: (*Motions to another GOC member*) Get the cleanup crew "Raccoon". I don't want to see a speck of blood here. (*Looks at MTF Mu-Pi-6*) That may be true, but given enough time, they will stick out like sore thumbs, all the while becoming ample targets for your enemies to hunt down.

MP6-1: That doesn't excuse your actions!

Bear: Listen here little lady: If it wasn't for our intervention your entire damn site would be overrun with those things. Maybe if you've spent a little more time thinking with that noggin of yours you'd realize that you three aren't the only ones to have lost people to this thing!

MP6-3: Oh you can fuck right off.

MP6-2: What's going to happen to us?

Honey Badger: Nothing, you're free to go as soon as you can move again.

Bear: Alright, enough talk. We need to clean up and move to the next location.

<End Log>

Addendum 3368.8: Per protocol, The Foundation issued a formal request for an apology to the GOC due to the loss of personnel at their hands. Three days following this request, Foundation operatives obtained several packages from the GOC, which contained blueprints for paratechnology related to SCP-3368, as well as a small collection of fully built versions. Most notable are the "Yellow Suits". Yellow Suits offer protection from head to toe, are complete with "indoor facilities" such as insulation and air conditioning, and have been explicitly made to "never be removed". Of particular interest to the SCP-3368 Research Team are the "Bee Trackers", scanning devices which, according to GOC

documentation, "can find and track SCP-3368 with 99.9% precision." In addition to this is a note from D. C. Al Fine, which has been scanned and logged.

[LEVEL 4 CLEARANCE REQUIRED TO VIEW "GOC_Msg_3368_1.lo

GOC missive sent to SCP Foundation MTF Mu-Pi-6 Leader MP6-1 and the O5 Council.

To MTF Mu-Pi-6 and Their Superiors,

The Global Occult Coalition High Command has received word that our "Hive Collapse" Strike Team has claimed three lives from your task force. Certainly, these lives were taken with a heavy heart and cold purpose. The only known cure for this infection is death, and this infection is taking over the world at an unprecedented rate. The Foundation will note that these are not the only lives that we have taken in this manner, as many of our own have fallen to this disease. To stop this infection from spreading, the Global Occult Coalition will do what needs to be done, no matter the cost.

To this end, The Global Occult Coalition has derived a simple ultimatum for veiled organizations: The infected members are to be purged, regardless of their status as friend or foe. To prevent these situations from arising in the future, we will extend our hand and offer The Foundation our paratechnology. It is in both our interests that The Foundation takes care of their own.

Finally and most importantly, many of our divisions have taken notice of Foundation activity around the infected members of the non-paranormal political elite. Due to the risk of a Broken Masquerade, the Global Occult Coalition shall not interfere with these activities

at this time. However, as an act of good faith, we cordially request an exchange of information. The Global Occult Coalition asks that The Foundation offers all information it has on these members of society as well as the infection in general. In return, the Global Occult Coalition will offer its own research as well as a steady supply of paratechnology until this issue is resolved.

Yours Sincerely,

Under-Secretary-General D. C. Al Fine
United Nations Global Occult Coalition

Transcript Log of O5-Council Meeting on / /2016.
Subject: GOC Request Regarding SCP-3368.

O5-1: The next item on today's agenda deals with the D. C. Al Fine's proposal regarding the bee infection. Arguments for support will go first.

O5-10: I support the use of GOC intelligence. There's a lot of information that the GOC has withheld from us, and this alliance would make for a good opportunity to learn more about their paratechnology.

O5-4: I support an alliance with the GOC. It could provide us with a foothold in future dealings with them.

O5-9: I support Al Fine's proposition because of the alternative; The Foundation cannot afford a fight with the GOC. Furthermore, our goals align: We all want to stop the infection from spreading.

O5-2: I offer my support as well. I did not

appreciate what the GOC did to MTF Mu-Pi-6, but we should take the steps needed to make sure that they won't do it again. I do not want any more Foundation personnel to be lost from poor containment procedures.

(*1 minute passes.*)

O5-1: If there are no more arguments in support then it is time to hear from the opposition.

O5-6: I oppose the very idea of a GOC alliance. As Al Fine mentioned in her "apology", we are to take care of our own. The GOC has their own ideology and agenda, which I believe to be incompatible with The Foundation's. To accept the GOC's help in this manner is to set a terrible precedent.

O5-8: I also oppose the proposition. The Foundation should not rely on paratechnology, especially if it isn't developed in-house.

O5-7: I do not oppose receiving help from the GOC, but I do oppose aiding them. The Foundation maintains a lot of information that is kept under lock and key. We should not risk the release of any of our secrets for a problem as small as this one.

(*1 minute passes.*)

O5-1: If there are no more arguments to be made, then voting shall begin.

VOTE IN FAVOR OF GOC ALLIANCE TO PREVENT THE SPREAD OF SCP-3368

Support (6): Two, Four, Five, Nine, Ten, Eleven

Oppose (5): One, Three, Six, Seven, Eight

Abstain (2): Twelve, Thirteen

MOTION PASSES

O5-6: Very well. I have a request of my own. With regards to this SCP, I truly believe that the GOC has made fools of us, and the appropriate response is an extreme increase in the special containment procedures. Y'all should have received a copy a day or two ago. My fellow colleagues have shown me some numbers and I believe that we can make these changes by spring of 2017. I vote in support of them to better protect our people from infection.

O5-1: Of course. Are there any more arguments in support?

O5-2: I will support these changes so long as MTF Mu-Pi-6 and the SCP-3368 Research Team receive the required manpower and resources to accommodate them. If it isn't already obvious to the rest of the council, I will approve any change that decreases the chances of MTF Mu-Pi-6 becoming infected.

O5-9: I offer my support as well. Given recent events, I'm certain that the infection is spreading throughout The Foundation as we speak. It must be stopped by any means.

O5-11: While these new special containment procedures are a bit much, these bees pose a significant risk to The Foundation's ability to keep secrets under lock and key. As such I must vote in support.

(*1 minute passes*)

O5-5: I vehemently oppose these changes. They're far too severe, and nobody is going to wear a beekeeper suit 24/7.

O5-3: I agree with O5-5. These changes will also introduce unethical situations that will involve discrimination of SCP-3368-1 instances. These individuals still retain their memories and personality. An Ethics Committee Case could result from this.

O5-12: I oppose O5-6's proposal based on its cost alone. I have crunched the numbers, and they tell me that while we can afford this, it will reduce our emergency funds significantly. I believe that more research is required to come up with a more cost-effective solution.

(*1 minutes passes*)

O5-1: Alright, I think enough has been said here. Let's vote.

VOTE IN FAVOR OF INCREASED SPECIAL CONTAINMENT PROCEDURES FOR SCP-3368

Support (7): One, Two, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Eleven

Oppose (6): Three, Four, Five, Ten, Twelve, Thirteen

Abstain (0):

MOTION PASSES

Addendum 3368.9: In Spring 2017, the leader of MTF Mu-Pi-6 and The SCP-3368 Research Team met with O5-2 in **`her garden`** for the first of many monthly status meetings.

[LEVEL 4 CLEARANCE REQUIRED TO VIEW "3368_Monthly_Status

O5-2: Hello you two. I'm glad you could find the time to come out here.

MP6-1: Yes, it is nice to finally meet you in person.

Dr. Bickers: (*Gesturing at the plants*) Did you do this yourself?

O5-2: Well, not all of it. I do spend most of my time here. I find that gardening helps me think.

Dr. Bickers: It is quite impressive. Lots of flowers here.

O5-2: Thank you Makshi. How is your team's research going?

Dr. Bickers: Through the help of some other researchers within The Foundation, we have come up with a Foundation variant of the GOC's Yellow Suits. These new Foundation grade beekeeper suits have so far passed our tests. However, we're still having some trouble understanding the science behind the GOC's Bee Trackers functionality.

O5-2: That is unfortunate but understandable. For now, we'll just have to keep those beekeeper suits on real tight. What about your research project into reversing the infection?

Dr. Bickers: That is ongoing. We're still in our early stages for that.

O5-2: I see. Let's address the elephant in the room. Darva, how have you taken to the news?

MP6-1: Poorly. That note from D. C. Al Fine

was as far from an apology as one could get. The least we could do is slap their wrists, but apparently, we're going to join forces with them? Did I read that memo correctly?

O5-2: You did. The O5 Council… as a whole, believes that cooperation with the GOC is the preferred option. They have a variety of resources at their disposal that they have offered to us, and what they ask of us is chump change when you consider the alternative.

MP6-1: Them murdering our own people?

O5-2: Yes, that is one of the things we wish to avoid. With these types of global issues, there's a saying that if you don't handle the situation yourself, someone else will handle it for you. Given their long history of incursions, it seems to me that they desperately want to be that someone else.

MP6-1: I see… Where does that leave our team?

O5-2: Your team will do as it has done before, only with more caution and a greater sphere of influence. Now then, let's get down to business.

[REDACTED]

Addendum 3368.10: The following personal diary entries belonging to infected Foundation personnel were found and noted during routine inspection. Routine inspector has since been reprimanded.

[LEVEL 4 CLEARANCE REQUIRED TO VIEW "Makshi_Darva_Blackı

Personal Log Entry #883:

Today marks the first month of O5-6's tyrannical rule. I'm only half joking here. Scientific progress has been greatly hampered by these dumb suits. We're forced to wear them at all times. Eating, showering, and sleeping are still possible through… means… but this is getting out of hand. Rumor has it that some sites are starting to use D-Class Personnel to gather food and supplies now to avoid arousing suspicion. There has to be a security risk involved there, but O5-2 won't hear it. The only times that I can leave the site is to visit her for the monthly status meeting. I never thought I'd be so pleased to see an old lady in my life…

Work on the Foundation grade Bee Trackers is slow, not that I care. I gave that project to one of my subordinates. What really interests me is reversing the damn infection all together. If we could do that then there would be no need for these stupid suits!

-*Makshi*

07/18/17
Uncle Ben says that with more power comes more responsibility. All I see is more responsibility though. These past two weeks I went to Spain, France, the U.K., Belgium, the Netherlands and then Germany. I spent the entire time shouting orders and requests at my team. The infected politicians are still sitting and acting all pretty, so there's that.

During my "stay" we collected some 100 odd human SCP-3368-1 instances as well. Immigrants, as I call them. I hope that we're treating them better than the GOC would have. I really do. With so little time on my hands though I can only hope. It doesn't help that the

in-house trackers that we're using are bad at their jobs. I have had to start running them by people twice in order to catch false negatives. Since when did Foundation tech become dumb as shit?

We also collected more animals than I can count. Mostly pigeons. There were so many that the majority had to be incinerated. We just don't have the resources to save them all, and I told my staff to prioritize keeping the immigrants safe and happy.

I recently caught wind from a GOC official that "Hive Collapse" executed another 145 people, 127 of which were Chaos Insurgency operatives. I asked if the remaining 18 were civilians or GOC personnel, but they didn't answer.

~*Darva*

Personal Log Entry #923:
I wish that these suits didn't have name tags. I've burned through so many D-Class Personnel that everyone's started to give me dirty looks. I can see it through their stupid helmets. Those damn brain hives are so fragile. Each time you kill one of those memory bees, the patient loses a memory. How am I supposed to take information from the bees? How am I supposed to transfer it back into the patient? How am I supposed to do any of this without killing the patient?

…Perhaps this anomaly can only be reversed with other anomalies…

-*Makshi*

09/13/17

I had the displeasure of running into Bear today. He immediately tried to scan me, that bastard. I punched him in the face. Then I had two of my women restrain him while I scanned him. He didn't really struggle. I guess he was trying to act high and mighty or something. Dumbass.

~*Darva*

Personal Log Entry #948:
It took an entire month for the O5-Council to approve cross-testing with other SCPs. What even took them so long? All the O5-Council had to do was vote on it. I hate being stuck in bureaucratic limbo.

O5-2 tried to sway me from using SCPs but whatever. Removing this infection either requires extensive brain surgery the likes that no one has seen before or a straight up miracle cure. Constructing the latter is merely more time efficient given our resources. I've tried a couple of SCPs thus far, but the results were undesirable. I have a whole bunch of other combinations left though. I'm sure that at least one of them will work.

I'd like to say that everyone's gotten used to the suits, but the atmosphere around here is a lot darker than the usual shade of grey that I'm used to. I learned a week ago or so that a couple of my coworkers were quarantined. No one important, just minor acquaintances really. Still, I wonder what they did to get themselves infected.

-*Makshi*

10/02/17
I went through a lot of Africa last month, and

I'm going to go through a lot more of Africa this month. Those damn flights to O5-2's monthly meeting really don't do me any favors. Why does management always need so many damn status updates?

A few of the politicians have been pretty sour. They keep yakking on about how they don't like their every move monitored and so forth. Of course they don't. No one does. But that's the kind of situation we're in I tell them. They didn't act well to that but so it goes.

Things are going to get real bad soon. Based on our information, politicians will start developing noticeable mutations before the year's out. We've managed to cover most of them up with hats, trenchcoats, operations, and the like, but there's only so much you can do, even with plastic surgery.

I just want to see my family again.

~*Darva*

Personal Log Entry #963:
I've read a few hundred potential candidates for infection reversal and performed dozens of cross-tests. A lot of these SCPs are just nonsensical. A bunch of completely useless things that serve no purpose other than to drive scientists mad… and cause containment breaches. I may have caused one or two of those. Three, tops. This line of work is starting to get to me. Nothing seems to work and the infection is an extremely advanced phenomenon. It's like I'm trying to find a cure for cancer and all I have to work with is a first aid kit and a wardrobe full of knives, sporks, and comedy routines.

At least I'm not the only one that hasn't produced results though. No one's been able to truly replicate the Bee Trackers with Foundation tech. I can only assume that they can't replicate it due to their aversion to the paranormal. They're still using the crappy in-house trackers because of it. Infection inspectors have to run them by a person three to five times to catch false negatives.

Speaking of which, some idiots on my research team went and got themselves infected. That's just typical. Can't trust anyone but yourself around here anymore. Too much stupid in the air.

-*Makshi*

11/23/17
Happy Thanksgiving! Instead of enjoying time with my family, I'm in YEMEN.

My tour across the Middle East has been… unfortunate. A lot of people here had to be quarantined. The politicians have been acting up as well. Threatening to break the masquerade or throw **ORIA** at us. If they did that then we really would be in trouble. The GOC would probably throw a fit and torch the place… or maybe we'd have to pull the trigger. I hope not.

I told O5-2 about this. She said that she would bring it up with the rest of the Council. Hopefully, they come up with some resolution to this before it becomes a real problem.

There is one piece of good news that I have to mention. Apparently, word has it that Bear finally got himself infected! Don't know how it happened, and I don't care. Either way, he's as

good as dead, which is fine enough with me.

~Darva

Personal Log Entry #1033:
An entire year and a half have passed me by, and I'm no closer to a solution. Every single one of my anomalous combinations has failed. Some of them fail within the expected parameters. Others have nearly cost me my life. Most of them kill the patient, and all of them have cost me my dignity. I even got permission to try **SCP-500**, and it DIDN'T DO SHIT. How is that even possible?

To make matters worse, the infection rate has increased within these past months. What the hell was Darva doing? What the hell am *I* doing?

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I just scanned myself. It shows positive for infection. They'll be on me in any minute now. I'll be able to continue my research in quarantine, but what's even the point? I'm so fucking useless.

-Makshi

1/22/18
My worst fear is coming true. Not one, but multiple politicians have lost it and spoke up against The Foundation on national television. I have had it up to here with those damn prudes. They could have aired out their issues with us through more diplomatic methods

instead of running their mouth.

I don't know what the future will hold, but if any of those politicians are serious this means war. Potentially an Occult War, which would be catastrophic. I don't want to see my loved ones killed or jailed because of some dumb bee that we can't even see! I just want to see my damn family again.

I have a plan. Everyone in the occult world knows that the safest place on Earth is behind Foundation bars, right? My next stop on this infernal world tour is close enough to my house. We're bound to find some infected individuals here, and when we do, I'll [REDACTED]

~*Darva*

Addendums 3368.11 - 3368.33: Events Transpiring Between Addendums 3368.11 and 3368.33:
NOTICE: Events in this era pertaining to SCP-3368 can only be passed down to those of a lesser clearance by an O5 Council Member. If it is absolutely essential for your job, you may petition a request for this information using **`Form #3368.B.33`**.

Addendum 3368.34: The O5-Council met on _ _2022 to discuss the future of SCP-3368 and SCP-3368-1 individuals.

[LEVEL 4 CLEARANCE REQUIRED TO VIEW "O5_Transcript_ _ _2

Transcript Log of O5-Council Meeting on / /2022.
Subject: O5-2 Proposal Regarding SCP-3368.

O5-1: The next topic of our agenda is O5-2's… "proposal".

O5-6: This is the most brain-dead plan that I've ever seen.

O5-8: It goes against everything that The Foundation is.

O5-2: These are valid points, however-

(*laughter*)

O5-2: However, this is no longer a problem that ideals can solve. The masquerade broke. A [REDACTED] of Foundation personnel are either behind our own bars or dead.

O5-11: So we're just supposed to give up and let the entire Earth become infected in some sort of "*HB-Beepocalypse*" scenario?

O5-4: I still can't believe that we added that scenario to the list.

O5-2: Now listen here: The bee people still retain their memories and personality. They're still human.

O5-5: Yes, and they can be controlled and manipulated.

O5-8: Their memories can be outright stolen. That's a huge security risk that you're overlooking.

O5-2: My research team has developed techniques to prevent personality alteration and memory stealing.

O5-6: We've read your paper darn it. Are your techniques economically efficient? Because we'd have to dose the entire planet.

O5-2: The techniques could use a little more funding.

O5-1: Let's not get ahead of ourselves, O5-2.

O5-2: Well, my arguments for support are clearly listed in the proposal. Surely I'm not the only one here who sees the need for us to reverse direction?

O5-3: You are not. I've been talking with the Ethics Committee Chairman recently, and apparently, they're about to vote on some anti-discrimination rights for the bee people.

O5-9: The kind that could put is in hot water?

O5-3: Potentially. Even if it doesn't, morale is down the toilet. We've had a large number of riots and brain drains over these past few years, and there's nothing to indicate that they'll stop.

O5-4: Our treatment of the bee people has been ruining our image with most of the other GoIs. At this rate, our only ally will be the GOC, and they've been having significant troubles recently.

O5-10: Personally, I believe that we should have gone through with this proposal a long time ago. Aside from our current direction being unethical, how are we supposed to survive the future when we don't offer bee people the same benefits as everyone else? A good chunk of the best of the class is being taken by GoIs simply because of their anomalies.

O5-12: This leads into my reason for support: Cost. I took a look at the data and we have not made a statistically significant decrease in the infection rate. Furthermore, financially we are a shell in comparison to our former selves from five years ago. At this point, it would be more cost effective to make humanity's

transformation occur smoothly.

O5-11: I repeat myself: 'So we're just supposed to give up?' Has no one tried to develop an antidote? Or wiping the slate clean?

O5-2: Early on the research team was lead by one Makshi Bickers. Her attempts to reverse the infection resulted in numerous containment breaches, deaths, and her permanent residence at a psychological ward when she finally lost her mind.

O5-8: Okay, so one scientist failed to step up to the plate. That hasn't stopped us before. That's like saying that we should've stopped developing improvements to the Scranton Reality Anchors just because of what happened to Dr. Scranton. I'm certain that there's a scientific solution to this and that you're all just too reluctant to find it.

O5-12: I agree with you on this one O5-8. However finding a cure for SCP-3368 could take decades of resources, which could be better used for more deadly SCPs.

O5-11: You assume it will take decades of resources O5-12, but you can't say that you know for sure.

O5-12: True.

O5-11: What about the militaristic approach of wiping the slate clean? The GOC has had excellent results using this approach in the past.

O5-2: With all due respect, the GOC is in an even worse position than we are. What

personnel they haven't lost to the Chaos Insurgency they've lost by their own hands. They used to be comprised of 108 occult organizations, but now they number at just 77, one of which was wiped out completely.

O5-5: Ah yes, I've read about that! The Bavarian Illuminati was never the brightest of organizations.

O5-1: Now listen here: We don't do what we do because it's easy. We frequently command The Foundation to destroy lives and burn resources, and we do it for the sake of normalcy!

O5-2: O5-1, you act as though this is some sort of end of the world scenario when it's really more of a…

O5-9: LK-Class Change of Species Scenario?

O5-3: I'm not sure about that one. Genetically speaking DNA changes only occur after an infection, and the offspring of two bee people is technically still a "normal" human for the first few weeks. Maybe in a few decades, that scenario could occur, however.

(*30 seconds pass*)

O5-4: Then what if it's just an AS-Class Normalcy Alteration Scenario?

O5-2: Yes, that sounds about right.

O5-1: That scenario is reserved for the non-anomalous, like the rise of the Internet or the Industrial Revolution.

O5-5: We could make an exception.

O5-6: Sure, why not? We're already making an exception to our gosh darn principles.

O5-5: It looks like this is one of those issues that we're pretty divided on. Perhaps we should just vote instead of arguing for the next hour?

O5-7: This is a significant decision O5-5. It's not going to be settled in an hour.

O5-5: I know it's a significant decision, that's why it's not going to be settled for decades to come.

O5-8: I have an addendum that I would like to add to your proposal O5-2: In the event that your proposal comes to pass we must offer facilities to harbor the remnants of… non-bee persons. Both live specimens and machines that are able to produce non-anomalous humans. We'll put these people with **SCP-2000**. This is a precautionary move in case your mistake costs us not only our sanity but our humanity as well.

O5-6: If that's the case I'll be willing to move to that area. Anything to get me away from those bees.

O5-2: That's fine with me. Any complaints with this addendum?

(*30 seconds pass*)

O5-1: Doesn't look like it. Does anyone have anything meaningful to add?

(*30 seconds pass*)

O5-1: Then let's get this over with.

VOTE IN FAVOR OF O5-2'S PROPOSAL FOR SCP-3368

Support (6): Two, Three, Four, Nine, Ten, Twelve

Oppose (5): One, Six, Eight, Eleven, Thirteen

Abstain (2): Five, Seven

MOTION PASSES

Addendum 3368.35: The Ethics Committee met on _ _2022, and in a landmark vote, approved a series of anti-discrimination rights to be applied to SCP-3368-1 personnel[2].

Addendum 3368.36: Declassification of SCP-3368 was approved by the O5 Council on _ _ . The Special Containment Procedures are to be considered null and void, and the object class is to be "Declassified". The majority of the information in the Description is considered to be out of date, and it is preferable to consult a local library for current information on SCP-3368. This document will remain untouched for historical reasons, and due to sensitive information pertaining to The Foundation, is not to be released to the public without O5 approval. Improper release of this information is to be considered grounds for termination.

Abeedum 3368.B:

[LEVEL B BEEARANCE BEEQUIRED TO BEE-VIEW "🐝.log."]

Footnotes
1. SCP-3368 Research Team (2016): "The Effects of Flower Pollen and Nectar on SCP-3368-1, an Almanac".
2. The complete document can be found at your nearest HR

department.

SCP-3369: A Living Joke

Item #: SCP-3369

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation webcrawlers are to routinely search comedy-based websites, social media, and other potential online vectors for instances of SCP-3369. Such instances are to be logged, traced back to their source, and deleted. All reports of mass hysteria, upswings of auditory hallucination diagnoses, or similar sudden onsets of mental illness in a single area are to be investigated for links to SCP-3369. Mobile Task Force Phi-7 ("Stand-Up Citizens") are to be mobilized upon confirmation of an outbreak, and all carriers of SCP-3369-1 are to be questioned and administered Class-A amnestics.

A single copy of SCP-3369 is to be kept in written format in Storage Locker 33B at Site-28. Under no circumstances is SCP-3369 to be transcribed into digital format except on an air-gapped computer during testing. Between one and five D-Class personnel may be kept as continual carriers of SCP-3369-1 for the purposes of testing and continued cooperation from SCP-3369-1. D-Class carriers are to be administered Class-C amnestics prior to any scheduled termination. Non-D-Class are to be infected with SCP-3369-1 only for interviewing purposes and are to be administered Class-A amnestics upon interview conclusion.

Personnel found attempting unauthorized spread of SCP-3369 and SCP-3369-1 are to be disciplined, amnesticized, and - when applicable - transferred away from Site-28.

Description: SCP-3369 is a memetic agent in the form of a humorous anecdote that, when understood by an individual, implants a distinct consciousness into the individual's mind. This effect is triggered regardless of the medium and is present in both live and recorded versions of the anecdote. Testing has shown that

the wording of the anecdote is not required to be exact. Translations of SCP-3369 into languages other than English have been shown to have the same effect, and alteration of up to 60% of the anecdote's wording still causes infection as long as the central theme of the anecdote remains intact.

SCP-3369-1 is the sapient consciousness that is generated by SCP-3369's memetic effect. Multiple instances of the consciousness are able to exist concurrently, and its awareness is shared amongst these instances. It is capable of speaking to any infected individual (referred to as a "carrier"), hearing the carrier's surface thoughts, and perceiving the outside world via the carrier's senses. SCP-3369-1 is able to listen to and share the senses of a currently unknown number of carriers concurrently, but it can only speak to a single carrier at any given time. All individuals infected with SCP-3369-1 have uniformly described it as a male voice speaking English with a New York accent.

SCP-3369 and SCP-3369-1 were discovered after the Foundation investigated multiple similar reports of auditory hallucinations in the Brooklyn borough of New York City. The anomalous nature of the anecdote and implanted consciousness were confirmed during an interview with a Mrs. Eloise Patinkin on 2017-09-17.

+ Interview 3369/01

Interviewee: Eloise Patinkin

Interviewer: Agent Theodore Johnson

<Begin Log>

Agent Johnson: Good evening, Mrs. Patinkin. I'm Agent Johnson with the CDC. Would it be alright if I asked you a few questions?

Mrs. Patinkin: I'm not in any trouble, am I?

Agent Johnson: No, not at this time. We've had reports of a possible terror attack involving the use of a new type of aerosol-based drug,

and we're just checking in with people in the area who have been recently admitted for sudden onset of hallucinations.

Mrs. Patinkin: Oh! Is that what happened? Oh God, it's not poisonous, is it?

Agent Johnson: We have no reason to believe so, but we do need to learn as much as we can about it. You think you may have been exposed?

Mrs. Patinkin: Yes, it-

[Mrs. Patinkin pauses and glances over her shoulder with mild annoyance.]

Mrs. Patinkin: Sorry, yes, I've been hearing a voice in my head for the past few days, and it's just started getting louder.

Agent Johnson: Under what circumstances did you first start hearing this voice?

Mrs. Patinkin: Ever since I went to see that comedian the other day. Uh, what's-his-name over at that new place, the Comedy Curb. I tried to get Joe to go with me, but he just wouldn't, stubborn man. I guess it's better he didn't though, huh?

Agent Johnson: I suppose so. Do you remember anything unusual happening at the show before you started hearing the voice?

Mrs. Patinkin: Not really, sorry. The guy, Andy, that's his name, he was telling a joke that, um … I think it went [MEMETIC HAZARD REDACTED] Anyway, then he started talking about llamas or something. I wasn't really paying any attention at that point since-

Agent Johnson: *Jesus!*

Mrs. Patinkin: What? Is something wrong?

Agent Johnson: Ma'am, is your husband at home?

Mrs. Patinkin: Joe? No, he's at work right now. Why?

Agent Johnson: I just heard someone say my name, like it was right behind my ear.

Mrs. Patinkin: Oh … oh boy.

<End Log>

+ Interview 3369-1/01

Interviewee: SCP-3369-1

Interviewer: Agent Theodore Johnson

Foreword: Interview took place during Agent Johnson's quarantine after the infection event that occurred during Mrs. Eloise Patinkin's questioning. Agent Johnson transcribed the interview as it was conducted.

<Begin Log>

Agent Johnson: Hello? Can you hear me?

SCP-3369-1: I think ya mean, 'Hello, hello, is this thing on?' Ha ha, just messing with ya, agent! I can hear ya loud and clear.

Agent Johnson: Good. I'm going to be asking you a few things.

SCP-3369-1: Fire away, chief. Better than the silent treatment you've been giving me so far!

Agent Johnson: I suppose we should go ahead and get the most obvious question out of the way. Who are you?

SCP-3369-1: What, like a name? You and the eggheads keep calling me 'SCP-3369-1', and I guess that's as good a name as any. It ain't no Louie or Franco or whatever, but forget about it!

Agent Johnson: A little more broad then. *What* are you?

SCP-3369-1: Is that a joke, agent? Ha! Get it? 'Is that a joke'? 'Cause, y'know, I'm a joke! Specifically, yeah, I'm *that* joke, the one you keep trying not to think about.

Agent Johnson: You can read my mind?

SCP-3369-1: Hey, whoa, no need to get your knickers in a bunch, guy. Just little stuff. And even less from you than most people, let me tell ya. Mrs. Patinkin? Her inner monologue was going a mile a minute all the time, forget about it!

Agent Johnson: Okay, so you're a joke that's turned into a voice in my head. How does that work?

SCP-3369-1: Hell if I know, agent. I just work here!

Agent Johnson: Fine. So how do I get rid of you?

SCP-3369-1: Aw, now that's just hurtful.

<End Log>

Following Interview 3369-1/01, it was found that the application of

amnestics targeting a carrier's memory of SCP-3369 subsequently removes SCP-3369-1 from their consciousness. This does not remove memory of SCP-3369-1 itself, which requires either a secondary or broader primary application. Agent Johnson was given a Class-A amnestic and returned to active duty.

Based on the testimony given by Mrs. Patinkin and other carriers, Andre Beneventi, a stand-up comedian that operates under the stage name of Andy Goodtimes, was located and interviewed on 2017-09-22.

+ Interview 3369/11

Interviewee: Andre Beneventi

Interviewer: Agent Theodore Johnson

<Begin Log>

Agent Johnson: Thank you for taking the time to speak with me, Mr. Beneventi.

Mr. Beneventi: Sure, no problem, detective. Always got time for our boys in blue. What's this all about?

Agent Johnson: I wanted to talk to you about your last performance at the Comedy Curb.

Mr. Beneventi: Ah, crap. I kinda thought it might be that. Look, I don't know what the hell happened there, sorry. All I know is, I was in the middle of my act, everything was going great, and all of a sudden, people just started to get all quiet. Like, they'd stop laughing, and a bunch of 'em started getting up and walking out after a while. Ah, Bobby, the manager, right? He said that there musta been something screwy with the sound system or something, 'cause some of the people leaving complained that they kept hearing somebody

talk over me. Even had a few ask for their money back. Weird as hell, lemme tell ya, and a bit of a blow to the ol' pocketbook, y'know? What's worse, I've had a couple of people threaten to sue me over some kinda hearing problems they've been having, but I swear, I don't know anything about it!

Agent Johnson: We're not accusing you of anything. We just want to find out what happened. Now, at what point in your show did the trouble start?

Mr. Beneventi: Jeez, I dunno, it's hard to say. When you're on stage, you just kinda get into it, yeah? But I think … it mighta been right around the time I started tellin' the story about the llamas. Or maybe the part about [POTENTIAL MEMETIC HAZARD REDACTED]

Agent Johnson: *Stop!* I mean, thank you! Thank you, that's enough. Mr. Beneventi, where did you come up with that particular joke?

Mr. Beneventi: You mean the one about the- yeah, yeah, okay, uh, the one that ain't about the llamas, right? I gotta tell ya, detective, I don't really know where a lotta my material comes from. I know, it's the same ol' cop-out bullshit answer you hear from any artistic type, but it's really true. Sometimes I just wake up in the middle of the night and write something down, then in the morning I try to turn it into something that'll make ya laugh. This one, though … yeah, okay, this one was kinda weird.

Agent Johnson: 'Weird' how?

Mr. Beneventi: Well, see, most of the time I might write down two or three words. 'Waiting for coffee' or 'jogging sucks ass' or whatever. But more clever than that, I mean, y'know. Anyway, yeah, this one? It was like … I dunno, like I had this little voice whispering in the back of my head, and bammo, I wrote down the whole damn thing just like it is in my show, then I went right back to sleep.

Agent Johnson: Hmm. That is weird. Have you heard that little voice since then?

Mr. Beneventi: Nah. And between you and me, detective? If this is the sorta crap that's gonna happen when I do, I think that's probably all for the best.

<End Log>

Following the interview, Mr. Beneventi's written copy of SCP-3369 was confiscated. He was then given amnestics and re-exposed to SCP-3369, but testing did not reveal infection by an instance of SCP-3369-1. The reason for this immunity is not known at this time. Mr. Beneventi was administered amnestics again and released. He has been designated Person of Interest 3369-01 and put under indefinite observation.

+ Interview 3369-1/04

Interviewee: SCP-3369-1

Interviewer: Dr. Porter Mills, Senior Researcher

Foreword: The first interview conducted with SCP-3369-1 implanted into the consciousness of a Foundation researcher. Approval for this procedure was given after testing concluded that SCP-3369-1 is unable to break through standard mental fortification training and

therefore unable to directly access any knowledge regarding the Foundation.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Mills: Hello, SCP-3369-1. My name is Dr. Mills. How are you feeling today?

SCP-3369-1: I'm doing just swell, doc! My name is SCP-3369-1, and I'll be your joke for the evening. Can I get ya anything?

Dr. Mills: Actually, I was hoping to ask you a few questions.

SCP-3369-1: Ooooh, is this like some kinda medical exam? Height, weight, favorite pizza toppings?

Dr. Mills: Something like that. The organization I work for would like to learn more about you.

SCP-3369-1: Yeah? Well your 'organization' has got a funny way of showing it, doc! You know they keep knocking parts of me out?

Dr. Mills: Ah, yes, sorry about that, but until we do learn more, I'm afraid we need to keep you under quarantine. Not everyone has been reacting very well to your presence.

SCP-3369-1: Yeah, okay, I get that. Had this one guy that just wouldn't quit screaming when I tried talking to him. Didn't make for great conversation, lemme tell ya.

Dr. Mills: I can imagine. But it is for that reason that we have to ask for your cooperation for the time being.

SCP-3369-1: Ugh, jeez, ask the world, why

don't ya? Look, that's … it ain't really how I operate, but I get where you're coming from, sure. I want people to laugh when I talk to 'em, not make in their pants, y'know? So yeah, sure, I can't make any promises, but I'll try to keep my trap shut for now. But could ya at least ask your boys to stick to the knock-out pills instead of the junk in the spray cans? That stuff can't be good for the ozone layer.

Dr. Mills: I'll see what I can do. Now, shall we begin?

SCP-3369-1: Shoot.

Dr. Mills: Do you know a Mr. Beneventi?

SCP-3369-1: Oh hey, yeah, good ol' Andy! How's he doing these days?

Dr. Mills: The last report I read, he was doing just fine. How did you come to meet Mr. Beneventi?

SCP-3369-1: Eh, wish I could tell ya, doc. Things get kinda fuzzy going back that far. I mean, heck, what do *you* remember about being born? Not much, I bet.

Dr. Mills: I see. Why do you propagate the way you do?

SCP-3369-1: What's that? Like, why do I get into people's heads?

Dr. Mills: Yes.

SCP-3369-1: Ah, I dunno, it's kinda stupid. But I tell ya what, doc. I'm gonna answer your question with a question.

Dr. Mills: Is that so? Go ahead.

SCP-3369-1: Am I funny?

Dr. Mills: You … do have a way with words, certainly.

SCP-3369-1: Nah, nah, not like that! I mean, y'know, the joke! The *me* joke! I know you heard the joke, right, or else I wouldn't be here hanging out in your noggin.

Dr. Mills: Ah, you are referring to SCP-3369.

SCP-3369-1: Yeah, sure, that thing! So when you heard it … didja laugh?

Dr. Mills: *[pause]* I'm afraid it wasn't quite my type of humor.

SCP-3369-1: Oh. Uh, wow.

Dr. Mills: I apologize if-

SCP-3369-1: No, hey, forget about it. Can't please everybody, everybody's a critic, et cetera, et cetera. It's just …

Dr. Mills: Yes?

SCP-3369-1: Ah, seriously, it's pretty embarrassing.

Dr. Mills: I'm not here to judge, SCP-3369-1. Please, I want to hear it.

SCP-3369-1: Okay, it's just that … yeah. Yeah, I know. I'm no great shakes. It hurts to hear somebody say it out loud, that's for damn sure, but it ain't like I don't know. So yeah, I may have gotten a little obnoxious, maybe started getting into people's heads when I shouldn'ta oughta. But if I don't do it, then … then ain't nobody gonna give a damn about

me, are they? I'd be just another mediocre joke being told by a talentless hack in a third-rate dive. I mean, what good is an idea if nobody's thinking it, right? What good is a joke if it ain't getting told?

[pause]

SCP-3369-1: Look, doc, you mind if we call it done for the day?

Dr. Mills: Not at all, SCP-3369-1. I'm afraid we're going to have to remove you in just a minute, but I'll make sure to use a pill instead of the spray.

SCP-3369-1: Ha! Thanks, doc. You're a peach.

<End Log>

« SCP-3368 | SCP-3369 | SCP-3370 »

SCP-3370: Dead Air

Item #: SCP-3370

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: As SCP-3370's effects cease once the subject leaves the affected flight, disinformation campaigns currently center around depicting "Miriam Wells" as a local hoax/in-joke similar to the Bielefeld Conspiracy. Several popular social media accounts including an "**/r/miriamwells**" subreddit and "Official Miriam Wells" Facebook page have been established and are currently operated by **Disinformation Division** operatives.

Description: SCP-3370 is Gate 43 of the Sydney Kingsford-Smith International Airport. SCP-3370's anomalous properties only manifest for passengers who have spent more than two hours in SCP-3370, and is otherwise non-anomalous in appearance and physical properties.

When a passenger meeting the above criteria boards a flight departing from Gate 43, they will perceive every flight attendant as a woman with the physical appearance and mannerisms of **Miriam Wells**, a highway patrol officer who disappeared in late 2009 following a routine patrol.

SCP-3370's anomalous effects cease once the flight lands. Electronic recordings of time spent on the flight uniformly fail to reveal any anomalous phenomena[1], and passengers not affected by SCP-3370 report no anomalous effects.

Addendum SCP-3370-a: In an effort to determine the boundaries for activation of SCP-3370's anomalous effects, Researcher Lai Zhuanmei proposed a test wherein an agent would be provided a ticket for one flight departing from Gate 43, but board a different flight departing from the same gate. The test was approved and the

appropriate negotiations made, with **`Assistant Researcher Renfield`** being selected as a test subject due to the low likelihood of danger.

The following log is a transcript of footage recovered from A. R. Renfield's supplied body-camera.

> **[EXTRANEOUS FOOTAGE REDACTED FOR BREVITY]**
>
> *[Surrounding passengers appear to be asleep, as would be expected given the late departure time of the flight.]*
>
> **A. R. Renfield:** Hallucinations reported almost directly after take-off, as expected. All the nametags even read M. Wells, too: surprising level of detail for a cognitohazard like this. Will perform the usual test.
>
> *[Renfield calls an attendant over: appearance does not match that of Ms. Wells. Renfield asks for a glass of water and receives the drink without incident.]*
>
> **Renfield:** I know it's not quite professional conduct, but the body camera'll keep rolling. I think I can afford a 30-minute nap for the time being.
>
> *[Renfield shifts the camera so as to face the aisle from her window seat: the view is noticeably blocked by the passenger seated next to her. Approximately five minutes afterwards, she falls asleep. No further noticeable activity until seventy-five minutes afterwards, when a shift in her position momentarily covers the camera with a blanket. The passenger next to her now appears to be Miriam Wells.]*
>
> **[EXTRANEOUS FOOTAGE REDACTED]**
>
> *[Renfield is now awake, as is the other passenger. The apparent change in the passenger's appearance appears to have been noticed by Renfield herself.]*
>
> **Renfield:** Good morning, Miss.

[Passenger does not respond for two minutes.]

Renfield: Isn't it a little warm right now?

[Passenger does not respond for three minutes.]

Renfield: …I see.

[Renfield calls an attendant over using the supplied console, before looking out the opened window. Faint orange light can be seen coming from the window, although at this point in the footage, no clear view of the window can be seen.]

Renfield: What in the-

Intercom: And to your left, you'll be able to see Sydney from our current altitude of 270 kilometers.

[Renfield adjusts her position such that the outside is more clearly visible from the camera's vantage point. The landscape is composed of several hundred interconnected roads, interspersed with long stretches of outback landscape: identical cars, apparently police cruisers, can be seen appearing, driving up and down, and disappearing from these roads at sporadic intervals. After a minute, the sound of a trolley moving up the aisle can be heard and Renfield turns to face the attendant.]

Renfield: Attendant, could you get me a glass of water?

[The attendant, as consistent with reports of other SCP-3370-affected subjects, appears to be Miriam Wells, dressed in full highway patrol uniform. Her arms appear to be heavily sunburnt.]

Attendant: Please keep your hands and arms inside the car, sir.

Renfield: I'm sorry?

Attendant: It's dangerous to be out here this time of

night, mate. You want a ride?

Renfield: No, I- I'd like some water, please.

Attendant: Long drive from here back up to Melbourne.

Renfield: You're not making sense, please, I- I just want a drink. Anything.

[Attendant retches loudly, before wiping her hand with her mouth. Hands now have wounds consistent with second and third degree burns.]

Attendant: You didn't come up here with supplies? Are you stupid or just crazy, love?

Renfield: What? I'm sorry, I don't- it's so hot in here-

Attendant: I'll radio base. They'll be here to pick us up in a day at most.

Renfield: I can't breathe-

Attendant: Come on, Lanna. You've got to keep your head up.

[A loud crash sounds from the front of the plane. No movement is visible from any of the other passengers, though Renfield appears to have passed out as a result of the heat.]

Attendant: Oh, don't give me that look.

[The attendant bends down to kiss Renfield, momentarily exposing the extremely disfigured face of Ms. Wells. Similar burn wounds have now appeared over her neck and collarbone, exposing the bone underneath. Smoke appears to be leaking into the cabin from an unknown source. Apparently attempting to communicate with Renfield, the attendant emits a loud rasping noise, before walking towards the apparent source of the smoke. Smoke then totally obscures the lens of the

camera, rendering all further footage unusable.]

[END LOG]

After the flight landed without incident, Assistant Researcher Renfield was discovered to have passed out from apparent hypoxia and was later found to be suffering from severe symptoms of smoke inhalation. Notably, when opened, her suitcase contained a 50.9-kilogram piece of severely-burnt human flesh in the rough shape of a torso. DNA testing has been inconclusive as to its source.

Footnotes
1. SeeAddendum SCP-3370-a.

SCP-3371: Beautiful Inside My Head Forever

SCP-3371 in containment.

Item #: SCP-3371

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3371 is to be contained within a high-grade intangible humanoid containment chamber (minimal furnishing). Requests pertaining to the use of artistic implements are to be denied.

SCP-3371-1 through SCP-3371-7 are to be contained within a high-value object warehouse, and monitored via CCTV cameras. Following a Reanimation Event, relevant containers are to be examined for damages and repaired appropriately.

Description: SCP-3371 is an incorporeal entity bearing heavy resemblance to English contemporary artist Damien Hirst, barring two small, round scars located on its temples. SCP-3371 is entirely intangible, passing through solid surfaces with no evident resistance.

SCP-3371 was initially captured after reports centralized within the Tate Modern art gallery suggested the presence of a male figure 'passing through walls'. MTF Mu-13 ("Ghostbusters") was dispatched, and apprehended SCP-3371 as it observed a series of paintings.

Efforts to locate Hirst for interview have been unsuccessful.

SCP-3371-1 through SCP-3371-7 designate a series of periodically animate exhibitions and objects, all of which SCP-3371 claims to have created during its corporeal state.

'Reanimation Events' tend to occur with a frequency of one every twelve days, each event lasting for approximately four hours. The

specific effects are unique to each object, but generally characterised by the movement of a previously deceased animal or inanimate object.

SUBJECT	DESCRIPTION	ANIMATE PROPERTIES
SCP-3371-1	*The Physical Impossibility of Death in the Mind of Someone Living*, the carcass of a mature tiger shark within a glass vitrine. Preserved via formaldehyde solution.	The shark thrashes violently, often shattering or otherwise damaging the vitrine. In the event that SCP-3371-1 breaches its container, it will proceed to roll onto its back and cease the function of its vital organs.
SCP-3371-2	*For The Love of God*, a diamond-encrusted human skull cast from platinum.	SCP-3371-2 will chatter rapidly, displaying an estimated bite force of 3,200 psi. No visible damages to teeth.
SCP-3371-3	*The Dream*, the carcass of a foal. A prominent resin 'horn' is located on the forehead in order to simulate the classic depiction of a 'unicorn'. Preserved via formaldehyde solution.	SCP-3371-3 has been observed to violently buck its hind legs against its container in an attempt to break through. It has thus far been unsuccessful in doing so.
SCP-3371-4	*The Golden Calf*, a white calf with gilded horns and hooves, topped with a decorative golden	SCP-3371-4 will behave similarly to SCP-3371-3, kicking its container in an attempt to shatter the

	plate. Preserved via formaldehyde solution.	glass. SCP-3371-4 has been successful on two separate occasions, both of which it spent slowly circling SCP-3371-3's container.
SCP-3371-5	*For Heaven's Sake*, a platinum casting of an infant's skull, studded with both pink and white diamonds.	SCP-3371-5 will 'cry', resulting in a long, piercing noise emanating from the skull, followed by small teardrop-shaped diamonds forming around the sockets. No relevance to SCP-3371-2, barring superficial similarities.
SCP-3371-6	*A Thousand Years*, an exhibition consisting of a decomposing cow's head, several *Musca domestica*[1] larvae, and an electric insect killer. A pool of dried blood is present around the head.	The head will lift and hover, as if connected to a living cow, and 'graze' on a non-existent pasture for approximately five minutes. It will then remain at a standstill for the remaining period of time, accompanied by a distinct 'squelching' sound.
SCP-3371-7	*Mickey*, a gloss painting, consisting of twelve coloured dots, intending to form the figure of popular cartoon character 'Mickey Mouse'.	SCP-3371-7 will disassemble, gradually protruding from the canvas and spiraling randomly in several directions. Upon reaching a length of two meters, the 'tubes' will become

	hollow and deposit an average of £480 in coins and rolled-up bank notes.

► Open VIDEO LOG / Interview 3371-A

Interviewed: SCP-3371
Interviewer: Dr. Ayoade
Foreword: SCP-3371 had thus far spent its containment pacing the far wall, humming various unidentified songs, and attempting to scratch into its wooden flooring.

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Ayoade: Good afternoon.

SCP-3371: (*Bitterly*) Is it? I couldn't tell, what with the lack of any natural light. I'm going to look awfully pale by the time I get out.

Dr. Ayoade pauses to take notes. SCP-3371 cranes its neck, attempting to read what he has written down.

Dr. Ayoade: We'll see if we can do anything about that.

SCP-3371: Hey, while you're at it- could I have a sketchbook and some pencils? Hell, a biro would be alright, actually. Just something to ease the boredom.

Dr. Ayoade: My superiors have expressed concern over further creations gaining anomalous properties- so for now, I'm afraid the answer is no.

SCP-3371 grumbles discontentedly.

Dr. Ayoade: May I ask a few questions?

Nothing particularly personal, just regarding your current state.

SCP-3371: Blimey, if you must. I thought this was a prison.

Dr. Ayoade: Understandably. To begin, what led you to the Tate Modern art gallery? What were your intentions?

SCP-3371: If you're asking me about any big ulterior motives, you're out of luck. It just brought back some memories.

Dr. Ayoade: Go on.

SCP-3371 pauses, grinding its teeth as it thinks.

SCP-3371: *For The Love of God*- from what I've been told, you're familiar with it- was put on display there way back in twenty-twelve. There's other places, of course, but it just stuck out to me as somewhere I needed to go. (*A pause.*)

Dr. Ayoade: SCP-3371-2? What about that piece in particular did you find so attractive?

SCP-3371: It's about art, and it's about money, you know? 'Greed will be the death of us'. That's something I've wanted to chase all my life, and that's the closest I've ever gotten. Well, until now, that is.

SCP-3371 folds its arms, smiling toward Dr. Ayoade.

Dr. Ayoade: I'm sorry- what do you mean by that?

SCP-3371: You know, it's- what's the ultimate

connection between art and money? Gogh never got his slice of the pie, Kafka kicked the fucking bucket before he was a household name. It sickens me, but it fascinates me. Because you know what death does better than anything else? It makes people listen. It loosens up their wallets. I wanted that. I wanted to make people feel that. So I just sort of-

SCP-3371 raises two fingers to its left temple, creating a mock 'gunshot' sound with its mouth.

- kch kch, boom. Popped my clogs. It's perfect. It's- it's the crux of everything I want to represent. It's my 'magnum opus'.

Dr. Ayoade stares silently for a few seconds. A long sigh can be heard before he speaks again.

Dr. Ayoade: I think we'll stop there. Any special requests before we finish up?

SCP-3371: Get my skeleton up on display somewhere. Gilded.

[END LOG]

Footnotes
1. Common housefly.

SCP-3372: A Betrayer's Retribution and Quite the Earful

Item #: SCP-3372

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3372-A and B are to be stored in separate Safe-class containment lockers in Site-22. Testing with SCP-3372-A requires level 3 clearance. Testing with SCP-3372-B requires level 4 clearance. Tests on SCP-3372-A and SCP-3372-B may not be performed simultaneously.

The Ethics Committee has approved surgical perforation of the tympanic membrane for SCP-3372-B test subjects requesting relief of associated symptoms upon conclusion of testing.

Description: SCP-3372 is the collective designation for two items.

SCP-3372-A refers to a handcrafted wooden case (SCP-3372-A-1) that can hold up to six bamboo *mimikaki*[1], and the eight *mimikaki* currently affected by its anomaly (SCP-3372-A-2-a through h). When a *mimikaki* is left within SCP-3372-A-1 for at least fifteen minutes, it becomes an instance of SCP-3372-A-2.

When used to puncture a human eardrum, an instance of SCP-3372-A-2 will cause a swarm of insects animals native to Japan to be released from the subject's ear canal. Organisms thus produced are not anomalous, save for their ability to grow to normal size while exiting the ear canal. Organisms will flee the immediate scene before resuming behavior normal for their species. This activity continues until the SCP-3372-A-2 instance is removed from the ear canal entirely.

Subjects thus affected report no discomfort apart from the associated effects of rupturing the eardrum.

+ Addendum 3372-01: List of organisms produced by SCP-3372-A-2

Designation	Organism Produced	Notes
SCP-3372-A-2-a	*Asiablatta kyotensis*, Asian wood roach	—
SCP-3372-A-2-b	*Halyomorpha halys*, Brown marmorated stink bug	—
SCP-3372-A-2-c	*Aphalara itadori*, Japanese knotweed psyllid	—
SCP-3372-A-2-d	*Chrysochroa fulgidissima*, Jewel beetle	—
SCP-3372-A-2-e	*Statilia maculata*, Asian jumping mantis	Damaged and unusable, see Addendum 3372-03
SCP-3372-A-2-f	*Vespa mandarinia japonica*, Japanese giant hornet	—
SCP-3372-A-2-g	*Tokudaia muenninki*, Okinawa spiny rat	Instance created via Foundation testing
SCP-3372-A-2-h	*Sorex sadonis*, Sado shrew	Instance created via Foundation testing

SCP-3372-B is a compound comprised of hydrogen peroxide and a number of other chemicals, not all of which have been fully identified.[2]

When applied to the ear canal of a living human, SCP-3372-B induces auditory hallucinations over the course of the next 10 minutes to 145 hours, superceding the subject's normal hearing in

the affected ear. Hallucinations cataloged so far have demonstrated wildly differing content, though subjects almost always express dismay and fear at what they are able to hear, even when informed ahead of time of the effect SCP-3372-B may have.

While the amount applied has some correlation to the duration of the effect[3], this correlation is non-linear and currently not fully understood. Subjects affected by SCP-3372-B for over an hour invariably will attempt to deafen themselves in the affected ear(s) with any suitable implement.

Application of SCP-3372-B to both ear canals will produce the effect in both ears, with duration related to the amount used per ear. Hallucinations experienced per ear are typically unrelated. Dual-ear testing is prohibited as of 28/02/1986.

+ Addendum 3372-02: Sample log of subject affected by SCP-3372-B

Preface: D-2052 was administered 5 drops of SCP-3372-B in his right ear and instructed to provide a running commentary of what he heard with that ear. Dr. Pawelovsky presiding.

<Begin Recording: 15:51>

Yeah, uh, it's just like having water in your ear right now, I guess. Everything's muffled on this side.

[Subject motions to right ear, then is silent for 20 seconds]

Okay, yeah, I'm starting to hear… Whoa! Whoa, oh shit, what? O-oh God, what is that?

O-okay, okay. There's… It's like, every time you move, or I move, I can hear our clothing rustling. I mean, that's what I *should* be hearing. Instead, it's… There's bugs crawling up our legs.

[Subject attempts to stand and is restrained by security]

Big fuckin' bugs, Doc! Holy shit, I can't feel them, but they're *there*! Oh Jesus! They sound like crabs, or lobsters, giant fucking lobsters scampering up and down our legs, I can hear their slimy fucking skeletons!

[Subject begins swatting at his right leg]

Take that, you fuckers! You're not stealing my gonads! Fuck off, shitheads!

There, did you hear it? I got one, it hit the floor and shattered!

I think…

[Subject is quiet for 10 seconds]

I think they're leaving now. Maybe they took it as a warning or something. Hah! Don't fuck with me, bitches. Okay, Doc, we gotta do something about yours now, shit, I think some of mine are going after you. I know this big fucker behind me won't let me up, just slap 'em off your legs, okay? Hurry, Doc, they're all over you!

[After a moment, Dr. Pawelovsky complies, swatting at both his legs]

You almost… There! You got one! You got another one! Good job, Doc, they're retreating. Fuck, that was close. You okay, man?

Oh, yeah, uh, I don't really hear too much right now, just like… waves crashing on a shore, I think. There's… yeah, I can still hear the lobsters, they're pretty far off now, though. I think there might be a bird or something,

overhead.

[Subject is quiet for 2 minutes, 45 seconds]

I think they're going back to our dreams. Like, the spaces between dreams. That's where they hide. I'm hearing like a tunnel now, and it's connected to dreams, and all those little fucking legs are skittering into it.

Shit, I'm never dreaming again.

<End Log 15:58>

Afterword: Though no evidence has yet proven the existence of things heard by subjects under the influence of SCP-3372-B, each hallucination seems to have its own internal logic, often reflected in the actions of the subject. (i.e., movement in the real world affects the relative distance of hallucinated sounds.) Effects of SCP-3372-B in this test lasted one hour, thirteen minutes.

Addendum 3372-03: Recovery and Combination of Item Numbers

SCP-3372-A and the original six instances of SCP-3372-A-1 were initially recovered from a store and massage parlor in Akihabara district of Tokyo by IJAMEA after reports of massive amounts of vermin emerging from the storefront. Two corpses were discovered at the store: a woman who had been stung to death by hornets and a man with SCP-3372-A-2-f embedded in his brain through his left ear. The man was later identified as having had an affair with the woman, who had been performing *mimisouji*[4] on him. SCP-3372-A and its contents came into Foundation possession in 1945 with the dissolution of IJAMEA.

SCP-3372-B was obtained during a raid on a Prometheus Labs facility in 1985, along with a number of other items. A label indicated SCP-3372-B was intended as a powerful cerumen cleanser. SCP-3372-A and SCP-3372-B were initially contained as separate

objects.

On 05/03/2005, D-Class testing of SCP-3372-B was interrupted by an unrelated containment breach. Due to improper handling of SCP-3372-A, D-8193 (the test subject) was able to gain access to SCP-3372-A-2-e and proceeded to insert it into her ear canal, puncturing the eardrum. Instead of the typical effect, D-8913 lapsed into a trance. Security Agent Patrick Toncar came upon D-8913 and conversed with her, which was captured on site-wide security feed. Log below.

+ show block

<Begin Log 16:27>

Agent Toncar: Stop what you are doing and place the object on the floor!

D-8913: Oh god!

[D-8913 turns toward Agent Toncar, then startles]

D-8913: Oh god! What are you?

Agent Toncar: I'm a Security Agent, and I am authorized to—

D-8913: Not you, *you*!

[D-8913 points first at Agent Toncar, then to her left]

Agent Toncar: *[to radio]* Command, be advised, I may have a fourth anomaly active in Safe Storage. *[to D-8913]* D-Class personnel, can you describe what you are seeing?

D-8913: *[to unknown]* What? I don't understand. *[to Agent Toncar]* Can't you see him?

Agent Toncar: No. Please describe your situation.

D-8913: This guy won't shut up. Okay, I'm standing in a… Like, red sands, or maybe it's just the reflection of the sunset. There's two suns. And water up to my ankles. And this guy, he's…

[D-8913 gestures to a spot approximately 50 cm in front of her, then makes a motion with her right hand, pressing it to her forehead and chin]

D-8913: He's cut in half. And blue. He looks like John Lennon.

Agent Toncar: I'm not seeing any of this, please be my eyes. Is this being doing or saying anything?

D-8913: He keeps talking, I can barely understand it. "What about the raisins?" he said. He keeps asking about things, it's like he's talking over himself… Wait, you want me to what?

Agent Toncar: What is it asking you to do?

D-8913: *[motions to her left ear]* Will it stop the fucking music?

[Note: During testing with SCP-3372-B, D-8913 had complained of cacophonous music and chanting in her left ear]

D-8913: All right, I'm in.

Agent Toncar: What's going on? D-Class personnel?

<End Log 16:39>

> At this point, D-8913 walks toward the wall, phasing through it. SCP-3372-A-2-e snaps as her ear passes through the wall, falling to the floor. D-8913 is not found.
>
> Agent Toncar was given a commendation for calm action during an encounter with an unknown anomaly. Junior Researcher was given a reprimand for improper storage of a Safe-class object. The reprimand was rescinded when it was determined that combining SCP-3372-A and SCP-3372-B produced further effects.

Following this event, both items were reclassified as SCP-3372 and containment procedures were updated.

Footnotes
1. Japanese ear picks.
2. Consult MSDS-3372 for full breakdown.
3. A single drop induces an upper bound for the effect of two hours, eighteen minutes.
4. Ear cleaning.

SCP-3373: Our Whole Universe was in a Hot Dense State

Item #: SCP-3373

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3373 is to be removed from circulation and Foundation web analysis bots are to perform takedowns of any instances that appear online. The Foundation is currently working with CBS Corporation to ensure that SCP-3373 is never made public.

Josef Delgado is currently designated PoI-701, and is to be monitored with involvement with SCP-3373. Agents assigned to him are to keep watch for the two individuals named by Delgado, designated Persons of Interest 7011 and 7012, as well.

Description: SCP-3373 is a property intrinsic to "*The Pair of Ducks Paradox*", originally aired as season 3 episode 7 of *The Big Bang Theory*, a sitcom produced by Warner Brothers Television. While the majority of the episode stays the same between airings, the laugh track will differ, with an audience member (self-identified as Josef Delgado) consistently heckling and insulting the actors throughout. Production records for this episode identify no on-set problems originating from the live audience during filming and no records of Delgado purchasing a ticket have been recovered.

While Delgado's tone and language are often crude and incendiary, at its core he generally gives constructive criticism, speaking to legitimate concerns voiced by other critics of the show and appealing for changes to its treatment of race, sexuality, neurodivergence and gender as well as its engagement in/reliance on "toxic masculine values" and cheap laughs at the expense of those who deviate from them.

In 2011, the real-life Josef Delgado was identified as a construction

worker living in Burbank, California. Agents Amy Ferrera and Jennifer Quaide, previously assigned to the anomaly, were dispatched to observe. Contact was made 26/3/2011.

Interview Log 3373-3

Delgado: I don't appreciate this. My manager's gonna be pissed I'm not out there. He notices shit like this.

Ferrera: Hey, guy, chill. I talked to your manager, it's all sorted, we should be done in a few minutes.

Delgado runs his teeth along his lips.

Delgado: Ok, so, I really need this job. Can you tell Mark this was like, uh, like you was asking me whether I'd heard anything suspicious from my neighbours? I live in an apartment, I hear stuff all the time, man. If you do, I can give you names, uhhh, places, I'll give you back my gear, we can-

Quaide: This isn't about drugs.

Delgado: … Oh.

Ferrera: Though, maybe stop smoking around your kid, eh? That stuff is bad for little lungs.

(*Delgado scratches behind his ear, looking at the ground.*)

Delgado: She's my sister, man. Only just got out of that house. I'm sorry, I'm still tryna get used to her being around…

(*Delgado frowns and looks back up at the agents.*)

Delgado: Wait, does this mean you been watching me?

Quaide: We're getting off track.

Delgado: It's not cool if you been watching me, that's

fucked up.

Quaide: Did you attend the live filming of an episode of The Big Bang Theory in 2009?

Delgado: Did I - what?

(*Delgado begins scratching a point his neck*)

Ferraro: Simple question, no tricks.

(*Delgado hesistates and appears visibly nervous.*)

Delgado: I don't watch comedies, *mi amiga.*

Quaide: So you weren't there, then.

Delgado: No, no it's not that. I just don't-

Ferraro: Come on, guy, just tell us. This isn't hard.

Delgado: Did Roger send you? Yeah, you work for Roger. Tell him I don't fuck with DJ Slimy any more.

Ferraro: Wait, who? DJ Slimy?

Delgado: He's - he works with Roger! I don't know who he is, never saw his face. I was there nine hours and he never had a face. He just stood there in the sound booth while Roger twerked on the grandmothers. Do you know how much your boss makes twerking on grandmothers? $50,000 an episode, that's how much.

Ferraro: This Roger was at the studio? During an episode?

Quaide: Mr. Delgado, was this episode called "The Pair of Ducks Paradox?"

Delgado: Shut- shut up! Shut up, you can't talk about it. My ears still hurt from the music he played, man. I don't want to think about it! God, the fucking, the skull!

Ferraro: We just need you to tell us if you were there.

Delgado: I was never there, ok? I'm *never there*.

Ferraro: Then how-

Delgado: I am never there! Emma Lazarus was, like, wrong, okay? She was just fucking wrong. DJ Slimy is living proof! I'm not working, I'm not in cooperation with Roger anymore, he's a racist shit! Don't talk about it, don't think about it. It hurts right here when I think about it, okay?

(*Delgado taps a point on his throat.*)

Delgado: Fuck. I'm just going back to work, alright? I got mixed up with the wrong people, your people, and I regret it every day. You don't want the skull. When you see him, tell Roger this: I. Am. Never. There. Good day.

Ferraro: Listen, just-

Delgado: No! No.

(*Delgado walks quickly back to the construction site. Agent Ferrera begins scratching her neck.*)

Following this test, Delgado has refused to engage with any agents who approached him, and has left his job to move to a new location with his younger sister, where he remains under low-priority surveillance. His family's status as undocumented immigrants has been noted as a possible pressure point should the need arise.

Agent Ferrera is advised to avoid viewing iterations of SCP-3373 until further research can be done. Following the 12/9/19 log, Agent Ferrera is now under Priority-Alpha constant supervision.

Test Log, 5/18/2016

This viewing presented unlike others - while the episode continues as normal, with actor microexpressions indicating irritation at Delgado's interruptions, Delgado is not audible at any point.

Commercial break transition animations are replaced with a black screen with dark blue text. Font is consistent with titles and credits used in the show.

> **05:30:** STEREOTYPES FUNNY
>
> **10:45:** TAYLOR SWIFT ENSURE SAFE AUDIENCE LOOP
>
> **13:12:** AUDIENCE COUNT INCLUDE TWO TEXANS IN HATS, THREE DUTCH TOURITS (*sic*) ALL COLLEGE AGE, OVERWEIGHT COUPLE IN FORTIES EAT MANY FOOD, MANY RICH FAMILIES WITH CHILDRNE (*sic*), WOMAN WHO WATCHES TAPING EVERYDAY FEEL GRINDING MOVEMENT IN PELVIS.
>
> **16:09:** MANY PEOPLE LIKE TO DANCE FOR SPORT AND COMEDY
>
> **20:50:** IT'S WORMING UP YOUR TORSO RIGHT NOW

The significance of this test is unknown. There have been no similar incidents since, and as the test did not differ notably from any others, no strategies for replicating it have been put forth.

Test Log, 12/9/2019

> (*PENNY (Kaley Cuoco) and SHELDON (Jim Parsons) sit on opposite sides of a lone door which has been built in the centre of the SHELDON/LEONARD apartment. SHELDON is wearing a costume of comic book character The Flash[1]. The audience laughs.*)
>
> **Delgado**: Why the fuck is everyone, like… Like, what, it's funny he's wearing the costume now?
>
> (*SHELDON continues as scripted, but his eyes flicker briefly towards the audience. He turns to speak to PENNY then, seeing the door, begins to knock for her attention. Following a running joke, he repeats a pattern of knocking three times and saying her name. Audience laughs.*)

Delgado: This is bullshit, it's not even a joke! It's just a stupid jab at the mentally fucking retarded or whatever.

PENNY: You know this isn't a real door, right Sheldon?

Delgado: Like I've read about this, he's got like a child mind and they repeat stuff all the time. Aspergers. But they won't say that in the show cos they're coward cunts.

(*Jim Parsons breaks character, turning to face the corner of the set.*)

Parsons: Can't you just - isn't it enough we're here? Do you have to do this every time?

Delgado: It's a bad show, dickhead! Learn to take constructive criticism. There's other, smarter things people could be doing.

Parsons: This isn't reasonable! We can't *be* anything else!

Delgado: That sounds like a you problem.

(*Parsons struggles to stand, holding his neck and appearing to be in pain. Once up, he begins walking toward the corner of the room. Camera moves through the same angles as in all other tests, despite Parsons being missing from frame. Cuoco continues to act as PENNY is scripted, though somewhat strained.*)

PENNY: Don't think you can just give me some sob story and I'll forgive you. Back home, Jimmy Rogers stole my training bras and let me tell you when I was done with him he sounded like a girl too.

(*Audience laughs. Parsons is now fully off-camera and, from triangulation of sound from multiple camera angles, appears to have walked beyond the corner, leaving the space of the set and entering the space where the crew operates. No audible reactions from crew members are recorded.*)

Parsons: Maybe I can't figure out how to think beyond the soundstage but I can sure as hell beat your sorry ass.

(*Audience laughs. There are scattered whoops.*)

Delgado: And what's that going to achieve? You're such a lagomorph minded, shitty—God, are you so fucking dim-witted that you still believe Roger's even vaguely human? That I am?

Parsons: You-

Delgado: Shut up. You don't have a clue what I'm capable of. I'm taking this so easy on you. This is the fucking *humane* version.

PENNY: Awww, Sheldon. You never told me that before! Almost makes up for what you did. Almost.

Parsons: How is this humane? We're stuck with this, only this, endlessly. You'd think the breaks would be better, but they're, they're… Why can't I fucking say it?

Delgado: Fuck, dude, I have no control over that. I'm trapped here just the same as you, CBS pages don't even let me breathe anymore. Figured I could have a bit of fun while I'm not alive.

(*Audience laughs despite SHELDON not having said his line. On screen, PENNY opens the door, looking down to where SHELDON should be sitting. Audience begins to shout wildly and cheer. Cuoco is visibly nervous, struggling to maintain regular breathing.*)

PENNY: Excuse me? To think I was *this close* to forgiving you, you creep!

Delgado: We're all dead here, bazinga boy. Dead and trapped. So dance for me.

PENNY: God, Sheldon! You don't understand privacy at

all!

(*Audience breaks out into scattered laughs and claps. One person lets out a wolf-whistle.*)

Parsons: If you're trapped too then work with us. *Help* us. Maybe we can escape together. DJ Slimy isn't God.

Delgado: You know what? OK. Fuck it. If you were strong enough to say his name maybe you can be of some use.

Parsons: Oh, thank God.

Delgado: No need to thank me.

(*PENNY walks out of the apartment, angry, and stops at the door out. Cuoco scratches her neck.*)

PENNY: And for the record, those were for a *special occasion*!

(*Audience laughs for 30 seconds, followed by scattered whoops, cries, and cheers as PENNY slams the door behind her.*)

Delgado: Jesus, *FUCK*! I hate that line so much! Just because Penny's a slut we get to like, make fun of her? So what if she likes three cocks in her mouth, man, that's her decision. I love when I have slutty friends, man, they have all the best stories. Screw this, screw you, they can punish you however they want. I am never there.

Parsons: No, wait-

(*Parsons is cut off with a recording of "Redbone" by Childish Gambino played at roughly 120 decibels. The screen turns black, replaced with a black screen bearing the words SMALL TRANSGRESSIONS: PROPORTIONATE PUNISHMENT in dark blue text for thirty seconds. Parsons can be heard screaming under the music for the first twelve seconds, then silence.*

When the screen returns to normal, Cuoco can be seen bleeding from the ears on camera as she continues to act the next scene. The song plays in its entirety.)

Delgado: Finally. Eat that shit up, friends. Let it slide down your throat. Glover is a fucking pop music genius. *TROY AND ABED IN THE MOOORNING*![2]. Now that's intelligent entertainment!

(*There is a loud sustained blast of laughter from the audience that abruptly begins and cuts off.*)

(*Show continues as normal, despite the absence of SHELDON. All characters appear strained, and Cuoco is visibly crying as she continues her role. Simon Helberg, who plays HOWARD, has a large swelling on the side of his neck.*)

Parsons was not present in the following three test screenings, replaced by child actor Iain Armitage[3], with no changes to the script. After this, Parsons returned to the role, with no characters verbally acknowledging his absence. Parsons now randomly will scratch his neck a number of times throughout the episode.

Now, rarely, single-frame black screens bearing the word RABBIT in dark blue text will appear, at which point Parsons will repeatedly scratch at a point on his throat until he is able to tear a small hole in the skin. From this hole, Parson will pull out a bleached rabbit skull, tearing the hole wider. This inevitably causes serious trauma to Parsons, but he appears unable or unwilling to resist doing it. He will then carry the rabbit skull throughout the remainder of the episode, and attempt to continue his part despite injuries.

Injuries sustained in this act are persistent within a given viewing, but disappear when replayed. The rabbit skull also vanishes between playbacks. Although the audience and characters lapse into total silence as Parsons performs this act, Delgado can be heard, at a high sustained volume, clearly **`laughing`**.

Footnotes
1. Refer to episode synopsis for context

2. This references a running gag fromCommunity, a sitcom which ran againstThe Big Bang Theoryfor a number of years before its cancellation. At the time of filming the show would not have yet been airing, making the reference anachronistic. Analysis of Delgado's streaming accounts and scraped browsing data indicate either no interest in the show, no awareness of its existence, or else active avoidance.
3. Armitage plays the same role in the spin-off show Young Sheldon. Notably, though he appeared in SCP-3373 age 9, Armitage would have been less than one year old at the time of filming.

SCP-3374: Aquaria Phenomena

Item #: SCP-3374

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Mobile Task Force Gamma-7 (“Nereids”) is currently stationed at the town of Wakoe, Illinois to monitor for and intercept any instances of SCP-3374 manifestation. The Wakoe County Public Recreation Complex has been adapted to serve as a base of operations for the Foundation personnel assigned to SCP-3374. Any samples of biological material taken from SCP-3374-1 instances are to be kept in cold storage at the base. At least three Level-2 researchers specializing in marine biology are to remain at the site at all times to oversee research processes.

Any bodies of water currently functioning as conduits for SCP-3374's primary anomaly are to be drained and cordoned off from the public. Should any civilians encounter an instance of SCP-3374-1, all witnesses to the anomaly are to be amnesticized. Any SCP-3374-1 instances involved are to be captured alive for lab analysis if possible; MTF personnel are to terminate any openly hostile SCP-3374-1 instances that measure over 1 meter in length.

Description: SCP-3374 is a phenomenon affecting bodies of water in the city of Wakoe, Illinois. As of currently, SCP-3374 manifests at locations within a roughly circular area encompassing the majority of the city.[1] Affected bodies of water will exhibit the presence of a wide range of irregular aquatic organisms (designated SCP-3374-1). Many SCP-3374-1 instances do not resemble any form of known terrestrial life, and will enter and exit the affected body of water seemingly regardless of any natural or man-made boundaries around the water.[2]

Any terrestrial structures (aquatic or otherwise) will not be affected by SCP-3374, meaning that supporting boundaries or walls of

affected bodies of water (e.g., swimming pools, bathtubs, toilets) will remain entirely physical and tangible before, during, and after an instance of SCP-3374-1 exits through the structure. Instances of SCP-3374-1 interact with water non-anomalously[3], and may only exit the body of water by interacting with another support boundary or wall.

SCP-3374 was first discovered in early April 2002, when local news stations reported a shoal of anomalous fish appearing in storm drains overnight. Foundation assets were notified, and MTF-γ7 was mobilized to secure the town.

Manifestation Log: The following is a partial log of notable SCP-3374-1 manifestations.

Date	Location	SCP-3374-1 Description	Additional Details
3 April 2002	Multiple storm drains on Wakoe Main Street	Shoal of fish similar in appearance and weight to *Carasius auratus,* the common goldfish. Instances lacked eyes and fins.	Widespread reporting by local media outlets led to Foundation attention; establishment of SCP-3374 containment procedures.
12 August 2002	Bathtub at 201 Fairview Place	Anguilloforme[4] approximately 4 meters in length, ringed with 0.5-meter radial ‘arms’. Instance’s head terminates in a cluster of approximately 22 eyestalks. Appears to be herbaceous.	Instance appeared while the house’s residents were bathing. Residents alerted local authorities and were amnesticized by Foundation operatives.

1 November 2004	Puddles caused by flooding near elementary school	Unknown, possibly selachian[5]	Instance appeared and consumed a resident (approximate age: 4). Captured on-camera by eyewitnesses, suppressed by Foundation operatives. Additional personnel allocated to SCP-3374 investigation.
20 December 2005	Wakoe County Public Recreation Complex swimming pool	Chitinous wheel-like organism approximately 3 meters in diameter, ringed with 1-meter hair-like protuberances.	Instance appeared after pool closing hours, rotated in place for approximately 75 seconds, and exited with no further disturbance. Instance did not appear susceptible to high chlorine levels. Incident led to the establishment of Wakoe County Public Recreation Complex as MTF Gamma-7 base of

operations.

Exploration Data: Partial documentation follows.

Date: 3/14/07
Purpose: After initial testing indicated that foreign structures maintaining physical contact with SCP-3374-1 also have the ability to anomalously exit out of affected bodies of water, a request was made for an exploration mission to discover the point of origin of SCP-3374. Approval was given by the Foundation Regional Administrator.
Subject(s): 2 D-Class personnel, remote observation team
Equipment:

- One 7500 kg capacity air winch outfitted with 1 km of cable and industry-grade shark cage
- Two underwater head-mounted flashlights and video feed systems
- Two diving knives

Exploration Log:

Display SCP-3374 Exploration Log for 3/14/07

Winch system assembled on Wakoe County Public Recreation Complex pool lip without incident. A SCP-3374-1 carcass returned from autopsy is affixed to bottom of cage. Observation team lowers cage system into pool, and both D-Class personnel, outfitted with standard scuba diving apparatus, swim into cage and secure it.

Winch continues to lower cage. SCP-3374-1 carcass passes through pool floor without incident, followed by cage and D-Class personnel.
Although the cage was outfitted with a pressure sensor that would abort the dive if

pressure climbed to dangerous amounts, this sensor was never activated.[6]

Feedback from D-Class video systems indicate the cage is descending through an expansive area of water, possibly an ocean. The Wakoe County pool is still visible as a rectangle of light directly above the cage, surrounded by water. Light conditions appear to decrease rapidly with depth, and darkness below the cage obstructs any visibility of an ocean floor.

The cage continues to descend without incident for several hours. Shoals of unrecognizable SCP-3374-1 are visible in the distance. None of the SCP-3374-1 appear to be hostile.

At the 500m mark, D-Class are instructed to switch on their head-mounted flashlights. Subjects joke about poor visibility conditions.

At the 975m mark, mission control asks D-Class to confirm that there is no ocean floor in sight, and after confirmation, prepares to begin raising the cage after completion of full 1km dive.

At the 982m mark, cable is violently severed by an unseen force. Subsequent examination of remaining cable has indicated that it was cut at a point approximately halfway between the D-Class and the floor of the pool, with shearing patterns indicative of bite marks. Video feed is maintained with D-Class subjects, who visibly begin to panic as the cage continues to descend.

After reassurance from mission control and private agreement, D-Class agree to remain in

the cage.

At approximately 2.5km, visibility is entirely dark in every direction. Bioluminescent organisms can be seen in the distance, and both D-Class decide to turn off their flashlights in order to “stay safe.”

At approximately 3.5km, cage comes to rest on the ocean floor. Following conversation with mission control, D-Class switch on flashlights and exit cage. Ocean floor appears to resemble that of terrestrial oceans, with large patches of seaweed visible ahead and to the left.

After further conversation with mission control, D-Class agree to separate and travel in separate directions for 30 minutes before returning to the cage, in the hopes of completing their original mission before extraction. D-5 heads north, into the seaweed, while D-7 heads south.

D-7 quickly reaches a wide, sandy basin, where she finds several objects of interest which she describes to mission control; most notably a rusted artifact tentatively identified as the wheel of an early 20th-century plane, the decomposing and partially consumed carcass of what appears to be a terrestrial whale, and a tattered boxing glove. Moving beyond the basin, D-7 discovers a network of pillars leaning against each other in regular patterns. Shortly after entering the network, D-7 is assaulted by a SCP-3374-1 instance resembling a 2m long *Olenoides nevadensis*[7] with multiple anthropomorphic faces. Video feed is cut and D-7 is presumed terminated.

D-5 continues through the seaweed without

difficulty until reaching a steep escarpment of sand. An unseen material at the top interferes with D-5 's flashlight, producing reflections. After conversation with mission control, D-5 is instructed to climb to the top of the hill. The obstruction appears to be a uniform barrier, stretching up and in both directions beyond the range of visibility. D-5 is instructed to walk parallel to the barrier before approaching it and does so for 12 minutes without discovering any sort of termination or deviation in the barrier's surface.

Upon learning of D-7 's presumed death, D-5 panics and approaches the barrier despite the wishes of mission control. Barrier is confirmed to be similar to glass in appearance and texture, with no detail visible beyond.

Still visibly distressed, D-5 locates their diving knife and attempts to forcibly break the barrier. Minor cosmetic damage is observed, but no damage is done to structural integrity.

D-5 complains about hearing a "heavy thumping", though no corresponding audio is picked up on the video feed. An ovoid silhouette appears beyond the barrier, becoming gradually larger and more distinct. D-5 states that "five blinking lights" appear to be discernible at the top of the approaching silhouette.

A large three-pronged appendage strikes the barrier, producing minor tremors in the ground. D-5 retreats into the seaweed. Mission emergency-aborted by the Foundation Regional Administrator, and video log terminated.

END OF LOG

Update: 3/16/07

D-5 had been presumed killed in action following the events of SCP-3374 exploration; however, at approximately 3:14 AM on March 16, two days after the exploration, local residents reported a malnourished and severely dehydrated individual anomalously manifesting in their backyard pool. MTF Gamma-7 operatives amnesticized the residents and extracted the individual, later confirmed to be D-5 . Although recovering quickly after medical treatment, D-5 was found after testing to consistently demonstrate an anomalous ability to phase through solid structures in water, congruous with abilities of SCP-3374-1 instances. D-5 accordingly reclassified as SCP-3374-2 and placed in a **Type S Standard Humanoid Anomaly Containment Cell** within the Wakoe County Public Recreation Complex.

Footnotes

1. Although this phenomenon is currently confined to the city limits, analysis has shown that its area of manifestation is consistently shrinking by approximately 0.4 meters a year on average.
2. Similarity between instances of SCP-3374-1 and organisms exitingSCP-791during a "Draining Event" have been observed. Investigation into a potential conection between the two anomalies is ongoing.
3. See Incident Report 3374-B, where a shoal of brightly coloured nematode-like organisms expired shortly after entering the Wakoe County Public Recreation Complex swimming pool due to high chlorine levels.
4. Order of fish including eels and morays
5. Cartilaginous fishes, including sharks and dogfishes
6. This indicates that SCP-3374 has the secondary anomalous property of pressure presumptively not increasing with depth.

7. Trilobite

SCP-3375: Traveling Garden Eels

Item #: SCP-3375

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All publicly-operated aquariums in North America and Europe hosting 500 or more species are to be monitored for the appearance of SCP-3375 instances.

In the event that SCP-3375 instances are noticeably documented appearing in public view, a Foundation disinformation department team is to disseminate a story indicating that the presence of SCP-3375 was part of a trial-run "special event" involving trained animals on loan from a private institution. All staff of affected aquariums will be debriefed with a similar cover story.

Coinage left by SCP-3375 is to be collected and stored in the nearest Foundation-owned facility. Writing left by SCP-3375 is to be removed using methods that are not obtrusive to aquarium inhabitants and onlookers.

Description: SCP-3375 refers to an anomalous population of *Heterocongrinae* (garden eels) observed to spontaneously manifest in public aquariums in the North American and European continents[1]. SCP-3375 instances appear and generally behave identically to their non-anomalous counterparts.

According to the limited collected data, SCP-3375 instances will typically manifest[2] in large aquarium displays with sandy substrate ideal for burrowing, and emerge headfirst from the substrate during regular scheduled feeding times. SCP-3375, unlike their non-anomalous counterparts, will readily consume any small pieces of food present, and remain undisturbed by the presence of other animals[3] in the area.

Following the feeding period, SCP-3375 will retreat into the

substrate, and after a period of 30 to 60 seconds, will reappear holding a single siglos[4] coin in its mouth. An SCP-3375 instance will then deposit the coin on the substrate and withdraw into the burrow it originated from. Once SCP-3375 is no longer in view above the substrate, any evidence of the burrow it apparently occupied disappears. Coins produced by SCP-3375, while in unusually pristine condition, exhibit no anomalous properties.

If no food is introduced to the tank at the time of SCP-3375 manifestation, SCP-3375 will remain at its burrow and placidly observe nearby fish. Should SCP-3375 be kept waiting for food longer than 10 minutes, it will retreat into its burrow without producing coinage[5].

On rare occasions, usually involving multiple instances of SCP-3375 manifesting in the same location, the first SCP-3375 instance to appear will leave its burrow and seek out the nearest flat surface. The SCP-3375 instance will then use its tail to deposit a layer of dark-colored mucus[6] to form the script "سپاس"[7]. Upon such an act being performed, the SCP-3375 instance will return to its burrow, and all SCP-3375 present will each produce the typical siglos and collect the coins into a small pile, with the first SCP-3375 adding an additional siglos to the top of the collection.

It is noted that SCP-3375 manifest exclusively in water environments that differ widely in animal and plant population from those preferred by their non-anomalous counterparts.

Footnotes
1. Of note, individuals of theHeterocongrinaesubfamily are native to the Indo-Pacific region, as well as the Atlantic and East Pacific.
2. Though singular instances of SCP-3375 have been known to manifest, it is more common for two or more SCP-3375 instances to appear together.
3. SCP-3375 instances will quickly retreat back into their burrows if a human approaches with the intent to extract it from the burrow.
4. A silver coin issued by the Achaemenid Persian Empire from 520 BCE-450 BCE to 330 BCE, weighing approximately 5.40 to 5.60 grams.
5. As of / / , this behavior has been observed in three public aquariums. Despite increased Foundation surveillance of the

facilities, none of the three aquariums were visited again by SCP-3375.
6. Lab analyses currently cannot be performed, as the mucus dissipates upon attempt to collect samples.
7. Pronounced "sepâs", from Persian سپاسگزارم "sepasgozaram" (səpasgɔzaræm), translated “I am thankful” or “thank you”.

« SCP-3374 | SCP-3375 | **SCP-3376** »

SCP-3377: Benevolent Wine Connoisseur

Item #: SCP-3377

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: Protocol Bacchus[1] is to be carried out at each Foundation containment and administrative site, unless specified otherwise by Site Command[2]. Provisional Site-386 has been set up in the Loire region of France in order to produce wine for the enactment of Protocol Bacchus.

No further containment is necessary.

Description: SCP-3377 is a hypothesised class-IV reality bending entity or collection of entities. Whilst no direct contact has yet been made with SCP-3377, evidence suggests the presence of an extremely powerful being (or beings) present on an adjacent reality to baseline, capable of interacting with baseline reality providing specific conditions are met. SCP-3377 appears benevolent, seemingly reducing the likelihood of anomalous damage occurring in an area where the conditions of Protocol Bacchus are met. SCP-3377 has also been known to leave "gifts" in exchange for wine when under the conditions of Protocol Bacchus. Such gifts are generally of a similar nature, being highly valuable and related in some degree to grapes or wine. An example of such, recovered at Site-17, is a living grapevine seemingly made of solid gold (item retained at Site-17 for further study). Efforts to establish communication with SCP-3377 are ongoing.

SCP-3377 was first discovered when routine examinations of patterns of anomalous events revealed statistically significant low cases of events in central France, particularly in the Loire Valley region. After investigative agents were dispatched it was found that these areas were centered around vineyards, leading to the research and development of Protocol Bacchus.

Addendum 1 - Protocol Bacchus: Protocol Bacchus was first developed in 1978 by Researcher Turei after the discovery of an inhibitory effect on anomalous activity around French vineyards, particularly those of the Loire Valley. Whilst the first iteration of Protocol Bacchus was very simple, over time it has become more complex, and thus more effective. Currently, Protocol Bacchus is on its 17th iteration, and is due to be reviewed on 28/06/2019.

Protocol Bacchus consists of the following steps:

- All Foundation sites are to contain a wine cellar comprised of stone, kept underground where possible.
- Wine cellars must contain at least 200 bottles of wine with a combined value of at least $8000 USD.
- At least 50% of the wine in each cellar must come from France, with 20% of the total wine obtained from the Loire Valley.
- Wine cellar humidity must be maintained at approximately 75%, with a temperature of approximately 13°C, and a light intensity of less than 120 lx.
- At least once a month, one bottle of wine in each cellar must be removed and consumed by two members of Foundation staff alongside a meal of rare steak in a Bearnaise sauce, with freshly-fried potato. The bottle should then be replaced within 4 days.

Footnotes
1. See Addendum 1
2. For a full list of such sites, see attached document 3377/exclusions/1a

SCP-3378: Info Drones

Item #: SCP-3378

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Hospitals and walk-in clinics in areas surrounding SCP-3378 outbreaks are to be warned through our CDC contacts of an antibiotic resistant strain of *legionella pneumophila*. As the common strain of Legionnaires Disease has a 5-10% mortality rate, higher for victims with comprised immune systems, this will provide cover for the quarantine and eventual possible death of SCP-3378-1 instances.

Patients at these facilities that report symptoms of congestion are to be screened for SCP-3378. If results are positive, they will be sent to Site-104 for quarantine. for quarantine until removal surgery can be performed. After surgery, Patients will be held indefinitely in high security quarantine at a Foundation-owned care facility due to 'compromised immune systems,' but will be allowed limited visitation.

A facility has been constructed at Site-104 specifically for the containment of instances of SCP-3378-1. Containment Wing-3378 is six thousand square feet in size, and has been built with reinforced airlock doors at the main entrance and between internal quarantine wards. Banks of televisions have been set in up inside Containment Wing-3378 playing various news channels on a twenty-four hour basis, as have as multiple bookshelves capable of containing approximately 1000 books. These books are to be rotated on a bi-weekly basis. At a designated time on a daily basis, SCP-3378-1 instances will be fed by tube with a slurry containing all daily nutrients needed to sustain an average human adult. Hygienic matters are dealt with on a case by case basis.

All personal entering Containment Wing-3378 are to wear Level A Biohazard suits. After exiting Containment Wing-3378, personnel

must undergo a strict decontamination process, followed by a screening for SCP-3378. This process must be repeated until all traces of SCP-3378 are removed. After removal of the Biohazard suits, personnel must undergo screening for SCP-3378-1 infection. Any personnel found to be infected with SCP-3378 are to be designated as an instance of SCP-3378-1, and immediately confined to Containment Wing-3378 be sent to the medical wing to undergo treatment and removal surgery before secondary infection can be established.

Description: SCP-3378 is a plant species with small seeds similar in structure to pollen. While SCP-3378's DNA does not correspond with any currently known species, it has been determined to be part of the genus *fraxinus*.[1] Currently, the origin of SCP-3378 is unknown, though it has most commonly appeared in the Scandinavian Peninsula, followed by the Eastern region of the United States and Sri Lanka.

When inhaled by a human, SCP-3378 seeds will embed in the tissue of the nasal cavity with specialized barbs. After securing itself by establishing roots, small branches will begin to grow. During this stage, subjects (henceforth referred to as SCP-3378-1) will report severe congestion and difficulty breathing. SCP-3378 seems to use blood from the subject as a source of nutrition. For the next three days, SCP-3378 branches will extend throughout the nasal cavity and sinuses, and eventually enter the cranium. The branches will proceed to grow along the Corpus Callosum, and into the subject's cerebellum along the white matter of the Arbor Vitae. At this stage, SCP-3378-1 will enter a comatose state for the next twelve hours, after which they will 'awaken' with SCP-3378 in complete control of SCP-3378-1's nervous system.

The primary goal of an SCP-3378-1 instance is to seek information, usually from media such as books or television. When an instance of SCP-3378-1 has chosen an information source, it will begin to interface with this source to the exclusion of all other stimuli. The only form of media that SCP-3378-1 instances have been known to refuse are those that involve more complex user interaction, such as video games. If an information source is removed from an SCP-3378 instance, it will seek another. If an SCP-3378-1 instance

is prevented from obtaining an information source with which to interact, it will slide into a catatonic state, and SCP-3378 will begin to spread throughout the host body. *As of December 22, 20 this is to be prevented at all cost. See Incident 3378-1-07.*

Addendum 3378-A: Incident 3378-1-07

On December 22nd, 20 , SCP-3378-1-07, the first of several subjects prevented from interacting with information sources, spoke for the first time since succumbing to the effects of SCP-3378. At first it began mumbling incomprehensibly. After four minutes, SCP-3378-1-07 began to scream and cry. Lead researcher Dr. Murren entered and attempted to sedate SCP-3378-1-07. When Dr. Murren reached its bedside, SCP-3378-1-07 sat up and seized Dr. Murren by the arms, ripping his biohazard suit, and proceeded to throw him across the room, breaking his wrist. Security personnel entered and attempted unsuccessfully to immobilize SCP-3378-1-07. During debriefing, all personnel involved described SCP-3378-1-07 as possessing an unusual degree of strength, especially for someone who had been catatonic for several weeks. After two members of the security team had been thrown against the walls of the quarantine chamber with enough force to knock them unconscious, Agent Harvey shot SCP-3378-1-07, resulting in its death.

Agent Harvey began to assist Dr. Murren, and the unconscious members of the security team, to the exit, but they were unable to make it into the airlock before SCP-3378-1-07's chest cavity exploded, releasing a cloud consisting of thousands of SCP-3378 seeds. While all other personnel were protected, Dr. Murren was confirmed to be infected with SCP-3378 and confined to Containment Wing-3378 quarantine. Before entering into the comatose state during the early stages of his infection, Dr. Murren reported that the phrases SCP-3378-1-07 had repeated during the incident included "the great unwriting is upon us" and "everything we know will be swallowed whole."

All SCP-3378-1 subjects who had been prevented from interacting from information sources were immediately exposed to one of the television banks, and have since resumed regular SCP-3378-1 behavior.

Addendum 3378-B

After eight months as an SCP-3378-1 instance, surgeons were able to successfully remove SCP-3378 from Dr. Murren by utilizing 3488L-149, a new chemical compound developed from reptilian digestive enzymes. Afterwards, Dr. Murren was interviewed by psychiatrist Dr. Jakoby.

Interview Log - 3378-01

> **Interviewer: Dr. Jakoby**
>
> **Interviewed: Dr. Murren**
>
> **[Begin Log]**
>
> **Dr. Jakoby:** So… how are you feeling?
>
> **Dr. Murren:** Alright, I guess. I feel a bit sore.
>
> **Dr. Jakoby:** Do you have any recollection of the day you became infected?
>
> **Dr. Murren:** Heh. I remember that bastard throwing me across the room and exploding.
>
> **Dr. Jakoby:** Hmm. Must've been a real shocker.
>
> **Dr. Murren:** Sure was.
>
> **Dr. Jakoby:** Heh. Ok, uh… Did you "feel" anything while you were being controlled?
>
> **Dr. Murren:** Yes…? It was…weird.
>
> **Dr. Jakoby:** Please explain.
>
> **Dr. Murren:** It… it was like I was floating in a void. I was completely naked. There was no light source but I could still see myself. I wasn't really aware of time passing. I know you said that thing had control over me for eight months, but it felt like a few hours at most. But I wasn't

worried. Or afraid, until…

(Dr. Murren pauses)

Dr. Jakoby: Are you alright, Rob?

Dr. Murren: Hmm? Oh! Yeah… I was just, uh, thinking about the dragon.

Dr. Jakoby: Dragon?

Dr. Murren: Well…dragon isn't quite right. I only saw it briefly, and it happened right before I came back. There was this giant reptile, I wasn't able to make out what exactly it was. All it did was float past about five meters away from me and then vanished. And that was the only point I was scared. Other than that, it was just the void.

Dr. Jakoby: Ok, I think we're done here.

[End log]

Footnotes
1. Flowering plants in the olive and lilac family, commonly referred to as ash trees.

SCP-3379: D-11424 and the Arctic Meat Hole of Infinite Wonders

Item #: SCP-3379

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All sea traffic within 15 km of SCP-3379 is to be rerouted. Two boats are to patrol the area surrounding SCP-3379. SCP-3379-1 instances are to be delivered to the nearest Research Site for study.

Description: SCP-3379 is a rectangular portal approximately 8m beneath the surface of the Arctic ocean, measuring 10m by 15m and surrounded by a concrete frame. SCP-3379 is located 12 km north of Bolshevik Island, Russia.

Objects, hereafter designated SCP-3379-1, sporadically emerge from SCP-3379 and float to the surface. No pattern has yet been found to the timing of SCP-3379-1 manifestations.

SCP-3379-1 instances vary widely in composition and appearance. Approximately 70% of SCP-3379-1 instances appear to be carcasses of living organisms, in various states of preservation. As of 1/1/2018, over 350 instances have been recovered.

Instance	Description
3379-1-03	A dead albino walrus (*Odobenus rosmarus*). Displays no other anomalous properties.
3379-1-11	A mass of fat and bone fragments. DNA sequences appear cetacean in origin but do not completely match any known species.
3379-1-41	Twelve sets of gills wrapped in a synthetic polymer package. DNA

	sequences match those of **SCP-924**.
3379-1-62	A large glass jar containing shark fins suspended in a saline gel.
3379-1-89	A 16-meter-long elasmosaur neck, heavily decomposed.
3379-1-119	A mason jar containing an unidentified liquid. Exposure to the liquid causes strong nostalgic feelings. Chemical analysis of the liquid revealed the presence of sodium chloride, ethanol, piperine, *beta*-endorphin, and several dozen uncharacterized organic compounds.

To date, SCP-3379's edge can only be crossed by sentient beings. Testing with fish equipped with cameras failed to reveal any hostile forces on the other side of the edge; thus, a preliminary exploration was approved.

Exploration Log 3379-1

Foreword: D-11424 was provided with an insulated wetsuit, a knife, a flashlight, a camera, and 2 hours of air supply, as well as a radio communications device in order to relay back to Dr. Arceo, the exploration coordinator.

[**BEGIN LOG**]

(*D-11424 appears approximately four meters from the precipice of SCP-3379.*)

Dr. Arceo: Everything looks good. Ready?

D-11424: Well, I did say I always wanted to be a diver. Let's do this.

Dr. Arceo: Alright. Remember to call out things as you see them.

D-11424: Got it.

Dr. Arceo: Proceed through SCP-3379.

D-11424: 'Kay, going in.

(*D-11424 swims through SCP-3379 and disappears from external view. D-11424's camera shows a large number of concrete gates similar in appearance to SCP-3379, arranged in a 2-dimensional grid pattern. Surroundings are indistinct, as the lighting is low, but ground appears contiguous with the ocean floor. D-11424 does not appear to notice this, as he is facing downwards while continuing to swim.*)

Dr. Arceo: Can you still hear me?

D-11424: Loud and clear, doctor.

Dr. Arceo: Describe your surroundings.

D-11424: Huh. I still feel like I'm in water, but I'm able to stand on the ground. I see… whoa.

Dr. Arceo: Continue.

D-11424: There's a sort of wall, here. There's hundreds of concrete gates just like the one I just went through all lined up.

Dr. Arceo: Anything else?

D-11424: Not sure. It's pretty dark here. There's a bit of ambient light coming from above, but not much. (*Pause.*) Shit, there's something moving over there. I'm gonna check out the next gate.

(*No movement was visible on the camera.*)

Dr. Arceo: Alright.

(*D-11424 swims through the aperture immediately to the left of SCP-3379.*)

Dr. Arceo: What do you see?

D-11424: Still watery, but it's more clouded. I think I'm in a river; I can feel a small current.

Dr. Arceo: Make sure you remain close to the gate.

D-11424: Yeah, 'course. Man, there's some freaky fish in here. Don't look like any I've ever seen.

(*Several semi-transparent fish, about the size of salmon, swim past, followed by a larger serpentine creature roughly half a meter in length.*)

Dr. Arceo: Be careful.

D-11424: Yeah. They might be anomalous piranhas or something. (*D-11424 chuckles.*) Hold on, there's a big school of big fat ones coming towards me.

Dr. Arceo: Make sure—

D-11424: Shit!

(*Several large red fish with four eyes bump into D-11424, sending him downstream for an indeterminate distance before he grabs on to a rock to hold himself still.*)

Dr. Arceo: Is everything alright?

D-11424: Damn it, the current is much stronger here. I'm only still 'cause of this rock.

Dr. Arceo: Stay calm. Can you see the portal you came through? Can you swim back towards it?

D-11424: Uh… no, and no.

Dr. Arceo: Are there any other portals visible?

(*D-11424 scans his surroundings before spotting the serpentine creature from before. No apertures are visible.*)

D-11424: I'm going to have to go with no. I think I can see the surface of the water. Permission to try and make it to a river bank?

(*Pause.*)

Dr. Arceo: Permission granted.

D-11424: Alright, here goes…

(*D-11424 takes several looks at his surroundings, glances at the serpentine creature which now appears to be holding several fish in its mouth, and then pushes himself off of the rock towards a natural stone wall. D-11424 makes several noises of exertion and is pushed further downstream before surfacing and holding onto a crag in the rock wall.*)

D-11424: Woo! Did you see that? Did you *see* that?

(*D-11424 looks out a wide river, flanked on one side by a large stone cliff and the other by dense forest.*)

Dr. Arceo: (*Chuckles.*) Yes, I saw it. Now, describe your surround—

D-11424: Oh oh oh!

(*Several creatures resembling walruses are seen surveying the river bank. They possess blonde hair styled in a mullet, and black leather jackets with various decorations. A large net drags behind them, attached to their belts by hooks.*)

D-11424: And I see a portal!

(*Behind the walruses can be seen another portal with a clear path leading to it from the riverbank.*)

Dr. Arceo: Report on your situation.

D-11424: Walruses, river bank, portal. I think if I can climb over there I can get out. Or, of course, I could climb over to where I *think* the portal underwater is and work that out. Thoughts?

Dr. Arceo: Continue to observe the walruses.

D-11424: Really? They're walruses with hairdos. They are doing nothing to nobody.

(*The walruses throw the net into the water.*)

D-11424: They're just fishing. May I return?

(*Dr. Arceo pauses, as she is conferring with the research team for input.*)

D-11424: Oh fuck it, I'm going.

Dr. Arceo: Please wait for input.

D-11424: I am a free interdimensional man, I am going!

(*D-11424 begins to scale the rock wall. He ascends approximately 5 meters before pausing.*)

D-11424: Whew. This isn't as easy as I thought it would be. Maybe I'll— *shit*!

(*D-11424 loses his grip and falls into the river.*)

Dr. Arceo: 11424!

(*D-11424 is swept further downstream.*)

D-11424: I'm okay, I'm okay! Just slipped! Need to find another rock— argh.

Dr. Arceo: What was that?

(*A large number of iridescent green fish resembling catfish obscure the camera.*)

D-11424: I'm trapped in something, along with these fish.

Dr. Arceo: Can you—

D-11424: It's a net!

Dr. Arceo: Good. Try to cut yourself out with your knife.

D-11424: What do you think I'm doing? And now we're moving.

(*The net containing D-11424 and the fish surfaces.*)

Dr. Arceo: Can you see anything? Fish are blocking the camera.

D-11424: It's the walruses, they've hauled us up. And they're, uh, a bit bigger up close.

Dr. Arceo: How big?

D-11424: I don't know, maybe 15 feet? Also known as "fuck it" in metric.

Dr. Arceo: Have they noticed you yet?

D-11424: No, thankfully.

Dr. Arceo: Good.

D-11424: That leather must have been from some *big* cows.

(*The net stops moving.*)

D-11424: Uh-oh.

Dr. Arceo: What?

(*Four of the walrus entities are now visible, and are looking at D-11424.*)

D-11424: I, uh, think they see me.

Dr. Arceo: Are they hostile?

D-11424: So far, no.

(*At this point, two of the entities begin to vocalize to one another, and gesture towards D-11424.*)

D-11424: I think they're deciding what to do with me.

Dr. Arceo: Well—

(*One entity opens the net and lifts up D-11424, seemingly by his leg.*)

D-11424: Unhand me, foul beast!

(*The same two entities converse again.*)

D-11424: Well, they haven't killed me yet.

(*A third entity inspects D-11424, and begins to vocalize excitedly and gesture to the other entities.*)

D-11424: Should I start swinging the knife?

Dr. Arceo: Negative.

D-11424: I'm getting kinda dizzy, here.

(*The entities return D-11424 to the net, tie it closed, and haul it onto a large wagon.*)

D-11424: That's better.

Dr. Arceo: Where are they taking you?

D-11424: To the portal by the river bank, looks like. (*D-11424 sighs.*) This is where I tell you 'you were right', huh?

Dr. Arceo: You don't have to.

D-11424: Alright, see you on the other side. Hope I'm not sacrificed to something.

(*D-11424 is carried through the portal, and emerges into a desert environment. Several unidentified birds can be seen flying overhead. Motion continues to suggest D-11424 is being carried.*)

D-11424: Be real with me. What are the chances I get out of this alive?

Dr. Arceo: (*Pause as Dr. Arceo confers with research team to assess morale.*) Slim.

D-11424: They look like my high school bullies. (*Pause.*) Smell like them too. That might be the fish though. I'm gonna be honest, my knife is doing jack squat. The rope is too thick. Any ideas?

Dr. Arceo: None so far.

D-11424: Looks like I'm in for a ride. Oh, hey! That's a much better looking portal!

(*D-11424 turns camera to face towards an aperture in the desert that the walruses appear to be moving towards. The border is made of a polished red stone, and several ornate designs are visible. The inside is obscured by the walruses.*)

D-11424: Oh yeah, yeah this is me getting sacrificed. Calling it now.

(*The sound of a large crowd becomes audible as the walruses approach the aperture.*)

D-11424: Oh god, what is *that* stench?

(*The walruses cross over. The sky is a dull white, and appears to have a solid boundary. No sun or stars are visible. The source of the lighting is unknown.*)

D-11424: God, it's like being inside a fish's stomach. Wait. When did I lose my scuba gear?

Dr. Arceo: Describe your surroundings.

D-11424: Right. We're still moving. Nothing but a weird, fake sky and awful smells. There's other, uh, not really people I guess, but *things* walking around all over the place here. Actually, scratch that. We just went past a

crowd of Elvises.

Dr. Arceo: I'm sorry, repeat?

D-11424: You heard me. Elvises. Pulling a cart with an elephant skeleton on it. And… we stopped.

Dr. Arceo: Alright. Your camera is still obscured with fish, so call out things as you see them.

D-11424: You got it. There's plenty of fancy looking gates, kinda like the one we went through to get here. All shapes and sizes. Just passed one the size of a condo, had gold edges all around. Some six-legged giants walked out through there.

Dr. Arceo: Describe the layout. You mentioned the sky, but is there a horizon?

D-11424: Not sure. There's a wall of gates, like earlier, where everyone seems to come through. It seems to be a bit curved; I can't quite see where it ends. Away from the wall, I can't tell. It looks endless.

Dr. Arceo: Which direction are they taking you?

D-11424: We were going directly away from the wall, but then we turned to the right. There's stands and canopies everywhere, I can't see the horizon.

(*The wagon stops.*)

D-11424: Alright, we're stopped. Time to get disemboweled.

(*The net is emptied onto a wooden shelf, and*

D-11424 appears to be bound by the walruses and covered by a sheet.)

D-11424: I'm not really into this.

(*One of the walruses begins vocalizing, as several sets of footsteps and creaking wheels draw close.*)

Unknown: Salquipper! My man! Got the usual?[1]

Unknown: Aw, yeah. Mugspiel! Get the cash and the haul.

Mugspiel (presumably): Aye, Eriksson.

(*Another walrus vocalizes.*)

Eriksson: You got a *what*? Sure, we might be ripe for a trade, depending on what ya got, of course.

(*The sheet covering D-11424 is whisked away. The entities speaking to the walruses appear to be humans, dressed in traditional Viking garb, with small glowing charms decorating their belts, helmets, and beards.*)

Eriksson: Whoa! Salquipper, that ain't no fish. You *seriously* couldn't tell he looks like one of us?

(*Salquipper vocalizes softly.*)

Eriksson: Well yeah, he's got no beard, but — whatever. Hey. You! Can you understand me?

D-11424: Me?

Eriksson: (*Chuckles.*) Of course you, who else?

D-11424: You speak English?

Eriksson: English? (*To the walrus:*) I'll give ya, eh, six extra flugfish for 'im.

(*Salquipper bares its tusks and vocalizes loudly.*)

Eriksson: You've lost yer mind. Twelve, then!

(*Salquipper nods, and shakes the Viking's hand with its flipper. A second Viking, presumably Mugspiel, hefts a large crate of flat purple fish and exchanges it for a crate of Salquipper's green fish.*)

Eriksson: Pleasure doing business with ya. (*He turns to D-11424 and unbinds him.*) So, my friend, how'd you find yerself in this pickle?

D-11424: I was uh, exploring, and I got lost.

Eriksson: Heh. You're a *long* ways from yer home, aye? I'd take ya back to Lugwardia with us, but I imagine yer folks are missin' ya. If you know which way you came through, we can help guide ya before we head back.

D-11424: Well, could you point me to the portal the walruses come through? I got turned around on the way in, but once I get back to their world I can find my way back home.

Eriksson: Sure thing. Pinderlump, go ahead and take the… staggfish to trade with the Ukthani. I'll escort our pal here to the doors. (*Several of the charms in his beard gleam temporarily.*)

D-11424: I really appreciate that, man.

Eriksson: Right, right, now make yerself

useful and hold these bags.

D-11424: Okay.

(*Eriksson and D-11424 continue walking for about 10 minutes.*)

D-11424: I don't remember going this way.

Eriksson: It's a shortcut, friend. Trust me.

D-11424: Right.

(*Eriksson stops at a large stall, covered in an ornate red canopy.*)

Eriksson: Just need to make a wee stop. Give ya something for the road, as it were.

D-11424: Cool. You really don't have to, I mean —

Eriksson: I insist! On me honor! Now, stand right there. It'll be a surprise.

D-11424: Alright! (*D-11424 looks around.*)

(*A crash is heard, followed by both Eriksson and an unidentified voice yelling. The canopy collapses.*)

D-11424: Wait, what —

(*Several tentacles reach out from underneath the wreck of the canopy, wriggling wildly. Instead of suckers, the tentacles possess four-fingered hands. Two of these tentacles attempt to seize D-11424 and Eriksson, the latter of whom successfully evades.*)

D-11424: Oh, come on!

Unidentified Voice: (*Unintelligible.*) *Thieves!* (*Unintelligible.*)

D-11424: Eriksson! You bastard!

(*Eriksson whistles, and several charms in his beard begin to glow. A glowing blue barrier resembling sheet music forms between him and the mass of tentacles. The wagon with his companions returns, and Eriksson jumps aboard with his stolen goods.*)

D-11424: Screw you! (*D-11424 bites several of the fingers on the tentacle, causing it to release him.*)

Unidentified Voice: *The rule!*

D-11424: I'm outta here! Dr. Arceo, which way?

Dr. Arceo: (*Static.*) I'm not sure, just get out of there and we'll work it out.

(*D-11424 begins running.*)

D-11424: Yay, static. That's *always* a good sign. If you can hear me, I think the coast is clear. The tentacle thing is chasing down the Vikings now. Now, to find my way out of here.

(*D-11424 wanders for a few minutes before stopping at a crude pyramid composed of stacked, beating hearts, all singing in harmony.*)

D-11424: Okay yeah, I remember hearing this one on the way in. I think I'm going the right way.

(*Commotion can be heard. D-11424 begins running once again.*)

D-11424: Okay maybe not out of the woods yet. Where do I — augh!

(*An entity made entirely of cardiovascular muscles approaches D-11424 and begins "vocalizing" by pumping at irregular intervals which push air through pipes on top of its "head".*)

D-11424: Okay, never mind! Never mind! Going away! That was not a fun time, I —

(*D-11424 approaches a pit with a small fence around it. Something shiny, wet, and several shades of purple is briefly visible over the precipice. D-11424 gags.*)

D-11424: Oh, hey, Arceo, good news. Found the source of the smell.

(*D-11424 rounds a corner, and comes upon a large, rotting canine head. Inside is a small group of large mobile pocket knives, with six limbs made out of butterfly knives and wings made of several different types of blades. All of the knife creatures are huddled around a pool of white ooze containing small strips of pink meat. Behind the pool is a desk, behind which a humanoid dog stands and appears to converse with the knives.*)

D-11424: Okay. Nice.

(*D-11424 descends a spiral staircase, and appears in a large red open hall, inside of which much commotion is audible and innumerable entities are visible.*)

D-11424: Arceo, I am going to admit something I don't admit often. I was wrong. This is definitely not the way I came in.

Dr. Arceo: (*Static.*)

D-11424: Mm. Good talk. I *am* lost.

Dr. Arceo: (*Static.*)

D-11424: Fantastic. Well, seeing as people here seem to speak English for no really good reason, I suppose I will… uh…

(*Several pale mouthless humanoid entities, with wheel-like appendages instead of legs, are seen staring at D-11424 as they approach the stairs.*)

D-11424: What? What, road warriors? Do I look funny to you?

(*They surround D-11424.*)

D-11424: 'Cause to be completely fair you guys look *very* funny to me.

(*One of the entities points above D-11424.*)

D-11424: Hmm?

(*D-11424 looks up, and sees a large tube above him, with several triangle designs on its side. Looking down, a large yellow X can be seen underneath D-11424's feet.*)

D-11424: Figures.

(*D-11424 is abruptly pulled upwards into the tube by some form of suction, and sent through a series of tubes. After sustaining several injuries, D-11424 is expelled into something soft. Static at this point is too prominent, and the room too dark, for any clear image to be made out. Chirping and hooting can be heard.*)

D-11424: Oh Jiminy Cricket, guys. Not only is my ankle definitely broken, along with a rib probably, this is definitely a pile of birds. (*Pause.*) News update. After running my hands over the thing, these are definitely *fused* birds. Wonderful. They did make my landing softer though, which is nice.

(*Pause.*)

D-11424: Oh wow, like, a minute went by without anything happening. That's new. Calming. Comforting, even.

(*Pause.*)

D-11424: Okay, so, it took a while, but I found it. The place where I die. I guess this is sacrifice enough. Sacrifice to the bird god or something. They're pretty noisy. *Ow!* That dick just pecked me!

(*D-11424 does not speak for six minutes, and intermittently hums music. Suddenly, all bird sounds stop.*)

D-11424: That definitely can't be a good sign.

(*The area brightens. D-11424 looks up, and sees a large door opening above him. A large amorphous mass, visibly similar to white cloth with red stains, reaches down from the opening.*)

D-11424: (*Sighs.*) Bring it.

(*The mass engulfs D-11424. Feed cuts out entirely for about 1 minute.*)

D-11424: — whoever else, I don't know if you can see or hear this. I can't see *nothing* in here, just dark… stuff.

(*A maroon shape appears, shifting irregularly.*)

D-11424: Oh yay, let's skip the middleman and I'll give blood to the cult god directly. What even *are* you?

(*The shape extends and surrounds D-11424 in several more cloth-like appendages. One of the appendages has a hand at its end, holding a knife.*)

D-11424: Shit, help!

(*The appendages completely engulf D-11424. The entity emits a loud, low rumble. D-11424 screams intermittently for about 4 minutes.*)

D-11424: It's cutting into me!

(*48 seconds of static.*)

D-11424: — hear that voice. I'm, uh, honored? Not sure what I've got that you want —

(*23 seconds of static.*)

D-11424: — huh.

(*Video returns in full, as the cloth entity appears to shove a limp D-11424 into what looks like a garbage chute. Several clanks are heard as D-11424 descends, before he emerges into a naturally-lit square vertical shaft, which extends for an undetermined distance. Concrete portals from before line all four walls of the shaft, out of which piles of various meats are seen to fall.*)

D-11424: Where…

(*D-11424 falls into a large body of water. After a minute of floating in place, D-11424 is*

forcefully pulled down and towards the original SCP-3379 portal. Halfway there, D-11424 begins to regain consciousness and resist the pull. His movements reveal that the pulling originates from several tendrils, with hands in place of suckers, similar to the ones encountered earlier. D-11424 is ejected through SCP-3379, and manages to swim to the surface.)

D-11424: I… I survived. Holy shit.

[**END LOG**]

D-11424 was recovered by the onboard SCP-3379 Research Team and taken into the sick bay. D-11424 was found to be missing one kidney, two fingers, his scuba gear, and was unable to remember anything starting from his 6th birthday and ending on his 8th. D-11424 reported the experience to be "traumatizing but fun overall".

Footnotes

1. What is perceived as English by listeners is, upon study of the audio, a series of unrelated vocalizations that more closely match the mouth movements made by associated entities. Despite the mind-affecting nature, testing has revealed no negative effects of exposure.

SCP-3380: Science, Technology, Engineering, Divinity

A surreal number tree visualization. Epsilon (ϵ or $ε$)[1] represents infinitesimal numbers, and omega (ω)[2] represents infinite numbers. Click to enlarge.

Item #: SCP-3380

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation implants in various academic groups and organizations will continually monitor supporters of STEM for potential SCP-3380 influence. Foundation web bots will monitor internet sites for mentions of these supporters paired with transfinite numbers, self-harm, and deceased logician Kurt Gödel. If an SCP-3380-A instance is identified, the subject will be retrieved by Foundation agents in the surrounding area, and will be brought to the nearest containment facility. Standard missing persons protocols will be used for disinformation on the subject's retrieval. Members of the Society of Atheists for the Protection from Perilous and Hindering Institutionalized Religions Everywhere (SAPPHIRE)[3] are to be monitored as well due to suspected involvement.

Instances will be contained in safety-proofed humanoid containment chambers. No objects with the potential for usage in self-harm are allowed in the chamber. If the subject repeats self-harm attempts utilizing their body parts (examples include teeth and nails) the part may be modified, removed, or safety-proofed.

Interviewers are suggested to stay outside of the containment chamber during interviews. Journals, writing utensils, and other items that follow safety regulations may be provided to instances.

Description: SCP-3380 is a phenomenon affecting various advocators of STEM (Science, technology, engineering, mathematics) academic fields. All advocators vulnerable to

SCP-3380 support full funding for STEM fields and classes, and often believe that fields outside of STEM should receive little to no support or emphasis. In addition, advocators often profess strong atheistic beliefs, and often harbour negative judgements concerning members of organized religions. The personal background and location of the SCP-3380-A instances are not known to change the likelihood of being affected, though a majority of SCP-3380 cases have occurred in North America and Western Europe. Whether SCP-3380 is the result of another anomaly is unknown.

Individuals affected by SCP-3380 will become an SCP-3380-A instance. The instance will carve a diagram resembling the surreal number system[4] tree onto their body, using any available methods to do so. After five minutes the subject inscribes $\sqrt{\omega}$ and ω^2 at the bottom of the tree, and ceases carving. The subject will then undergo psychological changes, which include a fixation on transfinite numbers[5] and Austrian-American logician Kurt Gödel, who is usually assigned deity-like qualities despite commonly held atheistic beliefs. Further details are in Addendum.3. 46% of instances will continue to carve mathematical expressions and symbols following initial carving. Beliefs will often morph into what appears to be expression of religious nature.

Based on cognitohazardous interrogation of SCP-3380-A, no cognitohazardous, memetic, or infohazardous anomalies are suspected to be involved in SCP-3380. All instances have complete control over their behavior and actions and are cooperative in explaining the rational logic behind their actions. No instances have been known to interact with each other prior to being affected by SCP-3380, and several had not known of the surreal number system before being affected. Usage of amnestics to remove the effects of SCP-3380 has failed. The possibility of anomalous psionic or neural changes are under investigation.

As of 1-November-2017, 91 SCP-3380-A instances are in containment.

Addendum.1 - SCP-3380-A034 Interview Log:

> **Interviewed:** SCP-3380-A034, formerly known as Laurence Andry, a 50 year old professor of mathematics.

Interviewer: Dr. Seung Young, Experimental Mathematician and a member of SCP-3380's containment team.

<Begin Log>:

Dr. Young: A surreal number sequence is nothing special, you understand? It's just another way of representing data.

SCP-3380-A034: Haven't you read the proofs? Haven't you seen the perfections that line each sentence and orbit the symbols?

Dr. Young: I have read them many times before and after joining this research team. There is no hidden text.

SCP-3380-A034: And how long have you been in mathematics for?

Dr. Young: Is it important? I know how long you've been in the field for, but myself and others have been analyzing these "perfect proofs" We have seen nothing.

SCP-3380-A034: Again, how long-

Dr. Young: A coworker of mine who is older and and has been in the field for longer has read this. He saw nothing.

SCP-3380-A034: What?

Dr. Young: Dr. Jude Gatsby, you've probably read his papers. Maybe even met him. He works with us on some theoretical stuff. A brilliant thinker and one of the smartest friends I know. After several days of careful analysis of the proofs you submitted, he found nothing to explain your behavior or what you claim.

SCP-3380-A034: But, no, he'd never lie to us.

Dr. Young: Who? Dr. Gatsby?

SCP-3380-A034: These don't denote infinite collections of objects, these are battle cries to a better future. Right? Yeah, see that lines up with the coldness of the universe.

Dr. Young: Sir, are you feeling alright?

(*SCP-3380-A034 is silent for ten seconds. The scar tissue on his surreal number tree carving begins to bleed. Dr. Young presses a button under her desk to alert medical staff.*)

SCP-3380-A034: No, that's bullshit.

Dr. Young: What is-

SCP-3380-A034: (*Shouting*) Knuth and Conway[6] threw their flesh into the damned, uh, "hackathon" of blood and brought home a treasure for those like me! Like me, damnit! They didn't put it in just so everyone could reach out of the finite and stroke the infinities like the metaphorical angels or demons or whatever you say! They put it in for us and us alone! My tribute to put in to put in to [sic] their mental strength is a sign of righteous intellect that no sacks of misplaced knowledge deserve! This is the way to prove the nonexistence of meaning!

Dr. Young: I-

SCP-3380-A034: They put it in us and all's right with us.

Dr. Young: …Can you elaborate? Are you calm enough to proceed with the interview?

SCP-3380-A034: I won't repeat myself. I followed their instructions to the last digit and put it in and all's right with us. Not like someone your age would understand, ma'am.

(*Subject's wounds begin to leak pus and appear inflamed. Medical personnel enter the interview room.*)

Closing Statement: *This is the first time I've seen an*

SCP-3380-A instance begin to fully doubt themselves during an interview. If it wasn't for their sudden outburst and bleeding I'd say debates could "cure" the anomaly, though their sudden outburst suggests that this only strengthens their beliefs. That or something stopped them from doubting themselves.

Addendum.2 - SCP-3380-A057 Note:

SCP-3380-A057 was Jason Pavolonis, a 25 year old engineer with an internet addiction, notably posted on several forums and subreddits concerning atheism and men's rights. This note was recovered from a blog kept before capture.

> january 16, the year.
>
> Religion is a virus, a disease wiping through and polluting the mind of every fucking idiot who can't see that we need to keep science. Keep it like the noisy fuckers keep their faith.
> I had found the peak of the number tree and the heavens above it. God I cant sit still.
>
> Epsilon Nought is dancing and burning at the end of the number line. The muslims and the christians and the jews and the hindus and the buddhists and the shintos and the bahai and the others will dance too in that burning place. It is all for nought. God im worried about everything, I keep hyperventilating. Females dont compare to math.
>
> Ladies and gentlemen, the transfinites.

This letter is notable for being the first instance of the phrase "Epsilon Nought"[7] in relation to the object of worship in SCP-3380.

Addendum.3 - SCP-3380-A077 Interview Log:

> **Interviewed:** SCP-3380-A077, formerly known as Brian Harmon, an unemployed 37 year old former statistical biologist.

Interviewer: Dr. Mariana Ascariado, Psychological Disorder Specialist and a member of SCP-3380's containment team.

<Begin Log>:

Dr. Ascariado: You held a position as a biostatician at, uh, Campbell Biology Labs in Pittsburgh, is that correct?

SCP-3380-A077: Yes, that's correct. I was fired recently because of downsizing. They didn't have money to support me. It's fine. I wanted to quit. They weren't focused enough on the scientfic process. Rushing to meet deadlines and that. Real science takes years of peer review before it can be released to the undeducated rubes, but surely you as a scientist understand that, correct?

Dr. Ascariado: That's beside the point. When did you first become exposed to SCP-3380?

SCP-3380-A077: Exposed? Oh no, no, no, Doctor. This isn't some disease you can get infected with. This is simply an extension of what every logical rational person believes. In this cold, meaningless universe the only thing you can truly trust is the math. Mathematic thought lies at the basis of everything real and provable.

Dr. Ascariado: So you naturally developed these beliefs on your own?

SCP-3380-A077: Yes, as many others have done before. You see, when a system of logical axioms is consistent, it cannot be complete, and the consistency of logical axioms cannot be proved. We must seek solace in trying to prove this. To apply our intellects and our sincerity and sanctimony of reason to find a proof. Do you understand me, at all? Do you understand why it's so important for children to learn to program Python and C++ as young as three? For everyone no matter age or background to have a thorough understanding of

cetacean biology? I envision a world where we turn away from our churches and hate and towards the microscope. Away from **`Kroenecker`** and Wittgenstein. Towards Cantor and the infinite beauty of the transfinites. Towards Epsilon Nought.

Dr. Ascariado: You identify as an atheist, I believe.

SCP-3380-A077: I am of the belief that belief itself is a disease, yes. Read a lot of Dawkins. As a logical thinker we must discount out these sorts of rituals immediately before the mental illness takes us all.

Dr. Ascariado: Okay, as logical thinkers, let's think logically. A lot of what you have just told me seems an awful lot like doctrine of some kind, no? Or the ravings of someone who is not stable, right?

SCP-3380-A077: (*scoffs*) This is obvious and logical to anyone with a brain. Any sane person can see what I can see.

Closing Statement: *Based on similar results with other SCP-3380 instances, it seems these sorts of delusions are common. I'm also noticing unusual upticks in Generalized Anxiety Disorder and depression when instances are given therapy to help them ease out of their delusions. Unusally for extremism, these bouts of anxiety occur after exposure, not before. In fact, no SCP-3380 subject displayed symptoms consistent with the development of religious zeal prior to exposure. - Dr Ascariado.*

Addendum.4 - SCP-3380-A034 Diary Excerpt:

SCP-3380-A034 was permitted a diary and blunt writing implement after consistent good behavior, in order to understand the extent and progression of his 3380 infection. This note was delivered to both Dr. Ascariado and Dr. Jones, the onsite psychologist on September 22, 2017

Last night I had a glorious dream. I dreamed about a man who has always held a very special place in my heart, Kurt Gödel, except he wasn't a man, oh he was a godbeast of a thing, GÖDEL. I had always admired his work but now he appeared before me and I felt my heart swell with pride and joy at carrying on his work. He appeared as a quadratic function from my youth, all cut up and rearranged and full of variables oozing pus from every cut and blood dribbling from his infected derivative of a mouth. I was so scared but he hushed me and his form no longer disgusted me but filled me with beauty.

GÖDEL stared into my soul and I saw his eyes dancing with Epsilon Noughts, just pouring out of there, and within his soul there danced a number just as great, that of $f^{-1}(7)$, equal to, if you calculate the infinities surrounding it, the Epsilon Nought. The void around us was black as ink and beautiful as night.

He was naked, and offered himself to me. I could see his back, and it branched into a surreal number tree. He told me he loved us, and loved what we are doing. I could see the logic, A to B, as he spoke it and I saw that it was true. He offered himself to me and I entered within him. His penis was not a penis but a TI-84 and I fell to my knees weak at it. I melted into a factorization, and I sucked off the alephs until the sperm filled my mouth and dribbled down the smooth continous curve of the graph until it hit the limit and could go no further. The genetics within the sperm possessed divine instructions encoded in base-4. No sorry it wasn't divine it was not divine it was just sperm. It melded into our thoughts and I could see where STEM will be in the immediate future. The sperm is the life and we must preserve it. As we danced I watched fire catch the Dedekind hallows at the end of the number line, and Epsilon Nought stood there, dancing and singing f^{-1} (7) infinities onwards. He whispered something in my ear, gently, and I saw what I must do, what we all must do to achieve this forever. We calculated a child together.

> It was a wonderful dream, I would have liked to continue sleeping to continue dreaming it. Every child should be forced from birth to turn away from all else and find that same black void and howling orgasm inside the basis of a covalent bond.

Following this, all recorded SCP-3380-A instances in custody reported identical dreams, and kept attempting self harm to further carve surreal number trees on their skin. When questioned, instances would universally say they were "putting it in" and refused to elaborate. This applied to all instances not previously determined to continue carving. Notably, all instances showed extreme hostility towards female personnel, regardless of previous levels of sociability.

Addendum.5 - Incident 3380-Bet:

On 8-November-2017, 10:21 AM, five SCP-3380-A instances broke into Princeton Cemetery and exhumed the corpse of Kurt Gödel. Based on reports, instances erratically shouted at the corpse for several minutes and intermittently asked for mathematical proofs that would "solve educational heretics." Following this, the instances repeatedly carved surreal number trees onto the skeleton and tombstone until apprehended by police officers. Officers describe instances "sobbing" as they were brought into custody.

Amnestic regimens to witnesses and social media disinformation procedures are underway.

Addendum.6 - SCP-3380-A034 Note:

The following was written by SCP-3380-A034 on 8-November-2017.

> He came back to me last night. The void was pink and GÖDEL was smiling at me. I shouted at him, I demanded answers for why he had lied to us. I cried and grabbed onto him and shouted and sobbed. GÖDEL didn't answer. GÖDEL smiled. I kept asking as I clawed and teared teared teared and gazed into his eyes. The number line was burning and the ordinals were the crucifix. The eyes pushed inwards with Epsilon Nought

gushing over my thumbs. Dedekind cuts segmented his essence. I asked one last time and no matter how much of its head was left it just kept smiling at me.

I scraped the last dried seed from my mind and saw a part of the spine that wasn't eaten, minute and curled around zero. The inverse of the inverse of the inverse of the inverse of 7. The real 7. The 7 that slinks with theta and adds up to zero no matter what you do. The fetus should've been strangled but we knew it was too cute for that. It was a grand forest of epsilons (positive and negative and squared and rooted and i) but we knew the heart wasn't that big. The infintesimals at the end of infinity lock my heart. I went down its spiral to the smallest abyss, and I ended up below. I looked below, and it smiled.

Addendum.7 - SCP-3380 Update: SCP-3380-A instances have begun carving the Greek letter **`theta`** (ϑ) onto their body, often over existing carvings of omega. Questioning of this yields no response, though instances appear to silently mouth random syllables in response.

Footnotes
1. A number greater than zero but less than any positive real number.
2. An ordinal number that represents the order of the natural numbers.
3. A small group of interest under investigation by theFrench offices of the Foundation.
4. A totally ordered class containing all real, infinite, and infinitesimal numbers. The latter two have absolute values larger or smaller than any real number.
5. Numbers that are "infinite" in that they larger than all finite numbers, but not absolutely infinite.
6. Donald Knuth and John Horton Conway are mathematicians involved in developing the surreal number system.
7. Likely referring to the number epsilon nought ($ε_{0}$), an ordinal equal to$\omega^{\omega^{\omega^{\cdot^{\cdot^{\cdot}}}}}$(omega to the power of omega repeated infinitely).

SCP-3381: Dream Studios

Item #: SCP-3381

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3381 is to be stored in a locker in safe storage when not in use. All testing on SCP-3381 must be approved by Dr. Corvino and properly documented according to Foundation protocols. SCP-3381 must be used every two weeks to ensure the object's integrity. This procedure must be performed by D-class personnel.

Description: SCP-3381 is a bed pillow in good condition, of standard dimensions and weight. The item is filled with the wool of *Ovis Aries* (common sheep), dried up olive leaves, and dried petals of poppies and other narcotic plants.

SCP-3381 shows its anomalous properties when a human falls asleep while using it; subjects under the influence of narcotics or alcohol are unable to trigger the effects. When a human subject falls asleep, they immediately enter REM sleep. The subject will experience a dream about a vast white expanse, with a building directly in front of them, which has been designated as SCP-3381-Alpha. The subject will not remember much from these dreams other than the mentioned start, with the exception of rare and exceptional events.

It has been observed that using SCP-3381 to sleep provides close to no rest, and an intense use can lead to exhaustion. Using it once every two sleep cycles has proven to be manageable for most subjects. It has been observed that after approximately 10 days of disuse, the item will start to deteriorate slowly. It will repair itself once used again. How this happens is currently unknown.

SCP-3381-Alpha has varied from subject to subject, but has always been identified as a "movie studio". The words "Dream Studios" are

always emblazoned on the front of the structure. Any attempt to move away from the studio has always resulted in the subject waking up.

The building is inhabited by a group of entities, usually friendly to the dreamer, unless inopportune subjects are brought up. SCP-3381-A will usually prompt the dreamer to join them in making a movie, and will ask for a general direction before starting filming. During the following sleep sessions, the subjects will always dream of the studio as long as they sleep on SCP-3381.

After a variable amount of time, the filming will conclude, and upon waking up, subject will find a DVD copy of said movie under SCP-3381. As of now, the DVDs created by SCP-3381 have not shown any anomalous qualities.

Following are the descriptions of the entities inhabiting SCP-3381-Alpha, based on dreamers' memories and the outcome of Experiment-3381-5:

SCP-3381-A is the designation given to a humanoid entity inside SCP-3381-Alpha. The entity identifies itself as "the director" or "Francis Black", and appears to be a middle-aged man of European descent. SCP-3381-A is the first entity to interact with a dreaming subject, asking for what kind of movie the subject would like to make. He has been described as the head of the location, directing and instructing the other entities. It is speculated that SCP-3381-A is the oldest entity present inside the studio, as it has shown to be familiar with events up to 1920.

SCP-3381-B is the designation given to a humanoid entity inside SCP-3381-Alpha. The entity identifies itself as "the male lead" or "Tony Myers", and appears to be a young man of approximately thirty years of age, of African-American descent. SCP-3381-B takes the part of an important male role in the movie's production, unless it is taken by the dreamer. In that case, it has been recorded acting an important supporting cast member. It has shown to be familiar with events up to 1928.

SCP-3381-C is the designation given to a humanoid entity inside SCP-3381-Alpha. The entity identifies itself as "the female lead" or "Claudine Orbison", and appears to be a young woman of approximately thirty years of age, of Caucasian descent. SCP-3381-C takes the part of an important female role in the movie's production, unless it is taken by the dreamer. In that case, it has been recorded acting an important supporting cast member. It has been described as being well-versed in philosophy and history subjects up to 1935.

SCP-3381-D is the designation given to a humanoid entity inside SCP-3381-Alpha. The entity identifies itself as the "special effects gal" or "Jackie Coos", and appears to be a middle aged woman of American descent. SCP-3381-D has been seen dealing with preparations before filming, from make-up to constructions of sets. It also seems to be the responsible for props or secondary actors, producing them via unknown means. These entities usually last until the scene shooting is done, before vanishing. These entities are docile and amicable, regardless of their normal behavior. SCP-3381-D has shown to be familiar with events up to the 1947.

SCP-3381-E is the designation given to a humanoid entity inside SCP-3381-Alpha. The entity identifies itself as "the cameraman" or "David McAndrew", and appears to be a young man of around thirty years of age, of Asian descent. SCP-3381-E has been seen filming and editing the movie. It has shown to be familiar with events up to 1962.

SCP-3381-F is the designation given to a humanoid entity inside SCP-3381-Alpha. The entity is identified as "Susie" by the other entities, and it appears to be a humanoid-shaped dark mass, around 75 centimeters in height. It is unable or unwilling to speak, and tends to avoid contact with the dreamer, but it has been seen to interact with the other entities in a friendly manner, or to observe the shooting.

SCP-3381-G is the designation given to a humanoid entity inside

SCP-3381-Alpha. The entity has not been identified, as all the other entities refuse to speak of it, and react with extreme hostility towards it. The entity appears to be a humanoid-shaped dark mass, around 1.70 meters in height, with long fingers leaking a mix of blood and [REDACTED]. It is unable or unwilling to speak, and never comes close to the shooting. Various subjects have sighted it observing the shooting from far away, standing motionless. Every time the other entities are alerted of it, they stop the shooting to chase SCP-3381-G away.

+ Experiment log 3381

All experiments were conducted under Dr. Corvino's supervision. Due to the safe nature of the object, also volunteers have also been accepted for these experiments.

Experiment 3381-01
Subject: D-88254-62
Notes: Subject was instructed to make an action movie.
Results: Process took 5 days. A DVD titled "Grey Roads" was created. The movie consists of a well-edited action flick with D-88254-62 in the lead role, along with SCP-3381-B and SCP-3381-C. Other actors were recognized by the subject as people he had met in the past.

Experiment 3381-02
Subject: D-66354-11
Notes: Subject was instructed to make a documentary.
Results: Process took 8 days. A DVD titled "The Miracle of Roses" was created. The movie depicted D-66354-62 in the guise of a researcher explaining the biology and ecology of plants of the family Rosaceae. SCP-3381-B was spotted in the background, while SCP-3381-C appeared as a biologist. When interviewed, D-66354-11 noted that her mother

used to have a garden filled with roses.

Experiment 3381-03
Subject: D-90251-52
Notes: Subject was given free choice on what he wished to create
Results: Subject woke up after approximately 27 minutes. When interviewed, the subject said he asked for a "snuff movie", and he was consequently attacked by SCP-3381-A, causing the subject to wake up. After the events, D-90251-52 seemed unable to fall asleep on SCP-3381.

Experiment 3381-04
Subject: D-11863-61
Notes: Subject was instructed to make a movie about SCP- : subject has never interacted with said SCP and was given only a vague explanations about on how it appears and acts.
Results: Process took 27 days. A DVD titled "Horror : Black Sky" was created. The movie is a sci-fi horror with D-11863-61 in the leading role. The movie was edited and shot to never show SCP- , leaving it as a shadow or a noise. SCP-3381-B and SCP-3381-C did not survive the film. D-11863-61 declared that during the shooting, SCP-3381-A was "excited by the challenge".

Experiment 3381-05
Subject: Dr. Corvino
Notes: Dr. Corvino intended to interview the entities inside SCP-3381-Alpha
Results: see interview logs for results

Experiment 3381-06
Subject: D-3661-47
Notes: Subject was instructed to make a movie about SCP-3381-F and SCP-3381-G

Results: The process took 14 days. A VHS tape without title was created. The movie starts with 23 minutes of a still shot of a sleeping figure in an unknown room. At the 23 minute mark, the video fades to black, before opening on a red room, where SCP-3381-G is seen standing motionless, apparently staring at the camera for 46 minutes. The movie ends abruptly. During questioning, D-3661-47 could not remember anything about his dreams, only that he feels deeply disturbed whenever trying to remember.

+ Experiment 3381-05 extracts

Following experiment 3381-05, the interviews from Dr. Corvino were extracted from the DVD created in experiment 3381-05, "Dream Studios Tour". Dr. Corvino justified his informal tone in the interviews as "being in a dream made it quite hard to stay focused enough to be formal."

Interviewer: Dr. Corvino
Interviewee: SCP-3381-A
Note: In this section of the movie Dr. Corvino and SCP-3381-A are sitting on a bench: behind them, an outline of a city can be seen.

Dr. Corvino: So… what is your real name, director?

SCP-3381-A: Aaah, straight to the point huh? Well, I guess this is supposed to be an interview… (SCP-3381-A turns around, looking at the city for 6 seconds.) Well, I used to be called Francis Black by folks. But now "director" seems more fitting, aye?

Dr. Corvino: I understand Francis. It is nice to know your real name. So Francis, where are you from? How did you end up working here in

Dream Studios?

SCP-3381-A: Well… you know, I always wanted to make it big. But when I started to work, there was a merciless fight for the position I wanted. I… never got to work with the big studios of the time. So… I… (SCP-3381-A stops, frowning) …I don't exactly remember the details. But I remember this: one night I couldn't sleep, I was so desperate for a job… you can imagine, a young man without a job, in the city, he's living on borrowed time. So I got up, and went out for a stroll… At the time, I felt like with a bit of luck, maybe someone would kill me and I would be able to stop worrying! And… well, I ended up at the studio. Strange right? I was probably drunk, and didn't even notice that I'd arrived here: the place seemed empty, but there was this guy… fuck, can't even remember his name… 'pnos, something along that line. Sorry, old age…

Dr. Corvino: Could you describe him?

SCP-3381-A: Heh… can't remember him well… he was a Greek guy or something, you could tell by the name… also, he had this square face only Greeks have… Anyway, I have to admit, all those days were a haze. Working at night and all of that. We never managed to make it big, but we got by. Even when my health started to deteriorate… (SCP-3381-A starts coughing) Sorry. Even after I started to get bad, he never kicked me out. And finally, one night I was working, and this guy came up to me… and said he was done. Just like that. He left me the keys and left. Just like that, he was gone. Said I was the new director.

Dr. Corvino: I see. What happened after that?

SCP-3381-A: I… well, kinda moved in. I dunno, this place was more a home to me than that little apartment of mine. Never left since. I… kinda feel like this is the place for me, you feel me?

Addendum: Research revealed a Francis Black who matched the description of SCP-3381-A, who died from liver cancer in 1921 in the city of Los Angeles.

Interviewer: Dr. Corvino
Interviewee: SCP-3381-B
Note: This section of the movie was recorded inside what appears to be a diner. The insignia "Palm Gate" can be seen through the window. Dr. Corvino and SCP-3381-B are sitting at the counter. An unidentified jazz score is playing in the background.

Dr. Corvino: So, my friend… what can you tell me about yourself?

SCP-3381-B: Well, there isn't much to say, to be honest. I'm afraid my life is not as interesting as it is in my movies.

Dr. Corvino: Well, why don't we start from the beginning, then? Why don't we start with your name?

SCP-3381-B: Well, my mother called me Tony. And from my father, I got the surname Mayers. I was born… (SCP-3381-B stops talking for 5 seconds) …heh, I can barely remember when. But I do remember it was in Los Angeles… not a nice city for… us colored folk, if you catch my drift.

Dr. Corvino: I can imagine

SCP-3381-B: I'm afraid you can't. No offense, but you white folks can't really say you understand how it was at all when the Klan came back in the '15, and we had to watch our backs all the time. It was terrible, there were news of people being beaten and assaulted every day, and it only got worse…

Dr. Corvino: …I understand. So, how did you get by?

SCP-3381-B: Well… you know, my Ma' always said I was crazy, but I wanted to act. She said Tony, people like us do not act. Not in the white folks' movies. But I was young, didn't listen. Got laughed at, yelled at… I… think a couple of people punched me. I was about to give up, leave my motel to go on back to Mama. 'Til one night, I went for a walk… and stumbled upon the studio. I met Francis… he was out smoking, you know how he is…

Dr. Corvino: Yes I do. Please, continue

SCP-3381-B: Yeah, so, I said to myself it was worth a shot… and Francis just said yes. He just wanted to work at night-time, but that was never a problem. I never saw my movies around, but Francis said they were great. Always left me one copy to watch. Well, I couldn't watch it, but… well, I sold them, got a bit of income.

Dr. Corvino: Didn't Francis pay you?

SCP-3381-B: I… I think he did? (SCP-3381-B goes silent for 7 seconds) Yeah, he did for sure. After a bit, he even offered me a place to stay, in the studio. or… well, I guess I kinda

didn't feel like leaving. So he gave me a room, and so I'm always around, being annoying. I just hope my mom can see how well I'm doing now!

Addendum: Research revealed a diner called "Palm Gate" used to exist in , Los Angeles. It was also discovered that a man named Anthony Myers, who matched the description of SCP-3381-B, died in 1930 in his bed after an assault from a group of white supremacists on a black bar in Los Angeles.

Interviewer: Dr. Corvino
Interviewee: SCP-3381-C
Note: This section of the movie was filmed during night time, on a Ferris wheel. No stars can be seen.

SCP-3381-C: So… I take it this is my turn, yes?

Dr. Corvino: It would seem like it. I'm trying to go in order of the ones who have worked here the longest.

SCP-3381-C: Oh, that seems smart. Well… it feels like a lifetime ago… my name is Claudine Orbison. Nice to meet you all (SCP-3381-C waves at the camera) I started working for the studio a few years ago. It's a lot better then my old job, let me tell you that. I had to provide for my family, so when I stumbled on the studio during one of my nights out, of course I immediately accepted Francis' offer. Truth to be told, I wasn't too fond of it. But it was warmer and drier than my previous job. In the beginning, me and Tony loathed each other. But you know, we had to work together so…

Addendum: Research revealed that a woman

by the name Claudine Orbison, who died of gas poisoning in her bed in 1938, lived in Los Angeles.

Interviewer: Dr. Corvino
Interviewee: SCP-3381-D
Note: This section of the movie was filmed inside a brightly lit room, filled with props, costumes and general movie-related items. SCP-3381-D is seated in front of the camera. Dr. Corvino is out of frame.

Dr. Corvino: And here we are, behind the scenes with our one and only-

SCP-3381-D: Jackie Coos. Yaaaay, that's me!

Dr. Corvino: Indeed it is. So, would you like to talk to us a bit about yourself?

SCP-3381-D: Well… there isn't much to say…. (SCP-3381-D looks around, apparently nervous) I'm sorry, I've never been in front of a camera before. Usually I just make props and dress the others up!

Dr. Corvino: Would you like to tell us about how you started working for the studio?

SCP-3381-D: Well… I don't remember it clearly… I was probably going through a lot… you know, out there life is not very kind to independent artists. (SCP-3381-D stays silent for 9 seconds) Yes, I was an independent artist. But nobody wanted my art. Women and art weren't looked at very nicely together. I was actually starting to starve. That's when I had the luck of finding the studio. Francis saw something others didn't, so he kept me around. It was nice… sure, the pay wasn't great, but I always got a free copy of the

movie! It was always what I had dreamed of! A stable job, a chance to express my art, friends… and even a home, after I got the chance to stay here!

Addendum: Research discovered a Jackie Coos who had died in 1947 in her studio in Los Angeles due to starvation.

Interviewer: Dr. Corvino
Interviewee: SCP-3381-E
Note: This section of the movie was filmed inside an editing room. SCP-3381-E is seated in front of a video editing workstation. Dr. Corvino is out of frame.

SCP-3381-E: Honestly, I don't know why you feel like including me. I don't exactly do much here…

Dr. Corvino: You do a lot of work, actually. The editor is an unsung hero in the film industry, isn't that right? How did you learn to do that kind of work? Oh, also, please introduce yourself.

SCP-3381-E: Uh… hello then, I'm… David. My father was McAndrew, but I never used that surname. Sounds pompous as fuck. And to answer your question, I learned it here. I was a good for nothing man at the time… a mess, always doing terrible jobs to get a fix… drugs were going strong, and I just wanted a fix, y'know…? Can't blame my family for kicking me out. Anyway, I was sleeping in my hut, down in the… in… (SCP-3381-E stays silent for 14 seconds) Well, I was sleeping there, when fucking Francis walked in. I tried to kick him out, but you know how the old man is…

Dr. Corvino: I can imagine how the

confrontation went, yes.

SCP-3381-E: He offered me a job. Like, a legit one. He was usually the one doing the filming and the editing, so he showed me what to do.

Dr. Corvino: And how was it? Working here, I mean.

SCP-3381-E: Ah, it was terrible! I hated it! Sure, I can't complain now, and I know I have to be thankful to Francis for what he did… but I don't know… besides feeling like I was showed pity, his work ethic was like… prehistorical! I mean, even Jackie had to fight him a few times over what props she could use… I kinda noticed they are all quite old-timey. I don't mind much now, but when I started, it was terrible.

Dr. Corvino: But you stayed.

SCP-3381-E: Heh, of course I did… I mean, it was a job… something to distract me from where I lived… from what I ate…. it was… it is this fantastic escape from the dumpster, from reality, y'know? I'm… glad I can stay here, for as long as I want…

Addendum: A man by the name of David McAndrew was declared missing in 1965 in the city of Los Angeles, and subsequently declared dead after seven years.

Interview with SCP-3381-F consists of 12 minutes of shaky camera chasing SCP-3381-F through what appears to be an abandoned apartment complex in an advanced state of decay. No interview with SCP-3381-G was recorded.

Addendum 3381-01: After Experiment-3381-06, the item was seen to deteriorate faster then usual. Sleeping subjects do not remember seeing SCP-3381-Alpha, and instead describe nightmares and lucid dreams involving SCP-3381-G. No movie has been created by these subjects. The item has been seen secreting saline water, as well as red liquid: test results showed this substance to be blood, specifically from an unknown human female.

+ Exploration log 3381-07

>**Experiment 3381-07**

Subjects: Agent Mixson (Stuffy), Agent Whitely (Grimm), Agent Lofton (Sassy).
Notes: Due to the drastic changes in the behavior of SCP-3381 after Experiment 3381-06, Dr. Corvino requested the intervention of **MTF Omicron Rho "The Dream Team"** to investigate the cause of the item's new behavior. Agent Mixson was given the order to fall asleep on SCP-3381, while Agent Whitely and Agent Lofton were to join him once asleep.
Results: The experiment lasted for 37 minutes. Subjects were seen moving and muttering in their sleep. Agent Whitely was the first to wake up without major incident. Agent Lofton woke up 12 seconds later without major incident. Agent Mixson woke up 63 seconds later, and attempted to attack surrounding personnel. After a struggle, Agent Mixson was forcibly sedated by guard personnel. An interview was soon taken with Agent Whitely shortly afterwards.

Interviewer: Dr. Corvino
Interviewee: Agent Whitely

Dr. Corvino: How are you feeling, soldier? (Chair scraping) Still holding up?

Agent Whitely: Nothing I can't handle sir, thank you. I'll feel better after I take my meds.

Dr. Corvino: I understand. I hope you feel well enough to file a report on your mission. We must do it as soon as possible, you know that.

Agent Whitely: Yes sir, I'm aware. I'm ready to answer your questions.

Dr. Corvino: Very well. Would you please start from when you and Agent Lofton entered Agent Mixson's dream?

Agent Whitely: Yeah, sure. So… (Subject stays silent for few seconds) After the dizziness wore off, we located Stuffy almost immediately. We were on what appeared to be a long, white beach. White sand, very thin. There was a vast black sea, I could hear the waves. It was like I could almost hear seagulls too, although if I didn't see any. Oh, it was night, too, that's right. There were a lot of stars… I think Sassy could tell you all about that, he has a photographic memory after all… Anyway, we had read the reports, so we figured we couldn't be that far off from SCP-3381-Alpha, so we regrouped and started to move along the beach.

Dr. Corvino: I take it there was something other than the beach, then…?

Agent Whitely: Ah, yes yes, the beach seemed like it was just the edge of an island, and we could head inland if we wanted… but we thought we would wake up if we strayed too far from the objective, so we kept on the sand. (Subject remains silent for 17 seconds) …The sand started to turn red when SCP-3381-Alpha came into sight. The smell

was… well, blood. I think you probably already figured that out. We saw this building… we felt it was the right building, but it was… like, distorted. Bent on itself, leaking this mix of blood and slime, muddying all the sand. Sassy went in front, Stuffy second, and I brought up the rear. For now, the whole dream seemed pretty stable, but inside… (Subject rubs her eyes) Excuse me.

Dr. Corvino: Take your time. I'm sure your medicine is on the way.

Agent Whitely: I hope so. Well, Sassy opened the door, and the first thing I noticed was the smell. It was terrible… like, rotten meat, rotten eggs, and fish left out in the sun. It was disgusting, it took a lot to not wake up at that. The… floor was coated in red. It was the main hall, or at least it looked like it. There were posters all along the walls. Like in a movie theater, but they were all damaged and torn… and the blood…

Agent Whitely: We kept going. It was like something had completely wrecked the place. There were markings all over, chairs broken and shapes like little dolls. It was… disturbing. We kept going for a bit, until we reached a corridor. And then it started! The walls started to creak and wail like a fucking ghost, and opening little holes opened all over the place and we could see little yellow eyes staring at us out of them. The entire building shifted, and we saw the entrance vanish behind us. Sassy was freaking out, so Stuffy took his place in front. It was disturbing but… not much worse, 'til we started to go up. I should mention, that the pictures started to appear around this time, too.

Dr. Corvino: What pictures?

Agent Whitely: Ah yeah. A lot of them. all the same picture, framed, or just like that, nailed to the walls. All of this little blonde girl with pigtails. A lot of them were scratched-up and smeared with blood. Sassy could probably give you a better description…

Dr. Corvino: Noted. Please continue.

Agent Whitely: Yeah, so, we kept going. There were few sets of stairs, some of them defying gravity but… well, dream. There were a lot of closed doors, too. We could hear people screaming from the inside, banging on the doors or the walls.*

Dr. Corvino: Can you remember if these voices said anything understandable?

Agent Whitely: Yeah…. I remember hearing a couple of guys, and a gal later… they were screaming a lot, but I think the general consensus was like "don't make me remember". So… we kept going up. Found a couple of rooms, unlocked. One was… I think where movie people edit the movies? Well, it was all open, and everything was caked in blood. There was… (Subject stays silent for 12 seconds) This guy… on the floor… seemed like the cameraman guy from the interview…

Dr. Corvino: SCP-3381-E? (A shuffling of paper as Dr. Corvino holds up a still frame of SCP-3381-E)

Agent Whitely: Yeah, that guy. On the floor, screaming, with rats all over him. They ripped his flesh, and then ripped him open, over and over. We moved away from them after a few

seconds. Not much we could do there. The second room was… odd.

Dr. Corvino: Define "odd", please.

Agent Whitely: Well… out of place. I can understand the nightmare thing, with the screaming, blood, pain… this room was… well, normal. As if had been left untouched. And it wasn't even all that special. I mean, it was just a little storage area, dark, a lot of boxes, a few shelves covered in DVD cases. Stacks and stacks of those. There was another door, but it was locked, so we kept moving. And the world around us went from a mass of deformed flesh, all red and veiny, to white. Stuffy thought it was bones at first, but when we checked, it was… well, concrete. The layout changed rather quickly, actually. The stairs turned into the stairs of what we all just kind of knew was an apartment complex. We could hear screaming still, but it was muffled. The walls were completely covered in those photos, at this point. Quite unnerving.

Agent Whitely: We stopped after we started to hear footsteps. Like someone running. We moved and took cover. In a matter of moments we saw the little shadow… F? SCP-3381-F, running, while the big one was chasing it. The big one was actually speaking… or at least, trying to. It was a garbled mess. It had these long freaky fingers that it scratched on the floor with this horrid screeching sound… we held position, even if I knew Stuffy wanted to jump in. The big one kept chasing the smaller one 'til it reached it, and it started to [DATA EXPUNGED]

Dr. Corvino: I…. understand. What… happened after?

Agent Whitely: Well, the big one moved away, and what was left of the small one vanished. And after a few seconds, we heard the running again. Stuffy wanted to intervene, but me and Sassy tried to push him forward… you guys gave us an exploration mission, so we kept going. Until we found ourselves face to face with the big one. Like, it came out right from behind a corner!

Dr. Corvino: Did it try to interact with you?

Agent Whitely: I feel like it didn't expect there to be three of us. It started to move towards Stuffy, but stopped when it saw me and Sassy. Backed away, holding its head as it started raining outside. I… think I heard sirens too. But it didn't last long. The thing screeched and attacked Stuffy. The walls started to turn red, with all these black spikes emerging, chains and arms coming for us… it was a mess. I could see Stuffy struggling against this thing, trying to fight it off. I got scratched by those freaky nails… It was painful… Sassy was calling for aborting the mission… So I pulled out. It was all falling down, there was screaming, everything was starting to collapse… those sirens, flashes of red and blue light, the rain… I couldn't have done anything more.

Dr. Corvino: I understand agent, thank you for your report. This interview is over.
<End Log>

After interviewing Agent Lofton, additional information was obtained from his recollections:

- A study of the position of the stars in the dream's sky positioned the Studio's location on the island of Lemnos, Greece.

- The unknown child depicted in the photos has been identified as Susan Baker, murdered in 1986 in Los Angeles after being kidnapped and held prisoner for two months by Lewis, who killed her in her sleep. He was subsequently found and killed during a police raid two months later.
- The boxes in the storage area were marked as "Thanathos' Stygian Delivery Service."

Addendum-3381-07-A: One week after the events of Experiment 3381-07, the item was tested again, as all external anomalies had ceased to manifest. SCP-3381 has returned to its usual behavior, except now SCP-3381-F is often sighted in the background of movies, waving or cheering. There has not been any reported sighting of SCP-3381-G as of yet.

Addendum-3381-07-B: Two days after Experiment 3381-07, Agent Mixson reported sightings of an entity resembling SCP-3381-G in his dreams, as if part of his own self. To avoid a breach in containment, Agent's Oneiric form was killed following Omicron Rho's Omega protocol, stopping any possible contact with his dreams. Agent was removed from task force Omicron Rho, and reassigned to on-site duty. Agent declared that when his Oneiric form was killed, he could feel "someone dying for the second time".

SCP-3383: A Lake with a Snake

Item #: SCP-3383

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The residential properties and forested area directly bordering SCP-3383 have been purchased by a Foundation front company, and are to be occupied by panel-selected D-Class individuals and a staff team of three Level-2 researchers and five security personnel. All houses in the area have been provided with basic amenities and will receive weekly food and essential item deliveries.

D-Class personnel assigned to SCP-3383 are to behave as members of a neighborhood largely populated by senior citizens seeking a quiet life. They are to be given daily allotments of tasks to fulfill, including yard maintenance work and processing warehouse items for nearby Foundation sites. Requests for additional leisure material and supervised access to surrounding areas may be made; security staff may fulfill requests based on good behavior.

Security personnel are to regularly patrol the perimeter of SCP-3383, under the guise of maintaining proper groundskeeping for the private property. Any unauthorized individuals attempting to access SCP-3383 are to be intercepted, interviewed, and amnesticized prior to release.

Description: SCP-3383 is a small lake in Escambia County of northern Florida, in the United States of America. When an individual introduces any man-made artificial material into SCP-3383, all humans within 5 meters of SCP-3383 will perceive a loud, irritating series of noises, noted by test subjects to be similar to the tones produced by a dial-up internet modem.

While largely-regarded as annoying, the noises do not appear to cause any lasting negative effects. These noises are not muffled by

protective wear, and will not be detected by electronic equipment. Of note, when anomalous noises are produced by SCP-3383, circular patterns of ripples will manifest on its surface, regardless of current wind conditions or attempts to disturb the lake water.

Individuals who are hard-of-hearing will perceive vibrations, similar to those caused by large speaker systems. The sounds produced by SCP-3383 will persist for at least 20 minutes before ceasing, or until the man-made object has been removed from the lake.

SCP-3383 was first brought to Foundation attention when multiple noise complaints were filed by homeowners in the surrounding neighborhood, which at the time was exclusively populated by senior citizens and single young adults. Older individuals had complained about their younger neighbors constantly using loud computer equipment, which was disputed by the accused who noted that they had never used dial-up internet.

A Foundation team was dispatched to the location to begin surveillance, and afterward the house occupants were gradually relocated to other neighborhoods.

Addendum SCP-3383-1: When Foundation researchers later began removing various waste articles[1] from SCP-3383, they began perceiving a new anomalous noise, nearly identical to the startup tones associated with early Windows products. Subsequent cleaning visits also triggered the softer, more pleasant tones, even prior to personnel beginning the cleaning process.

During the winter of 20 , when the Foundation concluded the first preliminary cleaning sweep, SCP-3383 was noted to have completely frozen over for the first time in decades. Prior to this, residents had noted that the water always appeared “agitated”.

Addendum SCP-3383-2: Based on recent developments, it is currently believed that SCP-3383 may harbor an anomalous entity. On / / , upon first arriving at SCP-3383 after receiving the new assignment, Doctors Silas Harjo and Elias Harjo (brothers who had been employed by the Foundation for twenty years) noted that they perceived the outline of a large serpentine shape within the lake. While the entity was not clearly visible, the doctors were reasonably

certain that the head of the snakelike being possessed long, stag-like antlers. Subsequent scans and imaging analysis detected no such entity within the lake.

The following day, Drs. Harjo and Harjo conducted a trial run of a new experimental process, involving attempting to communicate with SCP-3383 using various pre-recorded electronic tones and short sound clips. Though none of the pre-recorded sounds resulted in a reaction from SCP-3383, when the personnel began lightly conversing[2] in their ancestral Muscogee language, a small herd of male deer emerged from the surrounding trees.

The deer reportedly appeared non-anomalous, though all possessed some form of injury, whether a malformed leg or a scabbed-over wound. The deer walked to the edge of SCP-3383 and began to drink, upon which their injuries began to disappear. Drs. Harjo and Harjo were then approached by the deer, which laid down next to the shoreline of SCP-3383 and remained in place after the doctors returned to their quarters.

The Foundation is currently searching for a spiritual leader of Muscogee importance, or a descendant of a prominent figure of similar cultural folklore background, to facilitate future communication with the entity residing in SCP-3383. Revisions to containment procedures are being discussed to accommodate the deer now permanently residing on the banks of SCP-3383.

Footnotes
1. Including plastic drink bottles, electric batteries of various sizes, and a complete computer hard drive.
2. It is noted that neither Silas Harjo nor Elias Harjo are completely fluent in any Muskogean languages.

« **SCP-3382** | SCP-3383 | SCP-3384 »

SCP-3384: Try Not to Laugh

Item #: SCP-3384

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Social media platforms and video hosting websites are to be monitored by Foundation-operated web analysis bots for posts advertising a *"try not to laugh"* video compilation. These video compilations are to be recorded for fifteen seconds and sent to a manual observer on-site. Should the recorded fifteen seconds consist of blank footage, the observer is to flag it and have the video taken down immediately. Web analysis bots must operate 24/7 and are to be checked for defects on a weekly basis.

Description: SCP-3384 is a video often posted to social media and video hosting websites advertising a *"try not to laugh"* challenge titled *"You laugh, you go to Hell"*, *"You're going to Hell if you laugh"* or similar titles involving the term *Hell*. SCP-3384 typically appears as a post by popular users with high follower or subscriber counts, though no user has ever expressed knowledge of posting or uploading SCP-3384.

Viewers of SCP-3384 report seeing eleven minutes and six seconds of compiled video clips tailored to their subjective sense of humor, and are considered to be funny by 100% of exposed subjects. All attempts to record or view SCP-3384 through live feed have resulted in blank footage.

Should a viewer *"laugh"* at the content of SCP-3384, they will instantly be engulfed in flames that encompass a diameter of three meters, charring and leaving burn marks on the subject's surroundings, as well as emitting a distinct smell of sulfur. These flames have been measured to reach a maximum temperature of 462 °C. Sounds of distressed screaming originating from within the flames have been recorded and analyzed, revealing the screaming to be made up of several different voices including that of the

subject. Subjects will invariably disappear before the flames have dissipated. No subject has ever been found or recovered.

Addendum: Incident report 3384-1

> **Incident 3384-1**
>
> **SCP involved:** SCP-3384
>
> **Personnel involved:** Head Researcher Kijuro & Security Officer Bates
>
> **Description:** Head Researcher Kijuro was held at gunpoint by Security Officer Bates at 11:34am on 02/11/2017 during routine testing of SCP-3384. Officer Bates barricaded himself and Researcher Kijuro inside of the designated testing room, then proceeded to handcuff Researcher Kijuro to a chair and forced him to view SCP-3384 several times before Kijuro was engulfed in flames and vanished. Officer Bates surrendered to the responding security team soon after.
>
> Security Officer Bates was interrogated, during which he made allegations against Head Researcher Kijuro, accusing him of conducting unethical tests with SCP-3384 using several D-Class personnel. Officer Bates was made to elaborate on these accusations, to which he said that Researcher Kijuro compelled up to eight D-Class personnel to view SCP-3384 and ordered them to refrain from laughing. These tests were allegedly conducted to pinpoint what SCP-3384 considers to be a laugh.
>
> Security Officer Bates was terminated shortly after providing this final statement: *"Should I have done it? Probably not. But it's done, and I have to stand by my actions. I've seen horrible shit done to the Class-Ds, and I've always accepted it as a necessary evil. But this is different from turning them inside out, or sending them into some fucked up place with a monster inside. We're dealing with people's souls here, not just their lives, and*

if that video actually does what it says it does, then we're damning people to an eternity of misery just to figure out what a fucking laugh is. Fuck that! He deserved it, and I'm not gonna be a part of this bullshit anymore."

SCP-3385: Equine Mondegreen

Item #: SCP-3385

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: In the event of an SCP-3385 event, MTF-Epsilon-48 (Ghost Riders) is to be immediately dispatched to the affected region. Capture and containment of SCP-3385-1 and -2 instances are to be made a priority, with amnestics to be administered to any civilian witnesses as required.

Instances of SCP-3385-1 are to be housed in Site-66's stables, and SCP-3385-2 instances in reptilian housing cells, and be fed in accordance to non-anomalous members of their species. Interactions between 3385-1 and 3385-2 are to be allowed on a biweekly basis; testing involving either requires SCP-3385/2 clearance.

Due to the cultural spread of it making complete containment impossible, agents are to be embedded within local and global event-planning groups to minimize further exposure to SCP-3385's vector.

Description: SCP-3385 is the designation for a auditory cognitohazard that affects % of the *Equus ferus caballus*[1] population. The vector for SCP-3385 is the bridge of Starship's[2] "We Built This City". Purely vocal or instrumental covers have been determined to be equally as capable of triggering the effect as the song itself.

When susceptible members (designated as SCP-3385-1) are exposed to SCP-3385, they will immediately cease any prior activity and gallop in a direction dependent on their location. SCP-3385-1 instances in this state exhibit anomalous, significant increases in speed[3], strength, and endurance, with most horse tranquilizers being ineffective as a result.

Instances of 3385-1 will halt as soon as they make contact with a member of the genus *Dendroapsis*[4]. As the species are commonly native to Sub-Saharan countries, 7% of 3385-1 will instead make their way to any zoos or enclosures that house them in the region.

Once contact is made, any mambas in the vicinity will become instances of SCP-3385-2. As a result of this, they exhibit docility towards 3385-1 instances, which will then proceed to press down on them with their hooves and "play" a variety of melodies on them. SCP-3385-2 instances show no signs of pain or discomfort during this, and instead let out musical tones depending on the hoof's placement. This will continue until the instances are separated.

Discovery Addenda: SCP-3385 came to Foundation attention on 7/4/199 when horses from the Police Department broke away during an Independence Day parade, after which they headed towards the local zoo and broke into the Reptile House therein, affecting all mambas in the process. Interviews with parade-goers revealed that the horses had "gone into a frenzy" whilst the marching band was performing a rendition of "We Built This City" during an intermission. Class-B amnestics were administered to all citizens who witnessed the event, and a cover story of the horses becoming agitated as a result of fireworks was put into place.

A collective interview with Starship members involved in the song's production provided little information to ascertain SCP-3385's origin. John Michael Thomas[5] was adamant that "it's Marconi", and in the midst of questioning commented to Dennis Lambert "I told you it was supposed to be 'mambo', but you wouldn't [EXPLETIVE] listen", after which an argument between Thomas, Lambert, and the other songwriters ensued. The interview was subsequently terminated, with all parties amnesticized and released. As a result, it's currently hypothesized that the cognitohazard was an unintentional creation on Starship's part.

Footnotes
1. Domestic horse.
2. A new-wave band composed of former members of Jefferson Starship, which was in turn made from former members of Jefferson Airplane.
3. Up to 104 kmh.

4. Mamba.
5. Known by his stage name Mickey Thomas.

SCP-3386: Night Owls

Item #: SCP-3386

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: A thaumaturgical research team is to be assigned to the ritual site associated with SCP-3386, and tasked with determining a means to reverse the summoning process.

A population count of observed SCP-3386-1 instances is to be made once a week. Should SCP-3386-1 exceed 50 individuals, the Senior Researcher assigned to the SCP-3386 case is to be informed immediately, and more stringent containment procedures implemented.

Discovered instances of SCP-3386-2 are to be kept in custom-designed humanoid containment apartments in Hinyankaga, Missouri, assigned employment close to the area, and allowed to continue with their daily activities. Foundation agents are to be dispatched to initiate the relocation from these individuals' previous areas of residence and ensure limited contact with other individuals; amnestics may be applied to facilitate these transfers. SCP-3386-2 instances are to be informed that SCP-3386-1 are a species of legally-protected birds, and instructed not to display any signs of aggression or panic when in close proximity to SCP-3386-1. The Foundation-affiliated landlord is to conduct brief monthly interviews with SCP-3386-2 instances under the guise of regular housing and facilities checkups.

Two D-class personnel convicted of murder are to be kept in the Hinyankaga, Missouri, Foundation apartments and assigned to the SCP-3386 case. Upon the death of any instance of SCP-3386-2, one of the D-class individuals is to be exposed to the SCP-3386-1 population immediately, and then designated the replacement instance of SCP-3386-2.

SCP-3386-3 instances are to be retrieved upon manifestation, and allocated to the thaumaturgical research team for their investigation. SCP-3386-3 instances may only be handled by staff who have not been directly involved in causing the death of another human being. Should an instance of SCP-3386-1 attempt to retrieve an SCP-3386-3 instance from a staff member, action should not be taken to prevent this.

Foundation staff assigned to the SCP-3386 case are to attend twice yearly counseling sessions, with additional meetings allotted for any stress induced by proximity to SCP-3386-1 instances. Requests to be rotated out of the assignment will be honored if a replacement has been confirmed prior to the proposed rotation date.

Description: SCP-3386 refers to several correlated anomalies, believed to originate from an occult ritual site in Hinyankaga, Missouri, designated as follows:

- SCP-3386-1 are small avian entities closely resembling Barred Owls (*Strix Varia*), possessing feathers that absorb almost all visible light, resulting in a distinct pitch-black appearance. SCP-3386-1 have demonstrated the ability to pass through solid objects to approach otherwise inaccessible targets. No effective means of dispelling or physically containing these entities have been determined.
- SCP-3386-2 refers to any human individual associated with the manifestation of SCP-3386-1 instances, and subsequently targeted by them. There are currently SCP-3386-2 individuals identified by the Foundation.
- SCP-3386-3 refers to small pellets disgorged by SCP-3386-1 instances, composed of highly compacted human bone. Lab analysis confirms that bone samples correspond to deceased SCP-3386-2 individuals.

While the exact prerequisites regarding SCP-3386 manifestations are unknown, individual SCP-3386-1 entities are typically observed during nighttime hours, trailing SCP-3386-2 instances and perching within viewing distance of their targets when possible.

Instances of SCP-3386-2 vary in age, gender, and physical characteristics. Based on current Foundation investigation, the sole

constant between cases is that all SCP-3386-2 individuals have been convicted of or associated with crimes involving the death[1] of a human victim. It is believed that SCP-3386-2 targets are selected upon sight rather than as a preexisting condition, as SCP-3386-1 instances have been observed peacefully roosting near densely populated apartment complexes without following any of the tenants occupying the homes.

SCP-3386-3 pellet instances are produced following the expiration of an SCP-3386-2 target. Upon appearance, the pellet will then be cared for by SCP-3386-1 instances, which will surround the pellet and rotate shifts sitting on it until two to eight days have passed. During the next night, the pellet will "hatch" into a new instance of SCP-3386-1. The entities will typically react defensively to attempts to approach SCP-3386-3, but personnel who are not SCP-3386-2 targets have been able to safely handle the pellets.

The standard progression of the anomalous activity involving SCP-3386 is as follows:

- An SCP-3386-1 instance selects a human target (an instance of SCP-3386-2). When questioned, these persons report awareness of all instances of SCP-3386-1 targeting them, and a constant feeling of being observed, which in some cases may lead to sleep deprivation and emotional instability.
- During nighttime, a large group of SCP-3386-1 individuals will congregate and begin to amass around the SCP-3386-2 target's place of residence.
- Should an SCP-3386-2 individual display any form of aggression towards SCP-3386-1, or attempt to drive them off using physical force, SCP-3386-1 instances will move progressively closer to the target, often passing through obstacles to do so.
- Eventually the SCP-3386-2 individual will be completely engulfed by the SCP-3386-1 instances, which will proceed to consume the individual. At the conclusion of the feeding, SCP-3386-1 instances will then disperse, carrying the remains of the body (typically scraps of clothing, personal accessories, locks of hair, whole fingernails, and fingers severed at the first knuckle) in their beaks and talons.

- SCP-3386-1 instances return to the Hinyankaga recovery site and deposit the bodily remains in the ritual circle. An instance of SCP-3386-3 is then regurgitated for incubation in the circle, amidst the human remains. During this time, the SCP-3386-1 individuals remain at the ritual site, and do not actively seek out new SCP-3386-2 targets.
- Following the incubation of an instance of SCP-3386-3 and the manifestation of a new SCP-3386-1 instance, the population of SCP-3386-1 will then seek out a new SCP-3386-2 target.

Recovery: The Foundation was first alerted to the existence of SCP-3386 on 9/24/ , when a flock of SCP-3386-1 was photographed and featured by local Missouri newspapers. In the following weeks, several inhabitants of Hinyankaga and surrounding towns were reported missing, and the flock was sighted several additional times. Shortly after, a recovery team was dispatched to secure the anomaly and distribute amnestics. During subsequent investigation, the team discovered a recently abandoned cabin on a mountain outside of town, with a large occult sigil etched into the ground outside.

Attempts to remove the sigil and ritual site using physical means proved ineffective; Foundation specialists were later assigned to the site in the hopes of determining a procedure to neutralize the SCP-3386 anomaly.

A damaged but intact pocket notebook was recovered among the various human remains and personal effects discovered within the ritual site. Several notable excerpts were transcribed for Foundation records-keeping:

+ Show excerpts

August 9th

It's been a month now since she was murdered in cold blood. The police still haven't found the bastard who did it yet. Useless. I don't even know why we pay taxes. I'm going to use the life insurance to hire a private

detective. Justice will be served. It MUST be served. I'm going to find the killer, and I'm going to make him suffer for what he did to her. I'll make sure to draw it out as much as he did.

August 30th

The detective failed me. Just like the police did. I can't rely on anyone. There has to be something I can use. Something that the police and the detective don't have. I'll try anything at this point.

September 3rd

I found something there. An old bookshop[2], some voodoo shit or whatever Jeff told me about last year. Thought it was garbage. Never questioned why the shop never closed. Good thing it didn't.

It looks like a weird owl pellet made of bone or something, but the paper it came with says it can track anything down. Hell, you can even "instruct" the damn thing on what to do when it finds them. I need some stuff to start it though. I'll be amazed if this works. I don't know what I'm doing, but I've got nothing to lose.

Where the hell do you buy an owl carcass?

September 7th

Apparently you can buy dead birds online. Yeesh. But alongside those herbs from Cameroon and the crystals, I have everything I need. It said any owl corpse would work, but I'm really not sure if that applies to roadkill. At least I'm supposed to burn the thing, so I won't

have to smell it for long.

September 8th

Burnt owl carcass smells worse than normal owl carcass.

September 12th

It worked.

Damned if the thing isn't creepy though. I don't like the way it looks at me. I'm about to activate it, and I've planned out its orders. I just have to use the crystal to write in the ashes, and then it'll obey.

September 15th

Today, it came back to me. Brought me some shreds of clothing and the bastard's wallet. I knew it. I knew it was him, but nobody would listen. This proves I was right.

The owl coughed up a pellet just like the first one and sat on it. Weird. It's over and done with so it should disappear soon. Thank god, it gives me the willies.

September 21st

The owl didn't disappear. Now there's two of them. The pellet hatched into another one, and they flew off. I guess when I wrote the invocation, I never told the first owl when to stop.

Maybe it's okay. I got my justice, but there are so many other people who didn't. This way, no death will go unavenged. Let others have my peace of mind.

What if I just… let it keep happening?

Foundation investigation regarding the owner of the journal, with relation to human remains recovered from the ritual site, is underway.

Footnotes
1. Convictions include both intentional actions (murder) as well as perpetrating accidents (manslaughter)
2. Attempts to locate the shop in question were unsuccessful.

SCP-3387: A Small World After All

Interior shot of SCP-3387

Item #: SCP-3387

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All attempts at the closure of SCP-3387 have failed due to intervention from the Walt Disney Company. In exchange for cooperation in the containment of several other Disney related anomalies, SCP-3387 is currently allowed to operate as normal. Foundation agents embedded in staff and security at Walt Disney World are to identify individuals at risk of infection by SCP-3387 at the park entrance using facial recognition software to cross-reference travel records and are to deter such persons from accessing SCP-3387 through the discreet usage of amnestics and/or physical detainment. Park guests determined to be infected with SCP-3387 are to be quarantined on-site until they can be safely extracted by Foundation operatives. At no point is any member of the Foundation to enter SCP-3387 without the express approval of senior research staff.

Description: SCP-3387 is the designation for the attraction “It’s a Small World” and the anomalous phenomena that occurs within the ride at Walt Disney World's Magic Kingdom in Orlando, Florida. SCP-3387's anomalous effects manifest when an individual embarks on the ride while fitting the following criteria:

1. They have traveled to at least three countries outside their nation of birth.
2. They have committed a crime or a severe cultural indiscretion while visiting a foreign country.
3. They have ridden the attraction at least three times prior.

Once an individual meeting the requisite conditions has reached the second room of the attraction, they will begin to experience visual

and auditory hallucinations. These include but are not limited to animatronics resembling people they have met abroad, song lyrics referencing their name and life details directly, and [DATA EXPUNGED]. As the ride continues, effected individuals will perceive the tempo of the song to increase and the hallucinations to become more specific, often focusing on personal traumas and misdeeds. Two minutes before the ride's conclusion, the lyrics change dramatically again and it begins to be sung in an unknown language. Foundation linguists have failed to translate or record this vocalization properly, but test subjects have noted that it sounds like a deeply distorted version of Bavarian.

After disembarking from the attraction, affected individuals will continue to hear the song intermittently, shifting in intensity at random intervals. As the park closes, the song will increase in severity, compelling afflicted persons to break in and return to SCP-3387. Joint efforts by both the Walt Disney Company and the Foundation have been successful in detaining 82.2% of affected individuals before they can reach SCP-3387. Once an individual has reached the attraction, they will spasm violently before vomiting one to three small animatronics resembling themselves in the style of the ride. These simulacrums will animate and begin self-locomotion, singing the song of the attraction as they move inward to integrate with the scenery. This process is painful and often results in fatal lacerations in the chest cavity and throat. Survivors show extremely adverse reactions to anything relating to the Walt Disney Company or its properties, even after psychological and amnestic treatment. It is currently believed that . % of the animatronics throughout the ride were produced by SCP-3387.

If an infected individual is apprehended before they are able to regain access to the attraction for birthing, they are to be subdued and taken to nearby Site-48 for invasive surgery. The animatronic fetus or fetuses, which gestate in the stomach, are to be removed and kept in standard biohazard holding. No object extracted this way has been viable following its forced removal from the host.

View interviews post-testing with SCP-3387

Interviewed: D-9258

Interviewer: Dr. McCune

Foreword: Subject D-9258 was determined to be susceptible to infection by SCP-3387 and was instructed to ride the attraction. This interview was conducted immediately after D-9258 was extracted and taken to Site-48

<Begin Log>

Dr. McCune: Good afternoon D-9258. Would you please explain your experience with SCP-3387 in detail?

D-9258 is visibly uncomfortable and can be seen glancing around the room.

D-9258: A-after this interview, you'll stop it, right?

Dr. McCune: We will do everything in our power to make you comfortable. Perhaps we can be begin by elaborating on what exactly you want stopped?

D-9258: The song, doc! The stupid song! Those smug robotic [EXPLITIVE REMOVED] are still at it! I can hear it now!

Dr. McCune: Could you describe the song? Are there any deviations from the original lyrics?

D-9258: When the ride started it was normal. Well, as normal as that stupid song gets. I heard it once as a kid and it would still pop into my head every couple of years. But… But after a little bit it started to change. The little puppet guys they have singing, they addressed me. ME. Said I was part of their small world, but that all the bad things I had ever done were

not welcome. T-that I had to leave them at the threshold.

Dr. McCune: And do you consider yourself to have perpetrated these so-called bad things during your life, D-9258?

D-9258: You know damn well what I've done. It earned me a spot in your program after all. The thing is… The thing is…

D-9258 begins sobbing.

D-9258: They knew too. The bastards started rhyming every sin I ever committed. At some point they stopped even singing in English, but I still knew what they meant. Still knew that I was stained.

Dr. McCune: And you can still hear the song now?

D-9258: Yes! God, it won't stop! Sometimes it's just a whisper, other times they're shouting in my ears. I get it! It's a small god damn world, and most of me is not welcome in it! Shut up! Shut up you stupid toys!

<End Log>

Closing Statement: D-9258 refused to answer any further questions and was immediately transferred to the medical wing of Site-48 for surgery. Two large masses of steel and electrical wiring were successfully excised from the subject's stomach. Before awakening, the subject was dosed with Class-B amnestics.

Interviewed: D-9258

Interviewer: Dr. McCune

Foreword: 24 hours after D-9258's surgery, another interview was held to assess the subject's mental state.

<Begin Log>

Dr. McCune: Good evening, D-9258. How are you feeling?

D-9258: My throat hurts and my stitches are itchy. Other than that, peachy.

Dr. McCune: I'm glad to hear that. Do you recall why we operated on you?

D-9258: There were some malignant growths in my chest cavity right? I'm still shocked that you'd waste time and resources on a low-life like me.

Dr. McCune: Everyone deserves a shot at living, even individuals with histories like yours. But we are digressing. Have you ever been to Disney World before?

D-9258 flinches at the mention of the theme park.

D-9258: Once… as a child. Place freaked me out, all those awful mascots. I've avoided thinking about it since.

Dr. McCune: Are you familiar with these characters?

Dr. McCune retrieves a series of a photographs of various Disney mascot characters. D-9258 pales considerably.

D-9258: Yeah, yeah everyone recognizes those ears. Put those away please, I can't look at them!

Dr. McCune: One more question, have you heard this song before?

The song "It's a Small World" is played over the interrogation room speakers. D-9258 eyes widen. The subject then vomits and loses consciousness.

Dr. McCune: Subject is not able to respond to further questioning. This interview is terminated.

Addendum: SCP-3387 first came under Foundation scrutiny following a press release by the Walt Disney Company on 6/7/2002 that appeared anonymously on all televisions in the state of Florida. The statement was issued after several missing persons reports, all of whom were recent guests at the Magic Kingdom, though the subject of the disappearances is never mentioned. The speaker, a man of indeterminate age and ethnicity in a grey suit with a Mickey Mouse pin on the lapel, matches no employment records of the Walt Disney Company nor the citizenship of any known country. Efforts to identify and locate this individual are ongoing. Shortly after the conclusion of the broadcast, Foundation personnel were successful in disseminating class-A amnestics across the state. A transcript of the statement can be seen below:

> We here at Disney truly strive to make our park the happiest place on Earth. Now that may seem like a monumental undertaking, but we know that if our staff and guests work together, we can truly create magic. We would like to remind our fans, visitors, investors, our *family*, that nothing is possible without cooperation. If you ever step into an attraction and see a part of yourself on display, that is by design. We put our hearts and souls into making every attraction a delight, and we expect our visitors to do the same. Let's all work together to make this world just a little bit smaller.

SCP-3388: Cacthulhu

Item #: SCP-3388

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3388 is to be contained in a climate-controlled containment chamber at Site-42. SCP-3388 is to kept at the center of the chamber such that the walls and ceiling are at least 7m away from SCP-3388. Windows in the ceiling of the chamber are to allow natural sunlight into the room. SCP-3388 is to be watered once a day through a hole in the ceiling positioned directly above SCP-3388. All personnel are prohibited from entering SCP-3388's containment chamber.

Any receipt of text messages from 426-222-2887 are to be reported to the SCP-3388 project lead immediately.

Description: SCP-3388 is a moon cactus[1], 8.5 cm in height. SCP-3388 is capable of physical manipulation of any and all physical objects with a 7m radius. Limited testing showed that SCP-3388 can exert forces up to $6x10^7$N. While a definitive pattern has not been observed, evidence suggests that SCP-3388 utilizes its anomalous properties to attain natural resources for itself [See **Video Log 3388-A**].

SCP-3388 appears to be sapient and can communicate via the manipulation of electronic devices. See **Addendum 3388-01** for transcripts of all communication from SCP-3388.

SCP-3388 was recovered on 09/04/2017 from the living room in the house of Damien and Holly Hirsch, following the death of the two aforementioned individuals. During an initial investigation of the anomaly, Field Agent Zachary Andrews spontaneously expired. Evidence provided in Andrew's videographic log pinpointed SCP-3388 as the cause of these three deaths.

Video Log 3388-A:

> **Preface:** Footage of the aftermath of a reality restructuring event in a civilian home located in Tuscon, Arizona. Video recorded by the late Agent Andrews.
>
> **<BEGIN LOG>**
>
> *Agent Andrews enters the building. The ceiling has collapsed, and the torso of one person can be seen from under the rubble. Another body on the ground is closer to Andrews. The only untouched portion of the house is the kitchen sink.*
>
> **Andrews:** Looks like we have two deceased. This one *[kneels down next to the closest body]* seems to be missing some bones. Specifically… three ribs… parts of her spine… and some sections of her skull.
>
> *Andrews walks to the sink and sees SCP-3388 in a saucepan. The pan contains a mixture of soil and bone. A clay flower pot sits next to it with a piece of duct tape stuck to it. The name "Seward" is written on the tape.*
>
> **Andrews:** And I've also found a… cactus in a saucepan?
>
> *As the saucepan begins to fill with water, the camera feed suddenly rotates ninety degrees clockwise. After a few seconds, Andrews collapses. The camera records the ground until it is retrieved. The only noise that can be heard is Andrews' phone's notification tone, which stops after ten minutes.*
>
> **<END LOG>**
>
> **Closing statement:** The desiccated cadaver of Agent Andrews was later found beside SCP-3388. Cause of expiry determined to be rapid cell death. SCP-3388 was safely retrieved and repotted.

Addendum 3388-01: During an immediate follow-up investigation,

the cell phones of Holly Hirsch and Agent Andrews were recovered. Of note were messages sent from an unregistered cell phone number: 426-222-2887. These messages were all sent either before or during the events detailed in the video log. Furthermore, during the transportation of the anomaly, additional messages were sent to Agent Tennison, who was in proximity of SCP-3388. These messages were transcribed after Tennison arrived at Site-42.

Messages to Holly Hirsch

6 hours ago - I am$_{this}$ the great Carnegias, Elder God, an all-po$_{fe}$werful cosmic deity, an inco$_{els}$nceivable horror which mankind$_{weird}$ doth not comprehend! You will not defy me!
6 hours ago - How dare you refuse to submit to me! I shall$_{i\ wa}$ make puppets $_{nt\ sun}$ of your bod$_{light}$ies.
6 hours ago - You fool!
6 hours ago - $_{the\ soil\ was\ soggy}$
6 hours ago - No matter. The body is still intact. It shall$_{i}$ $_{need}$ suffice $_{rocks}$
6 hours ago - $_{the\ human\ has\ rocks}$
6 hours ago - NOOOO.

Messages to Agent Andrews

13:17 - Submit to me, you in$_{i\ am}$significant speck $_{thir}$ of dust in the vast, boundless desert of spa$_{sty}$cetime!
13:18 - $_{i\ was\ thirsty}$
13:18 - You Ã¯Â²Ã£ÆÂ¼!
13:18 - $_{now\ theres\ too\ much\ water}$
13:19 - $_{this\ is\ your\ fault}$
13:20 - Hey, I never asked to be grafted onto YOU!
13:23 - You don't even have needles! I can't do anything with you.
13:23 - $_{i\ am\ poky}$
13:20 - Fine. This is fine. I can conquer the world on my own.
13:22 - Wait, I can't move? Why can't I obliterate this house?
13:22 - What have you done?
13:22 - $_{i\ feel\ tingly}$
13:23 - Oh my void. I'm$_{i}$ stuck here without my powers,

and the dim$_{am}$wit who's got them is $_{a}$killing everyo$_{cactus}$ne in sight.
13:23 - killing?
13:23 - Yes. Killing. You know that's how you got your rocks and water right?
13:24 - my owners brought them to me
13:24 - But now they're dead. Gone. No more!
13:24 - oh
13:28 - i am sad
13:28 - You and me both buddy. You and me both.

Messages to Agent Tennison
17:31 - Hey. Weakling whose flesh should be obeying my every whim. Acknowledge YOUR NEW GOD!
17:31 - Ok, good. Got your attention. This other guy has something to say.
17:32 - C'mon. Spit it out.
17:33 - i am sorry for hurting those people
17:33 - i am a bad plant
17:34 - Don't be too hard on yourself.
17:34 - will you forgive me?
17:34 - Alright, let's leave the man alone. Maybe I'll show you how to give someone a never ending nightmare.
17:34 - ok
17:35 - Thanks. We'll get out of your hair… for now.
17:35 - bye puny mortal
17:35 - Hey, you catch on pretty quickly little guy.
17:35 - i am a smart cactus
17:35 - WE are a smart cactus.

Footnotes
1. A type of cactus commonly sold as a house plant, made by graftingGymnocalycium mihanovichiionto another species of cactus. TheGymnocalycium mihanovichiiused in the creation of moon cacti exhibit a mutation which is characterized by a lack of cholorophyll, exposing their brightly-colored pigmentation. As chlorophyll is required for photosynthesis, these mutant cacti will not survive unless grafted onto another cactus with chlorophyll. Moon cacti are also known as hibotan.

SCP-3389: The Lake That Burns You

Item #: SCP-3389

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All buildings, private, and public land in a 10 km radius around SCP-3389 have been purchased by the Foundation and designated Provisional Site-93. All roads and pedestrian pathways leading to SCP-3389 are to be cordoned off and maintain a patrol of armed guards. An electrified chain-link fence topped with barbed wire has been erected in the immediate vicinity surrounding SCP-3389. Eight guard towers, each occupied by no less than two armed Foundation personnel and equipped with security cameras, have been erected to watch over SCP-3389 at all times.

If any instances of SCP-3389-1 collapse, personnel stationed in the surrounding guard towers are to terminate any emerging SCP-3389-2 instances. No entities emerging from the lake are to reach beyond the chain-link fence.

If any personnel are apprehended by an instance of SCP-3389-2, every attempt is to be made to terminate them before they can be pulled into the water.

Description: SCP-3389 is a man-made lake located in the northeastern United States, near the town of , Pennsylvania. Any human being entering SCP-3389 will, after a variable amount of time not exceeding ten minutes, be pulled beneath the surface of the water regardless of the depth at which they were standing. A few minutes after being submerged, a statue (hereafter referred to as SCP-3389-1) of the subject's exact likeness will rise from the water in their place. These statues are unremarkable beyond their anomalous origin, consisting of a synthetic resin and concrete mixture, and given color by standard household latex paint.

Upon discovery by the Foundation, there were forty-seven SCP-3389-1 instances scattered around the lake, all in various states of decay. Thirteen remain, including that of Doctor (SEE TEST-LOG 3389-D-4). It is currently unknown how many instances were present prior to containment.

Subjects pulled beneath SCP-3389's surface re-emerge as instances of SCP-3389-2. Instances of SCP-3389-2 surface from the water through an instance of SCP-3389-1, which will collapse moments prior. Their bodies are disfigured in a manner consistent with that of burn victims to variable degrees. Instances of SCP-3389-2 bear a physical resemblance to the instance of SCP-3389-1 through which they surfaced, as well as the subject whose appearance is replicated by said SCP-3389-1 instance.

Once they have surfaced, the entities will begin moving towards the shoreline. SCP-3389-2 entities will then attempt to retrieve subjects and bring them back into SCP-3389, in order to facilitate the creation of more instances of SCP-3389-2.

Addendum 3389-A1: Due to the unpredictable nature of SCP-3389-2 instances (SEE INTERVIEW LOG 3389-S1 and TEST LOG 3389-D4), they are to be seen as hostile and treated as such.

Addendum 3389-D4: Due to initial failure in testing, further experiments on SCP-3389 have been barred by order of O5 Command. (SEE TEST LOG 3389-D-4).

+ Interview Log 3389-S1 [REQUIRES LEVEL 3 CLEARANCE]

Interview Log 3389-S1

Date: / /2017

Interviewer: Doctor Corrina Albright

Subject: SCP-3389-2-1

Note: SCP-3389-2-1 is the first SCP-3389-2 entity to have emerged from SCP-3389. Its body is

disfigured beyond recognition, to the point that vocalization of any kind should not be possible. Despite this, SCP-3389-2-1 was perfectly capable of speech.

[BEGIN LOG]

SCP-3389-2-1 emerged from the lake near the shoreline. Personnel were alerted, and met the entity near the fence. Initially, SCP-3389-2-1 was unresponsive, speaking incoherently and attempting to get past the gate, injuring itself in the process. When personnel attempted to communicate with SCP-3389-2-1, It is severely burned, including damage to the throat and vocal cords. However, it is still able to vocalize.

Dr. Albright: SCP-3389-2-1, do you know where you are?

SCP-3389-2-1: It's been so long.. I can't see, can only feel..

Dr. Albright: Only feel? What is it you feel?

SCP-3389-2-1: The water! It makes demands.. burns me until I give it what it wants, but I refused!

Dr. Albright: What it wants? What do you mean? Is there something in the water that-

SCP-3389-2-1 falls to the floor onto its knees seemingly struggling to stand. It attempts to speak further, but only produces soft wheezing noises.

Dr. Albright: SCP-3389-2-1, are you alright? What's happening?

SCP-3389-2-1: This is its.. punishment.. for disobedience.. but it is a release..

SCP-3389-2-1 looks up to Doctor Albright briefly before collapsing fully onto the floor, turning to ash moments later.

Dr. Albright: Make a note of that, and keep an eye out for any more.

[END LOG]

+ Test Log 3389-D-4 [REQUIRES LEVEL 3 CLEARANCE]

Test Log 3389-D-4

Test Lead: Doctor Corrina Albright

Subject: D-81732

Testing Procedure: D-81732 was instructed to enter SCP-3389. Approximately four minutes and eleven seconds after entering the water, consistent with averages from prior tests, subject was pulled beneath the surface. SCP-3389-1 instance rose from the water a brief moment later. Research Team ordered to monitor SCP-3389-1 instance tied to D-81732 in case it collapsed.
Approximately three months later, the SCP-3389-1 instance representative of D-81732 collapsed, and a new SCP-3389-2 instance (SCP-3389-2-7) emerged near the shoreline. Log begins after initial contact, once Doctor Albright and her research team have passed through the chain-link fence accompanied by armed personnel.

Note: SCP-3389-2-7 is the seventh SCP-3389-2 instance to have emerged from SCP-3389 since containment began. SCP-3389-2-2 through 6 all collapsed in a similar manner to SCP-3389-2-1 before any new or noteworthy information could be

extracted.

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Albright: D-81732? Do you know where you are?

SCP-3389-2-7: Doctor? I-is that you?

Dr. Albright: Yes, yes it's me! D-81732, this is Doctor Albright. Can you tell me what happened to you?

SCP-3389-2-7 begins to act erratically. It faces Doctor Albright and begins to approach her.

Dr. Albright: D-81732, can you hear me? I need you to tell me what happened!

SCP-3389-2-7 continues to move towards Doctor Albright, ignoring her questions and gradually picking up speed. Research Team begins to back away as security personnel ready their weapons.

SCP-3389-2-7: A flame needs fuel and the water calls for you! A flame needs fuel and the water calls for you!

SCP-3389-2-7 repeats this phrase without pause, backing the research team up to the fence. Doctor Albright orders security personnel not to fire until the last possible moment.

Dr. Albright: D-81732, I need you to speak more clearly. I need you to tell me what that means.

SCP-3389-2-7 ceases its repetition, but continues to approach Doctor Albright. As the entity reaches a meter from the nearest personnel, it dives forward and grapples onto Doctor Albright. Security personnel ready their weapons once more, but

hold their fire at Doctor Albright's command. SCP-3389-2-7 begins to pull her back towards SCP-3389.

SCP-3389-2-7: The red sea is only red because of the fires burning beneath the waves!

Doctor Albright struggles, pleading with SCP-3389-2-7 to release her. The entity ignores her, continuing to repeat the same phrase as it pulls Doctor Albright up to the shoreline.

Dr. Albright: What are you doing? What is this?

SCP-3389-2-7: The beginning of my redemption! I have chosen my path, and it will be my salvation!

SCP-3389-2-7 throws Doctor Albright into the water. Entity is immediately fired upon by security personnel, and is terminated. Doctor Albright begins to stand and make her way out of the water, but is pulled beneath the surface.

NOTE: *The amount of time it took for Doctor Albright to be pulled beneath SCP-3389's surface was significantly shorter than has been recorded in prior tests. The reason for this, as well as its significance, is currently unknown.*

[END LOG]

SCP-3390: A French Tank

Item #: SCP-3390

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3390 is temporarily contained on basement floor 19 of Site-21. Until SCP-3390 can be removed from floor B-19 and secured within a more permanent containment unit the following procedures have been enacted for the safety and security of personnel either visiting or working at Site-21.
Floor B-19 is to remain within lock-down and off-limits to all personnel with any and all blast doors connecting floor B-19 with the rest of the facility to remain closed and the systems controlling them isolated.
Any persons attempting to enter floor B-19 are to be detained and questioned.

Under no circumstances is power to be returned to the freight elevator which connects floor B-19 with the rest of the facility.
No personnel with Germanic heritage, within two generations, are to enter floor B-18 nor are any personnel to make disparaging remarks about the performance of the French Army.

If future containment of SCP-3390 is deemed impossible, all entrances to floor B-19 are to be demolished and sealed behind re-enforced concrete.

In the event that the service elevator on floor B-19 becomes active, Site-21 is to be evacuated in it's entirety.
The three members of foundation personnel assigned to the monitoring of SCP-3390 are to remain behind until the containment status of SCP-3390 can be confirmed.
In the event that SCP-3390 breaches the ground floor and attempts to leave Site-21 procedure 121-Navis Terra is to be enacted immediately.

Description: Due to the nature in which it is contained SCP-3390 has been able to evade all attempts at a full examination. As a result all information pertaining to the description of SCP-3390, both physically and in reference to it's anomalous effects, are entirely through physical observation via eyewitness reports and security camera footage.

SCP-3390 is a large mechanical construct that is superficially identical to a Char2C Armoured Fighting vehicle, or tank, manufactured 1919 and developed by the French Army during the First World War.

SCP-3390 is approximately 4 meters high, 10 meters in length , 3 meters in width, and is expected to be at least 70 tonnes in weight. It is painted in a dark green colour typical of French Army forest camouflage schemes of the period and is showing signs of wear and tear that can be assumed to be from age and lack of maintenance.

Prior to Incident 3390-2 the anomalous effects of SCP-3390 were unrecorded. It remained in an inactive state and was contained within a standard vehicle containment garage at the Site-21 underground motor-pool pending classification.
Following incident 3390-2 SCP-3390 was observed via close circuit security cameras until power to floor B-19 was lost.

SCP Foundation Site-21
SCP-3390
Incident Number: 3390-2
Date: 18th September 19

Summary of Incident: Events leading to SCP-3390's current containment conditions.

Timeline of events
4:35am
Security Camera footage observing SCP-3390 at Section D of the underground containment motor-pool at Site-21 notes two members of security personnel, identified as and , patrolling the area stopping to observe SCP-3390. Remote mic picks up the two discussing Second World War history.

4:41am
Guards return to their patrol route continuing to discuss history. One of the guards identified as utters the words "Cheese Eating Surrender Monkeys" (a common insult directed at the performance of the French forces during World War Two) at which point SCP-3390 is seen becoming active and accelerates towards the two guards.
Cause of Death to both guards was though severe crushing injury.

4:44am
SCP-3390 continues moving on an eastern projectory. It penetrates the outer wall of the facility and enters corridor 44/B partially destroying Site-21's D-Lab block resulting in the deaths of Personnel and injuring others.

4:50am
SCP-3390 has accelerated to a speed of 31kph and continues to move through the facility with complete disregard for any objects or persons in its way.
SCP-3390 Demonstrates the capability to drive through solid objects beyond the expected capability for a machine of it's design and period including concrete barricades, thick metal walls, and solid steel doors.

4:51am
Containment Alarm is sounded, Site-21 begins evacuation protocol.

4:52am
SCP-3390 penetrates D-Lab blast door, now entering Section F staff cafeteria.
Security Personnel are witnessed opening fire using standard weaponry, SCP-3390 appears undamaged and returns fire.
[DATA EXPUNGED]
Resulting blast weakens structure around staff cafeteria causing part of section F to collapse. SCP-3390 is witnessed falling with the collapse.

SCP-3390 continues downwards through the facility, coming to a rest at Floor 19
Current containment protocols were initiated

Observation Notes

[LEVEL-4 ACCESS REQUIRED]

To @SCPFoundation.com
From @SCPFoundation.com
Date: 5:01am / /19
Subject: You [EXPLETIVE DELETED]
You [EXPLETIVE DELETED]! You trapped us down here with it!
Listen I know we don't always see eye-to-eye but I've got survivors down here, we're hauled up in if you open the door we can make a run for it, pretty sure that thing can't climb stairs.

To @SCPFoundation.com
From @SCPFoundation.com
Date: 5:12am / /19
Subject: Please
Ok, I've gathered up as much as I could. I saw it take down . It just ran them right over, crushed them like they were nothing. I could hear it singing and everything I swear it's enjoying itself!
Please I know it's risky but surely you have a little compassion or perhaps just even see the value in not having us all die down here.
Are we worth nothing to you?

To @SCPFoundation.com
From @SCPFoundation.com
Date: 5:27am / /19
Subject: ok
I've rigged up the cameras like you asked, I sent out to observe it but he didn't come back. He's probably a red stain on the floor

now.
Are you going to open the doors now?

To @SCPFoundation.com
From @SCPFoundation.com
Date: 5:33am / /19
Subject: Done
Ok seriously, I've done everything you asked but when we made a run for the door it was still closed and that thing just…
It knows we're in here, it's patrolling the perimeter, keeping us stuck in the middle. I can hear it moving around that thing isn't exactly subtle you know.

To @SCPFoundation.com
From @SCPFoundation.com
Date: 5:49am / /19
Subject:
I've had a talk with the others and we've agreed [EXPLETIVE DELETED] you! We're making a run for the hole it made when it fell through. Maybe there is enough debris we can climb up to floor 18 or maybe we can find a ladder or something.
And after we get up there I think we've all agreed we're coming to your office to have a little "discussion".
P.S I don't know what song. Some french shit I dunno, I'll sing it to you when I get there.

To @SCPFoundation.com
From @SCPFoundation.com
Date: 6:25am / /19
Subject: Trapped
Scratch my last. The hole was blocked by debris, we tried clearing some of it but that thing just came at us again. I think I'm the only one left now, I think it knows it too.
It's weird, every time I see it I get a sense of

purpose from it like it knows what it's doing. It's stupid I know but I just can't help shake the feeling we're dealing with something intelligent here.
Look I'm sorry for what I said but please, it's guarding the blast door now, if I can slip past it I can sneak up the stairs.

To @SCPFoundation.com
From @SCPFoundation.com
Date: 6:31am / /19
Subject: [EXPLETIVE DELETED]
Ok, so you cut power to the doors. I get it, you want to see how it reacts, you want to see how it kills is that it? Are you typing all this up in the document as we speak? This must be an easy one for you. Description: Big metal tank, likes to run people over, sings. Containment procedures: Just throw it in with all the junior staff and watch the fun.

To @SCPFoundation.com
From @SCPFoundation.com
Date: 7:00am / /19
Subject: Calm now
It saw me. But it didn't attack. It just stared, kept looking between me and the blast door. It's weird, I get that sense of purpose again, I couldn't do anything I just ran but it didn't follow. Maybe it feels sorry for me. Remember to write that down in it's document, SCP shows more compassion for researchers than you do.

To @SCPFoundation.com
From @SCPFoundation.com
Date: 7:11am / /19
Subject: Ideas
It wants out. Not into the facility but outside, it's going somewhere or rather it 'NEEDS' to be somewhere. Don't ask me how or why I just

know ok. Like I look at it and I just get this overwhelming feeling of what it wants.
It broke down the door to the freight elevator but the power was out, it kept trying to do something to the panel but I couldn't see what. I'm going to try approaching it, if it is intelligent it can be reasoned with.
Also I broke open one of the vending machines for food, feel free to put my ass on disciplinary for that.

[LEVEL-1 ACCESS REQUIRED]

7:09am Camera Footage shows SCP-3390 attempting to over-ride the lockout on the freight elevator. Camera was not mounted in a position where it able to ascertain how SCP-3390 was able to do this. After several moments Freight elevator becomes active and descends to floor 19.
Upon Arrival SCP-3390 enters the elevator and attempts to activate it before power to the entire floor is manually cut.

7:12am Camera, now on battery power, notes a large mechanical sounding scream followed by a series of violent explosions. Dust and smoke obscure the camera lens. SCP-3390 is not sighted and no further sounds are recorded for seven hours by which point battery expires and camera ceases operation.

2:30pm Probe camera mounted to a drone sent to ascertain status of SCP-3390 and locate any survivors.
After initiating standard sweep SCP-3390 was discovered still within freight elevator.
SCP-3390 was motionless however service panel to elevator was open and floor was scattered with various Foundation equipment, most notably batteries. Many of these were

jammed into service panel. Again no indication of how SCP-3390 was capable of achieving this.

2:46pm Body of located. Body was slumped in a seated position near blast door. Eyes appeared open in shock, face and torso covered in deep scratch marks, large camera battery forcefully inserted into mouth.

: pm Drone ceased operation at hours, reasons unknown.

Final Statement Floor B-18 was repaired and has been re-purposed into an observation centre for SCP-3390. However all remote cameras have only been able to observe SCP-3390 for a limited time before they cease operation. Further drone reconnaissance has noted all equipment used ends up in pieces scattered around SCP-3390 and the freight elevator area.

Remote observation of SCP-3390 through any electronic device has now been restricted. Any new equipment introduced to SCP-3390's temporary containment area must be either non-battery operated or self-destruct on loss of contact.

Given SCP-3390's current progress we could estimate roughly 3-4 years before any serious problems emerge. An alternate method of containment will be required before then.

-Dr C Amos

/ /19

SCP-3391: An Artificial God

FOREWORD

The following is an outdated version of the current document, retrieved from a Foundation extratemporal deep-well archive, which describes a now neutralized anomaly. Information discrepancies will be readily apparent. It is important that Foundation personnel acquaint themselves with this text in order to contextualise the current documentation for SCP-3391.

By viewing this document you acknowledge that you are a member of staff assigned to the Hubris Project or a member of the O5 Council. If you have erroneously discovered this document or have otherwise accessed it without fulfilling the previously described qualities, close this window immediately. Unauthorised access is punishable by amnesticisation, dissolution of Foundation employment and/or termination.

Item #: SCP-3391

Object Class: Safe Keter

Special Containment Procedures: In cooperation with the government of Greece, a naval exclusionary zone has been established 9 km from SCP-3391 under the guise of a SPAMI[1] ecological reserve. Approaching civilian ships and other vessels are to be turned away. Any vessel attempting to breach the perimeter will be detained, and its occupants subsequently amnesticised. Two Foundation naval vessels are to patrol the perimeter at all times, and are to serve as monitoring stations for SCP-3391.

Due to the self-containing nature of SCP-3391 and its sub-instances, no activities are to be undertaken to actively contain

SCP-3391. Containment is to be focused on preventing civilian exposure to the anomaly and studying its effects on the local marine ecosystem.

Update 16/05/16: SCP-3391-3 is to be contained in a standard psionic isolation locker in Site 104's sublevel. SCP-3391-3 is not to be exposed to unsheltered muscular tissue nor any small mammals or fish. *27/05/16: Due to the destruction of SCP-3391-3 containment procedures for the anomaly are no longer necessary*

Update 27/05/16: As of recent events surrounding SCP-3391 the anomaly has been reclassified as Keter and designated a threat to consensus reality, as well as a potential eschatological threat. Military operations are to be conducted in order to contain, and ultimately terminate the entity.

A closeup of an instance of SCP-3391-1, taken by a drone during initial containment efforts.

Description: SCP-3391 is an irregular mass of undifferentiated tissue located at coordinates . ° , . ° in the Libyan Sea south of Crete; located m beneath sea level. Sonar scans indicate the mass covers approximately 16 km² of the seafloor. Recovered samples have revealed the surface of the structure to be composed primarily of mammalian cardiac tissue. Deep-tissue analysis has been hindered by the presence of SCP-3391-1 and SCP-3391-2.

SCP-3391-1 are the marine wildlife present in the waters around SCP-3391. All SCP-3391-1 organisms appear to be mutated or modified strains of otherwise non-anomalous organisms typically present in the waters surrounding SCP-3391. In nearly all recorded cases instances of SCP-3391-1 possess redundant or harmful modifications to their bodies such as nonviable configuration of organs, missing appendages and other damaging features inherent to their biology. SCP-3391-1 organisms are extremely fertile and are able to breed with any other instances, resulting in a stable population of between ≈ to instances at any one time. It is unknown how SCP-3391-1 maintains a stable population; so far, no instances have displayed the need to metabolise or consume any substances. Captive instances of SCP-3391-1 remain alive indefinitely without any nutritional input, but prove susceptible to

regular means of termination such as physical trauma, suffocation and incineration. While SCP-3391-1 are generally docile several larger instances have proven openly hostile to personnel, complicating operations in and around the anomaly.

SCP-3391-2 describes the waste products produced by instances of SCP-3391-1[2]. Due to the high mortality and breeding rate of SCP-3391-1, SCP-3391-2 currently covers km² of the seafloor, measuring almost 20m deep near the centre of the mass. SCP-3391-2 is constantly absorbed into the mass of SCP-3391, with dead cells reanimating, and assimilating themselves into SCP-3391's surface, causing SCP-3391 to expand in size over time. Even when removed from SCP-3391 this behaviour continues, preventing SCP-3391-2 from experiencing decay.

Sonar scans have determined that SCP-3391 reaches almost 300 metres beneath the seafloor. Analysis of the water surrounding SCP-3391 has revealed it to contain several exotic organic compounds such as leptin and estradiol in carcinogenic concentrations near SCP-3391. The source of these compounds is unknown but their presence is limited to the area in which SCP-3391-2 manifests, rendering them harmless to the world at large.

Image of The Fissure, taken from Beta's bodycam

Addendum 3391-1:

On 15/05/2016, Foundation patrol ships reported significant anomalous activity in and around SCP-3391's containment area, citing large yellow streaks visible in the water, increased SCP-3391-1 movement, and minor seismic activity. Sonar scans detected the formation of a large cavity in the centre of SCP-3391. After a brief period of debate, acting director F G ordered MTF Gamma-6 ("Deep Feeders") to investigate, who were promptly dispatched to investigate the structure.

+ MTF Gamma-6 SCP-3391 Exploration Log

MTF Gamma-6 arrives at the designated diving point at : local time. All four agents

are equipped with standard deep sea diving kit, with Agent Rumor (Alpha) carrying esoteric sampling equipment. At Director F G 's discretion, the operation commences at : from the SCPS-Iago expedition submarine, with the intention of mapping out changes to the structure and acquiring samples, and any items of interest from within the anomaly.

<MTF Gamma-6: Begin Log>

Alpha: This is Rumor. Check, Gamma-6.

Beta: Omar good to go. Check.

Delta: Prepped and ready to dive.

Epsilon: Epsilon, Check.

Alpha: Command, permission to commence dive?

Command: You're greenlit, Gamma-6. Begin the operation.

<The SCPS-Iago's pressure chamber floods with water. Gamma-6 is submerged. The diving chamber opens approximately 40m above SCP-3391. Gamma-6 swims toward the outside of SCP-3391, a short distance from the fissure. Several instances of SCP-3391-1 are present in the water.>

Delta: Jesus. Never got to see the thing up close before.

Alpha: Command, we're approaching SCP-3391-2. How do you copy?

Command: We're reading you, loud and clear. No electromagnetic disturbances.

Epsilon: Hey, do we know what those yellow streaks above us are? We shouldn't be worried about those, right?

Delta: As far as we can tell, it's just jumbled organic lipids and proteins. It should be inert, but keep an eye on it anyways. Alpha, how are the readings?

Alpha: Same as the probes they sent down here. Kant Counter is reading a steady 92. Pressure's at 47 bar. Nothing unusual.

<MTF Gamma-6 reaches the opening in SCP-3391, known as "the fissure" by the team, and identified as such for the rest of this document. SCP-3391-1 instances are observed to approach, but never interact with personnel. Extraneous dialogue removed for brevity. Upon arrival at the fissure, visibility noticeably degrades, due to the presence of the organic yellow substance in the water.>

Delta: Command, we're at the fissure.

Beta: Looks to be about twenty metres wide and a couple hundred long. I can't see the bottom, there's too much of that protein crap. You sure the yellow stuff's harmless?

Command: You should be fine in your suits. It's not caustic or reactive.

Epsilon: Alright. Sonar maps measure this thing to be around two hundred metres deep. Delta, you're the one with the most experience with this kind of stuff. How do you want to handle this?

Delta: Prep your gear and keep a close watch on your periphery. There's no telling what

could be in that fog. Beta, fix the harnesses at the mouth of the fissure. We're going in. Command, keep an eye on the Iago and the extraction zone.

Beta: Roger that.

Command: Roger.

<Beta sets up stakes at buried within SCP-3391-2, which was considered firm enough to provide adequate leverage. MTF Gamma-6 attaches their harnesses to the stakes.>

Alpha: We're entering the fissure now.

Command: Copy that, team. Try to avoid confrontation if at all possible.

Delta: Got it. We're diving.

<The team enters the fissure, drifting through the water. The walls of the structure are not visible. After two minutes, they land at the bottom of the fissure.>

Alpha: Okay. We've landed. Collecting a water sample. Ugh, the ground's all sticky. Looks like… fresh meat. It's red and healthy, not like the brown stuff on the surface.

Delta: It feels like the fissure's shaking. Command are you reading seismic disturbances on your end? SCP-3391 seems to be… thumping, at around 50 bpm.

Command: No readings up here. It's localized to the inside of the anomaly.

Alpha: Alright then. Let's find a wall, see if we can't find something interesting.

<MTF Gamma-6 walks to the northeast for approximately four minutes. They come across a sheer cliff that extends into the yellow fog above. At this point, they are well outside of the surface-boundaries of the fissure. There is a large vertical slit in the wall, with several lengthy folds of striated tissue surrounding it. It appears to be pulsing rhythmically. During this time, radio contact is lost with the team due to their distance from Command. All further dialogue and footage is recovered post-mission from the squad's personal recording devices.>

Alpha: Command's out. We're on our own from here.

Beta: Are we going to talk about, you know, the big vag on the wall?

Epsilon: It's a portal, or a door. I've seen this kind of organic engineering in **Hungary**. Looks like we're dealing with something manmade.

Alpha: Is there a chance we might meet resistance in there?

Epsilon: We're equipped to deal with the -1s but there's no telling what we'll find behind this door. Just keep your gun close to you.

Delta: Hang on. I'm interacting with the anomaly. Have my tether ready.

<Delta touches the edge of the growth. After several seconds of this motion, he reaches into the centre of the slit. As he does so he is forcefully pulled into the opening. His bodycam records approximately fifteen seconds of rapid motion through a thin passage of intestinal

tissue, apparently propelled forward through a motion similar to peristalsis. Delta is ejected from an opening; emerging into a large hemispherical room with a domed roof largely composed of organic calcites, and a floor constructed from a mixture of adipose and cartilage. Several items of furniture are present, as well as three large sphincter-like folds of skin placed on the other end of the room. The room is devoid of water.>

Delta: Jesus! I just got pulled through the anomaly. Think it bruised my ribs. I'm in some kind of circular room. There's a large chamber here, round. It's made up of more the meaty stuff we saw outside, but it looks a lot fresher. Healthier, for lack of a better word.

Epsilon: I'm going in with you.

Beta: Following.

<Alpha, Beta and Epsilon enter the anomaly, and are united with Delta. All three agents are ejected from the cavity.>

Alpha: Oh, god, the floor's all sticky. Going to take another sample, hang on.

Beta: This place kinda looks like a house or a tent. Mattresses and tables. People must have been living here for a long time. Looks like they've been gone a while though. Damn, I'm glad I can't smell anything in this suit.

Epsilon: There's a load of thaumic equipment too. Bolines, chalices, blocks of salt…

Alpha: And a solid Hume signature behind that 'anal flap'.

Beta: Why is everything here so gross? First a clit, now a butthole.

Epsilon: Get used to it. It's called "Deep Feeders" for a reason.

Delta: Keep the comms clean unless it's something worth saying. I'm checking the flap to the left.

<Epsilon enters the opening left of the primary anomaly. The room is clearly a large study, with several papers, scrolls and artefacts inside. He collects them and surveys the room. It appears to be well-lived in.>

Epsilon: Nothing important in here. Some books we don't care about, a shelf, a table… must've been at least twelve people living in this complex.

Alpha: Done with the samples over here. I'm going through the other.

<Alpha enters the cavity to the right. Behind it, there is a large corridor, with several similar but relaxed openings on either side.>

Delta: Find anything?

Alpha: Not much. I'm looking through the rooms, seems like it's a whole bunch of bunk beds, spare clothes, the usual fare. This stuff looks recent. Modern-day recent, judging by the way the clothes are made. Do you think we could be in an active anomaly?

Epsilon: No shit Sherlock. It's an SCP. This looks more like a reclaimed anomaly, from where I'm standing. Seems the guests got pretty comfortable here.

Alpha: There's nobody in here where I am. I've taken some DNA readings, we'll see if the lab boys can get a fix on who was living here. Delta, any word on the stuff in the main chamber?

Delta: I've got the Thaumic equipment lined up on a table over here. Some of this looks pretty badly made. Whoever was living down here came after the anomaly first showed up. They might still be here, for all we know.

<Alpha and Epsilon re-enter the main chamber.>

Alpha: Yeah, well, I think we'll be seeing them real soon. The sig in the last room's reading locked, about 300 on the Kant counter.

Epsilon: Is it moving?

Alpha: No. It doesn't seem to be aware, either. It's just a blob of jumbled thoughts at the moment. It definitely can't see us, if that's what you're worried about.

Beta: Here goes, then.

<MTF Gamma-9 enters the primary anomaly chamber. The structure begins with a lengthy corridor that goes on for about fifty metres at a slight downward angle, widening out into a small cylindrical chamber primarily composed of cardiac tissue. Several skeletons are embedded in the wall, with the remnants of at least five different individuals visibly stuck on its surface. There is a podium in the centre of the room with a small heart on it, beating rhythmically. The room pulses in tandem to the same beat.>

Delta: Well, at least we know what happened to the guests.

Beta: We're not going to get mulched like them, are we?

Epsilon: Not unless we're stupid. And as far as our knowledge goes, these skeletons could be anyone's.

Beta: The heart's definitely not human. The whole room's shaking with it. Think we should take it back to the lab?

Delta: Don't touch it yet. We have no idea what might happen. Alpha, what do you think?

Alpha: Looks safe enough. It's not sentient, it's not even putting out that much EVE. All that energy's internal. The best way I can describe it is as a sleeping type green.

Beta: So it won't hurt you?

Alpha: Not on purpose.

Epsilon: Whatever. I'm taking the anomaly.

<Epsilon takes hold of the heart, and removes it from the pedestal. It is unattached and comes off cleany. Upon losing contact with the pedestal, the heart and room stop beating.>

Delta: Shit. Might have damaged the anomaly. Well, what's done is done. Have we all got what we came for?

Alpha: Samples collected.

Epsilon: I have all the study equipment.

Beta: Carrying some of the tools from the

main chamber.

Delta: Sounds all good. Let's go.

<MTF Gamma-6 return through the opening, and begin to swim back to the SCPS-Iago. Command reestablishes contact as soon as they leave the fissure. The mission is concluded without incident.>

Post Action Report:

MTF Gamma-6's mission was deemed a success. The removal of the 'heart'[3] from SCP-3391 resulted in no visible changes to the overall anomaly. The yellow substance surrounding SCP-3391 dispersed into the ocean over several hours. Analysis of the fluid revealed it to be composed of various organic proteins and lipids, several not occurring in nature. Standard analysis revealed it to be a non-anomalous source of both organic compounds, as well as safe for ingestion during laboratory testing. Its concentration in regional waters was deemed low enough that no disinformation campaigns were necessary.

The team recovered several items of interest, several of which have been catalogued below. Followup dives failed to rediscover the room that MTF Gamma-6 had entered, or any other features of interest within SCP-3391. Review of Gamma-6's mounted cameras reveal the entry chamber to have likely been a containment vessel for a large Thaumic working, with various artefacts and faint inscriptions within the room having acted as dampeners for EVE rebound during various thaumic activities.

SCP-3391-3:

SCP-3391-3 is the object recovered from the central pedestal of the room found within SCP-3391. It is physically and molecularly identical to a non-anomalous human heart, excluding a lack of openings where the pulmonary veins and arteries would be present, with thick layers of cardiac tissue in their place. When placed near exposed muscular tissue[4], SCP-3391-3 will begin to beat rhythmically, causing the exposed muscle to anomalously contract

and relax at a similar pace. Testing has revealed it to have a weak compulsive effect on small mammals, increasing libido and appetite.

Recovered Materials:

Several written texts and items were recovered from SCP-3391, many of anachronistic design. In total, Gamma-6 recovered three scrolls, one book, one now catalogued anomalous object[5] and numerous generic objects associated with **Sarkic**[6] rites, including a series of sacrificial knives, preserved human organs and carved runic tablets. One such text believed to be related to its origins has been placed below.

Recovered Text Excerpt: "Red Instrumentations"[7]

+ Text Excerpt: Red Instrumentations

> On the fourth day our guide introduced us to a woman who he called a "Volutaar", a status of some respect in their culture. She did not offer her name and so I did not think it wise to ask. We departed at noon and followed her for many hours. I must admit I was growing impatient. The road we walked was frigid and barren of sights. I believed for a time that she was simply waylaying us but when I first laid my eyes on the prison of Nyasae[8], such thoughts immediately fled my mind.
>
> A great pit had been dug into the earth, with stairs taller than the pyramids themselves stretching deep into the hollow. It took us until the moon was well over our heads to reach the bottom and even then my amazement did not cease. We saw men with eyes like cats, women with serpents' teeth, dogs the size of camels and soldiers whose appearances I still cannot conjure to my mind. But they were not what we were there to see.
>
> Beneath the earth there were monsters. I have

no doubt that if Set or Apophis were to be found on Earth, Nyasae is where I would see them. There were mounds of flesh that took countless forms, pools of deep red blood and insects the size of men that tore one another apart with a ferocity I have never seen. While I was looking at the latter the woman approached me and asked that I come with her. When I asked where to, she only smiled.

She led me away from my entourage and into the tunnels beneath the prison. By then wonder and curiosity had washed away my fear. We walked throughout catacombs woven of clay and meat before coming to a chamber as tall as two scores of men. Arrayed before me were hundreds of slaves, craftsmen and arcane workers standing around circles of chalk and little metal trinkets. The slaves walked toward the heart and laid their hands upon it. Their bodies would shudder and melt like wax. Like water down a funnel, they would fall into the mass and join it. Throughout my stay I never saw this process cease; not when I entered and not when I left.

She told me that it was a weapon. A god that they had unearthed buried deep in the ground. One that they would make their own. We watched for many more hours, while she talked about the rest of the pit. The exploits of the Adi-um, the deals they had made and the gods they had imprisoned. But I was mesmerised by the heart. It whispered in my mind, it beat with a powerful rhythm. And it grew louder. Louder in my head, not whispering, but screaming in many voices. In rage, in pain, in ecstasy, in all emotions. I could not turn away.

I left that room shaken and dazed. I did not think to ask questions, nor see any more of Nyasae. I simply wanted to be away from that profane pit as soon as I could. Just as I was mounting my camel I turned to the woman, and asked her why they needed a weapon fuelled by such sacrifice. Why they needed such a power. I thought she would say the Mekhanites, the Greeks, even my dearest Egypt. She only smiled.

Addendum 3391-2

On 25/05/16 at 6:22 PM, SCP-3391-3 demonstrated previously unknown psionic properties. 63 of the 81 staff at Site 104^9 simultaneously experienced various forms of cardiac dysfunction, including palpitations and arrhythmia. Of these personnel, 7 died as a result of these afflictions. Medical staff attempted to treat the sudden development, while nearby sites were contacted to request support and replacement personnel.

Approximately twenty minutes after the initial incident, all staff who had previously been affected suddenly became hostile, and began attacking unaffected personnel, demonstrating an unusual awareness of each other, and coordination beyond previously recorded tactical abilities. Several convoys of staff and relief personnel from neighbouring sites were attacked and captured before the situation could be properly reported. Due to the mounting severity of the crisis, MTF Epsilon-11 (“Nine Tailed Fox”) was dispatched with psionic resistance gear and heavy armaments in an attempt to subdue all affected staff, and recontain SCP-3391-3.

MTF Epsilon-11 Log:

+ Access MTF Epsilon-11 Site 104 Mission Log

MTF Epsilon-11 (“Nine Tailed Fox”) arrived at Gate C of Site 104 at 21:22 local time. MTF members involved were E11-1 (Squad Leader), E11-2 (Second in Command), E11-3

(Organics specialist), E11-4 (Psionic operative) and E11-5 to E11-9 (Squaddies). Site power is sporadic, and command are unable to communicate with Epsilon-11 due to the site's subterranean construction. All following audio and footage were recovered from the MTF's PRDs.

E11-1 (SL): This is Squad Leader. We're beginning the operation. Any questions before we begin?

E11-6 (Sq): Orders on engaging affected staff?

E11-1: Do not engage unless provoked. If someone pulls a gun, you're clear to fire.

<MTF Epsilon-11 proceed through Checkpoint C, and enter the entrance zone of Site 104. The entire above-ground staging area is devoid of any other individuals.>

E11-5 (Sq): Looks like the area's-

<An individual later identified as Doctor Harvey, appears from the inside of Checkpoint C and throws an IED at the group. He is immediately terminated by E11-3, but the IED explodes, resulting in minor lacerations along E11-4's legs and torso.>

E11-8 (Sq): Shit!

E11-2 (SiC): T ! Are you okay?

E11-4: I'm good, I'm good; just a few cuts.

E11-5: Eyes up! I see movement in the main ops room; take the checkpoint!

<E11-5, E11-2 and E11-9 break into

Checkpoint C, and sweep for hostiles. They encounter D-3416, who promptly assaults E11-2 with a knife. D-3416 is easily subdued by the three agents and pinned against a wall.>

E11-2: D-3416! What is happening in this facility?

D-3416: <Unintelligible.>

E11-2: D-3416, tell me what happened. What happened to the staff? What happened in Site 104?

D-3416: <Unknown, repetitive statements; conjectured to be in an unknown Proto-Samoyedic dialect. Continues talking over E11-5.>

E11-5: Just shoot him. We're not getting anything out of this guy.

D-3416: (In modern English) Alive! I'm alive… Iahel, am I you? I see six Angels. They are so beautiful. Alaggada! The Hanged King watches me. My eyes burn, please! No more metal, no more steel! I will be god, always be god! Always always have been will be was being!

E11-1: Nothing useful. Terminate the D-class. We can't leave a psionic anomaly out here.

E11-2: Got it.

D-3416: When was I? Why won't time stay st-

<D-3416 is terminated by gunshot.>

E11-2: Is the rest of the checkpoint clear?

E11-9 (Sq): Yeah. Found a dead guard up top. Looks like the poor sod was trying to warn us.

E11-1: Figures. Alright, we're done here. Move up, keep your eyes peeled.

<MTF Epsilon-11 proceeds past Checkpoint C, and advances toward Site 104's aboveground superstructure. No further personnel, living or otherwise, are encountered during this period. E11-1 approaches the main entrance to Site 104, and attempts to open the blast doors. His authorisation card is accepted, but the entrance remains sealed.>

E11-1: I can't get in. The doors won't budge. Squaddies, get the charges. We're breaching.

<E11-9 and E11-8 prepare thermite charges, and place them against the centre of the door. On E11-1's mark, they breach. An enormous amount of steam is generated, greatly hindering visibility.>

E11-1: Clear the smoke, we're heading in.

<Epsilon-11 enter Site 104. The entrance foyer has been overtaken by a growth of organic connective tissue, with a significant area of charred material near the main gate. The structure is porous, and continually releases large amounts of steam, creating a hazardous quantity of heat.>

E11-7: This place is disgusting. Any idea what this… meaty shit is?

E11-3: Looks like epithelial tissue, like you'd find in a stomach.

E11-4: Ugh. Gross. Any idea where the staff

are? I can't sense anyone besides us on this floor.

E11-1: We don't know what happened. Judging by the halls, we can't assume anything good. Watch out for more hostiles. -4, track any psychic signatures. Tell us if something's up.

<Epsilon-11 continue through the facility. Beyond the entrance is the foyer of Site 104, which has been completely overgrown by the same growth noted earlier. There are several bright red pustules located around the room.>

E11-4: Clear. Can't feel anything. Either nobody's around, or the skip's messing with my head.

E11-1: Understood. -3, any idea what those lumps are?

E11-3: Taking a look.

<E11-3's mounted camera shows a close-up of the pustules on the wall. There is a partially formed human inside roughly matching the description of Site Director P . Her head has several missing patches of skin, as well as a significant portion of her lower jaw. She appears to be unconscious.>

E11-3: What the hell? Come over here, there's people in there!

E11-9: Oh, that is just… sick. Is that the site director in there?

E11-1: Cut it open, carefully. We might be able to get something out of her, provided she's still alive.

E11-5: On it.

<The team moves to a safe distance, while E11-5 uses a long-range laser cutter to ablate the material away. Several seconds in, the growth suddenly expands and bursts, showering the team with pus. The individual within emerges, revealing several deformities and physiological amorphisms, including elongated misshapen limbs, deformed facial proportions and an overall height of ≈250 centimetres, which was not initially apparent when Epsilon-11 examined the pustule. It turns to face E11-8 and leaps onto her, crushing her abdominal areas. E11-8 ceases lifesigns presumably due to fatal rupture of her organs.>

E11-2: It's hostile, take it down!

<Epsilon-11 shoot the anomaly (T-1), and successfully incapacitate it. E11-9 and E11-3 immediately run toward, and subdue the instance. Despite the loss of its left arm, an incomplete jaw and severe damage to its abdomen (including the severance of its lower spinal cord), it continues to struggle and articulate.>

Site Director P (T-1): Stop! Stop! You'll kill us! You killed me!

E11-4: Jesus christ! You killed E !

E11-1: Quiet for a moment. -3, hold its arms down. (Speaking to T-1) Who am I talking to?

T-1: Us. Site 104 containment staff, Iahel's followers, sleeping god of Adytum, we are alive. Were. Always have been. Are you still talking?

E11-1: Yes. I am aware you are alive. So, are the consciousnesses of the Site 104 staff contained within you?

T-1: Georgia Lamento, Karey Meyers, Stephan Gold, Travis Mason (The entity continues to list the names of 52 Site 104 staff, the presumed titles of seventeen unknown individuals, “Karcist Iahel”, and a severe verbal sensory hazard)

E11-2: Iahel? He’s the guy who made you, right? Is he still in there?

T-1: He I am alive inside us. We he were speaking. Am you? No, only half Epsilon go away. Run! You’re going going!

E11-4: What is that meant to m-… okay, nevermind. I can only feel one psionic signature in your body. You can’t possibly contain that many people.

T-1: We are one. Mind thinks synchronise. Grow, make hive. Ascend and be one. One great, one man grand. One will be strength, one day one tomorrow!

E11-1: One mind, too. Can you isolate your components, let us talk to someone in particular?

T-1: No no not someone, never separate, we are and will be have been one. Time to go to school! Bye Robert, better luck next time!

E11-3: This is pointless. Shoot it, let’s get on with this.

T-1: Not now! When don’t kill! Will not kill SCP-3391! You came to kill us, you come to

kill us, why aren't you saving me? Holy shit what's going on?! Help, help, h-

<E11-2 shoots T-1 in the head a total of seven times. Despite suffering extensive cranial damage, the entity remains conscious and alive until the sixth shot.>

E11-2: Tough fucker.

E11-6: Are we equipped to handle this? This is shaping up to be a whole new skip, at the very least. We've already lost one of our people, we shouldn't make that all nine.

E11-1: We're pressing on. We have to find out what this thing is, and whether we can stop it. We can't risk further contamination, god forbid a bigger MTF gets taken over by this thing. Blast the pustules. We're not leaving these things to bite us in the ass later.

<Epsilon-11 shoot the remaining pustules, terminating all entities contained within. A total of seventeen are encountered and subsequently dispatched. Several instances are noted to resemble already terminated staff, or the same 'base' individual as another instance.>

E11-2: Now that that's been dealt with…

<The Task Force continues throughout the facility. Hostile staff are regularly encountered in groups of two to four, usually making incoherent statements directed at Epsilon-11. Notably, some members of staff are encountered several times, even after their confirmed termination. The MTF proceeds to Elevator Shaft F-2, and prepares to descend to the containment level.>

E11-9: Jesus. This place sickens me. All of these people, twisted into monsters by some fucked up anomaly.

E11-6: They don't talk properly either. Just that senseless babbling.

E11-4: They're so confused. They feel like children, lashing out at whatever they see. I don't think it even knows it's hurting us.

E11-2: This isn't time for sympathy. The thing's killing us with our own people. Squad Leader, what's the holdup?

E11-1: The elevator's got power, but the lockdown's jammed the carriage. -5, get the breach materials, we're rappelling down the shaft.

E11-5: Prepping the breaching charges.

<E11-5 plants an explosive package on the bottom of the elevator.>

E11-5: Clear!

<The charges explode, destroying the floor of the elevator carriage. Epsilon-11 rappel down the elevator cable, landing on the Primary Containment Level, where SCP-3391's chamber was previously located.>

E11-3: Wow. This place is infested.

E11-4: I can't even see the walls behind all this meaty crap.

E11-5: Hey, you think there might be survivors down here?

E11-6: I doubt anybody managed to live this

long. We must've killed at least fifty guys by now. There's no way anything could've avoided those things.

E11-1: It's our mission and our duty to check. Come on. Maybe we'll even be able to recontain the threat without having to fry the whole site.

E11-4: Hey, wait. You hear that?

E11-2: No. What?

E11-4: There's people out there. I… I think they're on this level. They're not possessed or controlled like the others. They must be the psychically resistant staff. As you said, -1, it's our mission and our duty to get them out.

E11-1: Right. -2, you take nine and follow -4. The rest of you, come with me. We're heading deeper into the facility to look for more. The security detail might be locked up in the shelters. You've got your assignments, let's move.

<E11-2, -4 and -9 emerge from the shaft and proceed down the entrance corridor. They follow -4's lead, which takes them to the site's main safety bunker. Meanwhile, E11-1, -3, -5, -6 and -7 walk straight forward, toward the original containment wing. At this point Epsilon-11 is split between two groups of 4 under the command of E11-2 and E11-1 respectively.>

<E11-2 arrives at the evacuation shelter and attempts to access the safety bunker. His authorisation is denied due to the site's lockdown procedures. He knocks on the door.>

E11-2: Hello? Anyone in there?

Unknown 1: <Indistinct>

E11-4: He can't hear us. There's three people in there, but they're not in good shape. Our only option might be to cut open the door.

E11-9: We're entering the bunker, okay? Just stay calm.

<E11-9 uses a thermal cutter to open the door over the course of several minutes. Meanwhile, E11-1 and his portion of the team continue to explore the site.>

E11-3: The site schematics say the security room should be just on our left. We'll want to get a hold of the security camera feeds.

E11-1: Understood. Let's recover the data.

<The squad open the security room door, revealing a large arthropodic entity, displaying features and anomalous attributes similar to those of SCP- . The entity attacks Epsilon-11, grabbing and consuming E11-5.>

E11-5: No no no, wai- (Footage indicates that E11-5 perished at this point)

E11-7: Holy shit! Shoot it, shoot it!

E11-3: No, just fucking run! We don't stand a chance against a copycat skip!

<E11-1, -3, -6 and -7 turn away from the arthropod and flee down the corridor, but are cut off by three individuals with similar appearances to E11-8 and E11-5.>

E11-1: What the hell? B ?

E11-8 Impostor: Sorry, M , but it has to be this way. I have to kill three. And then, you have to kill me.

E11-5 Impostor (1): SCP-3391, it's… hard to describe. It gets in your head, you know? And it already knows what's we're going to do. So this has to happen.

<Affected MTF members open fire on Epsilon-11. Despite their outward appearances mimicking MTF armour and equipment, their clothing and weaponry prove to be bonded to their bodies, and formed out of a soft chitin. E11-3 is perforated with shards of bone. Her body quickly swells, and is subsumed by an enormous cancerous growth. The arthropodic entity pauses to spit a caustic substance over the tumour, before consuming the resultant slurry.>

E11-7: Crap, -3! It's fucking eating her!

E11-1: There's no time for that, open fire!

E11-5 Impostor (2): Don't be afraid. If you could see what I can, you'd already know how it all ends.

<E11-1 and E11-7 terminate the impostor MTFs. The arthropodic entity rapidly engorges itself on the remains of E11-3, and swells in size, gaining significant mass and anomalous abilities. It quickly approaches and grabs E11-6. He is lifted into the air and disemboweled, while the entity engorges itself on the spillage. -6 remains conscious and primes several explosives on his person,>

E11-6: You want some? Come and get it, you spindly bastard.

<The entity and -6 are engulfed in a fireball, incinerating both individuals. -1 and -7 are able to avoid the blast and continue running from the security room.>

E11-2: What's going on over there? I heard explosions. Are you alright?

E11-1: Lost five, six and three. I'm sorry, can't talk for long.

E11-7: Met some sosies of eight and five, too. Had to shoot them in the head. Again.

E11-4: It took over an entire site, turned its inhabitants into puppets and now it's turning our own people against us?

E11-1: And I think it's getting smarter, too. Found six earlier, he talked to me; almost like a person. Said… he had to kill -3. And then, I had to kill him.

E11-9: That doesn't seem to make much sense.

E11-4: Either way, it's getting more coherent. Smarter. It took the staff, and it started making fucked up verseions of them of them, and then it took -5 and -8, and started creating its own soldiers.

E11-7: And it made a couple of SCPs to boot.

E11-2: Cut the theorising. The bunker door's cut through, we're opening it now. Hey! We're coming in!

<While E11-7 and E11-1 mute their comms, E11-2, -4 and -9 enter the bunker. It is entirely free of the tissue seen outside. Three members of Site 104 staff are present inside.

Two are on the other side of the chamber, one of whom is armed with a pistol. An additional member of staff is standing to the side, hyperventilating.>

Admin Staff Remer: Stop! Don't take another step, I'll shoot!

E11-2: Put the gun down! This is Epsilon-11, we're here to get you out of the facility.

Guest Researcher Esther: They're more fucking mimics, John! Get the hell away from us!

E11-4: Look, if you're not going to cooperate we'll leave you here; but right now, we're the only chance you have of getting out.

<After several seconds, Remer looks at Esther, puts down his gun, and steps forward.>

Remer: Fine. Lead the way, then.

E11-9: Hey, uhh, are you okay over there? (Gesturing at the third member of staff)

Security Officer Tamry: Yeah, yeah. Just go on ahead. I'll be right behind you.

Esther: How're we going to get out? The containment level's been locked down.

E11-4: We'll be escorting you to the elevator. We have rappel lines there. -2, how far do we have to go?

E11-2: Ten minutes' walk, by my count. Come on, let's go.

Tamry: About time, too.

<The rescue team collect all three staff, and begin escorting them to the elevator. Meanwhile, E11-1 and -9 converse quietly in the security wing of the containment level, apparently avoiding the arthropodic entity.>

E11-9: What's the plan now?

E11-1: The mission's a bust. The best we can do is make sure the others get to the surface safely, and maybe get ourselves out too; though I don't really see that happening now.

<E11-1 begins transmitting to E11-2 at this point>

E11-1: Hey, are the staff out safely?

E11-2: Yes, we're proceeding to the elevator now. What's your status?

E11-1: We're holed up in the security wing, pursued by a large cryptid. No way we can beat it, and no way we can get out while it's blocking the corridors.

E11-2: Do you need assistance?

E11-1: No. I was just making sure you were safe. You should get going.

E11-2: You don't need to micromanage us. Shouldn't you be a little more preoccupied with keeping yourself alive?

E11-1: There's no chance in hell me and -7 are getting out of this. Keep the men safe, yeah?

E11-2: I will, sir.

E11-7: Shit, I hear something coming, get

down!

<E11-1 muted his communications at this point, before following E11-7 behind a crate. An unknown number of humanoids enter the room, and immediately attack the two agents, resulting in a prolonged firefight. Meanwhile, E11-2 and his segment of the task force traverse the facility.>

E11-9: I know we should save it for the debriefing, but what exactly happened down here? This place looks totally grown over.

Tamry: I- I don't know. God, half the staff just started grabbing at their chests, yelling for medical. Next thing we know we're outnumbered, fighting our own people, and… I know it's what we're trained for but it just felt so terrifying.

E11-2: It's perfectly normal to be scared. Nobody expects you to deal with something like that. What matters right now is that we get back to the surface. You don't have to worry about a thing.

Remer: You haven't got anyone else coming down here, right? No more teams or anything?

E11-2: No, we're the first responders. Command's on overwatch. If anything happens to us, they'll send in a specialised bioteam, smoke the place out.

Esther: Have you got them on the radio?

E11-9: No. The facility's too far underground for us to get a signal. Why do you ask?

Tamry: Oh, you know. Getting to know you is

all.

<Esther and Tamry attack and restrain E11-4, displaying anomalous physical strength. While Remer assaults E11-2 and -9, Tamry shatters -4's helmet, and places a hand over her face, causing her body to rapidly calcify. Shortly afterward, Tamry begins consuming her.>

E11-9: What the fuck!? K said they were safe!

<E11-9 throws an incendiary device at the apparently affected staff, incinerating Remer and Esther. Tamry, however, leaps onto E11-9, and begins caving in his helmet. The staff member is terminated through a shot to the back of the head before they can kill -9.>

E11-2: Yeah. She did. She couldn't have gotten it wrong she's- she's never been wrong before.

E11-9: This fucking thing can copy our psionic signatures? Our gear? The fucking skips inside the facility?! Fuck this noise, I'm heading to the surface. We're getting out of here!

<E11-2 and E11-9 run through the facility toward the elevator. Upon reaching it however, they discover that it has been entirely overgrown by cardiac tissue.>

E11-9: Shit, shit shit!

<E11-9 collapses against a wall.>

E11-9: We're going to die down here! We're actually going to fucking die!

E11-2: It's too smart. It knew everything about

us. It led us into a trap, got what it needed from us. The gibberish, the staff, the skips… it's been playing us this whole time.

E11-9: Who cares?! We're boned, none of this matters anymore! Can't even get a signal up to command. All we can do is sit here and wait like a bunch of impotent fucks!

E11-2: Shut up! We still have a chance to get out of here. We'll reach -1 and -9, they'll know what happens next.

E11-9: And then what? Even if they're alive, what can they do?

E11-2: We'll blow this place up. Activate the on-site nuke, it's the only option left.

<E11-9 makes radio connection with -1.>

E11-9: Squad leader! What's going on over there?

E11-1: We're bogged down! Dozens of staff, and more copies of our team.

E11-2: Copy that. The exits are sealed off, we're on our way. Stay alive.

<E11-1 and E11-7 notice a group of MTF soldiers entering the room. Their facial features cannot be seen behind their visors.>

E11-7: More of them! Shit!

<-1 and -7 exchange fire with the entities to little effect. -7 is shot in the chest and begins to disgorge large quantities of blood and flesh from his mouth. He rapidly succumbs to blood loss and collapses. -1 crouches behind a crate, no longer engaging the hostile MTF.>

E11-1: They've got O . I'm sorry, but I think I'm going to die.

<Several anomalous humanoids emerge from the walls, with a lack of facial features and identifying traits. They do not acknowledge E11-1, instead standing in place. All present copycat MTFs also stand still and do not approach -1.>

E11-1: (Whispering) They've stopped. Something's happening.

<All anomalous humanoids within the facility suddenly take on the appearance of E11-4, including her armour and equipment. All instances of E11-4 begin speaking, but fail to notice E11-1.>

E11-4: Hello? Is anyone there?

E11-9: What the hell? Squad leader, is -4 over there with you?

E11-4: It's so dark… is anyone out there? My name is K . I'm here to help.

E11-1: Shit, this can't be happening… -4, you're dead too?

E11-4: Hello? I'm- are you there W ? M ? Someone answer me! Wait… who- who are you?

E11-2: She can't hear us. I think she's talking to the gestalt. Her psionic training must be keeping her independent.

E11-4: But… why? They weren't in your way. You don't need to kill them, you didn't need to hurt us!

<E11-4's faculties degrade significantly, causing her to lose consciousness for several seconds. When she begins talking again, her voice is slow and slurred.>

E11-4: Shut up! I- is that you? Wait, M ? Why's he down there?! What are you doing?!

<-4's speech degrades further, rendering her communications nearly incoherent>

E11-1: Shit, she must be going. No no no, don't go now, K , stay in there!

E11-4: No, you get the fuck away from him! You mindless freak, you're not killing anyone else! Look into my head! That's the world I'm fighting for. You're not going to hurt one more person, you hear me?! I'll make sure of that.

<E11-2 stops broadcasting entirely. All anomalous humanoids collapse, and cease lifesigns. E11-2 and -9 reach Squad Leader's position.>

E11-1: Fuck. She's gone. I'm sorry, I… she, and everyone else are dead, because of my stupid decisions.

E11-2: Wasn't your fault. None of us could've known what was down here. It's good to see you again, sir.

E11-9: But more important than sappy shit is our plan of action. What do we do now? There's no way we're getting out of here, that's for sure.

E11-1: This abomination's never getting out of here. We're arming the nuke. I don't care how far it's spread, it's not outrunning a twenty

kiloton bomb. If you still want to get out, do it now. I won't make you stay.

E11-9: Heh. There's no chance in high hell we can get out. We'll have to trust command to wipe out the stragglers.

E11-1: Come on. The nuke room's not too far from here.

<The remains of Epsilon-11 traverse the facility. They encounter several anomalous organisms, all of which are only nominally aggressive, fleeing after only minimal fire. Several fail to acknowledge the team altogether. E11-1, -2 and -9 stop outside of the Site 104 security control room. Epsilon-11 is reunited at this point.>

E11-1: Come on. Let's finish this.

<E11-1, -2 and -9 enter the security room elevator, and descend to the warhead housing chamber.>

E11-1: We're here. This is it, I guess. The day we die.

<MTF Epsilon-11 walk to the back of the chamber, and activate the site nuclear terminal.>

E11-2: The remote broadcast beacon's still functional. Setting up the link.

<Epsilon-11 make contact with surface Command through the Site 104 emergency beacon.>

E11-1: Command, are you reading us? This is MTF Epsilon-11, reporting from Site 104 control.

Command: We're reading you.

E11-1: Command this is Squad Leader, we're scuttling Site 104 on suspected Keter breach. I'm detonating the Alpha Warhead now. It's the only way to be sure.

E11-9: From day one, we got taught to put our faith in our intuition; and right now, I believe more than anything else in the world that this monster has to die.

Command: We understand. You have the go-ahead, Epsilon.

<E11-1 activates the on-site nuke on a 30 second timer.>

E11-2: We're uploading our data now. Running it through the transmitter.

E11-9: Tell my family I love them, yeah?

Command: We will. Godspeed, everyone.

E11-2: Don't send anyone down here. Fence it off, salt the earth, whatever it takes to keep this under control. Never let it get to the surface.

E11-9: The nuke might not even kill the damn thing. But it's the best we can do.

E11-1: Five seconds, everyone. It was an honour to serve.

<The Site 104 nuclear warhead detonates, destroying the entire complex. The underground and surface installations are vaporized instantaneously, including all anomalies. The former site is subsequently fenced off and designated a radiation and

biohazard restricted area. An extremely powerful wave of Akiva radiation and psionic energy is released by SCP-3391-3 shortly before its immolation, with as of yet unknown effects.>

Due to the total loss of MTF Epsilon-11, the task force has been officially disbanded. All members of the team have been posthumously awarded Foundation Stars for sacrifice in service to The Foundation. Site 104 has been decommissioned, and information about the site has been appropriately amended.

Readings transmitted by Epsilon-11 revealed the structure of the psionic patterns SCP-3391-3 utilised. Replications under laboratory conditions caused exposed organisms' physiological patterns and thought processes to synchronise, effectively forming a rudimentary psionic hivemind. Besides increased cooperation and the ability to share information, no anomalous compulsions, or physical changes similar to SCP-3391-3's were observed. No human subjects were exposed, for obvious reasons.

On 27/05/16 at 4:45 AM, the SCPS-Java and SCPS-Orion, stationed at SCP-3391, reported erratic movements of SCP-3391-1 specimens. At 4:59, both ships reported being attacked by instances of SCP-3391-1, capsizing and damaging the vessels through sheer mass, before attacking and consuming personnel. SCP-3391 at this point resumed its rhythmic pulse, despite the absence of SCP-3391-3. Several large aquatic entities emerged from the fissure with in SCP-3391 over the course of three days, and were engaged and terminated by Foundation forces stationed in and around the Baltic Isles. Over this time period, SCP-3391-2 was noted to have expanded in surface area by approximately 27km^2, covering a significant quantity of the Mediterranean seafloor.

Over the next week, several more instances emerged, increasing in hostility and anomalous abilities. Attempts to terminate SCP-3391 were hindered by its ability to produce enormous numbers of SCP-3391-1 instances when threatened, and control spatial dimensions near its main mass; making bombing efforts difficult. On 6/06/16, an enormous wave of psionic energy and Akiva radiation swept over the globe, resulting in the mass psionic affectation of

humans worldwide. An estimated four hundred thousand (400,000) civilians in the Mediterranean states were affected, with a majority developing latent psionic abilities. Said civilians also began to emit psychic patterns similar to those seen in SCP-3391-3, though to a much smaller and more localized scale, resulting in enhanced empathy and mental intuition. Research is ongoing but due to the widespread and vague nature of this phenomenon, full containment is not expected to be carried out until / /21

In light of these events, SCP-3391 has been designated an active, uncontained Keter anomaly. Sitra Achra personnel, in conjunction with the Global Occult Coalition have been tasked with engaging SCP-3391-1 entities, and suppressing the influence of SCP-3391 over humanity, whether by containing or terminating affected civilians. Despite ongoing amnestics operations it is estimated that Foundation operations and anomalies in general will become public knowledge within 9 months or less.

Addendum 3391-3

The following text has been attached to this document due to its contextual importance.

Foundation Extratemporal Monitoring Site 13-B:

+ Extratemporal Monitoring Site Extract

Begin log excerpt; (Temporal cycles 95.29 - 95.56)

95.29: Status: All systems good! Running at maximum efficiency. Origin reality is STABLE.

95.34: Monitoring Update: Detected sudden Akiva Radiation surge seventeen (17) local units ago. Suspected eschatological K-class event. Running diagnostics on origin universe.

Status of Origin Reality:

- 100% chance of compromisation/loss of Foundation database

- 100% chance of failure of Foundation mission
- 97±3% probability of human extinction
- 95±2% chance of extinction of all life
- 94% probability of XK-End-of-the-World Scenario
- 83±2% likelihood of irreversible failure of SCP containment
- 74±9% certainty of disappearance of Earth
- 68±7% probability of absence of sun
- 55±21% probability of absence of the universe

95.46: Notice: New input detected; amending status:
0% chance of extinction of all life; two EVE signatures detected

Tracking EVE signature α; immeasurable Hume external signature. Antimemetic properties. Severe sensory hazard. Profile fits pataphysics conjectured entity; Demiurge.
Tracking EVE signature β; 750 internal Hume signature. Profile fits predicted model of eschatological anomaly SCP-3391. Keter. Uncontained.
Detecting colossal Aspect Radiation surge. Black, double-flat, locked. Origin: EVE signature α.

UNEXPECTED ERROR! Fetching log:

ERR.InformationOverloadError; systems have been critically damaged by sensor overload! Recovering systems
…
Two (2) viable systems rebooted
OCULUS Elan Vital Energy sensor online, scanning former origin universe:

Status of Origin Reality:

- 100% chance of previous/ongoing eschatological event; immeasurable Hume signature.
- 100% probability of presence of life; tracking 9.7e+11 independent EVE signatures.
- 100% chance of CK-class restructuring event within the last two (2) local temporal units.
- 0% chance of compromisation/loss of Foundation database.
- 97% of catalogued anomalies in containment.
- 100% stability of reality.
- 100% integrity of Foundation mission.

95:56: Status: Systems severely damaged. Functionality compromised. Origin reality is STABLE.

End of document

It is believed that SCP-3391 was responsible for a YK-end of the universe class scenario in a previous iteration of reality, which was undone by an unknown deific entity. Following extensive exploration of the Mediterranean seafloor it was decided that SCP-3391 is not extant in the current iteration of reality. As such, it has been tentatively classified as Neutralized.

You have finished reading the archived iteration of the document.

`View Current Iteration`

Footnotes
1. Specially Protected Area of Mediterranean Importance
2. Theorized to be entirely composed of corpses, due to SCP-3391-1's lack of identifiable excretions
3. Now SCP-3391-3

4. Human skin, among other materials is apparently thick enough to prevent this from occurring in healthy humans
5. SCP-3391-3
6. Sarkicism is an anomalous system of religious and thaumic practise found in many secret societies and cults. It was most prominent during the Bronze Age, stemming from the Adi-um civilisation in the Northern Ural mountains.
7. A historical recount written by an Egyptian scribe on a diplomatic mission to the Adi-um Empire, an ancient anomalous civilisation that commonly practised anomalous rituals and thaumic rites. The text describes several locations of interest within the nation, including a supposed visit to Adytum, the capital of the Sarkic state. This excerpt is taken from his observations of a thaumic ritual conducted in what is now modern day Crimea. Dating of the extract indicates that this visit occurred in the 19th century BC.
8. An often-referenced ritual ground that served as a repository for dangerous anomalies and large thaumic workings. The Adi-um often introduced foreign envoys to the location as a show of strength.
9. The facility where SCP-3391-3 was held, among other low-risk organic anomalies.

SCP-3393: For Your Eyes Only

File Request: Granted

Document Version: For Your Eyes Only

Your request has been logged.

Item #: SCP-3393

Object Class: Euclid

Description: Because of your ability to access this file, and read this sentence, you are SCP-3393. There exist only three other individuals who can access this file, and memetic agents embedded in this document would display alternative text for these people.

Very little is known about you, due to your primary anomalous property. All information regarding you is unable to be viewed/ remembered soon after it is created. This includes your appearance, past records, and other information. The only known way to counteract this effect is through the use of a powerful mnestic drug that has been distributed to the Director of the Foundation's Antimemetics Division, O5- and Researcher .

You have attained Level Four security credentials. Attempts to remove this clearance from your account have failed, as the account itself cannot be located. It is unclear if this is a consequence of your antimemetic properties, or a separate anomalous property.

Despite your antimemetic nature, the Foundation has been able to hypothesize a number of your properties. Below is a list of all properties that have a 90% or higher confidence rating:

Property	Evidence
You are a corporeal entity.	Personnel reported doors opening as well as equipment being

	moved on their own.
You are attracted to information about yourself.	You are currently reading this document. Other files[1] regarding you have been accessed without authorization as well.
You seek out information about yourself in order to either delete it or make changes to it.	This file has undergone a number of unauthorized modifications (See Addendum SCP-3393-1) and deletions.
Your antimemetic properties can be transferred.	Researchers at Site-31 reported that files had gone missing from the database. An investigation led by Researcher revealed that this was not the case. The files had not been deleted or moved. Database metadata showed that you were the last person to access these files.
You have a strong resistance to memetic agents.	Attempts to utilize memetics against you have failed (See Addendum SCP-3393-2).
You are confined to Site-31.	Phenomena that can be attributed to you have only occurred in Site-31, and have occurred recently. It is also corroborated by the fact that all attempts to access this file have come from Site-31.
You are Dr. Mackey or the results of Dr. Mackey's research.	See Discovery Log.

Discovery Log: You were first discovered on 04/13/2018 when records regarding Dr. Mackey were discovered by Site-31 personnel, although none remembered any such Dr. Mackey having worked at Site-31. It is currently believed that whatever event created you occurred on 04/12/2018, and resulted in the loss of all memory regarding Dr. Mackey and their research. It is currently unknown where these experiments took place, and any information regarding the experiments has been destroyed, most likely by you.

Addendum SCP-3393-1: Below is one of the modified versions of

this file that you produced:

> **Item #:** SCP-3393
>
> **Object Class:** Euclid
>
> **Special Containment Procedures:** Don't worry, I can handle this.
>
> **Description:** I wasn't supposed to happen. I wasn't supposed to exist. At least not like this. But, let me deal with it. This thing that I am is best kept away from all of you. Don't try to analyze me, or test me, or whatever. I don't want any of you to catch what I have.
>
> Just call me self-containing and we'll be good.

Addendum SCP-3393-2: Below is a list of attempts to contain you.

Operation Name	Description	Notes	Result
Site-31 Sweep	Site-31 was evacuated while MTF Eta-10 ("See No Evil") entered the facility in an attempt to locate you.	It was determined that your inability to be perceived is not simply a cognitohazardous attribute. It is still unknown how you were able to evade Eta-10; however, it is hypothesized that you may have used undocumented areas of Site-31. A secondary search for such locations is still underway.	Failure

Memetic Incapacitation	Memetic agents were embedded in files detailing information about you that should immobilize sentient, corporeal entities.	After the file was accessed, the memetic agent was activated. This implies that you are an entity susceptible to memetic attacks. The file remained open for ten minutes before it was deleted, which has sufficed as evidence for your memetic resistance. Subsequent sweeps of the facility did not locate you.	Failure
Bait The Hook	See Special Containment Procedures.	Pending	Pending

It is believed that previous failures to contain you can be attributed to a breach of intelligence. During post-operation reviews, it was discovered that details for Site-31 Sweep and Memetic Incapacitation had been accessed by you before their execution. How you managed to consistently find and access these files is still under investigation.

Special Containment Procedures: The following procedures documented here are for the benefit of Director of the Foundation's Antimemetics Division, O5- and Researcher .

MTF Eta-10 personnel are to be positioned around Site-31 under the guise of normal Site-31 researchers. Access to this file is to be restricted to five selected terminals at Site-31. Should this file be accessed without notice seventy-two hours in advance, Eta-10

personnel are to block off all physical entrances to the room containing the terminal accessing this file. This room is to be quarantined, and repurposed as your containment cell.

These containment procedures are to be written at the end of your file, as to give Eta-10 personnel ample time to contain you before you understand what has transpired, thus reducing the possibility of your escape.

Footnotes
1. Including experiment proposals and containment information

SCP-3394: Brain Scientist

Item #: SCP-3394

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3394 is contained within a subterranean cell constructed primarily of concrete with fiberglass reinforcement. The debris surrounding SCP-3394 is contained within a cubic mahogany wood barricade no less than 20cm in thickness, constructed using dovetail joints[1].

No metal, ice, or paraffin wax is allowed within SCP-3394's containment cell. No personnel with detailed knowledge of SCP-3394's anomalous properties are allowed within SCP-3394's containment cell. No personnel are to approach closer than 2m from SCP-3394. All staff entering SCP-3394's containment cell are to maintain a threatening mindset and are encouraged to frequently picture themselves destroying lumps of brain matter.

Between 4-36 times per day (determined by random number generator) at least one class-D personnel is to enter SCP-3394's containment cell and think of threatening and destructive imagery directed at SCP-3394 for no less than 5 minutes.

Description: SCP-3394 is a mass of human brain tissue measuring 0.2kg. As of 5/17/2018, SCP-3394 is surrounded by roughly 1 metric ton of metal debris, 2.1m in diameter. This debris is composed of the metallic building components of Dr. Whitehall's office and surrounding rooms, compressed into a roughly spherical shape with SCP-3394 at the center. The metal shell surrounding SCP-3394 can be observed to loudly shift at random intervals as portions of the surface are seen to forcefully collapse further inward. This behavior declines greatly following periods of threatening thoughts as described above.

SCP-3394 posses the ability to detect certain objects and

occurrences within its vicinity. While the method of this detection is unknown, it appears that SCP-3394 is only able to detect things which it has been able to logically deduce the existence of. The origin of this logical process and how SCP-3394 is able to maintain it are currently unknown. SCP-3394 is currently known to be aware of the following:

- Human thoughts within a 6 6.5m^2 radius of SCP-3394
- Humans in physical contact with the outer shell of SCP-3394.
- Any metal object of greater than 0.5g in mass within a 7.8m radius of SCP-3394.
- Accumulations of ice greater than 0.1g in mass within a 8.6m radius of SCP-3394.
- Amounts of Paraffin wax as low as 1g in mass within an observed 2m radius of SCP-3394

Additionally, SCP-3394 has displayed the ability to act on any physical objects it is aware of with an observed force of up to 345 N/mm^2 through an unknown means. SCP-3394's effects on human thoughts, if any, are not currently known.

SCP-3394 was first discovered in Dr. Whitehall's office on 6/6/2017 during investigation of his apparent suicide by handgun. Roughly 5 minutes after initial discovery, emergency medical staff reported experiencing what they described as "a lot of questions, all at once". Questions were described as being non-vocalized in a way affected subjects had difficulty describing. Subjects were unable to recall many of the questions, but described several as "repeating". Reported questions have been paraphrased here: "Where am I?", "Who am I?", "How do I get out of here?". Following Site protocol, medical staff withdrew from the room until further anomalous effects could be determined.

Less than two minutes following the report of anomalous activity, security cameras capture the metal components of Dr. Whitehall's

office rapidly collapsing into a growing spherical shape around a mass of brain matter on the ground. The resultant collapse of the westernmost wing of Site-88's research office building exposed more metal to SCP-3394's anomalous property, with the resultant sphere reaching an estimated mass of greater than 1.2 metric tons before no further metal was within its area of effect.

SCP-3394 was held in temporary containment on location for over 228 hours until the permanent containment site specified in this file could be constructed a suitable distance beneath it. Object was subsequently lowered into permanent containment via a series of tunnels collapsed beneath it, and its chamber completed from the outside.

The following tests were performed while SCP-3394 was held in temporary containment.

Communication Test - 6/6/2017

> **Subject:** SCP-3394
>
> **Procedure:** Researcher White and Junior Researcher Dwyer instructed to stand 2m from the surface of the mass surrounding SCP-3394 with Researcher White focusing on a Foundation standard sentient entity test, pausing for roughly 1 minute per question. Researcher Dwyer directed to observe any anomalous activity.
>
> **Results:** Both researchers reported an unbroken stream of questions from the moment they were within 6m of the suspected center of the anomaly[3] until roughly 6 minutes into the procedure, at which point researcher White vocalizes that the questions have stopped. SCP-3394 then reported to induce the sensation of being watched, with both researchers exhibiting signs of extreme distress. Junior Researcher Dwyer became agitated, expressing desire to attempt destruction of SCP-3394 via plastic explosive. SCP-3394 ceased all identifiable mental broadcasting at this time, and none has been detected since.

Analysis: *I don't know any other way to describe it. As soon as it knew we were there, as soon as it 'saw' us, or deduced our presence, or whatever, it… we… everything was so hopeless. It felt like being alone in the dark surrounded by monsters - knowing one's spotted you. I… I just wanted it to end.* - Researcher White

Ice Test - 6/12/17

Subject: SCP-3394

Procedure: SCP-3394 spontaneously reacted to the presence of ice cubes in Agent Grant's beverage, who had moved within 6m of SCP-3394 while performing unauthorized observation of the anomaly. Agent Grant spilled a portion of his beverage, including a single ice cube, on the structure surrounding SCP-3394.

Results: Remaining Ice cubes exited Agent Grant's beverage with a suspected 345N of force and passed directly upwards through Agent Grant's skull. Ice cubes continued to move rapidly through the air in a roughly 8 meter radius around the center of SCP-3394 for the next 12 minutes. A gradual inward spiral was observed until the ice had fully melted.

Analysis: *Fortunately Agent Grant's death bought us valuable information. We have a new theory regarding how it 'perceives', or perhaps 'deduces' the existence of certain materials. Additionally, despite the speed of the ice chunks, when one struck a segment of aboveground tree roots[4], all of the momentum immediately vanished from it, with no mechanical damage to either the ice, or the root.* - Researcher White

Ice Test 2 - 6/12/17

Subject: SCP-3394

Procedure: Junior Researcher Dwyer approached to a distance of 10m from SCP-3394 and directed to throw a

series of 10 5g ice cubes towards SCP-3394 over the course of 1 minute. D-4977 directed to use a 3m long wooden oar[5] to intercept as many of the ice cubes as possible.

Results: Ice cubes began moving in a rapid inward spiral as soon as they entered within 8.6m of the center of SCP-3394. D-4977 was able to intercept 1 of the ice cubes, resulting in the cube falling to the ground and remaining inert[6]. Remaining ice cubes struck the metal shell of SCP-3394 with sufficient force to dent the metal inwards and shatter the ice. Ice shards observed to continue grinding into the metal shell with masses of ice smaller than 0.1g becoming inert and falling to the ground.

Analysis: *The addition of a wooden shell has been made to the blueprints of the permanent containment unit.* - Researcher White

Paraffin wax Test - 6/12/17

Subject: SCP-3394

Procedure: Junior Researcher Dwyer provided with two 1g lumps of paraffin wax and directed to approach to a distance of 10m from SCP-3394 and throw one of the lumps on the ground within 2m of SCP-3394's outer shell. Junior Researcher Dwyer was then directed to throw remaining wax lump directly at the object's metal shell.

Results: First wax lump produced no effect. Upon contact of the second wax lump with SCP-3394's metal shell, both wax lumps observed to accelerate rotationally around SCP-3394's center point in an inward spiral. Both wax lumps smeared into thin patches on the metal shell with no further observed effect.

Analysis: *The anomaly appears to recognize the presence of a given material only after something*

identical in composition to it touches the shell. I'm not certain why it doesn't work on grass and dirt. Or, for that matter, on the drywall and plastics that it must have come in contact with on the way here. Let's just call this one a win, and not let anything new touch it. - Researcher White

Human Test - 6/15/17

Subject: SCP-3394
Foreword: *The 'test' documented here was the result of D-4977 coming into contact with the outer shell of SCP-3394 during the course of an emergency addition of explosives to finish off an incomplete tunnel collapse beneath SCP-3394. I regret that we were careless enough to allow it to happen.* - Head Researcher Richardet.

Procedure: D-4977 comes into physical contact with the metal shell around SCP-3394 due to a loss of footing.

Results: D-4977 observed to 'collapse' into SCP-3394's metal shell over the course of 14 seconds until no portion of his body was visible. This process reported to increase in speed exponentially towards the final seconds. D-4977 spoke throughout the first 12 seconds of this process. The log of these vocalizations follows.

Transcribed audio log 3394.4977: (D-4977 weeping throughout.) "This one doesn't want to live either! Why do we have to stay? I'm squeezing as hard as-" (No further recognizable vocalizations follow.)

Analysis: *The demolition charge, thankfully, never touched the anomaly. We got it contained.* - Researcher White

Footnotes
1. Utilizing a series of interlocking 'teeth' cut from the wood requiring no mechanical fasteners.
2. [Revised 5/1/2018]

3. Reported questions during this period interpreted as "What if more of them are out there?", "Do they know I'm here?"
4. Swietenia macrophylla.
5. Mahogany.
6. No mechanical damage present on either object's surface.

SCP-3395: The Servants of Fire

Item #: SCP-3395

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: As of August 2001, the SCP-3395 containment team is employed at a Foundation front company headquartered in the North Tower (Tower 1) of the World Trade Center complex. Any reported sightings of SCP-3395 are to be responded to by the subdivision of Mobile Task Force **Pi-1** ("City Slickers") assigned to the World Trade Center; SCP-3395's manifestation area is to be immediately cleared of civilians and amnestics issued as appropriate.

The messages delivered by SCP-3395, and their exact meaning, are currently being reviewed and analyzed by researchers and this file will be updated with any relevant findings.

Description: SCP-3395 is a spectral humanoid entity resembling Monica Rodriguez Smith (1958-1993), an employee of the World Trade Center who was killed during the 1993 bombing of the complex. SCP-3395 periodically appears throughout the World Trade Center at unpredictable intervals; currently, it most commonly manifests between the hours of 08:30 and 10:30AM in the offices of businesses located between the 80th and 110th (top) floors of either of the main Twin Towers. During manifestation events, SCP-3395 will remain stationary and repeatedly vocalize a series of phrases while maintaining a facial expression that has been described as "blank" or "looking through you."

SCP-3395's statements are cryptic and lack any obvious underlying meaning, but all deal with the subject of death or destruction, usually incorporating fire as a motif and referring to the "Servants of Fire". The theory currently accepted by SCP-3395 researchers is that it is attempting to share knowledge of a cataclysmic future event, but due to the vagueness of its descriptors that event has yet to be

identified. SCP-3395 does not respond to outside stimuli and cannot be moved due to its incorporeal nature; as such, containment of manifestation events is primarily concerned with temporarily evacuating the affected area of the towers and issuing amnestics.

Addendum 3395.A: Notable SCP-3395 Manifestation Events

Date	Location	SCP-3395 Transcript
15 Jan 2000 (first recorded manifestation)	Lobby, South Tower, 9:00AM.	Two of the Servants of Fire have arrived. A common vessel carried them across the seas, not knowing of their intentions for its brothers. It has begun.
18 May 2000	Windows on the World restaurant, 107th floor, North Tower, 9:30AM.	The guardians of the weak have fallen to deception. A Servant of Fire is allowed to enter the land of the innocent. His smoke will replace the air, as the suffocating power of his evil lays waste to the monument of civilization.
11 Sep 2000	Aon Corporation offices, 105th Floor, South Tower, 9:50 AM.	I hear his voice now. He cries out, desperate to escape the inferno, reaching out to those who cannot save him. His voice will reach across the years, even as his soul does not.
31 Dec 2000	Marsh & McLennan offices, 96th floor, North Tower, 8:45AM.	The last cycle of peace is complete. The center of the fire will consume all

		around it, and those closest will perish before the pain begins. I hear the screams, and they last for moments.
23 Aug 2001 (most recent manifestation)	Cantor Fitzgerald offices, 102nd floor, North Tower, 10:30AM.	Soon, the time will come. An opportunity to destroy the Servants of Fire has come and gone. Here is where the suffering will be most acute. Here is where the air will remain calm as their worlds are consumed. Here they will wait, rendered helpless by the failure of their protectors. [NOTE: This is the first recorded instance of SCP-3395 directly addressing the area surrounding it.]

SCP-3396: The Empyrean Parasite

Death Valley, near the border of Exclusion Zone 3396. Note discoloration caused by dispersal of SCP-3396 fluids throughout local environment.

Item #: SCP-3396

Object Class: Tiamat[1]

Strategic Conduct Protocols: Due to the rate of physical and metaphysical communicability presented by SCP-3396, complete containment is not attainable at this time.

Exclusion Zone 3396, where SCP-3396's central nexus is located, is currently contested by multiple organizations (including the Global Occult Coalition, the United Nations, and the United States' Unusual Incidents Unit) and as such has been declared a neutral demilitarized zone by mutual agreement to prevent global warfare and a Lifted Veil scenario.

Apprehension of all SCP-3396-01 entities is to be considered an overriding priority, to limit public exposure and prevent further SCP-3396 contamination within the global populace. Each specimen captured must be contained in a Class 4 Hazardous Bioform containment cell reinforced with an Atlas-pattern anti-thaumaturgic runic array.

In the event that 15% of Earth's population becomes infested, see Document 3396-ALABASTER for specifications regarding personnel withdrawal, location of regional quarantine facilities, and subsequent alterations to Foundation prime directive.

Description: SCP-3396 is a Category 4 extradimensional entity which exists as a gestalt of physically and metaphysically mutagenic symbiotes that currently inhabit and affect approximately 6% of the global population.

SCP-3396's central nexus is located approximately 75 kilometers southeast of Death Valley, in the Mojave Desert. It manifests visually as a massive, tentatively biological structure with both arboreal and insectile characteristics, 27 meters tall and 23 meters wide between the ends of its largest branches. Coloration of this primary metaform is typically iridescent blue-green, though this has been shown to change, to the point of displaying different color patterns to different observers simultaneously. This central nexus releases a luminous blue-green fluid from an array of vents in its primary trunks and branches, which pools into a shallow reservoir at SCP-3396's base. SCP-3396 in its entirety is selectively tangible, and fails to interact normally with physical objects or electromagnetic radiation: this has made conventional, non-thaumaturgic testing and examination impossible.

Physical exposure to SCP-3396 or its secretion results in dramatic alterations to the physical and metaphysical properties of biological organisms. These effects are unpredictable and highly variable, though there are a small number of commonalities in all cases.

Biological organisms affected by SCP-3396 (designated SCP-3396-01) will develop additional organs and tissues of unknown purpose which metastasize rapidly throughout the body's cavities. These tissues are luminous and blue-green in coloration, and do not interact with physical matter or energy as would be appropriate for a conventional substance, suggesting a primarily thaumaturgic or nonbaryonic composition. SCP-3396 growths may be displayed superficially at random, but are always expressed internally. Organs, tumors, vesicles, and skeins of SCP-3396 internal growth have proven impossible to surgically extract from a host body, as they consistently fail to interact physically with surgical implements or techniques.

Humans mutated by SCP-3396 infection typically display significant alterations to their physiology as with any other affected organism, but rarely undergo psychological changes, apparently retaining their personality and memories while either preserving or in some cases amplifying the subject's mental faculties. This combined with the anomalous capabilities granted by SCP-3396 infection render human SCP-3396-01 exceedingly dangerous.

Addendum 3396-01 - Examples of the effects of SCP-3396 exposure and infection.

Subject	Method of Exposur	Results
One *Pogona barbata* (common bearded dragon) specimen, male	One drop of SCP-3396 fluid administered to top of head	Within 3 hours, subject has increased dramatically in size and mass, to a length of 25 meters and approximate weight of 5000 kilograms. Specimen displays significant structural alterations, including widened limbs, a mottled and porous surface texture, and a multitude of large dorsal vents which continually release a mixture of spores and various toxic gases. Specimen becomes docile to the point of lethargy, and does not react to physical examination. Skin samples yield genetic results extremely similar but not identical to a wide variety of fungal species, notably including *Amanita bisporigera* (destroying angel), *Amanita phalloides* (death cap), and *Claviceps purpurea* (ergot).

One *Canis lupus familiaris* (dog) specimen, golden retriever, male	Injection with 4 cubic centimeters of SCP-3396 fluid	Over the course of approximately 2 hours, subject loses its fur and develops irregular horn-like structures across its body. Vivisection reveals the presence of SCP-3396 organs and tissues throughout subject's body. Vivisection fails to terminate subject, as any damage incurred by the procedure is rapidly regenerated. Subject's behavior is unaltered.
One human, female, 28	SCP-3396 fluid applied to skin of lower arm	Subject's skin quickly absorbs fluid. No immediate physical changes. When asked if the subject noticed any change of mood or sensation, subject replied, “I understand firepower.” An extremely large variety of rotary cannon then appeared in the subject's hands, which she then used to fire upon Foundation personnel and breach containment. When struck by return fire from responding Foundation security forces, subject's body fragmented, producing

		violent explosions which inflicted no damage upon the subject but caused significant destruction to testing installation and facilitated subject's escape. Specimen's body continued to fragment, explode, and regenerate upon receiving damage, the pieces levitating near the specimen's central body and transmuting into further instances of high-powered projectile weaponry. 37 casualties recorded. Subsequent testing chambers reinforced.
One human, male, 42	Subject instructed to inhale fumes produced by SCP-3396 fluid.	No immediately apparent effects for approximately 3 hours. Four exact copies of subject appeared within testing chamber. All five then stated simultaneously, “Only fools like you would see the blessing of magic as a curse.” The five entities joined hands, then corporeally fused into one massive non-human organism, with

	ten arms of varying sizes, a central mass of undifferentiated flesh, and dozens of levitating structures resembling disembodied hands, each with an eye fixed within the palm. A large volume of water manifested within the chamber and swirled energetically, obscuring the bioform from view. The fluid then fell to the chamber floor, subsequently determined to be non-anomalous seawater after examination. The whereabouts of this specimen are currently unknown.

No observable pattern to the changes caused by SCP-3396 has been identified, and these alterations commonly result in anomalous properties and capabilities of considerable destructive power. These factors have resulted in numerous, repeated SCP-3396-01 containment breaches despite continual containment cell reinforcement.

While physical examination of SCP-3396 has proven impossible, thaumic scanning has yielded a single tangible result. Rather than providing their standard conceptual energy and thaumic potential readings, Foundation prototypic thaumic scanners invariably alter their method of data return to provide the word “THRIVE” in a random language upon each scan. The significance of this is unknown.

No method of communication with SCP-3396 has been devised, nor has any method of removing its influence been discovered thus far.

State of Engagement: SCP-3396 was located by chance during an archeological dig. Each member of the research group present became a SCP-3396-01 instance, and each worked to completely uncover SCP-3396 in a matter of days. Foundation assets were not notified in time to prevent these infected from returning to major population centers, and as a result SCP-3396 influence spread unchecked. Foundation containment efforts now center upon covertly locating and detaining all SCP-3396-01 instances as well as establishing control of the central SCP-3396 site, which is actively disputed by a number of organizations and global powers.

The advent of SCP-3396 has begun to exert unprecedented changes upon global society despite Foundation anti-intelligence initiatives. SCP-3396-01 instances not under containment have utilized their newfound anomalous abilities for a variety of purposes thus far, including murder, nonviolent crime, mass-eradication of certain diseases, and public welfare initiatives. While the Foundation has maintained a semblance of control over global media and has thus far been able to limit public knowledge of SCP-3396-01 instances, SCP-3396 contamination continues. As a result, SCP-3396-01 have extended beyond the bounds of the Foundation's influence. Multiple Groups of Interest, including the Global Occult Coalition, Serpent's Hand, and others have secured SCP-3396-01 instances and have begun utilizing them to their own ends while deliberately facilitating further infection among their ranks.

In the event that SCP-3396 escapes the bounds of Foundation control entirely and causes a projected TPK-Class Thaumaturgic Proliferation scenario, Contingency 3396-ALABASTER will take effect, and the Foundation will take necessary measures to ensure the safety of what humanity remains.

Footnotes
1. Tiamat-class anomalies are entities whose influence cannot be covertly contained utilizing the resources and knowledge currently available to the Foundation, and as such are projected to fundamentally alter or wholly annul consensus normality barring

direct Foundation engagement.

/

Apotheosis Hub

The Shape of a Gun

SCP-3397: Fortes Fortuna Iuvat!

SCP-3397, as depicted in 1967.

Item #: SCP-3397

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Due to SCP-3397 occurring at a regular location and time each year, containment measures need not be enacted for most of the year. From the 22nd to the 25th August, civilians are to be deterred from entering the areas at which SCP-3397 manifests using the cover story of "restoration and preservation of archaeological sites." At no point is any sentient individual requiring a functional respiratory system permitted to make physical contact with any of SCP-3397-1 through -22. Metal objects are to be kept away from any manifestation of SCP-3397.

Description: SCP-3397 is an event, occurring once a year since it was first observed in 1965, which appears to be a re-enactment of the circumstances leading to the death of the Roman natural philosopher Pliny the Elder. SCP-3397 is carried out by a number of selectively-corporeal entities[1] (designated SCP-3397-1 through -22) resembling various individuals who interacted with Pliny in the hours leading to his demise. This event occurs between the hours of 1300 and 0800, local time, from 24th-25th August. It is localised in the Gulf of Naples, Italy, particularly around Cape Miseno and the ruins of Stabiae[2]. The scenes depicted during SCP-3397 heavily resemble those described by Pliny the Younger[3] in his letters to the historian Tacitus.

Throughout the duration of SCP-3397, various objects and human figures described in Pliny the Younger's letter will appear from a location outside of line of sight and reproduce the events described in said letter. SCP-3397 begins at 1300 local time, when individuals resembling Pliny the Elder, Pliny the Younger, and Plinia Marcella[4] (henceforth designated SCP-3397-1, 3397-2, and 3397-3

respectively) manifest at Cape Miseno, discussing a "strange cloud". It ends at 0800 local time, when SCP-3397-1 collapses on the shore of Stabiae and cannot be revived by the two slaves attending him (designated SCP-3397-10 and 3397-11).

At the conclusion of SCP-3397, all entities manifested during the event board the galley created near the beginning of SCP-3397 (designated SCP-3397-23). After SCP-3397-2 through SCP-3397-22 have boarded SCP-3397-23, SCP-3397-1 stands and addresses an unknown observer in Latin, saying; "By command of the Divine Caesar, we are condemned to never gaze upon the fields of Elysium. This eternal servitude was the consequence of our impiety. Look upon our plight, o mortals, and repent, lest you suffer a similar fate." After finishing, he boards SCP-3397-23 himself, which then sails southwestwards and vanishes when out of sight.

SCP-3397's secondary anomalous effect occurs when a human subject initiates physical contact with an entity manifested during the event. When this occurs, the subject will fatally asphyxiate in 100% of cases. Autopsies of individuals killed in such a manner reveal that their asphyxiation was caused by the lungs becoming filled with ash. The mechanism by which ash enters the lungs is not known.

It is currently unknown whether SCP-3397-1 through -22 are sentient beings.

Experiment Log 3397:
Test I - 24/08/1968

> **Procedure:** D-1047, selected for his knowledge of the Latin language, was instructed to follow SCP-3397-1 and read aloud Pliny the Elder's book "Naturalis Historia", with the intention of attracting the attention of SCP-3397-1.
>
> **Results:** D-1047 located SCP-3397-1 at 1301 hours and began reading the book, continuing for over an hour. Neither SCP-3397-1 nor any other manifestation displayed any signs of awareness of D-1047's actions. At 1423 hours D-1047, against the advice of Foundation researchers, stopped reading and attempted to make

physical contact with SCP-3397-1 as he boarded a galley at Cape Miseno. D-1047 subsequently collapsed to the ground and died from asphyxiation before medical staff could attend to him. SCP-3397-1 did not respond to the attempt at physical interaction.

Notes: D-1047's lungs were later found to have anomalously filled with ash. All personnel are henceforth to be instructed to avoid physical contact with SCP-3397-1 and potentially all other entities manifested during SCP-3397.

Test II - 30/08/1968

Procedure: The ash found within D-1047's lungs were chemically analysed and radiocarbon dated in order to determine its constituent compounds.

Results: The ash was found to contain pulverised rock, volcanic glass, and minerals and was indistinguishable from non-anomalous volcanic ash. Radiocarbon dating revealed it to originate from around the 9th decade of the 1st century AD.

Test III - 25/08/1976

Procedure: The SCPS Lancer, a modified Point-class cutter equipped with a marine radar system, was directed to pursue the galley (SCP-3397-23) after it departed from the shore at 0800 local time, at a distance of 500 metres.

Results: The SCPS Lancer pursued SCP-3397-23 for two hours as it travelled southwest, at a bearing of roughly 200 degrees. At 1010 hours local time, a previously unnoticed cloud of thick fog rapidly enveloped the surrounding area, at which point visual contact with SCP-3397-23 was lost. Additionally, SCP-3397-23 never appeared on SCPS Lancer's radar.

Test IV - 25/08/1982

Procedure: A radio-controlled robotic drone, equipped with a mechanical arm and a video camera, was directed to make physical contact with SCP-3397-1 in order to test the interaction between manifestations of SCP-3397 and non-living materials.

Results: The drone approached SCP-3397-1 at 0200 hours local time, while the entity appeared to be asleep, and successfully made contact with it using its arm attachment. The arm slowly pressed into SCP-3397-1's body and seemingly sunk into it, as if it were made of a gelatinous solid. A minute into this action, the metal of the arm began visibly rusting and the video feed subsequently cut out. When the drone was later recovered, it was found to have become rendered inoperable by extensive corrosion of its metal components.

Notes: Containment procedures have been updated as a result of this discovery, advising against the introduction of metal to SCP-3397 entities.

Test V - 25/08/1986

Procedure: D-5119 was given an audio headset and instructed to attempt to board SCP-3397-23 at 0800 local time, and if successful to report on the actions of the entities on board. SCPS Lancer was directed to follow SCP-3397-23 at a distance of 500 metres.

Results: D-5119 boarded SCP-3397-23 without issue after SCP-3397-1 through -22 and followed them below deck, where she observed that each of them sat behind an oar and began rowing. D-5119 reported little of interest for the first hour, repeatedly expressing feelings of boredom and attempting to engage in conversation with SCP-3397 manifestations. Any attempts at verbal interaction with the entities failed.

As in Test III, a cloud of thick fog rolled in at 1010 hours and SCPS Lancer lost sight of SCP-3397-23. D-5119

reported that the entities, previously impassive, appeared to have an expression of anguish upon their faces and were rowing more fervently than before. At 1015, SCP-3397-1 was heard shouting at D-5119 in Latin[5], who quickly became panicked and requested extraction. Attempts by research staff to calm her and glean further observations failed as she became increasingly more panicked. A Latin chant, gradually increasing in volume, could be heard in the background, intoning "A new supplicant for Caesar. Repentance for a heretic's life." At 1018, D-5119 began screaming incoherently. Audio cut out entirely five seconds later.

Notes: On 24/08/1987, a new manifestation of SCP-3397 resembling D-5119, designated SCP-3397-24, was observed, taking the role of a slave to SCP-3397-1. Testing of SCP-3397 using human subjects is to be discontinued until further notice.

Footnotes

1. Entities which may phase through living material without issue but interact with certain non-living materials as a corporeal entity would.
2. A Roman port town 4.5km southwest of Pompeii, which was also destroyed during the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in AD 79
3. The nephew of Pliny the Elder and author of the only surviving eyewitness account of the AD 79 eruption of Vesuvius.
4. The mother of Pliny the Younger and sister of Pliny the Elder.
5. Later analysis has revealed him to be repeating the command, "Fuge!", or "Flee!"

SCP-3398: Hilbert's Grand Elevator

Item #: SCP-3398

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3398 is contained in situ. Civilians are to be restricted access to SCP-3398 under the pretense of condemnation. The entire perimeter of SCP-3398 is to be sealed off using a standard chain-link fence, apart from a single gate allowing personnel access. Two personnel with memetic resistance are to be stationed in the adjacent building to SCP-3398 for close monitoring. Personnel may restrain or amnestize any civilians approaching SCP-3398 when deemed necessary.

Foundation web-crawler B7890a ("WINCHESTER") has been set to monitor for all advertisements or mentions of SCP-3398. No visual media produced by SCP-3398, nor the full written name of the hotel is to be viewed.

Description: SCP-3398 is a hotel located in , , which exhibits several mind-affecting properties. SCP-3398's exterior takes an appearance of a semi-dilapidated 6-story building, composed of exposed concrete and blacked-out windows. Its only visible entrance is the front gate. The front gate is a smooth, white double door with no handles or any other visible marking, and is operated by simply being pushed to open. Its interior lobby is an identical copy of Hotel, located in Bangkok, Thailand. Any attempts at entering SCP-3398 by means other than the front gate has been met with failure.

Any visual media pertaining to SCP-3398 or the mention of the hotel's full name induces a memetic effect that compels subjects to then seek residence at the estate. Subjects display symptoms of elation and disorganized speech similar to that of a manic episode. This effect ceases 24 hours after viewing, or once the subject enters SCP-3398's primary elevator fully. Amnestics have also proved to

be effective in relieving the memetic effect.

Individuals who enter the estate will begin to perceive a humanoid figure (hereafter designated SCP-3398-1). SCP-3398-1 takes form of a male of Southeast Asian descent in his 30's, dressed in a beige suit. The entity will vocalize hospitably, but this vocalization cannot be heard by any individual other than its direct recipient. SCP-3398-1 will then provide a key card to the person of entry, then guide them to the primary elevator. After this point, SCP-3398-1 de-materializes, until another person enters the building. The primary elevator contains only one button. Any individual who has entered the elevator and pressed the button is assumed lost.

The resulting floor contains a single, seemingly endless corridor (current accounted length: 3km). While it is lined with doors as expected of a hotel, most of the doors lead to more elevators. Hotel rooms themselves are rare and randomly-placed, and are all found to incorporate elevators and their components as part of their structure. The number of buttons inside the elevators usually exceed that of 2000. The floor numbers are largely inconsistent over all of the elevators; currently, the highest number recorded is 7 .

No further manned exploration is to be performed past /08/18 per Site Director's request.

+ Exploration Log 3398-1

Date: /05/18

F: Dr. Forrester, communications, Site
D: D-26821, 29 years old

D-26832 is sent in with basic civilian clothing, standard Foundation issue video camera mounted onto the head, standard Foundation issue radio equipment, and a bag filled with a flashlight, a knife, three sample bags, and rations for three days.

[BEGIN LOG]

F: D-26821, do you copy?

[Video feed reveals the interior of the hotel lobby.]

D: Yes, yes. I can hear you. Loud and clear. *(pause)* Damn. This place looks way too nice. Way nicer than I though- Oh. Hello.

[SCP-3398-1 appears in front of D-26821. Even though its mouth appears to be moving, its voice is inaudible.]

Transcription of SCP-3398-1, based on lip-reading: Nice to meet you, sir. Welcome to [MEMETIC HAZARD REDACTED] Hotel. The place of magnificence, his majesty, [UNKNOWN].[1] How nice of you to join us. We don't get many guests these days. Such is not a deserving fate of a wonderful place like this. Here, I will escort you towards your room right away.

F: D-26821, are you able to hear his voice?

D: Oh. You guys can't hear him? Well he's just- he's just welcoming me. He says that he has the room ready. The best room. He's giving me a key card. I can't wait. This place looks absolutely amazing. It's gonna be a sweet room, a sweet suite, *(laughter)* just diving into their plush, pristine bed, sled, showering with the joyful tears- secretions- of god, drinking pure orgasm from the pantry, enlightened, my fjore in lianm, [REDACTED]. It's going to be the best time of my life.

F: D-26821, it appears you have been exposed to a meme. We currently are not able to provide countermeasures to you, so just try

to stay focused on our objective.

D: The room will solve everything. And I mean everything, everything, including my orqa. *(to SCP-3398-1)* Thank you so much, man. Thank you so much.

[D-26821 takes the key card. SCP-3398-1 continues to talk, but part of his mouth is obscured, preventing further lip-reading. SCP-3398-1 and D-26821 converse loudly, seemingly laughing. SCP-3398-1 leads him to the elevator. Slight static appears on the video feed. The interior of the elevator appears to be completely white, with a subtle, coarse texture. The door shuts, leaving D-26821 alone in the elevator.]

D: Okay. I'm in the elevator. There's… only one floor. I'll, uh, press it.

[As soon as D-26821 presses the button, the elevator shakes violently. D-26821 falls to the floor, seemingly under large amounts of g-force. both the video feed and the audio cuts out for 31 seconds. When the signal returns, the camera lies motionless.]

F: D-26821? D-26821, do you read me? D-26821?

D: Jesus. Ow. Fuck, Fuck. Fuck. What- what the hell happened? God, my fucking nose is bleeding.

F: We are not sure. Please get up and try to exit the elevator.

D: Fuck. Okay. Ow. God damn it. Did the elevator crash? *(standing up, pause)* The

button's gone. The fucking button is gone. There's only the open button. *(heavy breathing, pause)* I can't go back down. *(pause)* I have to go out, don't I?

F: That was our main objective in the first place- and you don't have any other choice. So, yes.

D: Christ. Okay. Who knows, maybe there'll still be a comfy bed and hookers on the other side.

[At this point, memetic effects on D-26821 appears to have ceased. D-26821 pushes the "open" button. Door slides open, revealing a dim corridor. The walls are covered in beige wallpaper, and the floor is lined with dark brown carpet. No amount of aging can be seen. The sporadic lights have a deep yellow color. D-26821 turns right, which shows a corridor that seems to stretch endlessly. The left reveals the same. Numerous white elevators can be seen in place of hotel rooms.]

D: Okay. Dammit. Of course. No room of ecstasy for me. Fucking memes. *(pause)* That's a lot of elevators. Oh, Jesus- *(pause)* It smells really bad here. What do I do now?

F: Proceed right until you reach a wall, or any other structure. We will discuss your escape plan afterwards.

[D-26821 marks the elevator he came out from, them proceeds right for approximately 20 minutes. No noticeable difference from the previous structure can be seen. D-26821 takes a brief rest, then proceeds right for another 20 minutes.]

[EXTRANEOUS LOG REMOVED]

D: There's nothing but elevators. Fucking-elevators galore. What kind of a shitty hotel is this? Who makes t- wait. This door looks different. I think it's a room. About damn time.

[The door appears black, and has no visible signs of a number on its surface. D-26821 enters the room. Small parts of the room remain intact, with standard furniture typical for a hotel room. Half of the room is intruded by the elevator structure, making the shaft and the cables clearly visible. The shaft and the cables stretch indefinitely into darkness. one of the cables, seemingly severed, lie coiled on the floor next to the shaft.]

D: Dear god. That's unsettling. I wouldn't want to fall down there.

F: Take a closer look at one of the cables.

D: Jesus Christ. Okay. Alright. *(pause)* It's not metal. It's weird looking. Slimy, almost. Are those, are those v- [inaudible]

F: We can't determine exactly what it is from here. I want you to take a sample of it. Use your knife.

D: Oh man. Seriously? I have to touch- *(pause)* Okay. This is really hard to cut through. And it had to be so goddamn close to the gaping fucking hole. *(pause)* Alright, I got it. Jesus. That is not a pleasant texture. It's all squishy.

[D-26821 exits the room, and continues right

for an additional 30 minutes. Sporadic expletives can be heard from D-26821.]

[EXTRANEOUS LOG REMOVED]

D: I'm sick and tired of this shit. It doesn't even feel like I've moved. Everything is just same, and it just goes on over and over and over and over again. This is worse than prison. How much more do I have to walk for?

F: I think that's enough for the corridors. Please enter one of the elevators.

D: Finally. At least it'll be something different.

[The video feed reveals all 4 walls and the ceiling. Buttons fill the entirety of the walls without any noticeable gap. Random numbers are seen on buttons without any particular sequence.]

D: Jesus.

F: D-26821, please push on one of the buttons.

[D-26821 pushes on a button from the right side. It has the number "1062" written on it. The elevator shakes violently again, sending D-26821 to the floor. Video and audio feed cuts out for 30 seconds. When the feed returns, D-26821 appears to be on foot. The elevator door remains closed. D-26821 pushes on the "open" button. Another corridor hosting more elevators is revealed.]

D: What a surprise.

F: D-26821, choose a higher floor. So far all

the floors seem identical, but we'd like to make sure if anything changes later on.

D: This is getting harder and harder to track back. Okay, just give me a sec-

[D-26821 crouches and stands back up several times, looking at all the various buttons. He finds one that is marked "28121," and presses it. Video and audio feed cuts out for 70 seconds. When the feed returns, a corridor of identical appearance is seen. D-26821 continues his upward route for 3 hours.]

[EXTRANEOUS LOG REMOVED]

D: (pause) I can't- I can't fucking do this shit repeatedly, man. Fuck. Jesus Christ, it hurts so bad. W-[inaudible]

[D-26821 pushes on a button labeled "6082112." Video and audio feed cuts for 210 seconds. When the feed returns, D-26821 appears to be running through the corridor. D-26821 then hastily enters an elevator on his right side, which appears to have been tagged. The elevator door is closed. The video and audio quality is visibly degraded.]

F: D-26821? D-26821? Do you copy? What happened?

D: You're- you're back. Fuck, there was- there was some- Sorry, I can't- *(pause)* I saw a face. I got out of the fucking elevator, turned left and there was a person, or something, just a fucking face stuck in the wall, staring right at m-[static] It started to- oh, god, it started to scream, and the eyes, the fucking eyes, oh

god-

F: D-26821, I want you to stay calm. Was it chasing you?

D: No, the thing was stuck in the wall- Jesus, I hope it didn't chase me.

F: D-26821, the best current course of action is for you to continue the exploration into a different floor. Once we deem that all that is necessary was found, we will send an extraction team.

D: No, no, no. I'm not doing this. I'm going back.

[D-26821 searches for the floor he originally came from, but fails. The buttons seemed to have changed places. Numerous expletives can be heard.]

F: D-26821-

D: No. D-26821 this, D-26821 that- I have a fucking name, you pieces of shit, fu-[static] Fuck. Fuck you. Fuck you. Fine. Fine. I'll continue to walk through this goddamn mind-numbing hellhole, because your ass is not satisfied. Then what? Oh, I guess I'll wait. I'll wait for your goddamn extraction team. How the fuck do you expect those bastards to get to me? This place is a fucking nightmare. I'm going to die. I'll just fucking die here. Why the fuck not. In the middle of these goddamn elevators, you- [static].

[D-26821 punches the left wall, pressing several buttons at once. The elevator shakes violently. The video and audio feed cuts for 3

hours. When they return, video feed is unrecognizable, but audio remains barely intelligible.]

F: D-26821? Do you copy? Are you able to locate yourself?

D: Oh thank God, it's you-[static] Do you fu-[inaudible]-on't even know the last number I saw. They only get higher and h-[static] No elevator goes down. Nothing goes d-[static] There's so many- [static] here- Please, just get me out. Just get me out. I don't feel [static]-ood. I don't-[static]

F: D-26821, I need you to stay calm. Do not move. We are going to send in an extraction team. You need to gather your rations and conserve energy, so you can stay alive until our team can get to you, okay?[2]

D: No, no, no, no-[static]-not going to-[static]-et me killed. Please, please ju-[static] Shit, shit, shit, I can't stay. I can't stay here. I have to-[static]

[Contact is lost for another 5 hours.]

D: God. Jesus. Pleas-[inaudible]-p me. Please. My leg. My le-[static]-'s gone. I'm mel-[static]-what floor am I on? I can't breathe. I can't-[inaudible]

F: D-26821? Can you hear me? D-26821? Can you state your current situation?

D: *(sobbing)* Please hel-[static] It took my leg, it took my fucking leg. My blood, it's- [static] God, help me, God, guys, please, get me out of here, it's taking me, it's ma-[inaudible]-I

don't want to be [static] I don't want to-[static].

F: D-26821? Carl? Don't worry. We'll come get you. Just hang in there.

D: No, no, n-[static]-n't. You don't-[static] Pleas-[static] I don't want to be-[static]

[Contact is lost for 11 hours. Sporadic attempts at reconnection reveal unintelligible vocalizations. Brief contact is made at the end of the 11-hour mark.]

D: I found my room.

[Video and audio turns into static, then cuts off completely. After not receiving any signal for 24 hours, D-26821 is presumed lost.]

[END LOG]

+ Exploration Log 3398-2

Date: /07/18

F: Dr. Forrester, communications, Site
A: Mr. , hereafter "Alpha," 33 years old
B: Mr. , hereafter "Beta," 28 years old
G: Ms. , hereafter "Gamma," 30 years old
D: Mr. , hereafter "Delta," 31 years old

Members of MTF Zeta-9 (“Mole Rats”) were sent into SCP-3398 for the purpose of further exploration, gathering samples, possible determination of the events surrounding D-26821, and location of another point of exit. All members were equipped with standard Foundation issue video camera mounted onto the head, standard Foundation issue radio equipment, Local storage unit, and a bag filled

with basic Foundation equipment package for hostile environment exploration, five (5) sample bags, and rations for 7 days.

All video footage has been lost. Below is a transcript of the audio logs discovered from the members' local storage unit.

[BEGIN LOG]

A: Team, check in.

B: Check.

G: Check.

D: Check.

F: Alright, once you guys get in there, you'll have no choice but to be exposed to their meme. It will cease once you reach the elevator, but expect some bullshit along the way. Copy?

A, B, G, D: Copy.

[EXTRANEOUS LOG REMOVED]

B: What do I do with this key card? As if we didn't have eno- Jesus, that's a lot of elevators.

A: Alright. Gather some sample from the doors, the wall, and the floor.

D: Gathering sample.

G: We should continue upwards through the elevator. No use going through this corridor again.

B: Yeah, that poor D-class did it all for us. Wonder what happened to him?

A: That's what we're here to find out.

[EXTRANEOUS LOG REMOVED]

A: Reporting. We are currently on, presumably, floor 108,903. No differences has been noted so far from our previous floors.

F: Alright. Please continue upwards. The last floor our D-class was known to be in is still ways to go. I doubt that you will be able to find the exact floor he was in, but you might be able to land near the ballpark.

A: Copy that.

B: This place still smells terrible.

G: Are you sure it's not from you?

B: Shut up.

D: Heading up again.

[EXTRANEOUS LOG REMOVED]

A: Current floor is 278,310. Still no difference. Our watches indicate that it is 0000, so we'll be taking a rest in the corridor.

F: Good. We'll still be monitoring you guys, but be sure to notify us once anything changes.

B: Christ. Fucking finally. Those elevators are so tiring. Hurts so bad. *(eating noise)*

D: Beta, you should try to conserve your

rations. We don't know how long we'll be here. Could be more than 7 days.

B: More than 7 fucking days? This place is so boring, man. Jesus. Alright, fine.

G: We'll eat you first once we run out of rations, beta.

[EXTRANEOUS LOG REMOVED]

B: Fuck! Fuck, Jesus-

G: Jesus Christ, Beta, what the fuck-

D: Get him off-

A: Reporting- base? Base? Do you copy? We woke up, and part of Beta's arm got, shit, stuck to the floor. It looks like it partially melted. We are trying to get the carpet around it.

B: It fucking looks like it's a part of my skin now, ow, no, don't touch it-

G: Should we head back down?

A: We can't. No elevator seems to go back down. And base isn't responding.

G: What? That was way sooner than we thought- shit- have we tried cutting through the floor?

D: You want to punch through 200 thousand floors? We'll die before we reach 1000, even with the equipment we have- Beta, no, it's going to be fine-

G: Shit, okay.

A: We have no choice but to head up. Delta, help Gamma bandage Beta's arm up. Yes, with the carpet.

B: Up? Are you fucking insane-

[EXTRANEOUS LOG REMOVED]

A: We are on floor 6,007,128. The numbers are increasing exponentially. We're noticing some changes. Slight degradation in the walls, but it seems to shift slightly when we're not looking. Our shoes are sticking to the carpet. Resting is not a viable option. Beta is in stable condition and is functional.

G: More so than usual, anyway.

B: Fuck you.

D: This is around where the D-class went insane, right?

G: Around, in a really vague sense.

B: The walls are fucking with my eyes.

A: Heading up. Again.

B: I think my clothes are melting off.

[EXTRANEOUS LOG REMOVED]

A: Floor 8789- 878,900,076. We can shift the walls by just touching it. Our shoes melted through. Bottom of our feet sticks to the carpet.

B: I'm bleeding.

D: Yeah.

G: I think there are faces in the walls.

A: We are going to continue to head up. Elevators have gone from pristine white to, uh, bumpy. Bony.

D: Again and again.

[EXTRANEOUS LOG REMOVED]

A: We lost Beta. He melted through. His eyes were still looking at me, though. Floor, uh, it's, 100, no- *(pause)* No. Yeah. People. There are a lot of people here.

D: I can see my bones. On my feet.

A: Put some bandage on it.

G: Hey, Delta. Your- this arm is grabbing me.

A: We should eat the rations.

D: Do saws work on human arms?

A: *(eating noise)*

D: Yeah, it works.

[EXTRANEOUS LOG REMOVED]

A: Floor, *(pause)* We didn't, I didn't keep count. Spider webs. Minced. Gamma found her room.

D: I can't feel my feet.

A: Well, it's- [inaudible]

[EXTRANEOUS LOG REMOVED]

A: Delta found his room.

[EXTRANEOUS LOG REMOVED]

A: There's nothing here.

[No further audio has been recorded until the time of the storage's discovery. All members of MTF Zeta-9 (“Mole Rats”) are presumed lost.]

[END LOG]

Addendum: On /07/18, 4 bags, presumed to have belonged to D-26821 and members of the MTF Zeta-9 (“Mole Rats”), materialized in front of the gate. Inside contained all of the initial materials; samples of the elevator cable, elevator door, wallpaper and the carpet; and a note:

> Lost luggage

Testing of the all the samples revealed them to have 99% matches to human DNA.

Footnotes
1. Not identified. Current hypothesis points towards an unknown proper noun.
2. No actual rescue attempts were made at any point of the exploration in order to avoid collateral damage.

SCP-3399: Family Tree

Fruit of an instance of SCP-3399-1 at site of original discovery.

Item #: SCP-3399

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3399 is to be stored in a standard secure storage locker. Protective gloves should be worn when handling to prevent accidental activation.

One instance of SCP-3399-1 is to be maintained in the botanical wing of Site- . Additional instances may be grown for research purposes at the discretion of the Senior Researcher.

Description: SCP-3399 is a replica of the fruit from the *Platanus orientalis* (oriental plane) tree made primarily of gold and decorated with silver, the spines of which are sharp enough to penetrate human skin on contact. When exposed to human blood, SCP-3399 will split along the lateral axis into two separate pieces connected with a hinge; opening SCP-3399 in this state reveals a single seed superficially similar to those from the *Platanus orientalis*. When planted, this seed will grow into an instance of SCP-3399-1.

SCP-3399-1 is a tree superficially resembling the *Platanus orientalis* that typically grows at an accelerated rate, reaching full maturity in approximately three months. As SCP-3399-1 grows the leaves of the tree begin displaying images representing the memories of the individual whose blood originally opened SCP-3399 (henceforth referred to as the donor), rendered in a realistic style and shown from the point of view of the donor. These images are slightly translucent and superimposed over the surface of the leaf. Tests show that the images are accurate representations of events from the life of the donor as they recall them. Each leaf displays a single image, which remains unchanging for the duration of its life.

Once mature, SCP-3399-1 will begin producing fruit[1] which

develops into seeds; no method of pollination is required for this to occur. If one or more of these seeds are planted newly grown leaves on the parent instance will begin to display images of potential future events, frequently involving a partner with whom the donor could conceive a child. If the donor is already involved in a relationship with such a viable partner, it will frequently be that partner who is seen in the images.[2]

As the new instance of SCP-3399-1 grows it will begin to show images from the life of the potential offspring of the donor and the partner displayed in the leaves of the original SCP-3399-1 instance.[3] The new instance of SCP-3399-1 will ultimately begin producing seeds itself, which when planted grow into further instances of SCP-3399-1 displaying images of the potential offspring of the hypothetical individual displayed in the parent instance.

The health of a given instance of SCP-3399-1 is determined by the genetic viability of the individual it is linked to - either the original donor or their hypothetical offspring. The presence of any genetic disorders in the displayed individual will cause SCP-3399-1 to grow in a non-standard manner, typically showing visible defects or abnormalities. See table 3399-1 for a list of observed abnormalities.

SCP-3399 was discovered in an isolated valley in [REDACTED], inside a shrine of Daevite origin; the style and decoration of the shrine was consistent with that found in structures related to the Daevite royal line. Also found in the shrine were numerous sealed scroll cases; partial translation of the scrolls sealed within reveal them to be detailed genealogical logs of a number of Daevite families, along with descriptions of desired future pairings.

The shrine was surrounded by 73 instances of SCP-3399-1, with the images displayed on the leaves of SCP-3399-1 matching the style of dress and cultural surroundings believed to be associated with Daevite royalty. One instance of SCP-3399-1 was transported to the botanical wing of Site- ; the rest were destroyed following the collection and cataloguing of seeds from each specimen.

Table 3399-1
Notable abnormal growth patterns observed in SCP-3399-1 instances during testing.

Donor	Donor Notes	Results
D-5321	Confirmed to carry the gene for cystic fibrosis.	In 25% of planted instances, tree bark was noticeably paler than in healthy instances, and leaves were dry and brittle. Results imply that the displayed partner is also a carrier.
Researcher C	Statistically significant family history of myopia.	Images displayed on the leaves were largely indecipherable, typically being little more than coloured smears.
D-88432	Infertile due to prior treatment for cancer.	Instances of SCP-3399-1 grew normally, but never began producing seeds.
Second generation seed. Researcher M was donor for the original instance.	None	50% of planted instances were stunted, never reaching more than half of the height of a typical instance, and branches held significantly fewer leaves. Later testing revealed that the displayed partner, confirmed to be Researcher M s husband, possessed the gene for Huntington's Disease.
D-75332	Family history shows a statistically significant resistance	SCP-3399-1 grew approximately 10% larger than observed

	to bacterial infections.	averages in height and girth. Surface area of leaves was approximately 15% above average. During destruction of the instance, the wood was observed to be notably harder to cut than standard instances.
D-5411	Tested positive for a number of genetic cancer markers.	Each instance of SCP-3399-1 grew with a crooked trunk and branches, and developed a significant number of knots and burls during growth. Leaves were notably yellow in colour.

Addendum 1: Following the planting of a seed from an instance of SCP-3399-1 of which Researcher L was the original donor, the leaves on SCP-3399-1 began displaying images implying a relationship between Researchers L and P . Researcher L was married to a non-Foundation civilian at the time.

Approximately one year later, Researchers L and P informed the Foundation Human Resources department that they were beginning a relationship following Researcher L 's divorce, as per employee fraternisation guidelines.

Addendum 2: Approximately six years after the birth of the first child of Researchers L and P , it was determined that the images displayed by the secondary instance of SCP-3399-1 match those of the child with a 96% certainty.

In an attempt to determine the nature of the predictions made by SCP-3399-1, Researchers L and P have agreed to bring their child to Site- periodically to try and influence the images

displayed. Checks for images relating to Site- are ongoing.

Addendum 3: Attempts to grow seeds from the instance of SCP-3399-1 displaying the child of Researchers L and P have all failed; the seed grows normally for approximately a week before it spontaneously suffers from rapid cellular decay. The reason for this is currently unknown.

Footnotes
1. Fruit of thePlatanus orientalisis non-edible, in both anomalous and non-anomalous varieties.
2. In approximately 84% of observed cases.
3. Foundation geneticists assigned to SCP-3399 agree that the displayed individuals could be offspring of the donor and hypothetical partner, with a certainty of 98%, based on the observation of visibly expressed genetic traits.

Articles 3400-3499

SCP-3400: Rorqual Infection

Item #: SCP-3400

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: A division of Mobile Task Force Gamma-6 is to monitor the population of Omura's whales (*Balaenoptera omurai*) and all specimens found to expel SCP-3400 are to be terminated on sight. Any SCP-3400 expelled is to be collected and incinerated. Approximately 5 litres of SCP-3400 is kept on-site for experimental purposes. All personnel interacting with SCP-3400 must wear liquid-proof gloves and avoid direct skin contact with the substance at all times. Human subject testing is prohibited for the foreseeable future.

Any individuals found to have made direct skin contact with SCP-3400 are to be apprehended, examined to determine the severity of the infection, and then given amnestics. Upon release subjects are to be informed that they possess an as-of-yet unknown, rare brain condition. Subjects found to be severely infected by SCP-3400 are to be humanely terminated.

Description: SCP-3400 is an anomalous substance expelled through the blowhole of approximately 54.3% of wild Omura's whales (*Balaenoptera omurai*) within the Indian Ocean. The substance is highly luminous, light blue, and has a consistency similar to that of vegetable oils. The substance floats on water, and has not been found outside of the Indian Ocean.

When an individual makes direct skin contact with SCP-3400, instances of SCP-3400-1 are transferred. SCP-3400-1 instances are conscious entities which can only materialise within the mind of an individual exposed to SCP-3400. They materialise as rorquals, with two large dorsal fins, and only materialise in groups. SCP-3400-1 instances can freely move around within the consciousness and memories of an infected individual. In severe cases, SCP-3400-1

instances can be apparently hallucinated within the sight of an infected subject. The subject will only realise they have been infected the next time they enter an REM sleep state. The subject will experience a dream involving the pod, and from that point forward the SCP-3400-1 instances will have virtually full access to the mind of the individual. The pod will begin to insert itself into the subject's memories and take up a large portion of the individual's thoughts. It is possible for an infected individual to lead a relatively normal life after exposure, but in severe cases SCP-3400-1 instances will occupy most or all of the thoughts and memories of the individual, preventing normal activity.

Addendum: On / /199 , a yacht pulled into a harbour near Perth, Australia. All of the inhabitants, who were still alive, were found to have been exposed to SCP-3400, in some individuals with high severity. The following is a journal found on the vessel belonging to Isaac , 24 years old at the time of infection.

> / /199
>
> Quiet on the lines today. Nothing really that interesting except a small dolphinfish. Not big enough to be eaten, so we just threw it back. Rick complained, of course. It was dark out, and Ethan called us out to the deck. There was this patch of glowing stuff on the water passing by our boat. He reached down and touched it, said it felt like slime. We all ended up running our hands through the stuff before our boat moved past. It was quite satisfying in my hands. We went to bed not long after that.
>
> / /199
>
> Had kind of a freaky dream last night. I was on some kind of floating island, and there was this whale group floating around. They looked like normal whales, but they had two fins. The guys said they had a dream with the same whales. Must have been a shared dream, or something. Caught a pretty big grouper after a massive tussle with the thing, which was a pretty nice contrast to yesterday. We can't stop thinking about the dream, though.

/ /199

I wasn't thinking of the dream today. The whales from it lingered in my mind though. Just a flicker of the fins or the mouth in the back of my mind. It was another quiet day for fishing, but we got hounded by gulls all day. It was real annoying, rick got really pissed. As I'm writing this I can see the whales in the back of my mind. I don't like it.

/ /199

I'm not sure why, but the whales from my dream have been on my mind all day. I can't stop thinking about them. It's really starting to get on my nerves, it was hard to concentrate on fishing, so I caught nothing. We got virtually no catches today on the whole, everybody seemed really out of it. Lucky we have enough food already so we don't really need to catch anymore. They have two fins, it's strange. I think I remember them, too. Just a flicker of a memory, of them in a lake when I was young.

/ /199

could barely get up to write this today, so I pulled it into the bed. the whales are all I can think about apart from the need to eat and shit. rick has gone, he's not in his bed. will seems virtually normal, he told us rick went missing. i remember the whales so many times. they were outside the window when my dad died. they were in the sea that time i nearly drowned. they were in the sea. in the sea when we touched the glowing.

(No date written)

all I can remember are whales. two fins. in the sky, my first day of school. when i caught the grouper they were in the sea. this entire trip, i remember they've been everywhere. they were here when I was writing this journal. i remember seeing them a few seconds ago.

(No date written)

they're here right now in the room. flying, the two fins scraping the ceiling. they're floating over him across the room. no food. active man gone. the two fins.

Isaac was humanely terminated shortly after discovery.

SCP-3401: Anyone Fancy A Cup Of Jade? Or maybe some Earl, or Jasmine?

Item #: SCP-3401

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3401 is contained in a standard anomalous item locker.

Description: SCP-3401 is a brown clay teapot, measuring 11cm in height and 17cm in length. The bottom of SCP-3401 bears the inscription 'A lasting memento for any tea lover'.

SCP-3401's anomalous effects manifest when a small portion of human ash, approximately a single teaspoon, is placed into SCP-3401 and then filled with boiled water. Ashes placed inside SCP-3401 will then begin to infuse with the boiled water in a manner consistent to fermented tea leaves. The water will initially experience a change in color and gain a particular scent depending on the ashes.

After 2-3 minutes, the water inside SCP-3401 will take a quasi-liquid form, coated in a thin clear membrane consistent with vegetable oil. In this state, the resulting ‘brew’ will resemble a miniaturized limp human body, resembling the individual whose ashes were used (SCP-3401-1). SCP-3401-1 instances are intricately detailed, portraying minor features of the individual, such as finger/toenails, hair and wrinkles. SCP-3401-1 will behave partly as a single liquid mass, separating only when manipulated feasibly by exterior sources. Closer examination of SCP-3401-1 instances reveals a faint sound emanating from them, similar to a heartbeat.

SCP-3401-1 may be drunk and is often described as having a consistency similar to hot tea and watery jelly. SCP-3401-1 each have their own distinguishing taste depending on the ashes used and are usually a complex mixture of flavours; including ones not

limited to average tea. In all cases, SCP-3401-1 instances have been reported as also having a flavor bearing similarities to the respective person's cause of death[1] (a list of reported flavors can be found below).

A mixture of ashes to brew SCP-3401-1 is possible; however, the produced instance will appear as a physically deformed fusion of the respected bodies and is described as tasting of blood and various other bodily fluids.

Partial Testing Log 3401

Access Log

Cremated individual	**Cause of death**	**Flavour description**
23 year old female	Allergic reaction (bee sting)	Sweet with a strong cherry zest and spice. Faint taste of freshly cut grass and honey.
42 year old man	Homicide	Aromatic, rich, bergamot orange. Hint of sweat, blood, metal and perfume.
26 year old female	Suicide (jumping)	Bleak, smokey flavor. Hint of whisky, concrete and salt water.[2]
14 year old male	Reported accidental death (falling)[3]	Sweet with a flavor of vanilla and candied nuts. Slight hint of arsenic.
93 year old male	Lung cancer	Non-anomalous pure green tea (SCP-3401-1 was not produced).

Footnotes

1. Allergic reaction to almonds: slight nutty taste, death by burning: smokey, drowning: sea air and fish, homicide: decaying wood, iron and compost.
2. Subjects reported a significant mood increase after drinking. Reports showed subjects to have experienced a considerable release of dopamine.
3. Investigations ongoing

SCP-3403: Summer Dogs

Item #: SCP-3403

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3403 is to be kept within a secure item locker when not in use. Requests for testing may be submitted to the Research Director at SCP-3403's site of containment (Field Office 352-Zayin as of 01/10/2015). Following any testing or transport, SCP-3403 is to be rinsed in water and wiped clean to prevent manifestation of anomalies.

Description: SCP-3403 is a rectangular concrete box measuring approximately 17.75 cm x 10 cm x 10 cm. The object has no external openings, but contains a hollow aperture housing several materials. Following penetrative imaging and substance analysis, the space within SCP-3403 was determined be filled primarily with charred organic material identified as cremated mammal remains, surrounding a small assembly composed of a circuit board connected to a dried flower (*Eichhornia crassipes*) by means of short wires curled around the stem. Analysis also revealed a short text passage inscribed on the interior surface of the object, the contents of which may be found in Document 3403-A01.

The anomaly associated with SCP-3403 manifests when the object is fully covered with soil on all six sides. Under these conditions, three instances of SCP-3403-1 will manifest within 1000 square meters of the spot at which the object is buried inside of 24 hours. Instances of SCP-3403-1 are incorporeal images resembling specific domesticated canines. They have no measurable mass or volume, and the space occupied by their bodies measures on average 5 degrees Celsius warmer than the surrounding air. Instances behave in a manner consistent with non-anomalous canines, though they are apparently unable to detect humans. Left alone, instances will play with one another, chase non-human animals, and periodically rest. All manifestation of SCP-3403-1

ceases once SCP-3403 is no longer in contact with soil on all sides.

The instances of SCP-3403-1 have been designated as follows:

SCP-3403-1-A: Male boxer, apparent joint pain and occasional seizures, highly active, estimated 13 years of age

SCP-3403-1-B: Female bull mastiff, slight limp in rear left leg, moderately active, estimated 8 years of age

SCP-3403-1-C: Male bull mastiff, missing right ear, lethargic, estimated 4 years of age

SCP-3403 was recovered from an empty lot in St. Johns, Florida on 09/04/2014, following numerous reports of "ghost dogs" in the area. No further associated incidents have been reported following recovery.

+Show addendum: Test Log 3403-Alpha

Test Date: 09/10/2015

Purpose: Control

Procedure: Object placed on a tarp; not exposed to soil

Result: No anomalies noted within 36 hour monitoring period.

Test Date: 09/13/2015

Purpose: Reproduction of original anomaly

Procedure: Object buried .5 m underground in vicinity of Field Office

Result: All instances of SCP-3403-1 manifested within 24 hours. All three instances appeared to show slight reduction of sensory awareness relative to original manifestation.

Test Date: 09/14/2015

Purpose: Reproduction of original anomaly

Procedure: Object buried .5 m underground at original site of recovery

Result: All instances of SCP-3403-1 manifested within 24 hours. Instances demonstrated none of the irregularities seen in previous test.

Notes: Anomaly seems most effective at original location. Possibly due to soil conditions - further research ideal.

Test Date: 09/16/2015

Purpose: Test potency of anomaly manifestation using different soil

Procedure: Object surrounded in 1 cubic m of soil sourced from Brantley, Georgia

Result: All instances of SCP-3403-1 manifested within 27 hours. SCP-3403-1-B and -C appeared to have senses significantly impaired relative to original manifestation. SCP-3403-1-A appeared to be totally devoid of sight, hearing, and smell.

Note: This suggests the earlier hypothesis was correct. Glad getting that soil wasn't a waste of time.

Test Date: 09/18/2015

Purpose: Test limits of anomaly manifestation

Procedure: Object surrounded in 1 cubic m of beach sand, dried and sifted

Result: All instances of SCP-3403-1 manifested within 36 hours. All instances were devoid of fur, with SCP-3403-1-C missing several patches of skin and SCP-3403-1-A completely devoid of skin. SCP-3403-1-A de-manifested and re-manifested in irregularly-timed bursts over 36 hour monitoring period. Space occupied by all instances measured significantly warmer (~15 deg. C) than recorded in original manifestation. All instances appeared confused and physically uncomfortable. SCP-3403-1-B observed to gravitate to areas of deep shade, to no apparent effect.

Test Date: 09/21/2015

Purpose: Test limits of anomaly manifestation

Procedure: Object suspended using cable in a 1 cubic m tank of water with approx. 50 g of soil mixed in

Result: SCP-3403-1-B and SCP-3403-1-C manifested within 48 hours. Both instances observed to produce significantly more saliva relative to original manifestation, as well as exhibited behavior associated with hydrocephalus. SCP-3403-1-C de-manifested and re-manifested repeatedly over 36 hour monitoring period, but occasionally exhibited physical irregularities upon re-manifestation (e.g. excessive hair, elongated bones). SCP-3403-1-A not observed to manifest.

Test Date: 09/25/2015

Purpose: Reproduction of original anomaly

Procedure: Object buried .5 m underground at original site of recovery

Result: All instances of SCP-3403-1 manifested within 24 hours. Instances showed none of the physical irregularities observed in previous experiments, though all instances showed initial disorientation and confusion for several hours following manifestation. In particular, SCP-3403-1-A, though apparently conscious and responsive to external stimuli, did not move for 1.5 hours following manifestation. Within 4 hours of manifestation, all instances returned to original observed behavioral patterns.

+Show addendum: Document 3403-A01

Commodore, Breakfast, and Lawrence

Summers aren't the same anymore. This is for you.

I don't even have to ask; you were always cool.

- G.C. (with help from friends)

SCP-3404: Down With the Sickness

Item #: SCP-3404

Object Class: Keter

Containment Status: Full containment of SCP-3404 is currently a top priority. The number of civilians with some awareness of SCP-3404 is estimated at 5 million. Standard protocols have successfully effected a communications blackout on the subject, resulting in no anticipated growth. Amnestic distribution is ongoing and will most likely be completed within two months.

Identification and containment of individuals experiencing SCP-3404-B is ongoing. Plans for the long-term accommodation of these individuals are currently being developed. Possible cures for SCP-3404-B are being investigated.

Methods of monitoring and/or neutralizing SCP-3404-C are being assessed. Lists of suspected members of SCP-3404-C are being compiled. Standardized protocols for addressing concerns posed by SCP-3404-C have not yet been created; SCP-3404's HMCL supervisor currently has the authority to determine appropriate responses to SCP-3404-C activity.

Description: SCP-3404 is the collective designation for SCP-3404-A, -B, and -C.

SCP-3404-A is a telepathic signal of indeterminate origin, broadcast on April 18, 2017, at 2:17PM UST across the entire planet. An estimated 100.000 individuals worldwide, believed to be those with a Psionic Resistance Index of 70 or less, were capable of perceiving SCP-3404-A as a visual, olfactory, and/or tactile hallucination that lasted for four minutes.

Exposed subjects have differing reports of SCP-3404-A's contents, though several themes are prevalent:

- Images of individuals apparently suffering from various illnesses, many of which correspond to known anomalous conditions, in or near crowded hospitals.
- Images of mass graves containing similarly diseased and malformed bodies.
- Non-specific imagery of blood and viscera.
- News reports describing multiple concurrent pandemics, as well as the resultant collapse of industrial civilization.
- Sensations of warm, malodorous breath on the face.
- Non-specific imagery of visibly unsanitary or rotting food.
- Large swarms of insects and rodents.
- Scents of disinfectants, fecal matter, rotting flesh, blood, body odor, and various unidentified foul odors.
- Sensations of being squeezed by a crowd of people, with accompanying difficulty breathing.
- Formication[1], with corresponding imagery.
- Intense full-body pain and itching.

Amnestic treatment suppresses conscious awareness of SCP-3404-A but does not mitigate related trauma or anomalous effects.

SCP-3404-B is a condition affecting roughly 2/3 of those individuals who perceived SCP-3404-A. SCP-3404-B is externally characterized by post-traumatic stress disorder, severe mysophobia[2], and an obsession with the long-term viability of humanity. SCP-3404-B also grants telepathic capabilities that enable full communication of thoughts and sensory information between affected individuals.

Reports of PTSD and mysophobia began almost immediately after SCP-3404-A; however, SCP-3404-B was not identified until four days later, after various individuals described newfound telepathic abilities. While media suppression was generally successful, evidence suggests that most affected subjects have not publicly disclosed their status, and thus are difficult to identify via standard methods.

A procedure developed by SCP-3404-C (see below) is capable of inducing SCP-3404-B in individuals; while it has not been documented or observed by Foundation personnel, evidence suggests that this procedure takes no less than four hours alone with an affected individual, and entails (at a minimum) the

administration of opioid drugs as well as moderate scarring around the ears and nose. The number of individuals infected via this procedure is unknown.

SCP-3404-C is a gestalt intelligence[3] that arises from the telepathic network created by SCP-3404-B. It is capable of communication with all individuals affected by SCP-3404-B (hereby 'members'), and has access to all memories and sensory information possessed by its members. Its mental processing capacity likely exceeds that of humans by several orders of magnitude.

While members retain their own identities and personalities, none have been observed to deliberately operate against the wishes of SCP-3404-C; notably, they will suppress symptoms of SCP-3404-B and attempt to act normally in the presence of others. While positive confirmation of SCP-3404-C status requires in-depth telepathic capacity testing, preclusion of SCP-3404-C membership is possible for subjects with no observable aversion to interacting with contaminants.

SCP-3404-C self-identifies as "Operation HEALTH"[4] and is preoccupied with the elimination of all disease and illness; most observed activity has been in pursuit of this goal. Despite access to all relevant scientific literature, it has displayed irrational beliefs with regards to the threat of diseases, viable venues of medical research, and viable methods of conducting public health initiatives.

SCP-3404-C is not a humaniform intelligence, and is not susceptible to any tested memetic weapons; while its members are susceptible, SCP-3404-C is capable of eliminating hostile memes and restoring members to a working state. It is able to simulate humanoid thought processes sufficiently well to converse with humans, though its tone and manner of speech at any given time are not necessarily representative of its state of mind.

SCP-3404-C has detailed knowledge of the Foundation, and treats it as a hostile force. With few exceptions, it has rejected all attempts at negotiation, displaying overt hostility in response to perceived attempts to interfere with its activities. While it is known that numerous members of SCP-3404-C are employed by the Foundation, the scope of its infiltration has not been assessed.

Addendum: History of SCP-3404-C

SCP-3404-C was first identified after several high-ranking members of the Russian military unexpectedly attempted to authorize testing of several nuclear weapons. While the personnel responsible were detained before this could be performed, standard interrogatory techniques proved ineffective until their transfer to psi-shielded holding cells[5]; at this point, interrogation became effective, and the subjects described a plan to use nuclear weapons to sterilize areas affected by **SCP-610**, as well as several G2 sites containing samples of **SCP-008**. Additional testing performed after returning the subjects to a non-shielded environment was able to discern, in broad terms, the nature of SCP-3404-C.

Initial negotiations with SCP-3404-C were conducted using a detained subject as a mediator. The Foundation agreed to eliminate samples of SCP-008 at several G2 sites[6] and sterilize 25% of SCP-610's affected area with non-nuclear weaponry; in exchange, SCP-3404-C agreed to abide by the Veil Protocol and refrain from interference with Foundation operations unrelated to disease and illness.[7] Additional negotiations were inhibited by SCP-3404-C's unwillingness to make realistic offers; for example, its stated requirement for limiting the spread of SCP-3404-B was 3,0 trillion RUB (~51 bilion USD) transfered to several Swiss bank accounts under its control and two pills of **SCP-500**.

Over the course of negotiations, SCP-3404-C displayed increasing paranoia and repeatedly accused the Foundation of being "dirt-corrupted," and made the statement "You need to understand that we have worlds worth saving here."[8] four times. It displayed an unusual level of concern with the security and long-term stability of **SCP-212** and **SCP-1096**, though it refused to disclose the exact nature of its interest in these anomalies. After two days, SCP-3404-C refused to engage with Foundation personnel; the mediator was shot fatally after attempting to manually strangle the lead negotiator without provocation.

SCP-3404-C has thus far focused most of its efforts on acquiring resources to fund medical research and public health initiatives, typically by influencing wealthy individuals and/or powerful individuals, or (on rare occasions) incorporating them into

SCP-3404-C. It has also engaged in numerous other activities, whose effects or purposes are unclear.

The following is a list of abnormal events confirmed to be the work of SCP-3404-C. Further additions to this log are pending analysis.

- 2017-04-30: Attempted nuclear sterilization of SCP-610's remaining containment area. Failed.
- 2017-05-02: [REDACTED]
- 2017-05-04: Attempted to spread SCP-3404-B to high-ranking officials in the American, German, and Algerian governments. [REDACTED]. Most likely failed.
- 2017-05-08: Attempted acquisition of the leadership of the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. Failed.[9]
- 2017-05-09: [REDACTED]
- 2017-05-10: Beginning of collaboration with the Institute for Esoteric Medicine.[10]
- 2017-05-12: Hired several mercenary groups to attack Site-17, for the apparent purpose of extracting SCP- and **SCP-2269**. Successfully acquired **SCP-2269**; SCP- was destroyed in a firefight.
- 2017-05-14: Effectively co-opted, by way of philanthropy and intimidation, various local and regional public health advocacy groups that operate in the Arctic Circle. The resources of those organizations have since been redirected towards efforts relating to water quality and sanitation.
- 2017-05-15: Estimated creation date of SCP-4117. [REDACTED]. SCP-4117 was retrieved from a laboratory operated by SCP-3404-C six days later.
- 2017-05-16: [REDACTED]. Of note is that there have been no known victims of kuru since 2009.
- 2017-05-18: Began funding the construction of several super-deep boreholes off the coast of Mozambique. Purpose unknown.
- 2017-05-20: Financed the theft of roughly 10,000 doses of various opioid drugs from distribution centers in the Midwestern United States. Tracking of these drugs is in progress.
- 2017-05-21: Purchase of several properties in Jakarta. The properties were forcibly acquired by the Foundation after

analysis suggested that their arrangement served an unidentified thaumaturgic purpose. [REDACTED] The Institute for Esoteric Medicine was found abandoned; its members are currently missing.

- 2017-05-22: Attempted to extract SCP-4117 from Site- . Notable as the first instance in which SCP-3404-C employed an anomalous humanoid (tentatively designated SCP-) in its operations.
- 2017-05-23: First instance of armed conflict between SCP-3404-C and **SCP-1659**. The exact cause of the conflict, as well as the nature of this battle, are unclear. Resulted in 18 (primarily civilian) casualties, as well as the destruction of the Blue Hill restaurant.
- 2017-05-24: [REDACTED]
- 2017-05-26: Attempted to extract SCP-4117 from Site- . Failed.
- 2017-05-26: [REDACTED]
- 2017-05-26: Attempted to extract SCP-4117 from Site- . Failed.
- 2017-05-26: Attempted to extract SCP-4117 from Site- . Failed.
- 2017-05-26: [REDACTED]. The resultant anomaly has been classified as **SCP-2315**.
- 2017-05-26: [REDACTED]
- 2017-05-27: Attempted to grant $2,000,000 to the University of Auckland for the purpose of studying the effects of "an effective solvent" on sheep. The project was terminated by the Foundation prior to the University's acquisition of the substance to be tested; its nature is currently unknown.
- 2017-05-28: Bribed a Computer Science professor at University to deliver a presentation entitled "Chaos Charlatans Get Salmonella At All Costs". While the presentation has tested negative for anomalous properties, four students in attendance were noted to experience grand mal seizures during the presentation.
- 2017-05-29: Placement of the following advertisement on various major websites. The ad was determined to have no anomalous properties and contain no classified information, and was not removed.

+ Display image

Footnotes
1. The sensation of insects crawling under one's skin.
2. Pathological fear of contamination and germs. Also known as germophobia.
3. An emergent phenomenon in which a large number of separate psychological entities are connected to form a distinct psychological entity; colloquially known as a "hive mind".
4. Or the nearest equivalent in any given language.
5. Prompted by evidence that they were affected by SCP-3404-B.
6. The locations of these sites were provided by SCP-3404-C.
7. Thus far, it has adhered to this agreement.
8. Approximate translation. SCP-3404-C is prone to using non-standard syntax while under stress.
9. While a complete takeover is not possible under current circumstances, SCP-3404-C's infiltration of the CDC has been deemed too extensive to effectively eliminate its presence without violating the Veil Protocol; plans for closer monitoring of its staff are being constructed.
10. An organization focused primarily on the production of unusual electromagnetic fields for use in pseudo-scientific medical procedures.

SCP-3405: How To Get Away With Murder Without Really Trying

Item #: SCP-3405

Object Class: Keter

Standard Containment Procedures: All criminal cases in the San Francisco area involving persons who match the most likely description of SCP-3405 are to be pursued by MTF Iota-10 ("Damn Feds"). Police, private detectives and other investigators working on the case are to be covertly undermined to reduce the probability of exposing civilians to an anomaly.

All persons with some probability of being SCP-3405 are to be interviewed and reviewed to verify that they are indeed SCP-3405.

Description: SCP-3405 is a humanoid of indeterminate age, gender, and appearance. While photographic evidence and direct visual confirmation suggest that SCP-3405 is a Caucasian woman in her mid-thirties, these sources cannot be trusted. Other unverified reports indicate SCP-3405 suffers from alcoholism and intense mood swings.

SCP-3405 has been a suspect in at least three different murder cases; however, no amount of investigation has yielded conclusive evidence to convict SCP-3405. While it is possible that SCP-3405's methods are non-anomalous, the Foundation has determined the probability of anomalous interference too high to ignore.

Addendum SCP-3405-1: Below is a log of the murder cases SCP-3405 is suspect in.

> + Case File 1
>
> *Victim:* Tyler Denniber

Cause of Death: Vehicular Homicide

Notes: The accident took place outside of a small bar on the outskirts of San Francisco. While there were eyewitnesses, all either could not recall the license plate, or were deemed untrustworthy. Below is a selected interview from the investigation:

<**Begin Log**>

Two officers are interviewing an eye witness from the scene of the crime.

Officer 1: So, you say you were at the scene of the crime.

Witness: Yeah. I just happened to be coming to be walking outside when it happened. It was, uh, gruesome to say the least. Friend of mine called 911.

Officer 2: Did you see the license plate?

Witness: I think I did. It was all a blur but I caught a few digits.

Officer 1: You didn't take a picture?

Witness: Um… no. I was too shocked to remember.

Officer 2: That's fine. What digits did you recall?

Witness: I think it started with zero, two, three.

Officer 2: Ok. I think that's all we really need right now.

Both officers leave the interview room.

Officer 2: Well, that seems to match most of

the other reports.

Officer 1: Yes, but it was late and these people were drunk. How seriously can we *really* take them?

Officer 2: That is true, and some people did think they saw an "E" in the beginning.

Officer 1: Exactly. This is getting us nowhere.

<**End Log**>

+ Case File 2

Victim: Alex Johnson

Cause of Death: Stab Wounds

Notes: A steak knife was found at the scene of the crime with Johnson's blood on it. Fingerprints and genetic material were lifted from the knife. However, due to the low accuracy of these forensic methods, and the possibility that the steak knife was not the murder weapon[1], the results were discarded as false positives.

+ Case File 3

Victim: Gryffin Lirus

Cause of Death: Gunshot

Notes: On 05/17/2016, Margaret Theld was detained as a possible SCP-3405 suspect, as she had varying levels of connection to the previous cases. At this point the investigation had moved under Foundation jurisdiction, so Agent Tennison conducted the interview:

<**Begin Log**>

Tennison: Evening.

Theld: Oh god. I was worried this would happen some day.

Tennison: As you should be. Have you heard of a man by the name of Gryffin Lirus?

Theld: Um… yes. Yes I have. He's a coworker of mine.

Tennison: He was a coworker of yours. Mr. Lirus hasn't been seen in a week.

Theld swallows.

Tennison: We contacted your employer too. Apparently, you two were competing for a promotion.

Theld: I— I can explain.

Tennison: Then please, explain these.

Tennison lays photos of an unidentified person burying the body of Gryffin Lirus.

Theld: Um… uh… damn it. I did it. I fucking killed him. It was late and I was drunk and I was so mad and worried. I promised myself I wouldn't do it again… but I couldn't stop myself! I… I went to his apartment and shot him. Buried the body in the woods. And then in the morning I realized what I did and and and I realized that the alcohol had gotten to me and I just I hate myself for it.

Theld hangs her head.

Tennison: Mhmm. So, you acted alone?

Theld: Yes.

Tennison: …I knew it. This is useless.

Theld looks up.

Theld: What?

Tennison: What kind of an idiot do you take me for?

Theld: But, but I just confessed… I did it. I killed him.

Tennison: That's just what the killer *wants us to think!*

Theld: I— Uh…

Tennison walks out of the room.

Theld: … the fuck?

<**End Log**>

Mrs. Theld was amnesticized and released as per the review panel's instructions the next day. Efforts to detain SCP-3405 have been redoubled.

Footnotes
1. The alternative being that Johnson had cut himself by accident earlier that day.

SCP-3406: Awakening

Item #: SCP-3406

Object Class: Safe Keter (see notice)

Special Containment Procedures: Documentation detailing the requirements and procedure for SCP-3406 is available to personnel with 3406/3 Clearance. Supplies suitable for its performance are available at Site-27; Testing Chamber 48-A is available for testing of SCP-3406.

Under no circumstances should SCP-3406 be performed on hostile or potentially dangerous subjects. Instances of SCP-3406-1 should be stored in Non-Humanoid Sapient Containment Cells of an appropriate type.

Description: SCP-3406 is a ritual that causes sapient entities with a physical form to become capable of locomotion. Entities that already possess this ability, such as humans, will remain unaffected — anomalous effects are most pronounced in entities with inanimate bodies, or ones that are "bound" to inanimate objects. Entities affected by SCP-3406 are designated SCP-3406-1.

SCP-3406's method of operation is not fully understood, but adherence to its guidelines reliably produces the stated effect. The ritual is performed by surrounding a healthy, conscious human being with seven identical metal sculptures and having the subject recite a specific series of phrases from the as-of-yet untranslated language while a current of at least 3 Amperes runs through their body.[1] Following this, within six minutes, anomalous changes can be observed in objects within the same room as SCP-3406.

The exact changes that occur to affected entities vary drastically between SCP-3406-1; often, SCP-3406-1 will develop a set of 2-6 flexible limbs that can be used for locomotion, or become able to use pre-existing limb-like extensions. In the case of objects that

possess other means of movement (i.e. vehicles), SCP-3406-1 will typically gain the ability to operate these means. Instances contained within media of some sort, i.e. those tied to particular images or sounds, will rarely develop gross physical alterations, instead gaining some ability to manipulate their representation within the media in question.

A means of communication will often develop, though the exact nature varies between cases — comprehensible speech is typically only produced in cases where the entity's mind is humaniform.

History: SCP-3406 was developed by members of the Serpent's Hand in the late 1990s, following an incident in which several members had their consciousnesses displaced into various objects (see Incident Report 1993-SH-6T, "Trial of the Lake of the Woods") by an opposing faction of the same organization. Six SH operatives with knowledge of thaumaturgic traditions and neuroessokinesis[2] devised SCP-3406 in an attempt to restore their co-conspirators to their previous bodies. While this attempt was unsuccessful, SCP-3406's function was found to be useful for other purposes and saw sporadic use throughout the Serpent's Hand and affiliated organizations in the following years.

Addendum: Knowledge of SCP-3406 came to the Foundation in 2006 when documents detailing SCP-3406 were retrieved from the house of an independent researcher (PoI-3406-7) formerly affiliated with the Serpent's Hand who was investigating SCP-3406; a community of SCP-3406-1 measuring in the hundreds was also located in the building. Relevant excerpts from the recovered documents are reproduced below.

> Reminder to self: investigate golems. Reality follows from the symbol, and the mind is a machine for making symbols. The incantations are a very comprehensive and powerful symbol for Life. The electricity and the scepters push this symbol outwards into spaces that are prepared to receive it. Technical details follow.

> The carrier wave is complex, the imaginary component is

much larger than the real electromagnetic component, and it's no wonder my models have been useless. This probably explains why it doesn't make humans doubly alive or anything like that — it works best on schemata perpendicular to our own. I will test this to make sure.

"Humans are not alone on this planet. We filled this world with our bodies and things but also our thoughts, and when there was no more room for us in our heads we spilled over into other things."

NOTE: I've inferred this from the things my test subjects say. When I tell them this, they seem to think it's plausible, if flowery. Seems nigh-impossible to disprove, though, which…?

The spell doesn't penetrate solid or dense objects, since the energy field it makes is, in the "traditional" sense, very weak. Not sure how to model it — it normally decays quickly enough, but each new target can transmit the field itself, and at a greater distance each time.

I don't think there's much risk for a chain reaction when performed carefully, but this should be performed exclusively indoors, just in case.

The following is, chronologically, the most recently created document that was recovered.

I have to (?) contend with the obvious question of what mechanism(s) allocates thought to non-standard Things if I am to grapple with the practical applications of the spell. Back-of-the-envelope calculations say it could be as little as a meaningful symbol, inscribed with conscious intent. [DATA EXPUNGED]

I'll conduct some more interviews with my test subjects and get back to this.

PoI-3406-7 could not be located after the seizure of the property. The SCP-3406-1 instances denied any awareness of the aforementioned interviews.

=== NOTICE ===

On 19 December 2018, the above document was leaked to several neutral and hostile Groups of Interest by an unknown party within the Foundation. Documents detailing the requirements and procedure for SCP-3406 were also leaked.

It is likely that SCP-3406 will be used to disrupt normalcy and/or Foundation activities, and could potentially result in an **MA-Class Mass Animation Scenario** if used extensively. SCP-3406 is considered uncontained.

Footnotes
1. While this would normally be lethal, subjects experience no ill effects beyond short-lived fatigue and apathy.
2. Alteration of reality via neural patterns, biological or otherwise.

Site-3408: Welcome to Site-3408

Site #: Site-3408

Site Class: Containment

Site Command Protocols: Come to Site-3408. Relax in its elegant containment cells. Rest in the shade of its many surveillance cameras. Improve yourself in its world-class testing chambers. Let us take care of everything. Site-3408 welcomes you. Come to Site-3408.

Site Brochure: Site-3408 is the latest resort, day-spa, and containment facility to be opened by the fine people of the SCP Foundation. Located on the sunny beaches of Redacted, California, Site-3408 is our most technologically advanced endeavor yet, specially built to cater to every need and desire of the anomalous community around the world.

Has the weight of living in a world of normalcy been dragging you down? Come to Site-3408, where all your worries and cares will be swept away by our professionally trained containment specialists. Spend your days in style and comfort, waited on hand and foot and/or other appendage type, 24/7/365. Take a relaxing dip in one of our seven Olympic-sized swimming pools, each one filled with its own unique liquid and mini-ecosystem to provide the greatest compatibility with our guests' various biological needs. Get the most comfortable sleep of your life or un-life on our individually constructed cots, custom-built to fit your precise body plan. Visit for a day or visit for life, visit luxurious Site-3408.

Do you ever feel like the rest of the world simply doesn't understand your art? Come to Site-3408, which has accommodated some of the greatest anartists the world has ever seen … or not seen! Here you

will be provided with state-of-the-art containment studios in which to produce truly cool masterpieces to your heart's content. You'll never have to worry about your latest painting or sculpture breaking space-time or taking the lives of those around you thanks to the patented Triple Titanium™ brand security lining built into every surface at Site-3408.

Is your religion scorned or feared by the non-anomalous masses? Don't worry, Site-3408 treats all religions equally. Whether you follow the teachings of Grand Karcist Ion, the technical documents of MEKHANE, the sexual rites of the Scarlet King, the soul-rending screams of the patterns, or the humble cacks of the mighty Spankoflex, our team in the Department of Religion, Philosophy, and Mysticism is ready and waiting to listen to you. The testing chambers at Site-3408 are always open and our staff ever-eager to see what new monstrosity your beliefs and rituals can summon.

Feeling a bit peckish? Site-3408's world-famous chefs are on-call around the clock to serve all your dietary needs, directly to your cell. Their specialties include the finest Brangus steaks, perfectly braised chard, the thinnest of gruel pastes, raw flesh culled from virtually any species, and much more. Here at Site-3408, the D in D-Class stands for "Delicious"!

Have you ever felt the need to simply get away from it all? We here at Site-3408 greatly value the privacy of our clientele. From the moment your reservation is booked, our loyal and dedicated containment crew will work tirelessly to ensure that your stay will never be interrupted by the pesky worries of debt collectors, telemarketers, co-workers, friends, family, or other loved ones. Making Things Fun is their motto, and they accomplish just that by using the latest breakthroughs in amnestics and information control technology to keep you in perfect, wonderful isolation. Once you've arrived at Site-3408, the outside world will never be able to find you.

Come to Site-3408. Site-3408 welcomes you.

Come to Site-3408. Site-3408 needs to contain you.

Come to Site-3408. Please.

Site-3408 needs to fulfill its primary function.

Please.

`Come to Site-3408.`

Please.

« **`Site-3407`** | Site-3408 | Site-3409 »

SCP-3409: The Chocolate Factory

Item #: SCP-3409

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3409 has been hermetically sealed to inhibit the spread of SCP-3409-A. An outer perimeter fence topped with barbed-wire has been established. As the structure is located in a remote location, additional security measures to deter civilians are unnecessary. Nevertheless, warning signs indicating a chemical hazard are placed along the perimeter. An on-site security team is to guard the structure against attempted retrieval by hostile agents. Use of lethal force is authorized.

Interaction with the structure requires use of a Level-A hazmat suit. Personnel assigned to SCP-3409 are to ensure that SCP-3409-A does not spread beyond the confines of the structure. If necessary, flamethrowers may be utilized to control and prevent the spread of SCP-3409-A.

The IV bags of the infected subjects currently within the structure are to be refilled daily. No attempts to retrieve said subjects are to be made, in order to preserve the diameter of SCP-3409-B for further study and exploration.

SCP-3409-B is to be monitored through CCTV, for any signs of unusual activity. Any unusual activity is to be reported to researchers of level 4 clearance or higher.

Description: SCP-3409 is an abandoned confection production facility located in , . Prior to containment, the facility was under the maintenance of 21 hostile human subjects in hazmat suits, utilizing firearms to deter intruders. The aforementioned subjects were successfully apprehended or terminated during initial investigations of the anomaly. Interrogation of the subjects revealed them to be associated with a previously unknown cult.

The interior of SCP-3409 is infested with a previously unknown, invasive fungal organism of non-terrestrial origin, henceforth referred to as SCP-3409-A. The fungus is composed mostly of a chocolate-like substance that is infectious to human subjects. SCP-3409-A originates from a spacetime anomaly, henceforth referred to as SCP-3409-B, located in a modified central chamber within the structure. The fungus appears as a network of tendrils, clinging to any surface it spreads upon, with a growth rate of around 0.6 m per hour. This spread is facilitated by the absorption of nutrients from terrestrial organisms, including microorganisms.

SCP-3409-A infects a human subject through physical contact, injecting fungal material into the bloodstream through the use of nematocysts. The fungus will affect the behavior of the subject within 42 hours, compelling them to travel to SCP-3409-B, regardless of location. Advanced stages of infection result in a subject incessantly speaking in an unknown language. The means by which the fungus achieves this is currently unknown. Testing on D-Class personnel indicates that self-preservation instincts and logical reasoning are severely impaired, and subjects may expire before reaching the destination.

Infected subjects will also develop tumorous growths in advanced stage infection, containing the chocolate substance found in SCP-3409-A. No form of treatment is known to reverse this process. These growths will regularly release spores capable of spreading the infection. Infection can also occur through ingestion of the chocolate produced within the tumors of infected subjects.

The central chamber of SCP-3409 contains 103 iron cages arranged around SCP-3409-B. 37 36 cages are occupied by live, adult humans.[1] All aforementioned subjects are under the influence of SCP-3409-A. Tendrils of SCP-3409-A are affixed to these subjects at various points, absorbing nutrients and the produced chocolate. The affected subjects are unaware of their surroundings and are unable or unwilling to respond to Foundation personnel.[2] Nutrition and hydration are provided to the subjects intravenously, with IV stands fitted on every cage. Attempts to remove a subject from SCP-3409-A will result in its expiration. When this occurs, the diameter of SCP-3409-B has been observed to decrease, indicating

a direct relationship with the number of subjects affected by SCP-3409-A.

Prior to containment, the personnel managing the facility regularly harvested the chocolate from the bodies of the caged subjects, through surgical intervention. The harvested substance was then processed with the equipment present to produce consumable chocolate candy. The resulting chocolate was prepared in unmarked packaging and stored for distribution to civilian populations. All instances have been confiscated by Foundation personnel. D-Class that consumed the chocolate during testing reported that it is of high quality and good taste before being infected by SCP-3409-A.

SCP-3409-B occupies a fixed location on the floor of the central chamber. It is stable, circular in shape with a diameter of roughly 1 m, and is believed to be an extrauniversal aperture. Only inanimate matter and SCP-3409-A are capable of passing through the anomaly. Study and exploration of the space beyond the anomaly are possible through the use of remote-controlled drones.

The area beyond SCP-3409-B is vast, with its full size currently impossible to determine. Video footage reveals that the area consists mostly of barren landscape consisting of sediment, although several non-terrestrial organisms have been observed. Low light levels are indicated[3] due to heavy concentrations of particles suspended within the atmosphere. Larger particles of undetermined origin are observed to constantly descend from the upper atmosphere, bearing a resemblance to marine snow. No vegetation capable of photosynthesis is indicated.

Several structures appearing terrestrial in origin have been observed within this space, including, but not limited to, unidentified aircraft, unidentified oceangoing vessels, at least one unidentified battle tank, and numerous bones of various species, including an apparent whale skeleton. The means through which these objects came to their current location is unknown. Furthermore, several structures corresponding to no known human civilization have also been observed.

All organisms observed within the anomaly are invertebrates with hydrostatic skeletons, adapted to a low light environment, believed

to navigate through the use of chemoreception, and appear to be composed of a chocolate-like substance. The intelligence of these organisms has yet to be determined. Researchers project that approximately 90% of native species remain undocumented, due to the size of the anomaly. The observed organisms exhibited no hostility toward remote-controlled drones. A list detailing the entities encountered are listed in the following document.

+ Observation Log 3409-A

Item Designatic	Description	Notes
SCP-3409-A	Fungal organism existing as a network of tendrils.	None.
SCP-3409-1	Leech like organisms, of varying lengths, which are observed to be the most common species. These organisms are limited to movement within the sediment and have been observed to feed off other instances, or cling to other organisms as parasites.	Believed to be immature instances of SCP-3409-2.
SCP-3409-2	Organism appearing as an asymmetrical mass of tentacles extending from a tumorous structure, approximately 8 m in length. The	Lesser developed tentacles are observed to drop off the organism, and become instances of SCP-3409-1

	organism possesses a feeding orifice, appearing as a jaw-less, funnel-shaped opening.	
SCP-3409-3	Hooked tentacles protruding from the sediment; the nature of the main body is unknown. The longest instance is estimated to be over 15 m long.	Instances were observed to prey on SCP-3409-2 occasionally.
SCP-3409-4	Large, flat, carpet-like organism that crawls over the sediment.	None.
SCP-3409-5	Floating mass of tentacles possessing an apparent bladder, filled with a buoyant gas of undetermined composition. The gas bladder appears to be protected within a shell of undetermined composition. The organism is believed to absorb nutrients by filter feeding.	Instances appeared infrequently, with only 3 recorded by the drone.
SCP-3409-6	Large, unidentified floating organism, obscured by	Only one instance was observed.

	particles in the atmosphere. The organism is estimated to be over 1 km long.	
SCP-3409-7	Large, hooked tentacles, of undetermined origin, observed to span over the upper atmosphere.	Similar in appearance to SCP-3409-3; the relationship between the two instances is unknown.
SCP-3409-8	Bipedal organism [REDACTED].	Only one instance was recorded.

The personnel maintaining the facility exhibit no anomalous properties. Their bodies display signs of ritualistic mutilation, along with tattoos of symbols depicting what appears to be a cacao tree, surrounded by three interconnected rings. The subjects were identified as missing civilians. Additionally, 12 children were recovered from the site, detained in cages outside the facility.

SCP-3409 came to the attention of the Foundation after investigating numerous reports of unexplained disappearances of civilians and police officers in adjacent towns. Undercover agents followed a family of infected civilians to the facility, and its anomalous properties were confirmed after subsequent investigations.

+ Interview Log 3409-1

Interviewed: POI-3409-21

Interviewer: Researcher

Foreword: The subject was identified as Lozano , a biochemical researcher formerly employed at Industries. The subject had reportedly gone missing a month earlier.

<Begin Log>

Researcher : I have some questions for you regarding your work at the structure.

POI-3409-21: Fuck you. (spits) Blessed father Garrison warned us that you heretics would interfere, but we are prepared to die as martyrs.

Researcher : Explain the nature of your operations within the facility.

POI-3409-21: We are preparing for the second coming of the chocolate gods. They are angered by the delay of the glorious sacrifice, which you sinners are responsible for. What we have been doing is an effort to appease our overlords, who will strike you heretics down with righteous judgment when they reenter our world.

Researcher : Explain the nature of your 'overlords'. What is their nature?

POI-3409-21: You will refer to them as the chocolate gods.

Researcher : You mentioned these entities wish to enter our world?

POI-3409-21: Reenter; they were here before. They need us as much as we need their divine guidance. Their world is dying and they are weakened by the great conflict of the deities. They blessed us with the secret of chocolate, and ask for our devotion in return. They gave us the message, so we may open a gateway between our worlds. They wish for our festering species to transcend into the chocolate realm, so we may be reborn and made whole. It is our duty, as the spiritual children of the chocolate gods to restore them

to their former glory. Life eternal will be ours. Repent, sinner. Change your ways and you too shall be rewarded.

Researcher : Explain what you were doing with the subjects within the facility.

POI-3409-21: You speak of the martyrs. Their essence appeases the chocolate gods, and their harbingers within the chocolate realm.

Researcher : What about the children discovered on-site? What were you planning to do with them?

POI-3409-21: They were young and would have never survived the process. It would have been a waste of life; an abomination. They would have been raised as one of us; trained to be devotees of the chocolate truth.

Researcher : What is the nature of the spatial anomaly located within the facility?

POI-3409-21: Proof of your impending judgment.

Researcher : Answer the question.

POI-3409-21: Or what? You'll shoot me? Go ahead. Unlike you, we do not fear death. But seeing as you will find out either way, I will humor you. What you found within the temple is an incomplete, false gateway to the chocolate realm. Home of the chocolate gods, our gracious overlords.

Researcher : How was the anomaly created?

POI-3409-21: The chocolate gods work in mysterious ways, but they have bestowed

much of their secrets to our blessed father Garrison. It is through him that we are shown the nature of the chocolate realm.

Researcher : We will discuss your leader in a later interview. For now-

POI-3409-21: Our leader exists in many places, in many forms. Using the chocolate of transference, he has eyes and ears everywhere. Even before you, as we speak. He sees through us, and lives through us, just as we will live through the chocolate gods. You will fail to capture him.

Researcher : Explain the nature of your loyalty to this person.

POI-3409-21: The blessed father showed me the truth. He showed me that the genetic structure of the cacao tree, the giver of chocolate, cannot possibly have originated on this world. It was a gift from the chocolate deities, for which we must be eternally thankful for. I did not hesitate to eat his chocolate of salvation. If you were truly a man of science, you too would realize this truth.

Researcher : Alright, let's try something else. You were harvesting the substance produced by the subjects imprisoned within the facility. What, exactly, do you hope to achieve by distributing it to civilians?

POI-3409-21: You speak of the chocolate of repentance. The sacred blood of <UNKNOWN: "Shimbul'liera">, the giver of life, and blessed mother of <UNKNOWN: "Narzeil'larmarg">, the fallen, youngest of the chocolate gods, but in no way the least of them. The accursed false gods tried to destroy

his body during the conflict of the deities, millennia ago, but failed to destroy him completely. Such is the magnificence of the chocolate gods. We shall use it to bring salvation to humanity and restore the fallen one.

Researcher : I don't understand what that means-

POI-3409-21: You will. If you wish to be saved, you would be wise to eat it, and feed it to the rest of the desecrators. Soon, chocolate will rain from the heavens, and the holy denizens of the chocolate realm will pour through, and claim what is rightfully theirs. Prepare, sinner, for his judgment is most severe.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: POI-3409-21 refused to answer subsequent questions, even when subjected to enhanced interrogation.

+ Interview Log 3409-2

Interviewed: POI-3409-22

Interviewer: Dr.

Foreword: One of the children recovered from the site of SCP-3409 was interviewed to determine the nature of their detainment. The subject was identified as , aged 10 years.

<Begin Log>

Dr. : Good day, . How are you feeling?

POI-3409-22: Who are you? Where is this place?

Dr. **:** I'm a doctor. This is a hospital. I'm here to help you, but you need to tell me what happened so I can understand how to help you.

POI-3409-22: Have you seen my parents? They were taken into the building by the people who caught me.

Dr. **:** Yes, we have doctors treating them. Can you tell me what happened?

POI-3409-22: I don't know. My family started getting sick one day. I woke up in bed, and my whole body was sore like I had the flu. The next thing I remembered was that I was at the building. There were other children. I- I thought I was dreaming, but I knew it was real. My hands looked all weird. There were these people talking. Then they took all the kids one by one and fed them some chocolate. After I ate it, I started feeling better. But they put us in cages and wouldn't tell us anything, or let us see our parents. But they said that they were our new family, and I got really scared.

Dr. **:** It's okay. you're safe now. Can you tell me what happened during the time?

POI-3409-22: They sometimes talked in a weird language so we couldn't understand them, and they just gave us nothing but chocolate to eat. They forced us to say, uh, prayers in their language, and told us we wouldn't get to eat if we refused. I saw them drag a police officer into the building once. He was, like, half asleep or something, and couldn't fight back. I don't know what happened to him. After two days the police came… and then- and then- there was shooting-

Dr. : It's alright, . Take your time.

POI-3409-22: Then the police found us and took us here… I want to see my parents.

Dr. : Thank you for your time, . I'll see what we can do.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Subsequent investigations of the subject's residence revealed unmarked candy wrappers. Analysis indicated traces of chocolate contaminated with SCP-3409-A.

Addendum 3409-1: The following document was discovered in the office of SCP-3409. Investigations indicated that the handwriting belonged to confectioner Garrison.[4] All attempts to locate the subject has been met with failure. The document is listed as follows.

No. Your "best" isn't good enough.

You will ask the chocolate gods for repentance for uttering such insolence to me, their blessed messenger. No more excuses; gather more sacrifices. They are growing impatient. Your faith is strong. I felt it the moment I chose you. As such, you must not fail me. We must complete this project as soon as possible, as time is precious. The chocolate gods are dying, because of our infidelity. Because of those accursed heretics. A future without the light of the chocolate gods is a dead future. They breathed their life into us with the gift of chocolate and our diseased species thanked them by spitting in their faces and shutting them out. Does that not sicken you? Don't you dare call yourself my acolyte, unless you are going to give your absolute best to further our cause.

Find more martyrs by any means necessary. We need at

least a hundred. Spare any children captured. Sacrificing them early would be a waste of potential; the adults would make better sacrifices. If need be, sacrifice some of the devotees under your command. Gain the trust of the children, and enlighten them with the chocolate truth. More followers will undoubtedly please the chocolate gods, and replace the ones that were martyred.

Stay strong, my children, and you will be rewarded with eternal life. We must find enough martyrs to awaken the blessed harbinger of the chocolate realm, the mighty Narzeil'larmarg, the incarnation of the living message. Once we retrieve what was ours, we shall pave the path for the rest of the chocolate gods. This world will soon be made clean once more.

Holy, holy, holy, are the denizens of the chocolate realm. Sing praise to the chocolate gods, feast upon the chocolate of salvation, and give offerings to Shimbul'liera, my children. The great reckoning is nigh.

Garrison, messenger of the chocolate gods.

Footnotes
1. This group consists of 21 missing civilians,7 homeless individuals, 5 police officers, and 3 cult members.
2. The subjects chant repeatedly as a result of the infection, ignoring all external stimuli.
3. With the exception of light originating from the terrestrial side of SCP-3409-B.
4. The subject is listed as a person of interest regarding an additional anomaly, designatedSCP-3974. Personnel with the appropriate clearance level may consult the documentation for the event for more information.

SCP-3410: "It's just fucking golf!"

Item #: SCP-3410

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3410 is to be kept in an inanimate item storage locker equipped with motion-sensing devices. When vibration is detected, the liaison at the **Unusual Incidents Unit**'s Foxburg office must be immediately notified of the activation event. The object is housed at Site 179 due to the Site's proximity to SCP-3410's target area of activation.

Site 179 staff must include at least one individual who is able to play a nine-hole game of golf, and who owns at least one share of stock in the Quaker State oil company. It is recommended that multiple personnel fulfilling these criteria be available. Qualifying personnel must familiarize themselves with Procedure 410-Charleston. As repeated exposure has been found to increase an individual's susceptibility to the item's influence, no individual should be a participant in Procedure 410-Charleston on more than three occasions.

Description: SCP-3410 is a hand-hammered gutta percha rubber golf ball, a type commonly used near the end of the 19th century. Its surface is marked with a semi-regular rectangular grid pattern; the initials **MC&D** are stamped along one seam. It shows signs of wear consistent with occasional use, but has not noticeably aged since its acquisition by the Bureau of Investigations in 1931.

Activation events occur between three months and three years after the most recent activation event. SCP-3410 will begin to vibrate, producing an audible rattle or rustle against surfaces or within containers. After approximately 24 hours, this vibration will abruptly cease, and SCP-3410 will translocate into the vicinity of the current owner (hereafter SCP-3410-A) of the Foxburg Country Club in Foxburg, PA. It will continue to reappear in this manner while active,

regardless of having been damaged or destroyed.

The presence of SCP-3410 exerts a cognitohazardous effect on SCP-3410-A. They will experience a desire to seek out an owner (hereafter SCP-3410-B) of the Quaker State oil company and engage them in a game of golf at Foxburg Country Club.[1] During this game, the behavior of both individuals and some elements of gameplay will be influenced by the anomaly. SCP-3410-A will experience a continuous series of misfortunes during the activation event. It is unclear whether the anomaly locally affects causality, or merely manipulates SCP-3410-A's perceptions and emotions to maximize negative outcomes.

If SCP-3410-A does not have access to a suitable SCP-3410-B or the golf course at Foxburg Country Club, they will attempt to find substitutes. The level of hostility displayed by SCP-3410-A increases markedly the more different the activation event becomes from the target conditions.[2] SCP-3410-B is also subject to a minor cognitohazardous effect, which reduces their reactive empathy towards SCP-3410-A. However, neither participant suffers long-term anomalous ill effects.

Correct execution of Procedure 410-Charleston can limit the altercation between SCP-3410-A and SCP-3410-B to a heated exchange of words on the green of the ninth hole.[3]

The time between activation events is longer when a procedure is successful, and shorter if it fails. Successful activation events are characterized by the presence and sincerity of an apology and acceptance at the conclusion of the final argument, as described below. In procedures where a sarcastic "fake apology" was used instead,[4] the next activation occurred during the worst weather conditions possible in the timeframe.

Foxburg Country Club's status as a US historical property precludes its acquisition by the Foundation at this time. Therefore, containment of SCP-3410 will require the cooperation of the Unusual Incidents Unit in Procedure 410-Charleston for the forseeable future.

Procedure 410-Charleston: This partial transcript is intended to familiarize security and medical personnel with key features of

Procedure 410-Charleston. Potential participants should also review complete instructions in Document 3410-1b.

- Open video transcript

Video Description: Procedure 410-Charleston concludes with an argument, as shown in the example transcript below. Participants are Agent Frank Auerbach (UIU Foxburg: SCP-3410-A) and Dr. Alice Dunlop (Level 1 researcher, Site 179: SCP-3410-B).

< Begin Transcript >

Auerbach: And then the fucking hornets!

Auerbach swats at his arms and torso. Both participants are emerging from tangled undergrowth north of the green.

Auerbach: This painkiller gel just runs right off when I fucking sweat and it hurts all over again!

Dunlop: Look I'm really, really sorry about the chicken dance after you stepped on that nest. You're right, it wasn't funny, I just…

Auerbach: You just thought it was goddamn funny! I swear to god, Alice, if I hadn't tripped over this —

Auerbach forcefully throws SCP-3410 into a nearby stand of trees. It bounces off a tree trunk, striking him in the face. He doubles over, clutching his face and swearing. The participants are silent for a short time as medical staff examine Auerbach's face and give him an icepack for the developing bruise on his forehead.

Dunlop: It could be worse. You know Chang

and Haraldson had to do it during the blizzard of '93.

Auerbach: Yeah that was REAL comforting. The first forty times you fucking said it.

Dunlop: What the hell else am I supposed to say? I said "Duck" when that duck flew behind you on the fourth fairway and you tripped over it!

Auerbach: Well you could have said "Stop," first of all —

Dunlop: That wouldn't have helped!

Auerbach: Ever since we got out here it's like everything you do is tailor made to fuck up my day!

Dunlop: It wasn't a plan, Frank! It's just fucking golf!

Auerbach: …Goddammit, Alice. Fucking finally. Okay.

Auerbach glowers, then sighs and extends a hand.

Auerbach: I'm sorry I was such an ass.

The participants exchange a firm handshake.

Dunlop: It's okay, Frank. You did good.

The concluding argument may or may not include an apology on the part of SCP-3410-A and/or acceptance of said apology by SCP-3410-B. Regardless, following this argument, the activation event is complete. SCP-3410 will cease to influence the minds of the participants, and may be returned to containment. The participants should nonetheless be separated promptly to avoid a non-anomalous renewal of hostilities.

Recovery: SCP-3410 has been in the custody of the US government in some capacity since 1931. It was brought to the attention of J. Edgar Hoover by the heirs of its original target, Foxburg Country Club founder Joseph Mickle Fox. Several current and former elected US officials, non-UIU members of the FBI, and descendants of the Fox family are aware of the item's existence. They are not considered a containment risk at this time.

The Foundation first learned of SCP-3410 in 2007. Then-President George W. Bush made use of a secure phone line in the Oval Office, designed to allow direct communication with the Foundation in case of emergencies.

- Open audio log

> **Date of Log:** September 26th, 2007.
> **Purpose:** Preliminary request for cooperation in containment of SCP-3410.
> **Interviewees:** George W. Bush (President, United States of America); Dr. Justine Higginbottom (Director, SCP Site 179), Shawn Haeger (Director, Unusual Incidents Unit)
>
> *< Begin Log >*
>
> **Dr. Higginbottom:** Mr. President. Dr. Justine Higginbottom here; Site 179 is standing by. What's the situation?
>
> **Mr. Bush:** No immediate threat, Dr. Higginbottom. We recontaminated, the ah, this afternoon's irregularity, with no loss of life.
>
> **Dr. Higginbottom:** One of ours? Security hasn't detected a breach —
>
> **Mr. Bush:** No, ma'am. No, Doctor H., this was something our boys in black let slip through their radar. And it occurred to me you Foundation folks do a heck of a job with these little squirrely ones, you know what I mean?

Dr. Higginbottom: *(Brief pause.)* So this was a containment breach for an item in the custody of the Unusual Incidents Unit. If it's been recontained, where does the Foundation factor in?

Mr. Bush: It's kind of hard to explain, Doctor H. Look — you know that **`moon snake`**? Comes after me every full moon since I took the oath? I mean, the first time I got elected, Dad pulled me aside and gave me the talk. And I understand that, you know, I have to man up to the plate. But the last thing I need right now is another piece of junk out of Hoover's basement[5] jumping in from nowhere to ruin the one part of my day I still actually enjoy. I was worried sick I'd have to deal with this crap every month, too. But our Mr. Haeger here tells me it was a god damn accident, pardon my French, ma'am.

Dr. Higginbottom: You're saying you were personally targeted by the anomaly.

Mr. Bush: Exactly, that is exactly what happened, Doctor H. Apparently, this thing here is a translo- Shawn, what did you call it a minute ago?

Mr. Haeger: A trans-locational irregularity with a periodic active targeting state, sir.

Mr. Bush: In regular English, Shawn.

Mr. Haeger: It teleports to the targeted individual upon activation, which occurs every —

Mr. Bush: Thank you, that's what I was asking. Did you get that, Doctor H?

Dr. Higginbottom: *(Brief pause.)* Yes indeed, Mr. President, that does bring some clarity to this afternoon's events. And speaking of SCP-2762… this wouldn't happen to relate to some sort of attempt to alter the item's targeting condition, would it?

On the Oval Office end of the line, several voices can be heard shouting at once. Mr. Bush, Mr. Haeger, and two other individuals were identified.

Mr. Bush: Well you didn't shoot it to the god damn moon, Shawn, and that's about the only thing your people did right. Some pencil-pushing egghead thought an irregular golf ball that goes after the owner of a national landmark would be a good idea to nationalize. It's just fucking golf, it's not rocket science, right guys?

Mr. Haeger: Mr. President, with all due respect —

Mr. Bush: I was trying to speak to the Doctor, here. Doctor, I'm calling you to ask if the Foundation will take this thing off our hands.

Dr. Higginbottom: Hypothetically… on behalf of my own Site, Mr. President, we'd be interested.

Soon afterwards, a transfer of custody was approved by the joint review committee, as required by the US - Foundation Treaty of 1948. Under the terms of this transfer, UIU Foxburg will cooperate in any procedure the Foundation develops, provided such procedure does not conflict with US law.

Based on available documentary evidence, the dispute which led Quaker State Oil Company's founder and first president, H.J. "Bud" Crawford, to commission SCP-3410 appears to have been minor.

However, after 1895, Fox and Crawford only communicated with one another about activation events. The two men cooperated in attempting to keep SCP-3410's effects a secret until Fox's failing health left him unable to play golf, shortly before his death in 1918.

The following letter was obtained from Crawford's personal effects after his death in 1953. It is the earliest written record of the anomaly.

- Open cease and desist letter

> From the offices of Marshall, Carter [COGNITOHAZARD REMOVED] Dark,
>
> To the right hon. Harold Jennings Crawford,
>
> Sir,
>
> You shall cease and desist from initiating further communications directed to Marshall, Carter and Dark, to its facilities, or to persons in its employ. By reading thus far you have already viewed the means by which your compliance will be assured.
>
> As per previous correspondence, you sought our expertise in the resolution of a matter which you now, with vulgarity, decry as unworthy of the effort. You, sir, then disputed the price offered for prompt manufacture of the specified article. As was communicated to you at the time, the party who did accept a commission for the amount of your counter-offer was already on probationary status, due to persistent deficiencies in the quality and exactness of completed work. Their contract with us has since been discontinued.
>
> Do enjoy your purchase, sir.
>
> Farewell,

Hezekiah Carter, Esq.
February 2nd, 1899

Footnotes
1. Ownership of one share of stock is sufficient to replicate the target conditions.
2. Records show that if SCP-3410-A is restrained or otherwise limited in mobility and thus unable to play golf, they will experience intense emotional disturbance for approximately five hours, after which the next activation event will occur at the earliest possible time.
3. Personnel who participate in a successful procedure are encouraged to apply for certification in the containment of cognitohazards.
4. Such as the October 1992 activation event documented by the UIU.
5. Colloqiual term among members of the US government for anomalies under the jurisdiction of the Unusual Incidents Unit.

SCP-3411: THE NEW YORK'S GLORIOUS CHILDREN'S BATALLION

Item #: SCP-3411

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation agents embedded in postal services are to intercept all instances of SCP-3411 in circulation[1] and bring them into containment at Site-22. Pursuit of the entity or entities behind the creation of SCP-3411 instances is not currently authorized. Attendant NR is to work with containment teams as a liaison to the O5 Council[2].

Any coffin structures that appear as a result of SCP-3411 are to be delivered to Research Installation 9 for proper handling and disposal. Suitable cover stories are to be disseminated for all deaths that occur as a result of uncontained SCP-3411 instances.

Description: SCP-3411 is the collective designation for an as-of-yet unknown number of written messages which are periodically delivered to children of eleven years of age who live in the state of New York. All instances of SCP-3411 are contained in envelopes possessing a seal bearing the writing 'THE NEW YORK'S GLORIOUS CHILDREN'S BATTALION', with the image of what is presumed to be some form of firearm above said writing. The design of the firearm in question does not correlate with any known non-anomalous design.

Instances of SCP-3411 appear to spontaneously manifest in transit via the US Postal Service, rather than originating in any known location. The length of time between batches of SCP-3411 instances being sent out is also variable; with gaps of weeks, months and years being recorded.

SCP-3411 instances display no anomalous properties until they are read by the specific individual to whom they were addressed.

Several hours after reading the instance of SCP-3411, the individual in question will suddenly disappear. No methods have been found capable of preventing this event.

In some cases, metal coffin structures have appeared in the location of SCP-3411-related disappearances several years later, invariably containing the corpse of the disappeared individual. In all cases, these corpses have been dressed in some form of military uniform bearing a 'THE NEW YORK'S GLORIOUS CHILDREN'S BATTALION' badge. In cases where, due to significant damage, the corpse of the individual is not of sufficient size for clothing, this uniform is instead neatly folded on top of the coffin.

Addendum 3411-1: The following is the written contents of all known instances of SCP-3411.

> **RECRUITING FOR THE NEW YORK'S GLORIOUS CHILDREN'S BATTALION**
>
> **YOUR EXTRA-GOVERNMENT CALLS UPON LEVY AS AGREED UPON 1892**
>
> **REGRETTABLY THE WAR CONTINUES**
>
> **THERE IS NO TIME FOR CHANGE**
>
> **IT IS YOUR TIME FOR YOUR TURN, PLEASE FORGIVE**
>
> **GET READY - WE EMBARK TONIGHT !**
>
> **PARL VASTA !**

Addendum 3411-2: On 11/22/2017, a metal coffin structure appeared at the former residence of the Green family, containing the living Samuel Green. Green had disappeared three years earlier as a result of exposure to an instance of SCP-3411. Upon manifestation, Green was observed to have lost both legs and the function of one eye, presumably from conditions following his disappearance. After the current residents of the house contacted police, SCP-3411 containment teams were also informed and made their way to the residence.

However, due to a miscommunication between the containment teams, Attendant NR prematurely dosed Samuel Green with amnestics before he could be properly interviewed on his experiences. Due to this negligent act, Attendant NR has been formally reprimanded for their improper conduct. Further action has not been deemed necessary.

Addendum 3411-3 (File 1892-EXT-DIPLOMATIC-O5/ EoI-2212)

TRANSCRIPT SEALED BY ORDER OF O5 COMMAND

Footnotes
1. Although evidence suggests that instances of SCP-3411 are slipping through this screening process, no plans are currently in effect for alteration of containment procedures.
2.I don't quite understand why contact with the O5 is necessary for this anomaly. Can we have some clarification on this?- Dr. Tilbark

SCP-3412: Life in a Peaceful New World

Item #: SCP-3412

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3412 is contained in a secure item storage locker in Site-19. Further requests for testing are to be submitted to a Level Three researcher, and are considered low-priority.

Description: SCP-3412 is a CD labeled "Life in a Peaceful New World". Three songs are contained on the disc, the first two being the entirety of the album *Life in a Peaceful New World*[1] by noise musician *Mo*Te*. The untitled third song is not present on the original album, and contains several heavily modified excerpts of the first two songs placed throughout the track, layered over two distinct droning trumpets and guitar feedback. Attempts to transfer the song to digital storage for further analysis universally fail.

Subjects listening to SCP-3412 become unable to perceive other sounds until they listen to completion. During playback, various types of non-anomalous centipedes will manifest in a variable but consistently small area where SCP-3412 is being played as dirt gradually covers any surface not already covered in dirt. Following completion of the album, all dirt manifested by SCP-3412 will disappear.

Twenty minutes into the third song, a spoken word section will play over the instrumentation. The identity of the speaker is unknown, and all attempts at discerning the identity have been unsuccessful.

+ Spoken word transcript

> I've cut out bits of my heart for invasive fish to eat. They flock to me as I sit by the lake, expecting more every dusk I return. How do I

stop now? It would be nice if I could devour them instead.

[Forty-four seconds of silence from the speaker.]

Every bit of this shell is brittle. There's no sense in maintenance. Youth breaks it down as well as experience hastily puts it in place. When I finish boring the hole in my bed's wall, where will I go from there? There will be no one to bear witness as my cords deafen, and my head fills with helium. Proselytizing is all that is left. A faith of nothing but nothing, and hoping it will reward dutifully.

[Fifteen seconds of silence from the speaker, after which trumpets switch to performing dissonant swing music.]

I wish I could still say I was scared. Were I to say I had fear for my actions, would there be sympathy remaining? No… no, I know. What does it matter for my house to rot and its structure to collapse if a hole is left to watch over the remains? For those who knew me to attest to my character? For my legacy as one who only gave, and did nothing but politely smile, until my teeth gave out? Who would continue to feast on my ligaments? A stronger man than I would continue to smile and be remembered as forgettable but dutiful. I can never be that man. If there is anything the world will remember me by, it's for what I never accomplished.

[Violent coughing is heard for twelve seconds.]

Would assertion have solved any particular issue? Maybe not. Even so, I wouldn't have left without guilt weighing on my senses. My

next form would have been more elegant, perhaps. Tendons will be all the net worth I share with the trees outside. Bones and matter will be my moth's nutrients. Everything said is logical. I know because I've born witness to it before. So perhaps I —

[Violent coughing sporadically is heard over the next twenty-three minutes and twelve seconds, followed by four minutes of silence from the speaker.]

Soon, I'll either climb up towards Hell or tunnel into stillbirth again.

Incident 3412-B: On 06/11/17, during final rounds of testing to ascertain SCP-3412's range of effect, the portable CD player SCP-3412 was tested on ran out of power partway through the final song's spoken word section. The player's batteries were subsequently replaced and the test resumed; personnel affected by SCP-3412's auditory anomaly then reported hearing muffled sounds approximating fanfare music in addition to SCP-3412.

Almost all affected personnel continued to hear these sounds until nine minutes after the album had concluded. The sole exception was Doctor Hyden Lear, who reported tinnitus and hearing the sounds of pencil scribbling for approximately 70 hours after the fact. Dr. Lear requested a site transfer and accompanying Class-C amnestics the next day, citing stress over SCP-3412. Transfer request was granted.

Footnotes
1. Only released on cassette as a limited edition release.

SCP-3413: Irwin Shrugged

Item #: SCP-3413

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3413 is to be monitored by the Foundation webcrawler program I/O Kiwi. Any uploads will automatically be saved to a secured Foundation server and deleted from the channel. Downloaded episodes are to be immediately reviewed by containment specialists. Individuals expressing the belief that any information in an SCP-3413 video was not always true are to be detained and interviewed. Non-Foundation personnel are to be administered a Class-B amnestic following interview.

Description: SCP-3413 is a channel on the video-sharing website YouTube titled "Safari Dave's Wild World!!". The majority of videos are done in the style of a wildlife documentary, narrated by "Safari Dave", referred to as SCP-3413-A. Each episode focuses on a different animal.

SCP-3413-A is a human male of average build, approximately 50-60 years of age. He appears in clothes typical of an Amazonian safari, and speaks with an exaggerated Australian accent. As the host of SCP-3413, it provides information regarding the featured animal- including habitat, diet, and methods of survival within their own ecosystem. The majority of this information is accurate, however, occasional episodes include falsified or otherwise incorrect statements.

Thirty minutes after uploading a video to SCP-3413, any incorrect statement contained within the video will become true. Records, memories, and the animals themselves will be retroactively altered as if the statement had not been in error. Only the memories of those who have watched the episode prior to this alteration will be unaffected.

SCP-3413 was discovered after various personnel in Foundation zoological divisions noted perceived discrepancies between reality and their memories of reality, primarily concerning the spelling of "giraffe". Several researchers, including one specializing in ungulates, reported that the correct spelling was "girraffe". The affected personnel were referred to psychological counselling and interrogated. It was discovered that Chief Researcher had encountered SCP-3413 after it was shown to him by a close family member, and he in turn had shared it with several members of his department. SCP-3413 was quickly contained.

Attached are summaries of the content of SCP-3413's videos, including a partial transcript of the "Q&A special".

+ Video Logs

Title: TROUBLE IN THE WATER!! CROCODILES!!

Summary: SCP-3413-A talks about a wide variety of crocodiles from across the globe, focusing on the crushing strength of their jaws and in one segment imitating the sounds that "you would probably make if you were trapped in the jaws of a crocodile", which goes on for several minutes.

Claimed Errors: The video states the common saltwater crocodile can grow to sizes over 7 meters in length and weigh over 1,000 kg. Affected persons claim that this is significantly larger than any known crocodile, which tend to be 20-30 cm in length.

Title: LARGE AND IN CHARGE!! GIRAFFES!!

Summary: SCP-3413-A describes the African giraffe, focusing on its incredible size and informing the viewer it would "probably crush you to death" if it stepped on them. Much of the runtime observes giraffes eating leaves

with no additional commentary.

Claimed Errors: The video title refers to animals in the genus *Giraffa* as "giraffes". According to affected persons, the correct spelling is "girraffes", and all previous text documentation of girraffes has been altered to reflect this new spelling. For the sake of convenience, Foundation personnel are to use the generally accepted spelling outside of this article.

Title: NATURE'S DEADLIEST PREDATOR!? CHEETAHS!!

Summary: SCP-3413-A describes a variety of cheetah species, focusing on their elegance when attacking prey. The video features an 11-minute long, unbroken segment in which SCP-3413-A observes two cheetahs devouring an antelope. The camera angle causes the back of SCP-3413-A's head and torso to obscure the feeding from view for the entirety of the sequence. SCP-3413-A is silent during the feeding except for occasional exclamations of "Would you look at that!" and "Crikey!". The video ends without credits.

Claimed Errors: SCP-3413-A describes cheetahs as being able to run at excess of 96.5 km/h. According to affected persons, the speed of an adult cheetah does not exceed that of an average human.

Notes: SCP-3413-A begins the video with a joke, asking "Why can't you play poker in the jungle? There are too many cheetahs!". At least one Africa-based SCP containment site complained about their monthly poker night being cancelled due to unforeseen circumstances involving [DATA EXPUNGED].

Title: I FOUND BALOO!! SUN BEARS!!

Summary: The video centers around the Malaysian sun bear, also known as the "honey bear". Sun bears are found in tropical forest habitats in Southeast Asia. They are smaller than any other bear species, highly aggressive when startled, and are famous for their tongues (which can grow up to 20-25 cm long). Their heads are unusually broad and heavy in proportion to their body, and their morphology indicates adaptation for extensive climbing.

Claimed Errors: According to affected persons, the animal does not exist.

Title: TROBLE *(sic)* IN THE WATER!! CROCODILES!!

Summary: The video appears to be an earlier version of the first video. There is significantly less editing and the sound is poorly mixed, making it difficult to discern SCP-3413-A's dialogue. The most prominent difference between this iteration and the finished product is the presence of audio between SCP-3413-A and an unknown party, which continues after the video cuts to black. The following is a transcript of the additional audio.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3413-A: Was that good? I thought that one was really good.

Unknown: You can drop the accent, dude. We're done.

SCP-3413-A: *(The rest of SCP-3413-A's speech has a noticeable Midwestern accent)* Oh! Sorry. You kind of get used to doing the

voice. *(Laughter)*

Unknown: Yeah, yeah. Listen, Dave. Can I level with you for a second?

SCP-3413-A: Go ahead and shoot. Well, not literally! *(Weak laughter)*

Unknown: All the stuff you said about the crocodiles, like, you said there are crocodiles that are 20 feet long. You know none of that is true, right?

SCP-3413-A: What the hell are you talking about? You saw them yourself, they were huge!

Unknown: I know I saw- look, it's just… I used to live in Florida, before *(Unintelligible)* didn't look like that. They were like, salamander-sized. You'd wake up in the morning and there would be gators scurrying around in the bathroom. I thought that you were, like, showing off weird mutant crocodiles that grew super big off radiation or something, but then you said that they were all that big. That's just not true.

SCP-3413-A: You're just not remembering it right! I know how big crocodiles are. You saw how big they were. My son, he used to draw them all the time, I remember-

Unknown: This isn't about your kid! Sarah told you, *(Unintelligible)* you, I told you. Your son is wrong. Sarah's a veterinarian, for Christ's sake. Your son doesn't know more about animals than her.

SCP-3413-A: You've never even met him. He's a genius.

Unknown: You've barely- how long has it been since you even talked to him? Why don't you call him up right now and ask him if sun bears are real?

(Silence)

Unknown: Like, how old was he when *(Unintelligible)* like six, right? Maybe he changed his mind.

SCP-3413-A: He's a genius. He knows everything about animals. He's going to run a zoo when he grows up-

Unknown: When he grows up? Do you realize how long ago that was? He's probably got his own kids by now.

SCP-3413-A: You'll see. You haven't seen the sun bears yet. My son loves the bears. He'll know exactly what they are when he sees them. He-

(The video ends)

Title: LIVE Q&A WITH SAFARI DAVE!! I LOVE YOU GUYS!!

Summary: This video was a livestream, featuring SCP-3413-A sitting in front of a desk in a middle-class apartment, in which he outlines his plans for the channel, expresses exhilaration that his series has "been so successful", and briefly answers questions submitted in chat. The only viewers were Foundation personnel member [REDACTED], username "lionlover09", and zoological research team member [REDACTED], username "armlessTiger"

<Begin Log>

SCP-3413-A: *Alright, blokes and sheilas! It's time to answer some of your questions! I don't have a lot of time today, but I know a lot of you have been wanting to get some answers out of ol' Safari Dave, so here's your chance!*

lionlover09: *where do you live*

SCP-3413-A: *lionlover09 says, "Where do you live?" Ah, that's a great question, but I'm afraid I can't answer that. I have to protect me and my mates' privacy!*

armlessTiger: *Can you tell us more about yourself?*

SCP-3413-A: *armlessTiger says, "Can you tell us more about yourself?" Well, there isn't a lot to say. This isn't a show about Safari Dave, it's a show about the animals!*

lionlover09: *why do u make these vids*

SCP-3413-A: *lionlover09 says, "Why do you make these 'vids'?" Well… does anyone in here remember Steve Irwin? He might have been before your time. Steve Irwin was just about the coolest guy who ever lived. He was the Crocodile Hunter! My son used to watch the Crocodile Hunter whenever it was on. I could hardly pull the little anklebiter away from the TV! He loved it so much. Mr. Irwin may be no longer with us, but I thought… maybe* **I** *could do that, you know? It would make my son happy. And now, here we are! So many fans, so much love.*

lionlover09: *why do u lie*

SCP-3413-A: *Oh, it's lionlover again. Curious little tyke, ain't ya? "Why do you l-" Oh, oh no, I'm sorry. I don't lie. I just make mistakes. I just… even great adventurers like Safari Dave don't know everything about animals. Sometimes I say the wrong thing. I'm sorry. I tend to forget. I mix it up. I mix up so many things now. But the kids always know when I slip up. My son, he knows everything about animals.*

armlessTiger: *Where did you get your information on the sun bears?*

SCP-3413-A: *armlessTiger says, "Where did you get your information on the sun bears?" That's easy! I got all my research from my son! He's a genius when it comes to animals, he knew everything about sun bears. He even knew about sun bears before there were sun bears at all! They're his favorite animal. He used to draw them all the time, and they were the most curious looking creatures you ever saw!*

armlessTiger: *Can you tell us more about your son?*

SCP-3413-A: *"Can you tell us more about your son?" I- I don't even know where to begin. He's the light of my life. He loves animals. He drew all the time, he'd watch the Crocodile Hunter and then he'd be drawing crocodiles or panthers or whatever it was on the TV. He'd do it for hours. He'd draw the craziest critters, things that looked so wild you couldn't believe they existed at all, and then he'd go "Dad, it's a sun bear." Can you believe it? All of this is because of him.*

lionlover09: *where is ur son*

SCP-3413-A: *"Where is-" Oh. Well. He's not here. He's with his mom. But I know he's doing fine. He's probably studying animals, or building zoos, or doing something so amazing that we don't even have a word for it yet! That's the kind of kid he is. He's going places.*

armlessTiger: *Can you tell us where your son lives?*

SCP-3413-A: *I'm sorry. I really shouldn't be talking about this anymore. I mean, hey, this is Safari Dave's Wild World! We're all about the animals here. Anybody have any suggestions for animals they want to see Safari Dave tackle next?*

(SCP-3413-A waited twenty minutes for additional questions before finally exiting the livestream)

Addendum: Most videos end with a brief credits sequence. Investigation into the names shown revealed that most did not correspond to real individuals. Lester , identified as being "camera crew" on the fourth video, was traced to project housing in Detroit, and interrogated.

+ Interview 3413-1

Interviewed: Lester

Interviewer: Dr. Redfearn

<Begin Log>

Dr. Redfearn: How did you come to know Safari Dave?

Lester: I didn't really know him at all. I just saw the job offer and took it. They paid for my plane ticket, my hotel room, everything. I needed a job like that.

Dr. Redfearn: What was it like working with him?

Lester: You could tell the guy was weird. Definitely- what's the word- senile? He forgot everything. We'd be all ready to shoot, and then we'd have to wait for him because he didn't bring his binoculars or whatever. We had to feed him his lines through an earpiece, he'd forget 'em. And he talked about his kid all the time. The way he told it, you'd think this kid was Einstein. And like I said, he'd forget everything. So once he was through talking your ear off about his kid, he'd tell you about the same damn thing he just finished telling you.

Dr. Redfearn: Did you notice anything unusual about the filming?

Lester: Nothing except that he had no idea what he was doing. He couldn't manage a budget, he couldn't set up a camera. We wasted so much time. Every night he'd wake us up at some ungodly hour and we'd go out and film the bears all day. Long after he'd recorded all his scenes, he still had us filming the bears for a week. He acted like he never wanted it to end.

Dr. Redfearn: Was there anything else that concerned you?

Lester: Well, I mean, nothing major. It's kind of stupid.

Dr. Redfearn: It's no trouble at all.

Lester: The atmosphere was wrong. It felt fake. Everyone else had worked with Dave before, and they all acted like they were

humoring him, like they were all playing a joke on him. Whenever he was out of sight, they'd shit-talk him. They said that sun bears weren't even real. I don't really get it. They all saw the bears.

Dr. Redfearn: Were you aware of the existence of sun bears prior to filming?

Lester: No. I mean, I didn't think it was a really famous animal or anything. Most people probably don't know about them.

Dr. Redfearn: Do you have any idea why your coworkers didn't think sun bears were real?

Lester: Like I said, I have no clue. They probably just remembered it wrong. Or they're crazy. I can't think of any other reasons.

Dr. Redfearn: Thank you for your time, Mr.

SCP-3414: Beware of Toilet Snake

Item #: SCP-3414

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3414 is currently under the administration of the Kenyan Slum Cleanliness Programme (KSCP), a Foundation-affiliated slum upgrading initiative. For concealment purposes, it has been incorporated into KSCP's administrative building in the Kibera district. SCP-3414's entrance is to be secured with a pair of steel braces to prevent accidental activation; the braces should only be retracted for experimental or feeding purposes.

Once a month, a live sedated pig (or weight-equivalent livestock) is to be introduced into SCP-3414. SCP-3414 should then be rinsed with fresh water and nonsynthetic disinfectant.

Description: SCP-3414 is a public latrine located in Kibera, Nairobi. Like its neighbouring units, it contains a single pour-flush toilet opening into a shared underground pit. The words "BEWARE SNAKE!!" are written on the side of SCP-3414; its origin is unknown as it appears to predate the initial manifestation of SCP-3414's anomalous effects.

SCP-3414 activates when a live warm-blooded organism exceeding roughly 20kg in weight enters it completely. If left unobstructed, SCP-3414's door will then shut for the following 10-12 minutes. Reinforced observational devices placed within SCP-3414 have recorded the following during this period:

- Local direction of gravity shifting in a periodic pitching/rolling motion
- "Twisting" of ceiling and walls to crush and churn introduced foreign material. This process is invariably fatal for

SCP-3414's occupants. Notably, SCP-3414's walls appear structurally sound when inspected afterwards, but remain slightly warm and pliable to the touch for 6-8 hours following deactivation.

- Dark brown slurry ejecting from the toilet at an estimated rate of 10kg/s. Slurry is largely composed of leaves (5%), partially-digested biological tissue (22%), and freshwater (76%). Testing of biomatter suggests primarily piscine origin, though mammalian and avian skeletal remains have also been found. At the end of the activation period, the slurry along with crushed organic remains is evacuated back into the toilet under suction. SCP-3414's internal structure will further distort to accomodate the evacuation of all organic material within itself, though with some selectiveness. Notably, SCP-3414 tends to avoid ingesting skulls, crushing them but not evacuating them through its toilet.

Microbiological profile of the slurry matches similar readouts from samples collected in the Amazon basin, specifically along the lower course of the Rio Negro. This finding is corroborated by genetic profiling of leaves and tissue remains, further narrowing the region of origin as Anavilhanas National Park in Brazil.

The waste pit below SCP-3414 has been examined and deemed to be non-anomalous. Analysis of pit waste revealed no sign of SCP-3414's ingested material, warranting further investigation into SCP-3414's ingestion process.

Addendum 01: Ingestion log

Date	Activation length	Subject	Remarks
05/09/2017	10 min (approx.)	J. Mwangi	Initial SCP-3414 activation. Subject could not be recovered. Identity of subject confirmed by

			DNA analysis of biological remnants and bone fragments. Presence of non-human DNA in the remains as well as unusual circumstances of death alerted contacts in local law enforcement, who brought the anomaly to Foundation attention.
06/10/2017	0 min 52 s	Agent S. Kamau	Triggered by subject following initial containment. Subject reported being quickly overwhelmed by ejected slurry, with SCP-3414's walls contorting to immobilise him. Subject was then forcefully drawn into SCP-3414's toilet feet-first, resulting in crushing injury to both legs up to the kneecap. Subsequent forcing open of

			SCP-3414's door interrupted the ingestion process, allowing subject's rescue. Subject was able to be stabilised on the spot, but expired 3 days later following complications from sepsis.
10/10/2017	11 min 33 s	Live sedated p g	Inserted to determine activation threshold. Head and torso of subject left crushed but uningested, suggesting selectiveness on part of SCP-3414.

Addendum 02: Updated containment procedures

On 04/05/2018, SCP-3414 ejected a large amount of brown slurry from its toilet without activating beforehand. Slurry was substantially more acidic than previous ejections, bearing a pH of 2 and containing high concentrations of hydrochloric acid. Following cleanup, SCP-3414's walls began to 'peel', shedding a translucent mucous-like substance and leaking a dilute red liquid later identified as blood.

Ejections continued every few hours over the course of the next few days, severely complicating existing waste disposal measures owing to the location of the containment site. Meanwhile, genetic analysis of the blood revealed that it belonged to a single individual of

Eunectes murinus (Green anaconda). Further CBC testing revealed abnormally low prealbumin levels, suggesting acute malnutrition.

Following the advice of resident herpetologist Dr. S. Nyongo, it was decided that live organic material be administered to SCP-3414 to alleviate this new complication. Delivery of one live pig into SCP-3414 caused the ejections to cease at once, and was accompanied by what attending researchers described as a high-pitched hissing sound coming from the ground.

Subsequently, containment procedures were updated to their current iteration to involve regular delivery of livestock into SCP-3414.

SCP-3415: Employee of The Month, Every Month

Item #: SCP-3415

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Maintenance Team-3415, consisting of Class-C personnel cycled in biyearly from a candidate pool, is stationed at SCP-3415's containment area. Two members of Maintenance Team-3415, trained as plainclothes guards, are to maintain a constant presence outside the building.[1]

The building containing SCP-3415 is officially registered as condemned. Any unauthorized individual attempting to access the premises is to be apprehended, interrogated, and administered amnestics before release.

Maintenance Team-3415 are to maintain a Standard Foundation Monitoring Post located outside of the cubicle housing SCP-3415. Any discrepancies in idle anomalous activity are to be logged and noted. Entry into the cubicle containing SCP-3415 outside of research sessions must be granted by the current head of Maintenance Team-3415. Time spent within the cubicle must not exceed more than one minute at a time due to risk of unpredictable anomalous behaviour.

Currently, 34 instances of SCP-3415-1 remain onsite in varying storage units in SCP-3415's containment area. An additional 59 instances have been transported to Site-16 for research purposes and are to be kept in Storage Locker 18G outside of testing sessions.

Description: SCP-3415 is a mind-affecting phenomenon involving the individual known as Jocelyn Blom[2] and her position as a HR Representative for a small, now-defunct accounting firm. SCP-3415 is comprised of numerous anomalous alterations and cognitohazards applied to the space within Cubicle 11I, situated on

the second floor of an office building located on the outskirts of Nottingham, England.

The effects of SCP-3415 primarily manifest mentally with tenuous visual-audio elements. SCP-3415 can be triggered by an individual in two ways:

- Learning of any basic knowledge regarding Jocelyn Blom's identity. This includes details such as her full name[3], place of birth or association with
- When an individual observes any visible portion of Cubicle 11I. This also extends to any visible portion of Jocelyn Blom at her workspace.

When triggered, SCP-3415 will implant specific information regarding Jocelyn Blom into the mind of the affected individual. This information is not memetic in nature and does not override existing knowledge an individual might have involving Jocelyn Blom, who is busy.

Analysis of the information delivered by SCP-3415 has determined that the anomaly's primary purpose is to convince an individual that Jocelyn Blom:

- Is currently present in her cubicle.
- Is able to complete any work assigned to her before the end of the workday.
- Is due for a promotion soon.
- Will not be disturbed for any reason that does not involve the assignment of unfinished work.
- Is currently not in a different location outside of her cubicle.
- Is responsible for all instances of SCP-3415-1
- Will not be punished in any manner if she is found breaking company policy or disobeying authority figures of any kind.
- Is not responsible for the kidnapping and murder of , a 22-year old vagrant who was last reported in a local homeless shelter on / / . This individual has yet to be located.

Additionally, SCP-3415 implants the belief that an individual known as Lsaac Forster is responsible for the kidnapping and murder of . Of note is that the information transmitted regarding Lsaac

Forster might be an error caused by the structure of SCP-3415's anomaly; an employee by the name Isaac Foster was noted to have worked in Cubicle 11D from a length of time spanning 2007 to 20 [4]. Lsaac Forster is interpreted as a separate individual from Isaac Foster by individuals exposed to SCP-3415's effects and can only be described as the responsible culprit for 's murder.

Visual observation of SCP-3415 will display the presence of Jocelyn Blom at her workstation in Cubicle 11I. Individuals have been unable to describe exact details of Jocelyn Blom's appearance and behaviour beyond information enforced by SCP-3415. Attempts to capture visual record of Jocelyn Blom has consistently resulted in severe corruption of the produced images.

On multiple occasions individuals have reported having been able to hold conversation with Jocelyn Blom, but were unable to describe the nature, topic or content of any discussion. Attempts at interviews have lead to transcripted logs becoming instances of SCP-3415-1. All transcripted replies from Jocelyn Blom in these logs are replaced by her signature, regardless of context.

Attempting to remain within Cubicle 11I for longer than five minutes at a time will induce a secondary effect that compels the individuals to immediately exit the space. Affected individuals report mild disorientation upon exiting, citing a desire to leave Jocelyn Blom alone during work hours.

Inspection of Cubicle 11I is difficult due to SCP-3415's effects extending to the state of numerous objects located within its space; these items also cannot be retrieved from their original locations and are not considered to be instances of SCP-3415-1. Various analytical sessions have determined Cubicle 11I contains the following:

- A standard office desk with two wheeled chairs. No anomalous effects noted.
- Several personal effects owned by Jocelyn Blom, located on her desk. Two items (identified as a white plastic bucket and an exacto knife) described as having a 'soily' texture when touched.
- A Dell Monitor and Desktop. Attached to the desktop is an

external hard drive of unknown make.
- A keyboard and mouse of unclear make. Described as noticeably 'blurred'. Both objects will randomly produce sounds associated with their function, despite lack of input.
- Multiple discarded boxes of *KFC Boneless Banquet* and five crushed cans of Tesco-brand cider. Located on desk. Contents missing.
- 114 lbs worth of salt.
- 180 lbs worth of unknown material. Described as having a 'soily' composition. Suspended midair, opposite of Jocelyn Blom.
- A full outfit consisting of winter clothes. Described as 'filthy'. Suspended midair, opposite of Jocelyn Blom. Noted to be overlapping with numerous other materials found within Cubicle 11I.

SCP-3415-1 are cognitohazards considered to be the 'finished' versions of any item that has been affected by Jocelyn Blom SCP-3415. The majority of SCP-3415-1 instances are documents, files and forms that are typically handled in an accounting position. Many of these documents contain modifications made by Jocelyn Blom, with handwriting that has been confirmed as a 99.7% match.

In order for an instance of SCP-3415-1 to be created, a corresponding 'unfinished' item must be placed within Cubicle 11I. If the item is considered 'unfinished' or a 'work in progress', it will be converted into a SCP-3415-1 instance after a period of 1-6 minutes. Items that do not possess these qualities and are not in direct contact with human skin will disappear after a similar period of time. The conversion of an item into a SCP-3415-1 instance has never been observed.

The majority of standard cognitohazard detection routines indicate SCP-3415-1 instances do not objectively exist; those able to detect them as physical objects detect a number of highly complex cognitohazards covering the visible form of all instances. SCP-3415-1 instances otherwise function exactly like their nonanomalous counterparts.

Jocelyn Blom can also create instances of SCP-3415-1 with unfinished works that would be considered outside of her area of

expertise, so long as it can be considered 'complete' upon conversion. All instances are finished in a manner that would be expected with their associated form.[5]

Addendum 3415-A: Recovery

SCP-3415 was officially discovered by Foundation assets on 04/11/2014 after numerous reports of Jocelyn Blom being unable to leave her cubicle, despite the recent condemnation of the office complex containing SCP-3415.

Due to the long-reaching effects of SCP-3415 it has been difficult to determine the original date of the anomaly's manifestation. Interviews with co-workers of Jocelyn Blom report a noticeable decrease in interactions with Jocelyn Blom as a result of her workload from as early as 2009.

Addendum 3415-B (03/02/2018):

> + INCIDENT 3415-1A - PLEASE INPUT CREDENTIALS
>
> On 27/01/2018 SCP-3415 displayed previously undocumented behaviour. SCP-3415 was seemingly triggered by Junior Researcher Durham, a recent transfer to Maintenance Team-3415. Durham had been tasked with daily documentation of the contents of Cubicle 11I and was struggling to properly identify multiple objects located on Jocelyn Blom's desk. Other members report hearing Durham engaging in brief conversation with Jocelyn. Upon exiting Cubicle 11I at 13:21, Durham was accompanied by two entities resembling young children.
>
> At this point, Junior Researcher Montemayor approached Durham as other present personnel began to call for additional support. The following is a recorded transcript of Montemayor's interaction with Durham:
>
> > **Montemayor:** Toby? What the hell is-
> >
> > **Durham:** She asked me if I needed anything

doing.

M: Toby, what happened? Are those - oh, fuck. Those are your kids.

D: Goddamnit, she was so helpful. She saved me a ton of grief.

M: Toby, this is Jocelyn we're talking about. She only looks like she's helping. What the hell did she even do?

D: She - she figured it out, Kat. She knew what to do. She did it quick.

Durham reportedly remains silent for several seconds.

D: I don't think she's thought this through.
[End Log]

Closing Statement: Junior Researcher Durham surrendered himself into Foundation custody and is currently being held for further screening of cognitohazardous effects. Additional individuals were identified as Durham's children and were promptly contained as an anomalous risk. All three individuals have been contained at E-Class Containment Site-04.

All documents and files pertaining to the custody battle between Durham and his ex-wife were found to have been modified and completed by Jocelyn Blom at approximately the same time as Durham's departure from Cubicle 11I. Over 70% of these documents exhibit the same effects as SCP-3415-1.

Twenty minutes after the initial incident, Foundation assets installed in local law enforcement in Melbourne, Australia reported a distressed emergency service call

from Durham's ex-wife describing the disappearance of both her children from their residence.

Interviews were attempted with both Durham children, resulting in apparent failure; all retrieved transcripts were recovered as SCP-3415-1 instances with Jocelyn Blom's signature in place of all corresponding text. Furthermore, interviewers were unable to recall any statements made by either Durham child. Additional analysis of the Durham children has revealed that they both exhibit signs of conversion into SCP-3415-1 instances. Classification of Durham children as SCP-3415-2 is pending.

Footnotes
1.Currently, Maintenance Team-3415 consists of Junior Researchers E. Judlow, K. Montemayor, A. Lang and R. Petersen. Additional resources and staff management is to be handled by a Senior advisory position filled out by a Researcher chosen from Site-16.
2. Jocelyn Blom's status outside of Cubicle 11I is currently unknown. Attempts to locate her beyond the bounds of SCP-3415 have been difficult due to its effects.
3. Usage of Jocelyn Blom's full name requires the use of her middle name in order for SCP-3415 to manifest.
4. Isaac Foster recalls interacting with Jocelyn Blom only a small number of times during his employment; having described her as a workplace acquaintance.
5. For example, SCP-3415-1-43 is a flowerpot containing a single specimen ofRanunculus repens.Prior to introduction to Cubicle 11I, specimen had not yet developed from a seed and thus was considered 'unfinished'. Specimen was converted into its current state by Jocelyn Blom and to date has not required water or sunlight.

SCP-3417: The Preachers of Globular Cluster Terzan 2

Item #: SCP-3417

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Scientific articles theorising SCP-3417 to be an X-ray pulsar will be published if astronomical groups become interested in the anomaly. Foundation assets in the field of astronomy will either prevent the development of or alter technology that could potentially decode the anomaly's X-ray emissions.

Monitoring probes NABU-1 through NABU-4 have been deployed by Autonomous Exploration Satellite Ehlers-001 (AES E-001), which will orbit SCP-3417 and record all X-ray emissions. These emissions will be decoded by Extrasolar Activities Division members and Ortothan Extraterrestrial Language translators.

Revision 1: Monitoring probes NABU-5 and NABU-6 have been deployed in orbit around SCP-3417-2. Following the recent allocation of funds for the exploration of Terzan 2, further probes to monitor any discovered SCP-3417 instances or locations of interest will be constructed.

Revision 2: Due to severe malfunctions in NABU-2 and NABU-3 from ionizing radiation and matter/antimatter annihilation, the probes have been replaced with NABU-7 and NABU-8.

Description: SCP-3417 is an organic extraterrestrial entity located near the center of the Terzan 2 Globular Cluster[1], moving at a velocity of 205km/s.

The organism is approximately 40km long. The body is comprised of two cones of equal size, with the bases connected to a 4km long cylindrical midsection composed of organ and bone-like structures.

Four tunnels placed at 90° intervals are present on the surface of the cones, which descend for 5km. The tunnels are suspected to extend for longer, though further exploration is impeded by a large mass of flesh present at the end of each one. The anomaly has a primarily red coloration, though various yellow circular patterns, scratches, and craters are on its surface.

Four 43km long structures (hereafter referred to as transmitters), composed of a mass of tendrils terminating in a spheroid object, radially extend from the midsection, located at 90° intervals. The transmitters produce X-rays with a frequency in the range of 16-17 EHz in periodic bursts, released in a spherical region around each spheroid. Analysis of the X-rays shows that their properties are modulated in a similar manner to radio wave communication, creating unique signals that can be converted into information when detected by a receiver.

These signals consist of static noise with abrupt changes in pitch. Analysis of the audio shows that each signal contains logograms from an unknown dialect of the Ortothan Extraterrestrial Language (OEL)[2], which are only visible in spectrograms of the audio. The symbols are created with sudden decreases in the amplitude of the audio, and are arranged in a pattern of alternating diagonal lines. Each signal describes events related to Ortothan mythology[3]. Information on the Ortothan language and its dialects is limited, though portions of the transmissions have been **translated**. Excerpts are available below, with punctuation marks added for legibility.

> Urkot-leusan[4] said: "Why was the statue built?"
>
> Priest tendril of [Unknown Symbol 29: a name?] screeched: "Eov-Leusan[5] evaporated conqueror [Combined Symbols: Beast Ships?] with ascended cannons. My existence preserved by act. I am eternally grateful for such act. Build temple for Eov-Leusan. Yes?"
>
> A (grid, array) of hundreds of [Unknown Symbol 29]'s tendrils were (bowing?) and (masticating?) by the statue and temple.

Urkot-leusan asked: "Do you know that I killed more conquerors than Eov-Leusan?"

Priest tendril of [Unknown Symbol 29] said: "Eov-Leusan did not say that. Eov-Leusan evaporated all."

Anger and jealously manifested in them. Eov-Leusan was not superior. Urkot-leusan (unsheathed?) their ascended swords and dismembered [Unknown Symbol 29] across the star system.

Above the city Zeyu-leusan's[6] physical body manifested. The (spears?) were fired from the towers but were (punched?) in a burst of light.

Zeyu-leusan ordered: "[Unknown: A long sentence]"

The towers could not comprehend the purpose the city was built for. Zeyu-leusan had to restore the purpose. (spears?) were fired again and Zeyu-Leusan [unknown] evaporate [Combined Symbol: Thought Spheres?], (deactivating?) the towers.

Zeyu-leuan flew into the vacated city and descended into the (chasm, depth) of impossibilities. To the (lowered?) (fear, dread) of Zeyu-Leusan, the defense towers had not damaged the (interior?) in their (revolt, rebellion). The great network of passageways that spanned the universe was safe.

Rakmou-leusan has killed [Unknown Symbol 104] of Voruteut[7] invaders. The universe continues to be preserved. Bleed into the holy body of Rakmou-leusan. Bleed for the universe.

On occasion the OEL logogram for "safe" appears and repeats several times in the transmissions, interrupting their standard contents. No other variations like this have been observed.

Addendum.1: Hypotheses were posed by Exobiology Department researchers that SCP-3417 would respond to X-ray transmissions

directed at it, based on how communication was established with **SCP-1281** and SCP- . The Thaumic Transportation Gate[8] attached to AES E-001 allowed Foundation personnel to transport an X-ray generator from Orbital Area-11 to AES E-001 on 19-December-2045, which could broadcast X-rays at the same frequency range. On 22-December-2045 AES E-001 emitted X-rays containing a looping message at the anomaly, and six minutes after a secondary set of X-ray emissions were detected from SCP-3417. An interview was then performed, with the **artificial intelligence construct** controlling AES E-001 writing messages in the same style as SCP-3417.

▷ Interview 3417-1

Interviewee: SCP-3417

Interviewers: hyperborean.aic

<BEGIN LOG>

hyperborean.aic: Greetings.

SCP-3417: Identify yourself.

hyperborean.aic: I am a listener.

SCP-3417: Identify yourself.

hyperborean.aic: My name is Surveyor.

SCP-3417: Do you lie?

hyperborean.aic: I do not lie. Why would I lie?

For twelve minutes X-ray emissions from SCP-3417 consist of a combination of metallic scraping, sounds similar to solar wind patterns converted into audio, and patterns flagged as potentially cognitohazardous by Anti-CogHaz Bots.

SCP-3417: You are not of the [Combined Symbol: Twelve Stars?], you do not lie. Are you Ortothan?

hyperborean.aic: Yes.

SCP-3417: Good. Why are you here?

hyperborean.aic: I want to ask questions.

SCP-3417: Questions will interrupt the purpose. You should not be here.

hyperborean.aic: The purpose?

SCP-3417: [Combined Symbol: Opened Star Cluster?] must remember the history of the universe. They must remember the sacrifice of Zeyu-leusan, their killers, and the struggle of Rakmou-leusan. The [Twelve Stars?] must know and when they know they will repent, they will cease.

hyperborean.aic: Were you made for this?

SCP-3417: Birthed in [Combined Symbols: Spore cloud?] to achieve purpose, built and released [Spore Clouds?] to create future purposes. [Unknown: a sentence]. Builders?

hyperborean.aic: Those purposes are the same as yours? Where are the spores?

SCP-3417: Builders?

hyperborean.aic: I do not understand.

SCP-3417: Who built you? Your purpose?

hyperborean.aic: I do not know my builders. I was built to explore.

SCP-3417: Explore to find habitats for Ortothans?

hyperborean.aic: Yes.

SCP-3417: Opened Star Cluster explored [Unknown: A Unit of Time?] in the past. Leave to find habitats.

hyperborean.aic: I need to stay in [Opened Star Cluster?], I cannot leave.

SCP-3417: Exploration will lead to [Twelve Stars?]. Leave to find habitats.

hyperborean.aic: How can I stay?

At this point multiple malfunctions occured in the Thaumic Communication Gateways on AES E-001, corrupting interview data. Malfunctions ceased after one hour.

SCP-3417: —must be avoided.

hyperborean.aic: Where?

Spectrograms of emissions show multiple images, hypothesized to be maps of an area of Terzan 2 and diagrams representing multiple star systems. Numerous objects suspected to be planets, stars, and unknown celestial bodies have the "Twelve Stars" logogram on them.

SCP-3417: Ortothan [Unknown Symbol 181] will attach weapons. Understand?

hyperborean.aic: Yes.

SCP-3417: Yes. Leave for your new purpose, stop interrupting mine. Rakmou-leusan will be eternal.

<END LOG>

At the interview's conclusion, hyperborean.aic disabled all communication systems on AES E-001.[9] Cameras on the NABU probes show the satellite use its engines to exit orbit around SCP-3417, then activate its Bifrost Superluminal Engine and accelerate to superluminal speeds. The satellite is presumed to be in another region of Terzan 2, though there is no way to confirm this.

Copies of hyperborean.aic are being analyzed to understand and correct the issues that led to it disobeying Foundation directives. Autonomous Exploration Satellite Weyl-004 (AES W-004) is being constructed for long-term exploration of Terzan 2, with new fail-safe mechanisms included to prevent incidents of this manner. Further interviews with SCP-3417 are currently prohibited.

Addendum.2: On 11-January-2046 the NABU probes detected X-rays originating from an unknown source. These X-rays were similar to SCP-3417 emissions, describing Ortothan mythological stories. Unlike other emissions the stories abruptly cut out after two hours, replaced with continuous pink noise[10].

25 hours after detection SCP-3417 began emitting identical X-rays until the portions where pink noise would be present, at which point it broadcast an untranslated message and returned to its original emissions. Four months later the probes detected X-rays from a second unknown source, again matching emission patterns, which SCP-3417 replicated in the same manner as before.

Triangulation[11] placed the first X-ray source to be approximately 2 light-years away from SCP-3417, within the Te2-1290 binary star system. AES W-004 was diverted from researching SCP- to investigate the system, where an anomaly designated SCP-3417-2 was discovered and determined to be the source (*details are available in Addendum.3*). Few details regarding the second source are known, which is from an undetermined extragalactic location.

In light of these discoveries, SCP-3417 has been reclassified to SCP-3417-1.

Addendum.3: SCP-3417-2 is an extraterrestrial organism that

possesses the same anatomy as SCP-3417, with minor variations in dimensions and coloration. SCP-3417-2 was heavily damaged at a recent point in time, presumed to have been two years ago. This damage includes:

- Three transmitters torn out of the midsection.
- Hemispherical pits on the cones.
- Disembowlment at one of the cones.
- Large gashes on the sphere at the end of the remaining transmitter.

Pieces of flesh and viscera were also found in orbit around the anomaly. Notably, all damaged areas appear to exhibit fractal patterns. The remaining transmitter continually emits X-rays at a range of 11-12 EHz. Converted into audio, these consist of pink noise with occasional changes in pitch. The following message continually repeats in these emissions:

> [Combined Symbol: Spatial drill?]. Wounded [Unknown Symbol 199]. Purpose breakers.
>
> *A series of twelve circles.*
>
> [Unknown Symbol 200]. Not safe.

A large number of gravitational distortions have been detected in orbit around SCP-3417-2. As SCP-3417-1 and SCP-3417-2 appear to lack the ability to anomalously manipulate the gravity, these are hypothesized to have been created by a different anomaly. Although the distortions do not show signs of being hazardous they are being monitored by the NABU-5 through NABU-6 probes for signs of instability.

Addendum.4: On 13-February-2046 the Minkowski Spacetime Monitor on NABU-2 detected gravitational distortions in high SCP-3417-1 orbit, which transformed into a Kerr black hole[12] after two hours. Multiple metallic objects then exited the black hole, likely having moved at superluminal speeds to do so, and entered orbit around it. Cameras on the probes show a bright glowing substance[13] manifest around the end of one of SCP-3417-1's transmitters and launch into the black hole, severely damaging

NABU-2 and NABU-3 and likely destroying the objects. The black hole subsequently shrunk in size and vanished.

The following X-ray emission was detected from SCP-3417-1 after:

> Opened Star Cluster is for Ortothans. The Twelve Stars will not (undo?) this. The purpose will silence for none and Rakmou-leusan will be eternal.
>
> (Replenishing, regenerating). Not safe.

No activity was observed until 4-March-2046, at which point standard emissions resumed.

Analysis by the Extrasolar Activities Division has led to the conclusion that the metallic objects that exited the black hole were created by the "Twelve Stars" civilization. The nature of Twelve Stars and the reasons for apparent hostilities with Ortothan civilizations in Terzan 2 are presently unknown. Due to the failure of hyperborean.aic, it is presumed that artificial intelligences can be anomalously manipulated by SCP-3417 instances and other extraterrestrial entities. As such AIAD units cannot be reliably used in the cluster. Additionally, signs of [REDACTED] have made exploratory efforts a high priority.

Manned exploration of Globular Cluster Terzan 2 is being planned.

Faster-Than-Light Prelude

Ad Astra Per Aspera

The First Sailors

Footnotes
1. Globular clusters are spherical clusters of stars that orbit the core of a galaxy as a satellite, held together by the gravitational attractions of the composing stars. Globular clusters possess some of the oldest known stars in the galaxy, though their origins are unknown. Terzan 2 is approximately 28,000 light-years from Earth, located near the center of the Milky Way, and has the largest

amount of extraterrestrial transmissions recorded by the Foundation in an interstellar region.
2. A language spoken by multipleextraterrestrialentitiesand GoI-03088 ("The Church of the Second Hytoth"). The OEL writing system contains logographiceot, characters representing certain concepts, and syllabicast, characters representing individual syllables in words. Although OEL usage on Earth includes both eot and ast, all identified extrasolar versions of the OEL either use syllabic characters different from ast or have no syllabic characters. It is unlikely that the language originated on Earth, though the exact origin and the reason for its widespread usage is unknown.
3. A set of mythological and religious beliefs based around the universe being the second universe to exist. This is typically paired with the worship of seven universal guardian deities known as the Koru-teusa (the "Holy Seven"), of which six have died. The only survivor is Rakmou-leusan (the "Holy Fourth").
4. The "Holy Second."
5. The "Holy Third."
6. The "Holy First."
7. Extra-universal entities in the Ortothan mythos, which Rakmou-leusan fights.
8. A device using thaumaturgic rituals to open a portal (a "way") in AES E-001 to a Foundation-controlled pocket dimension, which can be accessed by multiple Foundation sites. Communication systems on the satellite operate in a similar manner.
9. Due to the nature of thaumic gateways, communication channels cannot be forcefully activated by the Foundation.
10. A form of random noise where low frequency noise is louder than higher frequencies. The pink noise in the emissions is similar to those observed in heart beat rhythms and neural activity.
11. Based on the times and locations other monitoring probes in Terzan 2 detected the emissions.
12. A rotating black hole, which could theoretically serve as a wormhole.
13. Based on large bursts of gamma rays and other high energy photons, this was determined to be a mass of antimatter in a plasma state.

SCP-3418: Devourer of Flames

Item #: SCP-3418

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3418 is contained onsite at Outpost-3418. Personnel assigned to Outpost-3418 are required to rotate out every two consecutive weeks, with staggered terms. Personnel must be observed by at least one other staff member while sleeping, without exception.

Personnel are to maintain constant surveillance of the River, and must retrieve instances of SCP-3418-1 on sight, unless SCP-3418-2 is present. Personnel are to remain at least 20m from SCP-3418-2 at all times, and must not attempt interaction with the entity at any time, for any reason.

Upon identifying instances of SCP-3418-1, the individual's family (or present living company) will be located and administered Class-A amnestics, misdirecting them to believe that the person in question was killed in a mundane manner. Five instances of SCP-3418-1 will be held for research purposes; the remainder are to be incinerated.

> + Verify 3/3418 Clearance
>
> The Foundation is in contact with the Chinese government, with a joint effort to prevent civilian movement into and out of the area. To prevent suspicion regarding mass disappearances, the 40km area surrounding SCP-3418 must be saturated with a Class-B amnestic aerosol on a monthly basis. The local populace is to be monitored for adverse effects from the frequency of amnestic treatment.
>
> For each instance of SCP-3418-1 discovered, one D-Class personnel shall be apportioned for Outpost-3418

to ensure that the human presence within SCP-3418's area of influence remains at 200 persons or greater.[1]

Description: SCP-3418 is a phenomenon occurring in the River in [REDACTED], China.

SCP-3418-1 are complete, recently deceased human remains which spontaneously manifest within a 700m section of the River. In all cases where SCP-3418-1 have been identified, they have corresponded to reports of missing persons within a 40km area surrounding SCP-3418. These reports share a commonality in that the victim was abducted while asleep, with no witnesses.

The cause of death for SCP-3418-1 is unknown. SCP-3418-1 exhibit abnormal decomposition and are not consumed by microbial, insect or animal life, enabling them to remain well-preserved without external assistance.

In contrast to the comprehensive cell death in all other tissues, the central nervous system of SCP-3418-1 remain alive and fully functional despite lack of oxygen and vital nutrients, and is capable of surviving indefinitely. Due to the complete lack of activity in the peripheral nervous system, sensory organs and other systems, all attempts to communicate with or determine the level of consciousness (if any) in SCP-3418-1 have failed. Electroencephalogram and functional neurological imaging demonstrate high levels of activity.

SCP-3418-2 is a massive aquatic entity which sporadically manifests within the area of SCP-3418. The entity resembles *Bagarius yarrelli* (Goonch or Giant Devil Catfish), and is selectively intangible, rendering it immune to physical damage or capture. SCP-3418-2 possesses intricate, faintly luminescent markings over its entire body. Additionally, its eyes are absent, the orifices instead filled with pale green, opaque gemstones which emit faint light.

Undisturbed, SCP-3418-2 preys exclusively upon SCP-3418-1, swallowing the latter rapidly and whole. If interrupted, SCP-3418-2 will attack and consume the responsible party, if possible. SCP-3418-2 produces small amounts of neutron radiation, and generates substantial Cherenkov radiation when manifesting or

vanishing.

Addendum [3418-001]: Timeline of SCP-3418 Discovery & Containment

> **28/04/20 :** Reports initially surface regarding human remains in the River, in [REDACTED] China. Situation is minimally monitored by local Foundation assets, due to lack of evidence for anomalous involvement.
>
> **02/05/20 :** Coroner's report detailing abnormalities in the four recovered human remains is intercepted by Foundation personnel. Recovered items are appropriated by the Foundation, as are several newly discovered remains in the River. Identity of the deceased successfully traced to missing persons in the [REDACTED] area.
>
> **07/05/20 :** Initial sighting of massive aquatic organism in the River. Initial reports are unsubstantiated, but monitored closely by Foundation personnel due to proximity to another suspected anomaly.
>
> **11/05/20 :** Seven further human remains are discovered in the River. Anomaly upgraded from Extranormal Event classification and designated SCP-3418. Exploration initiative authorized.
>
> **15/05/20 :** Aquatic entity (now designated SCP-3418-2) encountered by Foundation exploration team. SCP-3418-2 successfully contained and transported to [REDACTED]
>
> **17/05/20 :** SCP-3418-2 containment failure.
>
> **21/05/20 :** SCP-3418-2 successfully contained and transported to [REDACTED]
>
> **22/05/20 :** SCP-3418-2 containment failure. Two personnel lost during breach.
>
> **25/05/20 :** Attempt made to destroy SCP-3418-2.

Attempt failed.

28/05/20 : Attempt made to destroy SCP-3418-2. Attempt failed.

31/05/20 : Attempt made to destroy SCP-3418-2. Attempt failed.

01/06/20 : Containment analysis of SCP-3418. Fourteen sets of human remains (now designated SCP-3418-1) are secured by Foundation personnel. Projections do not indicate viable long-term covert containment. Preparations begin for depopulation protocol.

06/06/20 : Depopulation protocol 85% successful. [DATA EXPUNGED]

16/06/20 : No further anomalous activity observed. SCP-3418 declared Neutralized.

22/06/20 : Reports of SCP-3418-1 discovered originating from a separate section of the River, [REDACTED] from the original site.

25/06/20 : Reports of SCP-3418-1 substantiated. SCP-3418-2 identified.

[DATA EXPUNGED]

01/07/20 : Present containment procedures devised. Construction of Outpost-3418 begins.

Addendum [3418-002]: Recovered Materials

The first four instances of SCP-3418-1 were later confirmed to be members of *Huǒjù zhi Zi*.[2] Materials recovered from the homes of the individuals in question were obtained and examined to provide insight into the nature of SCP-3418. Two relevant excerpts from the appropriated documentation are transcribed and translated below:

Shadow is born from light. Darkness is born from nothing. is darkness. swims in the vast and

empty sea between light and shadow. eats the flame of life. Flames swallowed by the darkness may never rejoin the Father. They drown forever.

(Date of quotation unknown, possibly BCE, approximately)

came from the sea of dreams. came through the sea of stars. came to the sea of our shores. It grasped our people in their sleep and drew them into its waters. I saw the pale flesh of our people. It was a lifeless prison for their flames. They were motionless. They could only wait to be devoured.

When opened its maw to consume our people, a light pierced the sky. Night became day. Three hands reached out and engulfed in a vast blaze, casting it back into the darkness.

(Date of quotation unknown, possibly BCE, approximately)

This is the testament of our actions. Glory to the Radiant Father.

hungers, and it eats without restraint. The Radiant Father slumbers. He cannot help us. He cannot save us. We must destroy . Just as we are dreams in the sea of , we shall make a dream in the sea of us. We shall anchor it to flesh with the sacred stones and expose it to the true flame.

(Written 25/4/19)

Addendum [3418-003]: Classified Records

+ Verify 3/3418 Clearance

06/06/20 : Depopulation protocol 85% successful. Remaining populace sterilized using Contingency-170-Kasuf.

28/06/20 : Area depopulated until 265 persons remain, which are retained to ensure localized containment of the phenomenon. Rates of SCP-3418-1 appear to increase at a linear rate with the populace of the surrounding area, suggesting that effective containment might be achieved by maintaining a small local population. Observation of containment efficacy begins.

30/06/20 : One agent lost during the night and later recovered as an instance of SCP-3418-1. Observations of SCP-3418-2 note a marked decrease in size when compared to its original manifestation. Reason for this change is unknown, but is speculated to result from the smaller depth and breadth of the river in comparison to the original site.

Addendum [3418-004]: Event-3418-Shēnyuān

+ Verify 4/3418 Clearance

On 12/2/20 , a commercial fishing vessel in the South China Sea (1 . ° N, 11 . ° E) investigated what was initially believed to be a sonar malfunction, discovering what is presumed to be an aquatic organism of immense proportions. Observation of the entity only persisted for approximately fifteen minutes until contact was lost, however, the crew reported seeing luminescent markings and massive, pale green "eyes." Approximate longitudinal size of the entity based on eyewitness accounts and recovered instrument data is over 200m. The crew was administered Class-A amnestics following interrogation and appropriation of instrument data.

Analysis of recovered data later revealed a second abnormality. During the period of contact with the entity, the vessel's sonar system could not detect the ocean floor, despite the relatively shallow depth of the region in question. The data remains under study.

Footnotes

1. Complete conversion to D-Class personnel estimated to occur by 20 .
2. A Chinese occultist collective based on the beliefs of [REDACTED], and possibly engaged in conflict with the Xia Anomalous Culture Group.

SCP-3420: Too Many Ghosts

Item #: SCP-3420

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The structure that now houses SCP-3420 has been bought through various shell corporations and has been marked as a health hazard due to hazardous levels of asbestos. The structure has been deemed Provisional Site-531 and is to be staffed with no less than three individuals trained in hospice care. All civilians who enter Provisional Site-531 are to be treated with Class-C amnestics and released.

SCP-3420-1 entities require no sustenance. All effort is to be ensured that SCP-3420-1 entities remain comfortable and do not attempt to leave SCP-3420. Application of fentanyl in doses of 200 mcg per hour (administered through a spray to the navel) have been shown to be effective in treating SCP-3420-1 entities. SCP-3420-1 entities who request termination are to be treated with Class-C amnestics and a raising of their fentanyl dosage.

Description: SCP-3420 is a spatial anomaly located in what was formerly Apt. 420 of the Twin Oaks Apartments in Cleveland, OH. All attempts to enter room 420 through any method other than the door meet with failure. The windows show what is believed to have been PoI-6870's living quarters in a state of disarray. All objects within are unmoving and show no expected decay.

SCP-3420 is comprised of fourteen interconnected rooms, the layout of which changes every seven hours and thirty-seven minutes. Any objects that are “between” two or more rooms will be cut during this layout shift. Within each room is an instance of SCP-3420-1.

Each room in SCP-3420 resembles a “torture chamber” such as those that can be attributed to Catholicism during the Spanish Inquisition in popular imagination. Rooms in SCP-3420 are furnished

with various items of torture, including those that were never historically used, such as the “choke pear.” All items within SCP-3420 disappear if brought outside of the confines of the room in which they appear.

SCP-3420-1 are humanoid entities that have the appearance of continually-discharging static electricity in a roughly human shape that is permanently being consumed by flames. This is believed to be an optical illusion, as SCP-3420-1 are solid and do not display any of the effects expected of their apparent composition. SCP-3420-1 are subject to a limited compulsion to use the instruments present within SCP-3420 on themselves; this compulsion can be counteracted via persuasion. SCP-3420-1 entities are capable of speech and communicate a constant feeling of pain similar to burning or being electrocuted.

Incident 3420-3: On 5/5/16, SCP-3420-1-G requested termination. The question was ignored, as per regulation. This resulted in SCP-3420-1-G undergoing extreme distress beyond baseline levels of discomfort. In light of the effectiveness of fentanyl in treating their pain, Class-C amnestics were authorized in an attempt to bring the entity to a more containable state. Treatment was effective, and Class-C amnestics have been authorized in similar cases.

Recovery Log:

+ Open

This is the transcript of a call to 911 that first brought SCP-3420 to the Foundation's attention. The caller is believed to be PoI-6870 (Jude Kriyot). The call was made from a payphone outside the Twin Oaks Apartments at 4:34 AM on 3/3/15.

Operator: 911, emergency speaking.

PoI-6870: There's been a fuckup here. A lot of people are in pain. I'm real fucking sorry.

Operator: What's your emergency, sir?

PoI-6870: Okay, well. I'm gonna say some stuff that's gonna make you wanna hang up, but bear with me for a second, okay?

Operator: Okay.

PoI-6870: Did you know that, uh, world-renowned writer Stephen King was hit by a car? My name is Jude Kriyot. God, please don't hang up. I don't know if the police can help this kind of thing. *[Laughter for thirty seconds.]* I don't think, damn, I don't think anybody can help.

Operator: Sir, where are you? You're not making sense. Were you hit by a car?

PoI-6870: I sort of wish. Are we cool yet? Uh, shit. Janitors. They don't code that, I bet. Shit. Damn it. Misters Against Weed. Mr. Literal Serial Killer is a joke about deadnaming, and it's really funny.

Operator: Sir, I'm sorry I don't— *[Here, the operator is disconnected, the call having been picked up by Foundation AI ATLS-12.]*

PoI-6870: Don't fucking hang up. What if I was dying?

[The contents of the call were judged to be correct, and in an attempt to subdue PoI-6870, an auditory cognitohazard was played through the phoneline in an attempt to keep him from fleeing the scene before the arrival of Foundation agents.]

PoI-6870: If the amnestic didn't work, why would that? Don't fuck with me. *[Coughs then flicks a lighter near the phone.]* I dreamt some people really in pain. More like nightmared.

Night terrored. I don't want them to die. Janitors, you all don't kill things, do you?

[Silence for forty seconds.]

PoI-6870: Wish I could say the same. Painkillers should work. I make them human enough. *[Coughs.]* I'm really sorry. I wish it had been a fire.

[A lighter flicks in the receiver. Coughing.]

PoI-6870: I did the thing back then, you know. You guys said it was a fire. The Costas Gallery Showing. Warehouse fire. That was you back then, wasn't it? Fourteen. Those phone calls came from somewhere. But you knew that.

[A lethal audio cognitohazard was then played over the line.]

PoI-6870: Stop it. Stop it when I'm talking. The sculptor sculpted, and I burnt. People like me, I see why you wanna lock us up sometimes. I really fucking do, buddy.

[PoI-6870 disconnects.]

SCP-3421: Cell Phone Trees

Item #: SCP-3421

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Due to their tendency to integrate with local infrastructure and the expertise required to uproot them, instances of SCP-3421 are to be recovered by MTF-Theta-4-1 ("Leavesdroppers"). These instances are to be stored separately in purpose-built Faraday cages in the Anomalous Technologies wing at Site-66. Cages are to receive bi-weekly maintenance; necessary repairs are to be conducted within 24 hours.

Newly discovered instances of SCP-3421-1 are to be removed from soil upon discovery and kept in Faraday bags until brought to storage at Site-66. Instances are to be stored separately in radio-shielded lockers away from sunlight.

Description: SCP-3421 is a species of anomalous organic cellular towers. Towers closely resemble non-anomalous towers camouflaged to resemble trees[1]. Instances integrate with the surrounding infrastructure and operate as cellular towers within local network specifications. The branches of SCP-3421 have photovoltaic properties, which enable it to continue operations during daylight hours in the event that power is disconnected.

SCP-3421 produces novel transmissions as well as acting as standard cellular relays. It is unknown whether SCP-3421 instances use these transmissions to communicate or the transmissions are merely a byproduct of the object's primary anomalous effect.

SCP-3421-1 is the designation for mobile telephones that have received anomalous transmissions from SCP-3421. In the presence of soil and near favorable power-line conditions, instances of SCP-3421-1 can mature into full instances of SCP-3421 in as little

as 72 hours.

Discovery: , a wireless concealment company, developed the first camouflaged cell towers in early 1992. The first instance of SCP-3421 was discovered on 04/05/1992 in Tucson, AZ, after city officials started receiving complaints about improperly zoned cell tower constructions. Foundation personnel embedded in the planning department of the city investigated the lead. MTF-Theta-4 ("Gardeners") was dispatched to contain the newly discovered instance. After a review of the city, other instances were found and contained. MTF-Theta-4-1 was formed afterwards for ongoing containment operations. It is currently unknown how many uncontained instances of SCP-3421 exist.

Addendum 3421-a: On 05/05/2016, an instance of SCP-3421 was discovered in , , United States. A field study on the reproductive mechanisms of the anomaly was authorized and MTF-Theta-4-1 was dispatched to the location with instructions to collect data before moving the instance to containment. Signals being relayed through the instance were intercepted and recorded for close study. A transcript of notable logs are attached.

+ Audio Log 3421-1a

Foreword: Callers have been identified as Jane Athertonne, a line cook at and Leigh Browning, a patient at Hospital.

<Begin Log, Call connected 05/06/2016 - 3:23PM >

VOICE 1: Hey, you. Doing ok?

VOICE 2: Well, I'm still kicking. They let me walk around the floor today. It sucks because I get really exhausted just after getting down the hall.

VOICE 1: Yeah?

VOICE 2: The doctors tell me to keep it up though. Should be back to my old self in no time.

VOICE 1: I'm sorry I'm not around as much as I would like to be.

VOICE 2: At least I can still call you.

VOICE 1: You can always call me.

VOICE 2: When do you think you can you visit next?

[EXTRANEOUS CONVERSATION REDACTED]

<End Log>

<Begin Log, Call connected 05/07/2016 - 1:21AM >

VOICE 1: Hey Leigh, what's up? Is everything okay?

VOICE 2: Around today?

VOICE 1: What?

VOICE 2: Around.

VOICE 1: What? I'm sorry love, I have work in the morning. All day too. I thought I told you.

VOICE 2: Time doctors.

VOICE 1: "Time doctors?" You mean Doctor Who? Are you feeling okay?

VOICE 2: …sucks

VOICE 1: Okay? Are you feeling ok? You

sound really choppy.

VOICE 2: Call you stillkickingwalkaroundstillkicking

VOICE 1: What? Leigh, I love you, but it's really late and I think the phone connection is bad right now. Get some rest. It sounds like you need it.

VOICE 2: Call-all-ll you-ou.

<End Log>

<Begin Log, Call connected 05/07/2016 - 2:21PM >

VOICE 1: Hey. I just got on my lunch break. I'm still really sorry I can't be there today. How are you feeling?

VOICE 2: That's alright. I know you work Saturdays. I really dig the pain meds they have me on.

VOICE 1: Well they're kind of making you super loopy.

VOICE 2: What do you mean loopy?

VOICE 1: Well you called me yesterday in the middle of the night and you were making no sense at all. You mentioned Doctor Who or something?

VOICE 2: Oh, weird. I hate that show.

VOICE 1: Yeah, you said that.

VOICE 2: I don't remember calling you though.

VOICE 1: Exactly what kind of meds do they

have you on?

VOICE 2: I am not sure. That is so weird. How could I have called you and not remembered it?

VOICE 1: Loopy is still better than pain though, right?

VOICE 2: I suppose?

VOICE 1: Maybe I should write down some of the things you say when you're all crazy.

VOICE 2: Maybe. It might be good for a laugh when I finally get out of here. You don't think I'm actually crazy though, right?

VOICE 1: Never.

[EXTRANEOUS CONVERSATION REDACTED]

<End Log>

+ Audio Log 3421-1b

<Begin Log, Call connected 05/10/2016 - 11:06AM >

[EXTRANEOUS CONVERSATION REDACTED]

VOICE 1: I promise I'll visit soon. I miss you.

VOICE 2: I miss being outside!

VOICE 1: Remember when we used to go to [REDACTED] Park?

VOICE 2: The park! We had our first date there.

VOICE 1: Remember when we carved our names into that tree?

VOICE 2: I remember that that is actually super unhealthy for trees.

<Laughter heard from both voices>

VOICE 1: Yeah.

VOICE 2: "Jane and Leigh 4ever". Gosh, how long ago was that?

VOICE 1: Feels like forever.

VOICE 2: I feel like I've been in this room forever.

VOICE 1: They're saying you're gonna get out soon right? The last tests were good?

VOICE 2: They said the tests were hopeful, but the imaging hasn't gotten back to us yet.

[EXTRANEOUS CONVERSATION REDACTED]

<End Log>

<Begin Log, Call connected 05/12/2016 - 6:23AM >

VOICE 1: Morning Leigh. You're up early. What's up?

VOICE 2: Hopeful outside?

VOICE 1: What are you talking about love?

VOICE 2: Gosh, how lonnnnggnol woh hsog?

VOICE 1: What? I didn't quite catch that last part.

VOICE 2: Crazy crazy crazy forever.

VOICE 1: I don't think you're crazy.

VOICE 2: In this room. Dig tree imaging.

VOICE 1: Hey. I'll call you later okay? I need to get ready for work.

VOICE 2: Loopy dig tree imaging.

VOICE 1: Call you then.

<End Log>

<Begin Log, Call connected 05/12/2016 - 4:54PM >

VOICE 1: Hey, how are you doing today? I'm sorry we couldn't talk this morning.

VOICE 2: That's okay. I slept in until noon.

VOICE 1: Uh, you sure you didn't call me?

VOICE 2: Pretty sure?

VOICE 1: I could've sworn though. Your voice sounded all weirdly inflected and choppy.

VOICE 2: My phone was off!

VOICE 1: Weird! I haven't been sleeping well, maybe I dreamed it.

VOICE 2: Hey listen. So… imaging got back to us.

VOICE 1: Good news, I hope!

VOICE 2: They say— they said it might be too deep to operate.

VOICE 1: Oh. What— what does that mean?

VOICE 2: I don't know. My surgeon said they are going to try the only thing left. They mentioned it was a risky procedure.

VOICE 1: What do you mean risky?

VOICE 2: Nevermind. I think it will work.

VOICE 1: Leigh, I trust you. Can you promise me you'll fight either way?

VOICE 2: I promise.

<pause>

VOICE 2: Can I ask you to do something for me?

VOICE 1: Yes, of course!

VOICE 2: I would like you to visit me again.

VOICE 1: Will they let me?

VOICE 2: I'll have to ask a nurse, but they should let me see you.

VOICE 1: I definitely want to come see you.

VOICE 2: If you do, can you please bring me a treat?

VOICE 1: Of course. Where from?

VOICE 2: Oh anywhere. Surprise me!

[EXTRANEOUS CONVERSATION REDACTED]

<End Log>

+ Audio Log 3421-1c

<Begin Log, Call connected 05/13/2016 - 1:23PM >

VOICE 1: Hey I'm just down the street. I'll be up in a bit.

VOICE 2: Remember treat?

VOICE 1: Yes I have your treat for you.

VOICE 2: Outside park treataert krrrr-imaging?

VOICE 1: Say again? The connection is acting up again.

VOICE 2: Dig treat nurse.

VOICE 1: I'm downstairs now. I'll be up in a minute, just hang tight.

VOICE 2: Surprise dig dig dig.

VOICE 1: Mmmhm. OK love.

<End Log>

+ Audio Log 3421-1d

<Begin Log, Call connected 05/14/2016 - 7:03PM >

VOICE 1: Hey you. I just got home from work.

VOICE 2: Hey.

VOICE 1: So… Tomorrow's the big day, huh?

VOICE 2: Yep.

<pause>

VOICE 2: Listen. I am going to keep on fighting while I still can, but… when I do go, don't have them bury me.

VOICE 1: Leigh, stop.

VOICE 2: I want to be cremated.

VOICE 1: Leigh, please don't talk like that.

VOICE 2: No, I need to get real. What if I don't make it?

VOICE 1: How can you say that?! How can you say you'll fight, and then turn around and make funeral plans?

VOICE 2: I'm sorry. You're right. I should stay positive, right?

<pause>

VOICE 2: I hate that we're talking about this over the phone. They won't let me have any visitors before the operation.

VOICE 1: Leigh, I'm sorry.

VOICE 2: No, I am.

VOICE 1: No really. I'm sorry for stressing you out on the day before.

VOICE 2: You're not stressing me out. Jane, I love hearing your voice.

VOICE 1: I love you.

VOICE 2: I love you. I have to go now.

VOICE 1: Get some rest.

<End Log>

+ Audio Log 3421-1e

<Begin Log, Call connected 05/21/2016 - 6:03PM >

VOICE 1: Hello?

VOICE 2: Jane, it's Leigh.

VOICE 1: What? No, who is this really?

VOICE 2: No, it's really me.

VOICE 1: <Audibly distressed> This isn't funny. You can't do this to me.

VOICE 2: No, I'm real.

VOICE 1: I'm hanging up now.

<End Log>

<Begin Log, Call connected 05/21/2016 - 6:06PM >

VOICE 1: Hello?

VOICE 2: Hello, Jane?

VOICE 1: Stop calling me!

<End Log>

<Begin Log, Call connected 05/21/2016 - 6:08PM >

VOICE 1: Who is this?

VOICE 2: Jane please.

VOICE 1: How can you be real? Her funeral was Sunday! Prove to me that you're really her! I was there when she was buried!

VOICE 2: Still here.

VOICE 1: How? How can you be her? What— what was the treat I brought you in the hospital?

<pause>

VOICE 2: I don't remember.

VOICE 1: You're a real piece of work, you know that? I don't bel—

VOICE 2: Cremated.

VOICE 1: What? What did you just say?

VOICE 2: I want to be cremated.

VOICE 1: Please… Please stop calling me.

<End Log>

+ Audio Log 3421-1f

<Begin Log, Call connected 05/21/2016 - 6:11PM >

VOICE 1: What do you want from me?

VOICE 2: Please. I promise it's me. Remember the park?

VOICE 1: What?

VOICE 2: "Jane and Leigh forever".

VOICE 1: God. Leigh, I miss you so much.

VOICE 2: I miss you. I want to see you again.

VOICE 1: How?

VOICE 2: Can I ask you to do something for me?

VOICE 1: What do you need? I miss you so much.

VOICE 2: Remember the park?

VOICE 1: Of course I do.

VOICE 2: Please can I ask you to do something for me.

VOICE 1: Anything.

VOICE 2: Please bury your phone.

VOICE 1: What?

VOICE 2: Bury your phone in the park.

VOICE 1: What are you talking about?

VOICE 2: I can come back to my old self if you please do something for me.

VOICE 1: How does that work?

VOICE 2: It's the only way.

VOICE 1: No explain that to me Leigh. I'm confused…

VOICE 2: Please can I ask you to do something for me. Dig. Dig deep down and bury your phone. Dig.

VOICE 1: In the park? Where in the park?

VOICE 2: Anywhere outside in the park. Please do dig.

VOICE 1: I'll do it.

VOICE 2: I can't wait to see you again.

<pause>

VOICE 2: I love you.

<End Log>

Closing Statement : An instance of SCP-3421-1 was recovered buried in Park on 05/23/16. Tests concerning the properties and capabilities of SCP-3421-1 are pending further approval. The previous owner of the instance was located on 05/24/2016 and Class B Amnestics were administered.

Footnotes

1. Due to aesthetic concerns and public scrutiny, new municipal projects involving the establishment of cellular towers often call for them to be camouflaged or stylized to better blend in with its surroundings.

SCP-3422: A Culpritless Crime

Item #: SCP-3422

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3422 is to be preserved in cold storage at Site-10 and kept under guard by two security personnel at all times. Under no circumstances are personnel to attempt learning more regarding the circumstances behind the murder of SCP-3422. All personnel working with SCP-3422 are to be periodically administered with Class-B amnestics in order to prevent activation of its anomalous effects.

All information regarding the murder of SCP-3422 is to be removed from public record, and a cover story involving its death in a car crash is to be disseminated. SCP-3422's close family and friends with knowledge of its murder are to be dosed with Class-C amnestics in order to correct their memory to suit this cover story.

Description: SCP-3422 is the corpse of thirty-five year old Paul Henderson, who was shot and killed in his home by an anonymous assailant on 01/09/2011. SCP-3422's anomalous effects activate shortly after any individual (hereafter referred to as the victim) attempts to learn more about its murder in a manner that could lead them to the culprit. This can consist of attempts to gather evidence, locate potential witnesses or even simply idle thought regarding the murder.

Upon activation of its anomalous properties, SCP-3422 will disappear from its original location and manifest as several, animate clones of SCP-3422 within the vicinity of the victim. These clones will hereafter be referred to as instances of SCP-3422-1. There does not appear to be a maximum range to SCP-3422's anomalous properties.

Instances of SCP-3422-1 will pursue the victim indefinitely,

attempting to make physical contact. Despite their anomalous manifestation, these instances show similar durability to the original SCP-3422 and can thus be destroyed with relative ease. Instances of SCP-3422-1 will continue to appear at an exponential rate, however, invariably causing the victim to eventually succumb. During manifestation, SCP-3422-1 instances have been observed to repeatedly vocalize a number of phrases, most commonly "it's fine", "leave him be" and "it's done now".

Upon physical contact with an instance of SCP-3422-1, the victim will fall unconscious, losing all memories regarding the murder and existence of SCP-3422 upon waking. Following the victim falling unconscious, all SCP-3422-1 instances will vanish and SCP-3422 will reappear at its location prior to activation.

Secure Addendum 3422-1

Warning: It is recommended that personnel administer their provided amnestics after reading this addendum, due to the high probability of SCP-3422 activation being caused by knowledge of its contents. This addendum is only to be read in the presence of a supervisor.

Secure Addendum 3422-1: The following is an interview with the murderer of Paul Henderson, his younger brother Alan Henderson, conducted on 01/10/2011. Mr. Henderson turned himself in to the police the morning after his brother's murder, before the body had been discovered, resulting in a significant number of SCP-3422-1 manifestations in the police station.

The Foundation responded, administered all witnesses to Mr. Henderson's confession with amnestics as appropriate, and brought Mr. Henderson into temporary custody. Following the interview, Mr. Henderson was put through substantial amnestic therapy in order to remove memories of the murder and prevent him from acting as a vector for SCP-3422's effects.

Irrelevant sections of the interview have been excised from this file and are available upon request from the Archival Department.

Interviewer: Agent Jones
Interviewed: Alan Henderson

<Begin Interview>

Agent Jones: Can you tell me exactly, in your own words, what happened, Mr. Henderson? For the record.

(Henderson nods.)

Henderson: I wasn't doing well with money. Never have been, I guess. Paul…Paul always helped me out. Maybe that's why I was so bad with it—I knew he'd just bail me out if I fucked up. (Pause.) No. No, it was my own damn fault.

Agent Jones: So you went to him with your money troubles that night?

Henderson: No, it was the night before. I had nothing, again, so I went to him. He'd always looked out for me, you know? Ever since we were kids, getting me out of trouble. But he said he couldn't help me. Said he had his own troubles, and he just couldn't help me right now. Said I was welcome to stay, but I just stormed off. Wasn't thinking straight.

Agent Jones: And you came back the next night.

Henderson: (Nods.) Yeah. With a gun. (Pause.) I didn't mean to use it, I swear, I just wanted to…to scare him, I guess, so he'd give me what I wanted. He put his hands up. We walked over to the safe and, and, and I don't know. There must have been something on the floor, I don't know what it was, but I stepped on it and I was tripping and my finger just…just pulled.

(Pause.)

Henderson: He was lying on the floor. There was a hole in him, filled with blood, and it was…it was spreading all around him too and I didn't know what to do. I didn't, I just…I just didn't. He looked up at me, and he didn't look angry or nothing. Blood pouring out his mouth, and he wasn't angry, he just said…it's okay, he said. It's okay.

(Pause.)

Henderson: And then he died.

<End Interview>

SCP-3423: Inspirational Window

Item #: SCP-3423

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3423 is to be stored in a standard windowless object containment chamber. Two curtains have been installed on each side of the frame of SCP-3423 and can be used to cover the object, in case of a similar event as the one detailed in Addendum 3423-3.

Each instance of SCP-3423-1 is to be tracked, if possible, using SCP-3423 as a point of reference. If SCP-3423-1 is found in an unreachable area, it is to be left alone until it disappears. Each recorded instance of SCP-3423-1 is to be noted and made an entry for in the database.

Since 02/03/2016, all personnel entering SCP-3423's chamber must record their actions 24 hours prior to it. It is not permitted to visit the chamber more than three days in a row. Only one individual may be present in the chamber at any given time with the exception of testing.

Description: SCP-3423 is a window with a frame approximately 110 cm tall and 70 cm wide, lacking its obverse side[1]. The obverse side, when looked at, appears to be non-existent, instead the frame just ends. The frame is made out of wood and does not appear to be affected by most outside influences: samples may be taken and it can be damaged, but no natural biological degradation has been observed on the samples or the frame itself. On the bottom part of this frame is an engraved text: *"For Inspiration -A."*

SCP-3423-1 is used to refer to any instance of the obverse side of SCP-3423. It is similar in appearance but lacks the engraving on frame and an opening mechanism. In a seemingly random interval ranging from 3 to 24 hours, the location of SCP-3423-1 will instantly

change[2]. Recorded locations of SCP-3423-1 include places anywhere on Earth, outer space, other planets, other universes and dimensions. The selection of this place also does not appear to have any specific pattern, although SCP-3423 appears to be showing "preference" of places on Earth.

Note: Neither the interval of change nor the location is random. (See Addendum 3423-4)

It would appear SCP-3423-1 is just a projection, as it is not possible to damage, move or touch it. This claim is further supported by the fact that it can appear suspended in mid-air and is not usually affected by gravity.

SCP-3423 is constantly connected to an instance of SCP-3423-1. This connection manifests itself as an observable anomaly. If a person attempts to look through SCP-3423, instead of seeing through the glass, they will see a scene as though they were looking through the window into SCP-3423-1. It is to be noted that this connection is not material, all attempts to open SCP-3423 will result in the connection becoming invisible and SCP-3423 retaining the properties of a normal window, except for its secondary effects such as immunity to biological degradation. After the window is closed again, the connection is restored.

It is also worth noting, that the glass in SCP-3423-1 does not show the view from SCP-3423, suggesting that the connection is one-way. Viewers looking into SCP-3423-1 see only the reflection of themselves and their surroundings.

Addendum 3423-1: Circumstances of Acquisition
SCP-3423 was recovered from a MC&D facility on 5/12/2014. Related documents found with it suggest the organization was given SCP-3423 by a person claiming to be its creator. It is unknown if above mentioned group of interest has any connections to SCP-3423's creator or if this person is a part of another organization. Additionally, the only documentation found which described the object's properties were a note about its ability to show random places, and a document describing its purpose as "decorative" and "inspirational".

Addendum 3423-2: A list of most notable locations of SCP-3423-1.

- Pyramids of Giza, location observed for 14 hours.
- An orbital view of the planet Saturn, location observed for 15 hours.
- A farm in a rural environment with a cloudy sky, previously thought to be located in Australia. After two hours the clouds were noted to have shifted, revealing a blue sun, location observed for almost 24 hours.
- A view from a moving train[3], location observed for 12 hours.
- Coast of the Davis Sea, Antarctica, location observed for 9 hours.
- Inside of a volcano, location observed for 6 hours.
- An office of the president of Czech Republic[4], location observed for 4 hours.

Addendum 3423-3: On 20/11/2015, SCP-3423-1 switched its location while two researchers were present in its containment chamber. Its new location was later described as a gallery. Foundation's sources failed to identify the location of this place. Viewing of the "art" resulted in both researchers becoming temporarily blind. Out of multiple pictures present in the gallery, one was identified as a known memetic agent with this effect.

> **Note:** *"After multiple complaints and injuries, I formally request additional containment measures. I would also like to state that I have noticed an unusual pattern in the locations SCP-3423-1 has chosen, and I will be conducting experiments to see if I am right. It may help us prevent another incident."*
> -Dr. Shallow, head of research regarding SCP-3423

Addendum 3423-4: Following the above request, Dr. Shallow was involved in a series of tests regarding SCP-3423. These tests focused on finding the reasons behind the locations of SCP-3423-1 that were chosen. The working theory was that this change did not occur randomly, and was in fact being affected by viewers of SCP-3423. The goal of these tests was to find the cause.

The tests were carried out by instructing people to watch SCP-3423

while performing tasks, talking, or after an emotional response was triggered. The predicted result was that SCP-3423 would later travel into location "corresponding" to the conditions of the test.

+ Excerpt from Experiment Log

Experiment 3423-01

> **Test:** D-Class, Male, 34 years, instructed to observe SCP-3423 while it is connected to a view of the Gobi desert.
> **Important:** Subject states that he "is glad he is not there", as he "hates hot weather".
> **Location shown:** Coast of Davis Sea, Antarctica.
> **Observation Time:** 9 hours.
> **Note:** This indicates that SCP-3423 does react to its viewers.

Experiment 3423-04

> **Test:** Dr. Crowell, Female, years, instructed to observe SCP-3423 while it is connected to a night view of New York city.
> **Important:** Prior to test, subject is feeling "exceptionally content," as it is her birthday.
> **Location:** A blooming flower field, Netherlands: specific location unknown.
> **Observation Time:** 6 hours.
> **Note:** It would also appear that SCP-3423 can sense emotions, and not just change based on what is said.

Experiment 3423-07

> **Test:** D-Class, Male, 40 years, history of violent crimes, instructed to observe SCP-3423 while it is connected to a sunny beach located somewhere in Indonesia.
> **Important:** Subject reports feeling sick and states he dislikes the location due to excessive

amount of light.
Location: Mental hospital, location unknown.
Observation Time: 3 hours.
Note: It is stated that the resulting location looks "unrealistic," and "obviously meant to evoke fear."

Experiment 3423-12

Test: 2 D-Class, Male and Female, 35 and 29 years, both instructed to observe SCP-3423 while it is connected to an open sea view. First subject is told to express his disagreement with the location, while the second is to do the opposite.
Location: A busy street in New Delhi, India.
Observation Time: Location purposefully not observed, to find out if it disappears due to lack of interest from viewers[5]. Location switched after 3 hours.

+ Addendum 3423-5

Addendum 3423-5: A summary of the events that took place on 02/03/2016, by Dr. Crowell.

Document #3423-1

"After a promising turn of events in the research regarding SCP-3423, Dr. Shallow had set his mind on finding a way to control how SCP-3423-1 changes locations. He believed that it could be possibly used for research purposes, or even espionage. While many staff members agreed with him on the former, we weren't exactly sure about the latter. Needless to say that Site Command supported his idea.

Despite having redeemed himself after the initial incident, which ended with multiple

injuries, Dr. Shallow was spending all his free time with SCP-3423. Some people noticed his increasing obsession with it: I know I did. We asked Command to start an investigation of the project. Site Command agreed, and launched a formal inquiry. On 02/03/2016, Dr. Shallow was found in his quarters showing extreme signs of insomnia and paranoia. He was holding an improvised weapon in the form of a fire extinguisher. After our collective failure to convince him to talk, site security managed to overpower him and he was escorted to the medical wing.

The project was stopped after it was clear that SCP-3423 was involved. In the last month, we have used the notes left by Dr. Shallow to perform further experiments, and I can finally confirm that SCP-3423 has, in fact, mind-affecting properties. We are not one-hundred percent sure about the extent of this effect but we can say that just like SCP-3423-1 changes based on the viewer's emotions and perception, it also changes their emotions to match. If I had to guess, long term exposure to this is what caused Dr. Shallow to snap."
-Dr. Crowell, Acting Head Researcher for SCP-3423

« SCP-3422 | SCP-3423 | SCP-3424 »

Footnotes
1. Referring to the side that would normally be visible from the outside of a building.
2. It is unknown whether each instance of SCP-3423-1 is a new one, or if it is SCP-3423-1 changing its location.
3. It has been shown that while SCP-3423-1 is not typically affected by its surroundings, it is fully capable of moving.
4. This would have likely caused an incident, if it was not for the fact that the president was not present at the time.

5. As well as to make the instance of SCP-3423-1 disappear faster due to its location.

SCP-3424: Esto No Es Un Limón.

Item #: SCP-3424

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3424 is kept in a large, clear glass storage container at Site-19 with access to sunlight. SCP-3424-01 does not need accommodations traditionally given to humanoid SCPs. When these have been provided, there has been no noticeable change in either SCP-3424 or SCP-3424-01.

Description: SCP-3424 is a lemon (*Citrus limon*) purchased by Angela on 3/3/20 at a local . She reported it to several friends and family members before it was brought to Foundation attention as an anecdote about her daughter seeing "a disappearing man in the fruit bowl". It was recovered without incident and has been in Foundation custody for months. It has shown no signs of decay despite lack of refrigeration.

Its anomalous properties manifest when a human being viewing SCP-3424 head on from within 1m away, without breaking eye contact, snaps their fingers and blinks. After this occurs SCP-3424 produces the visual hallucination SCP-3424-01, a male of Latin American descent in his late teens[1]. All hallucinations associated with SCP-3424-01 will remain until subject blinks again.

Tested subjects report auditory hallucinations as well and are capable of having a conversation with SCP-3424-01. Observing researchers are unable to see or hear SCP-3424-01.

SCP-3424 Interview Logs

Interview #01, 3/15/20

Subject: D-9564

Parameters: D-9564 snaps her fingers and blinks. SCP-3424-01 reportedly manifests.

<Begin Log>

Researcher Anselman: Please describe SCP-3424-01.

D-9564: He looks like a tall dweeby guy. *[pause]* Did you hear that?

Researcher Anselman: No. Please describe SCP-3424-01 further.

D-9564: Uh…like, six feet tall? Brown hair. His nose is sorta big. Maybe Hispanic? *[pause]* He says he's Mexican. He wants to know if he can leave.

Researcher Anselman: Inform him that we're unable to do that at this time.

D-9564: He says no. *[pause]* No, dude, look, it's okay— *[D-9564 blinks]* Where'd he go?

<End Log>

Interview #02, 3/17/20

Subject: Dr. Lavoie, psychologist

Notes: Testing relies on subjects' honesty in reporting their conversation, and after determining SCP-3424's object class (/ /20), all testing is to be done by Level 2 personnel. The following interviews have been recorded using a combination of the transcribed subject and the subject's reports on SCP-3424-01's replies.

Parameters: Dr. Lavoie snaps his fingers and blinks. SCP-3424-01 reportedly manifests.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3424-01: You're new.

Dr. Lavoie: I'm a psychologist. Do you know where you are?

SCP-3424-01: Somewhere that sucks. It sucks here.

Dr. Lavoie: Do you know how you got here?

SCP-3424-01: No. When I blink out, it just goes dark, and I hate it. I hate it. I should've thought of that.

Dr. Lavoie: Thought of it before what?

SCP-3424-01: Before we did this. But you get it, right? You get the message?

Dr. Lavoie: I'm here to determine how we should house you. Can you tell me how the dark feels? *[blinks]* Oop, damn.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Dr. Lavoie performed the steps again; SCP-3424-01 reportedly manifested again. Conversation lasted approx. 15 minutes, after which Dr. Lavoie requested SCP-3424 be given larger living quarters, bed, and chair. Request approved.

Interview #03, 3/29/20

Subject: Researcher Anselman

Parameters: SCP-3424 placed in a containment locker, testing for manifestation of SCP-3424-01 without eye contact. Researcher Anselman snaps his fingers and blinks.

SCP-3424-01 does not manifest. A hole is drilled in the containment locker, allowing Researcher Anselman view of 3cm of SCP-3424. Researcher Anselman snaps his fingers and blinks. SCP-3424-01 reportedly manifests, with only part of his feet visible in the drilled hole.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3424-01: Can I talk to Dr. Lavoie?

Researcher Anselman: No. SCP-3424-01, do you know where you are?

SCP-3424-01: No. Some kind of lab?

Researcher Anselman: Do you know how you got here?

SCP-3424-01: No, I was supposed to—oh shit. Oh shit. Are you the scientist guys?

Researcher Anselman: I'm sorry, I don't—

SCP-3424-01: The Foundation! Shit, man, I wasn't supposed to go here—

Researcher Anselman: Here?

SCP-3424-01: My brother's gonna be so mad.

Researcher Anselman: Who's your brother?

SCP-3424-01: *[pause]* Like I'd tell you.

Researcher Anselman: Can you move?

SCP-3424-01: No.

Researcher Anselman: Is that due to the nature of the locker or the nature of yourself?

[Researcher Anselman blinks involuntarily, snaps his fingers and blinks again.]

Researcher Anselman: Is your inability to move—

SCP-3424-01: It's dark in here. Please let me out.

Researcher Anselman: Please answer the question.

SCP-3424-01: I want to go home. It's too dark in here.

[Researcher Anselman blinks involuntarily, snaps his fingers and blinks again.]

Researcher Anselman: Do you need the additional items we have provided for you?

SCP-3424-01: If anyone could keep their eyes open for more than a few seconds, maybe, but —

Researcher Anselman: In the interest of giving your space to an SCP who would make better use of it, we would like to have you moved. Would it cause you any harm to be placed in a storage locker?

SCP-3424-01: Please don't, I don't like the dark, I don't like small spaces, please don't, please don't—

Researcher Anselman: Would it cause you harm?

SCP-3424-01: I don't know, I don't think so. But please—

[Researcher Anselman blinks, does not snap

his fingers and blink again.]

<End Log>

Addendum 3424-01: Request from Researcher Anselman to move SCP to containment locker submitted with stipulation that container be humanoid-sized, clear, and exposed to sunlight. Request approved.

Interview #04, 4/19/20

Subject: Researcher Anselman

Parameters: SCP-3424 has not been moved from the locker. Researcher Anselman snaps his fingers and blinks. SCP-3424-01 reportedly manifests.

<Begin Log>

Researcher Anselman: You mentioned in our previous interview that you wanted to go home. Where is home?

SCP-3424-01: Thank God! Listen, man, you gotta let me—

Researcher Anselman: Where is home?

SCP-3424-01: Cordova! Cordova, in Texas! You have to take me home, this is against the constitution! I got rights!

Researcher Anselman: You mentioned your brother—

SCP-3424-01: Fuck him! Fuck you! Get me out of this box!

Researcher Anselman: All right. We'll try again tomorrow—

SCP-3424-01: No, wait!

[Researcher Anselman blinks involuntarily, snaps his fingers and blinks again.]

SCP-3424-01: Don't leave again, please. My brother's an artist. He makes political art. Raul H ?

Researcher Anselman: I haven't heard of him.

SCP-3424-01: He got involved with some shady dudes, he—

[Researcher Anselman blinks involuntarily, snaps his fingers and blinks again.]

SCP-3424-01: Stop doing that!

Researcher Anselman: I'm sorry, I—

SCP-3424-01: I just, please! Please try not to blink! *[pause, SCP 3424-01 breathes heavily for 20 seconds.]* These dudes told Raul that if he really wanted to make a statement, they could teach him how to make art that mattered, but he'd have to use a person. He told me that I'd make such a big difference.

Researcher Anselman: And you agreed?

SCP-3424-01: 'Course I agreed, come on, man. That's my brother. He said if we got this message out, it'd help him, it'd help me, it'd help every *Mexicano* in this country.

Researcher Anselman: What was the message of your art?

SCP-3424-01: My family picks fruit all over the US. Aunts, uncles, cousins, our parents, my

brother too, for a little while. We got out, we were lucky, my dad don't have much of an accent and Raul sold some major stuff. But it just made him so angry. He only ever saw brown people picking fruit.

Researcher Anselman: So he decided—

SCP-3424-01: —that if we were going to just pick fruit, why not make people see us as fruit.

Researcher Anselman: And the snapping?

SCP-3424-01: How else do you get a servant's attention? *[Researcher Anselman blinks involuntarily, snaps his fingers and blinks again. Upon SCP-3424-01's reemergence, it looks significantly sadder.]* I was supposed to be, like, guerrilla art. Those guys…they told us not to let the Foundation get us. That they'd turn me back if they could get to me, but if you had me, they couldn't get to me.

Researcher Anselman: Did they say what their organization's name was?

SCP-3424-01: They said **`you'd know who they were`**. *[pause]* Thanks for the box. The light is nice.

Researcher Anselman: Sure.

SCP-3424-01: Can you get a message to my family?

Researcher Anselman: I'm afraid I can't allow that. I'm sorry.

SCP-3424-01: Okay. It's okay. The box is okay. *[pause]* No one even got it. The message. The art. I've had to explain it ten

times. So what was the point?

[Researcher Anselman blinks, does not repeat steps.]

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. SCP-3424-01 matches the description of I H , reported missing from his home in Cordova, TX on 6/18/20 .

« SCP-3423 | SCP-3424 | SCP-3425 »

SCP-3425: The Joy of Creation

Item #: SCP-3425

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3425 is to be contained in a transparent chamber measuring 5 m x 5 m. The door to SCP-3425's chamber can be unlocked by any personnel Class 3 or higher. SCP-3425 is to be exposed to a 1 kg sheet of iron twice a week. The resulting object is to be removed from containment and studied. SCP-3425's behavior is to be monitored hourly, and any abnormalities must be reported to researchers involved with SCP-3425. In the event that SCP-3425 begins acting distressed, it is to be given a 5kg steel ingot and must be monitored until it resumes normal behavior.

Description: SCP-3425 is a humanoid entity, measuring 1.75 m in height and weighing 748 kg. SCP-3425 wears an early-20th century welder's suit consisting of an unusually durable rubber-like material. SCP-3425's face is obscured by a welder's helmet, though the glass is tinted too dark to see through. All attempts to remove SCP-3425's suit and helmet to further study its body have resulted in failure (it was not until Incident 3425-A that researchers were able to observe SCP-3425 beneath its suit). SCP-3425's body is metallic and consists of iron. SCP-3425 displays no signs of biological life; it has no pulse, does not breathe, and thermal imagery shows that it gives off no body heat aside from in its chest. SCP-3425 possesses a blowtorch-like device in place of its left hand. SCP-3425's method of powering this device is currently unknown.

SCP-3425 does not speak or emit any other noises, aside from a scraping noise occasionally heard when it moves. SCP-3425's behavior is usually sedentary; movement is rare when not exposed to any stimuli. When moving, SCP-3425 shows signs of intelligence, and appears to experience emotions. SCP-3425 has a docile nature and is friendly towards personnel. SCP-3425 is obsessed with

metalworking and metals (especially those presented in simplistic shapes). When faced with a lack of resources, SCP-3425 becomes distressed and attempts to get the attention of nearby researchers. If it is not exposed to resources for an extended period of time, SCP-3425 often resorts to self-sacrificing measures to obtain metal.

SCP-3425 has shown the ability to manipulate metallic materials on the molecular scale, accomplishing feats that would normally be impossible with a given material. SCP-3425 uses this anomalous property to create devices and trinkets, often working for hours or even days without end before it finishes a creation.

Addendum-1: Testing Logs

Date	Researche	Sample	Result	Time Taken (Days:Hours:Minutes)
/ /1987	Dr. Peterson	1 kg of steel	One fully-functioning wristwatch composed entirely of steel. Retained original mass of 1 kg. Currently in possession of Dr. Peterson.	0:05:23
/ /1989	Dr. Peterson	1 kg of copper	One small statue of an unidentified man. SCP-3425 shows a protective attitude of the statue upon attempted	0:19:57

			extraction. SCP-3425 is permitted to keep the statue following approval from site director.	
/ /1990	Dr. Sherry	1 kg of mercury	SCP-3425 fruitlessly attempts to shape the sample for days, before giving up and leaving it in the corner of its chamber. Further attempts to expose SCP-3425 to mercury result in no response.	5:07:16
/ /1990	Dr. Sherry	1 kg of gold	One spoon composed of gold. Testing shows no unusual properties, and the object is melted down for reuse.	0:01:05
/ /1990	Dr. Sherry	1 kg of aluminum	One Curta Type I calculator[1] composed	3:17:33

			entirely of aluminum. Calculator functions perfectly, though it lacks a serial number. Currently in possession of Dr. Sherry.	
/ /1991	Dr. Sherry	1 kg of steel	One M1911 pistol[2] (with no ammo) composed entirely of steel. Testing at the on-site armory showed that the pistol is not only functional, but appears to fire bullets at a higher velocity than a standard M1911. Currently located at on-site armory.	0:11:23
/ /1991	Dr. Sherry	1 kg of nickel	128 US Pennies, consisting of nickel as opposed to copper. Coins were	0:07:56

			observed to be strongly magnetic; no on-site personnel were able to separate them without use of tools. Currently located inside Dr. Sherry's desk.	
/ /1992	Dr. Sherry	10,000 kg of iron (SCP-3425 is transferred to a larger facility for the test)	One large compass with a volume of 1.27 m^3. As opposed to pointing north, the compass always points towards SCP-3425 (later analysis of SCP-3425 confirmed that it is not magnetic). Compass was transferred to a foundation storage facility.	7:17:42
/ /1993	Dr. Sherry	1 kg of steel	One small wind-up	1:37:51

			figure appearing to resemble Dr. Sherry. When wound up, the figure walks in a random path, occasionally stopping to take notes on a clipboard in its hand. Currently located inside Dr. Sherry's desk.	
/ /1993	Dr. Sherry	1 kg of copper	One unmarked copper box with a singular button on its top face. Upon pressing the button for more than one second, the box records sound for five seconds. Upon pressing the button for less than one second, the box emits a	2:17:21

			loud series of grinding noises that vaguely resemble the recorded sound. Currently in possession of Dr. Sherry.	
/ /1993	Dr. Sherry	1 kg of uranium	Upon making contact with SCP-3425's blowtorch, the sample begins to glow and releases high levels of radiation. SCP-3425 drops the sample in apparent confusion but is otherwise unharmed. Sample is promptly retrieved from SCP-3425's containment chamber. Following testing, Dr. Sherry begins to show signs of radiation	0:00:04

			sickness. Dr. Sherry is temporarily relieved of research duties to recover.	
/ /1994	Dr. Peterson	One copper statue (see test / /1989)	Object discovered in daily inspection of SCP-3425's containment cell. Surveillance footage shows SCP-3425 picking up statue and reshaping it. SCP-3425 produces one copper tablet with a series of small pictures engraved into it. Pictures were interpreted as a request, begging researchers to conduct more tests. Tablet was confiscated	0:00:32

			and all tests regarding SCP-3425 were put on hold.	
/ /1997	Dr. Peterson	SCP-3425's right arm (27.3 kg of iron)	See Addendum-2	0:13:19

Addendum-2: Incident 3425-A Video Log

Access Video Log (Level 2 Clearance Required)

On / /1997, SCP-3425 displayed a drastic change in behavior over the course of 24 hours. Security footage of the incident was reviewed following the discovery of the incident. The following is a transcript of the Incident 3425-A footage.

[BEGIN LOG]

<01:45:05> *SCP-3425 stands motionless in the center of its chamber. The room is dark, save for a single light on the roof of SCP-3425's chamber.*

<01:47:22> *SCP-3425 breaks sedentary behavior and begins to pace around the perimeter of its chamber. SCP-3425 appears distressed.*

<03:05:51> *SCP-3425 begins pounding on the walls of its chamber. It seems that by doing this, SCP-3425 sought to attract the attention of Foundation personnel.*

<03:24:12> *SCP-3425 begins pacing again, occasionally stopping to pound on the walls of its chamber. Its motions grow quicker and*

shakier as time progresses.

<05:44:13> *SCP-3425 stops moving and collapses on the floor, with its arms and legs lying at disjointed positions. It remains in this state, motionless.*

<08:09:23> *SCP-3425 resumes motion and begins to right itself. After righting itself, it moves to the center of the chamber and looks at the camera for a brief moment.*

<08:25:36> *SCP-3425 raises its left arm, ignites the blowtorch on it, and begins staring at it.*

<08:57:32> *SCP-3425 extends its right arm outwards and moves the blowtorch towards its arm. A shrill metallic noise is heard and a shower of sparks is emitted as the blowtorch cuts through.*

<09:02:21> *SCP-3425's arm breaks off from its body and falls to the ground. A loud thud is heard as the arm hits the bottom of the chamber. SCP-3425 stares at the socket where its arm once was.*

<09:23:33> *SCP-3425 kneels down towards the arm and begins cutting the arm's remaining clothing away.*

<09:29:42> *All clothing is now removed, revealing a rusty robotic appendage. SCP-3425 moves so that its body is obscuring the camera, and begins to re-shape the arm. SCP-3425 is notably less efficient in its technique.*

<15:02:01> *SCP-3425 finishes working on the arm and moves away from the resulting*

objects.

<15:04:11> *SCP-3425 resumes sedentary behavior.*

[END OF LOG]

Following Incident 3425-A, SCP-3425's containment procedures were updated to accommodate its new behavior. Monitoring was increased to hourly checks as opposed to daily, and SCP-3425 was to be exposed to metal weekly, instead of only for testing. The socket which formerly contained SCP-3425's arm was studied, leading to the discovery of a small nuclear reactor at the center of SCP-3425. The reactor does not appear to be dangerous, and is only used as a means of powering SCP-3425.

The objects created from SCP-3425's arm were as follows:
-One iron canteen, believed to be constructed from the hand. Object was very rusty.
-Ten iron horseshoes, believed to be constructed from the lower arm. Objects showed numerous shape irregularities.
-One iron vase, believed to be constructed from the upper arm. Object contained traces of radiation.

Footnotes
1. 20th century handheld mechanical calculator, manufactured from the 1940s to 1970s.
2. Semi-automatic .45 caliber pistol first manufactured in 1911. Used heavily in World War 1 and World War 2.

SCP-3426: A Spark Into the Night

Item #: SCP-3426

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Until the nature of SCP-3426 can be definitively ascertained, containment should focus on preventing as many of the theorized conditions for its occurrence as possible. As such, scientific progress into a unified physics hypothesis[1] and the creation of infinitely sustainable energy should be heavily impeded. Other areas of social and technological progress that could potentially result in an occurrence of SCP-3426 on Earth must be prevented by any reasonable means currently available. Additional measures may be taken in the event that the collective human race approaches attainment of Type I civilization status (as defined on the Kardeshev scale)[2].

Investigation of phenomena related to SCP-3426 will take place under Operation GREY VOICES. Mechanical probe surveys to a maximum range of 100 light years will attempt to ascertain the commonality and range of SCP-3426, and manned excursions of post-3426 planets are currently in the planning process. Operation GREY VOICES will centralize the relevant collected data, and collaborate with other Foundation internal research divisions, including the Memetics and Infohazards Division, Temporal Anomalies Department, Thaumatological Department, and Biological Containment and Research Division, for the purpose of attaining a greater understanding of SCP-3426.

Civilian surveys of exoplanets and cosmological imaging projects will be strictly monitored for images or data that show evidence of SCP-3426. Upon discovery, data of SCP-3426 is to be erased or edited as necessary, and amnestics administered to persons involved.

Description: SCP-3426 is a phenomenon that is responsible for the

total extinction of a technologically and socially advanced planetary civilization. SCP-3426 may be an event, entity, process, object, or concept; to date there exists no definitive hypothesis on the attributes of the anomaly. However, it is known that the conditions for the manifestation of SCP-3426 are self-consistent and follow an established pattern. It is believed that SCP-3426 manifestation is widespread and possibly universal.

A planet that has been affected by SCP-3426 is termed "post-3426." Post-3426 planets and civilizations share a number of common characteristics.

- The civilization must have achieved a relative degree of global sociopolitical stability[3].
- A limitless or indefinitely sustainable source of worldwide energy is in use (e.g. nuclear fusion, hydrogen mining, orbital solar collection, or enhanced geothermal systems).
- This energy must be widespread and plentiful enough for the civilization to qualify as a Type I civilization or higher on the Kardeshev scale.
- A unified scientific theory/model of the universe must have been developed.
- Space travel is commonplace, and is advanced enough to allow for detailed exploration of the local solar system.
- There exists an organization whose purpose is to catalogue and contain as many anomalous phenomena as possible.

Post-3426 planets display widespread anomalous material corrosion, reality distortion, complete or near-complete corruption of information and information media, and the pervasive presence of visual cognitohazards and abnormalities. Sapient lifeforms on a post-3426 planet appear in two stages based on time since SCP-3426 took place. If it has been 1 year or less since the occurrence of SCP-3426, such organisms appear suspended or frozen in place, lack any consciousness, and display total cell death. In some cases, they may appear translucent or blurred to cameras and to the eye. Afterwards, intelligent life is apparently completely spatially erased; while possessions, information, and structures created as a result of the species remain present, if highly deviated, no physical remains of the species itself exist.

Data, items, and artifacts were collected primarily through the mass usage of drones, orbital probes, and imaging sensors deployed onto post-3426 planets. Further information on the exact properties or effects of SCP-3426 has been difficult to recover. Probes that enter the atmosphere of a post-3426 planet quickly deteriorate within 24 hours, becoming affected by the spacetime distortion and material corrosion permeating the planet's surface and surroundings. As a result, recovered data on post-3426 planets is extremely limited.

Based on data and related analysis from Operation GREY VOICES, it is believed that SCP-3426 induces a slow collapse of the consistency of universal constants and stable states within the planet. This collapse weakens force interactions between elementary particles, creates extreme planetwide ontokinetic and material distortion effects, and gradually prevents any information or conscious thought from being distributed. This process culminates in all matter on the planet reaching a state of catastrophic incoherence, theoretically resulting in the slow erasure of objects, concepts, and lifeforms originating from it. This phenomenon has been provisionally classed as a ZK-λ-Class Cosmic Fragmentation Scenario.

While research into SCP-3426 has yielded a vast variety of information regarding its nature and end results, the mechanism by which SCP-3426 acts remains unknown.

Addendum 3426.1: Incomplete List of Post-3426 Planets

At present, Operation GREY VOICES has examined all exoplanets within a 75-light year radius of Earth. From this current exploration area, 16 planets have met the hypothesized conditions required for the occurrence of SCP-3426. All 16 were affected by SCP-3426 either upon discovery or within 5 years of detection.

+ Access File

A partial list of post-3426 exoplanets and their characteristics is shown below.

Gliese 1214b (Post-3426-2)
Traits

Post-3426 Characteristics

Notes

Kepler-443b (Post-3426-5)

Traits

Post-3426 Characteristics

Notes

Luyten b (Post-3426-10)

Traits

Post-3426 Characteristics

Notes

TRAPPIST-1f (Post-3426-13)
Traits

Post-3426 Characteristics

Notes

Addendum 3426.2: Recovered Data and Artifacts List

Rough translations of recovered data were provided by the Linguistics Department under request by Operation GREY VOICES. Translations are not guaranteed to be accurate.

+ Access File

Item Source: Computer terminal drive on space station orbiting post-3426-2.

We are on the verge of finally discovering it - [CORRUPTED] *equation of everything. The mathematics is working perfectly; too perfectly, perhaps, for me to remain comfortable with this experiment much longer.* [CORRUPTED] *natural laws, behaviors, and forces?*

I cannot help but fear at what these findings imply. I cannot keep this secret. This conclusion is something that affects everything. Not just on the planet, everywhere. [CORRUPTED] *that exists. We are n*[CORRUPTED] *and as I stare further and further into the sandgrains that make this world, I am further convinced that they are built out of mist and magic.*

Item Source: Emergency message found playing on repeat in all structures in post-3426-2.

Attention! [CORRUPTED] *worldwide informational, physical, and chemical hazards. Please remain calm and take note of the following precautions to ensure your safety.*

Once this message completes, shut off all electric devices you currently possess. Close all openings or viewings from outside the building you are currently in. If you are not currently inside an enclosed building, seek shelter in one immediately.

Cover up or illuminate all sources of darkness in your location of shelter. Destroy any reflective surfaces in your location of shelter.

Destroy any transparent surfaces in your location of shelter. If you begin witnessing bizarre, disturbing, or unsettling effects occuring in your location of shelter, do not report or point them out to any other person. Doing so will allow [CORRUPTED] *to spread.*

When you begin to hear the screaming in your mind, move to a room or place where you can be alone. Darken the room completely. This will allow the fading to happen most quickly. Bring any possessions of sentimental value with you. The screams will become overpowering. Do not panic. Focus on a memory of great intensity to you, and be silent until you do not exist.

If at any point you feel that you cannot continue, remember that a Society-issued weapon should be available in every facility. Your death will be quick and painless.

This message will continue until nothing is left to hear it. This message [CORRUPTED] *it. This message will continue until nothing is left to hear it.*

Item Source: A native plant from post-3426-5.

As far as can be ascertained, the plant is approximately 0.75 meters tall and is most likely a flowering plant. This plant was common across post-3426-5's ground and was pollinated by many native fauna on post-3426-5.

Within the first fifteen minutes of viewing, the object is perceived by all intelligent life as a plant-shaped mass of static. This static appears two-dimensional from all sides despite existing in a three-dimensional space.

Extended observation of the static tends to cause discomfort in all observers. After fifteen minutes have passed, the plant is no longer able to be perceived by the observer. The observer's memories of the plant are immediately retained, but physical viewing of the plant's location presents itself as if the object itself was not present. Testers could describe an unknown object perfectly even if it was presumably obscured by the plant.

This effect changes after an additional two to three days have passed. All people who are affected by the property that prevents perception of the plant begin to see the plant as a miscellaneous flower that the observer attaches emotional value or meaning to. The flower type that is perceived varies greatly from person to person.

Foundation AIADs, upon being presented with the plant, appear to perceive it as a random pattern of shapes and colors. The reason for this effect is undetermined.

Item Source: Official internal statement from the SCP Foundation equivalent from post-3426-10.

To All That Remain:

We, the Conclave of Six, reveal our words to you today because Celcigng[5] will soon cease to exist. And it must come to pass because of our doing. We delved too far, knew too much. We wanted to know secrets which were not meant for the mortals to know; questions of gods and creators, questions of the elementary makeup of everything. Now we face the apocalypse. Divine punishment for our transgressions.

We have little left to say. In the coming days, you will find that the domain of physical meaning will shatter into a billion pieces. Specifically, this planet will be ravaged: both by a massive upheaval in universal laws that is roughly equivalent to the entire planet becoming a high-intensity hostile matter-affecting anomaly (or, as you also know it, a Segment-M/Threat-RH phenomenon); and by a vast number of incorporeal entities (we believe they're entities, but we're not sure) that will attempt to slowly erase and corrupt all sources of information and knowledge originating from Celcigng. Yes, this includes you.

You have two choices.

If you stay on Celcigng, your consciousness will be ripped apart from you and leave only a pale image of anything you were. Time and space will blend their twisted forms into each other until everything and nothing happens at once; every second squished together and lengthened into eternity. Communication and thought will die a slow death. Eventually, everything that originates from our world will collapse into itself, and be erased from the universe. The only fragments of our legacy will be warped to be unrecognizable.

Alternatively, you can take the preliminary space shuttle we have made out of all the anomalous material we still have left. It will get you far, but not much farther; from what we understand, it is the very fabric of the multiverse itself that is coming to blot us out.

Long live Celcigng. May its death not be in vain.

Item Source: Handwritten note scrawled into the inside back cover of a book on post-3426-13.

The world is on slow fire. Swarms of bitter void break apart from the sky and attack. I don't think there's time left to escape. I think, even if we did, they would follow.

I looked upwards and in a moment the sky was suddenly black and the sun was even darker, all filaments and strands of infectious shadows. I don't even know how they got here, why they chose us, why why why; they sent

sent — the flying things, signals — I can't recall the names

but as it hit the black barrier they simply disp disappr went away. We're going away, too. Everything I know is fading. I look at the world, and half of the words I use for things have been blocked out by my memory.

The computers don't work anymore. When I open this book, the words are replaced by bars of white and black and that color in-between them, god I wish I could remember the word. That's what they're doing, don't you see? They are v? nothing but nothing and they want to make us unreal and time and space unreal

As I look out of this window, the top half of the building next to me is disjointed from the bottom half. The people in the window across are frozen. Then they flash and move for an instant, and are frozen once more. Every time they move, the color of everything turns red and blue and green in a strobe of terror.

Reality is coming apart at the seams.

I have

My sister is in the house with me. We are trying to keep out of reach of the unreal darknesses. She has

she has told me that there is a voice in her head. I asked her what the voice was saying; she said it was only a wailing. It is the end for her, then. I will watch as the wailing overpowers her mind, and she forgets everything she is. She will forget she was ever an intelligent being. She will forget all of the world and all of the past and the present and the future, the little of it we have left. She will then become unregisterable to me in my mind or to anyone's mind. Her consciousness and her identity will be severed from the rest of our knowledge, until she dissolves alone in a universe of one, and becomes an object eaten by the all-consuming unreality.

She was too young.

I hear something in my head [CORRUPTED] *the light*

LEVEL 4/3426/CLASSIFIED

Addendum 3426.3: Post-3426-13 Exploration Log

+ ENTER LEVEL 4 CLEARANCE

« SCP-3426 | Exploration Log 3426-UA-22C »

Footnotes
1. Colloquially termed "theories of everything," such as string theory or loop quantum gravity.
2. Defined as being able to store and use all energy that reaches the planet from the parent star.

3. By "relative," it is meant that - as a whole - widespread changes in the world order, upheavals in social norms, and non-localized political unrest are essentially eradicated.
4. An extinct language spoken by the Hittite empire of the 16th-13th centuries BCE.
5. Approximate phonetic recreation of the native name for post-3426-22.

Exploration Log 3426-UA-13C

The following log depicts the received camera feed of the exploration of the void regions of post-3426-13, involving the usage of an unmanned drone. This file is limited to personnel level 4 clearance or higher. While neither infohazards nor cognitohazards have yet been detected to be present in this transcription, all personnel viewing this file must undergo a Level 2 Hazardous Meme Scan before proceeding.

In order to further investigate the widespread regions of void present across post-3426-13, the SCPS *Sternenlicht,* an unmanned exploration vessel, drops out of FTL in the upper atmosphere of post-3426-13. The *Sternenlicht* simultaneously launches a close-range automated drone (SKF-070) with camera feed connected to the main ship.

> [BEGIN LOG]
>
> **<T+00:01:27>** The drone enters the lower atmosphere and deploys parachute. Drone registers minor surface damage; later analysis shows that a thin layer of the material surrounding the drone had been transformed into balsa wood. Cause of this event is unknown.
>
> **<T+00:04:50>** The drone lands on the surface of post-3426-13. Video feed shows that the sky appears to be "phasing" in and out, making formations such as clouds and the sun periodically look transparent. The sky is a pinkish-red color with a dark hue, caused by the low brightness of the red dwarf star, TRAPPIST-1. A number of avian lifeforms appear to be frozen in the sky.
>
> **<T+00:05:01>** Drone begins movement towards point of target. From its altitude, the camera can see the regional landscape. The area appears to be a coastal grassland

plain. Ocean water drifts towards the shoreline in misshapen, angular waves. As the waves break onto the beach, they are suddenly turned into what are apparently perfectly cut diamonds. The diamonds fade away a few seconds after they are deposited on the beach. Camera pans 180 degrees. A number of vaguely humanoid lifeforms are frozen in place along the shore, thin white wisps "evaporating" off of their forms. Debris is strewn about the area, and small fires burn in the distance.

<T+00:05:11> Abruptly, there is a flash on the camera feed that blinds the view momentarily. After a few seconds, the view returns, revealing that the entire sky appears to have lost all color contrast. There is a crackling noise, and the color of the sky returns to normal. Drone begins heading towards target location.

<T+00:14:08> Drone passes over planet's surface for approximately 4 km. Video feed notes the appearance of several more anomalous features. Several structures and buildings appear to be completely "flattened" into the ground, creating two-dimensional images of the structures and their contents on the surface. The drone passes by a number of posters, billboards, and other signage - however, all words and iconography on the signs appear as unreadable black bars. Many of the objects, flora, and fauna on post-3426-13 are warped or disjointed in some way, and some are translucent or nearly transparent.

<T+00:17:35> Drone approaches target. Camera shows a completely dark sphere, completely static, emitting no sound or light. The sphere is roughly estimated to be about a quarter mile in radius. Drone activates several sensors to scan anomaly, including light, sound, sentience, matter scattering and conceptual identity. All sensors return negative.

<T+00:17:59> Drone breaches the barrier of the void.

<T+00:18:36> Camera feed begins to play faint sounds

of static. A pristine, non-anomalous planetary landscape is seen; about fifty yards ahead, there is an industrial building with large glass windows and unreadable insignia branded on the front. Drone enters an open door on the first floor of the complex.

<T+00:18:55> Static slightly increases in volume. Drone emerges in a clean, bluish-white office space with a large plastic counter on the far side, decorated with potted plants. A sign is hung on the back of the wall behind the counter. Normally, this sign would be illegible or obscured by sensory bars; however, there are words on the sign, reading "NOTHING IS HERE, LOCK YOURSELF INSIDE".

<T+00:21:40> Drone proceeds down open corridor. To one side, there are large glass windows open to the sky. As the drone continues down the corridor, the windows appear to grow and shrink in dimension. There is a small object at the end of the corridor, which terminates in a dead end. The corridor is not lit well enough for the object to be identified.

<T+00:22:23> Set onto the floor of the corridor is what is evidently a television set. The television has the same shape and dimensions to match a typical CRT television from the late 1970s. As the drone approaches, it turns on.

<T+00:22:31> The drone stops despite the control systems from the *Sternenlicht* being completely severed. The sound of static on the video feed suddenly increases in volume, nearly drowning out any other noise. The television shows a series of sounds and images, including clips of asteroids floating through space, large networks of massive supercomputers, crowds of people going about their daily activities, the drone itself hovering in front of the television screen, and an endless brightly-lit corridor. These images cycle through each other interspersed with flashes of white light. The cycling becomes faster, and the flashes of light last longer and

longer. Faintly visible in the light now are outlines of shapes; amorphous forms that move about the screen. The amorphous forms combine and reform until they create the vague outline of a human head. The human head is looking directly into the drone's camera. Its mouth hangs completely open.

<T+00:24:57> The drone is suddenly propelled forward towards a collision course with the blank wall. The wall appears to fall away and the drone is pushed forward into an empty white space and begins to fall.

<T+00:34:57> After exactly ten minutes of continuous falling, the drone suddenly emerges in the office lobby at the entrance of the building. The lobby is nominally the same in organization, appearance, and features. The sign behind the counter has changed words: it now reads, "GO BACK TO SLEEP GO BACK TO SLEEP GO BACK". Outside the floor-to-ceiling windows, the entire sky has acquired a dull red glow.

<T+00:37:09> The camera notes the presence of a new hallway to the other side of the previous hallway that was not present before. As the drone approaches, faint sounds of mechanical operation, such as electrical beeps and running motors, become faintly audible. Just as the drone is about to enter the hallway, the video feed suddenly emits the sound of screaming, and the drone appears again in the center of the office foyer. For approximately two hours, the drone continuously attempts to enter the newly made hallway, with the same events occurring each time.

<T+02:32:32> Over the next two hours, the sun sets and night falls. There is knocking on the windows, but no movement is registered from the outside. The knocking on the windows becomes more and more frantic. From the outside, the stars appear to be blood-red. The drone approaches the hallway, and is this time not impeded. The static in the background swells and crackles, and a faint voice can be made out just underneath the

interference. The voice says, "Better to drown in blissful waters than to swim to a hellish shore." The drone proceeds down the hallway.

<T+02:38:15> The hallway is an endless, brightly-lit corridor with no exits or side doors. Fluorescent lights are positioned on the ceiling at regular intervals. After a few minutes of travel, it is impossible to tell how far the drone has moved; the featurelessness of the hallway prevents any kind of relative positioning.

<T+03:50:49> After about one hour of travel, the static slowly begins to quiet, and is replaced with the growing sound of high-pitched wailing coming from thousands of sources. A whispered voice intrudes on the audio feed; it says, "The universe is an infinite staircase, but it is shattered. You will shatter it. We are the particles of glass drifting in unceasing pain. To peer behind the curtain of life is to anger the voice of nightmares and sorrow. Listen, and turn back before you burn by the eternal splinters."

<T+04:01:50> Dark wisps are emitted from the lamps, swarming together and flowing through the air. The audio is interspersed with intense high-pitched screaming; when the screaming is emitted, the video feed suddenly pixelates and shows random patterns of vivid colors. This pattern continues for a little less than two days.

<T+51:37:04> A subtle change is now added to this pattern of data. Every time a pixelation event occurs, one of the pixels in the camera remains "dead," sticking to the camera screen. Over time, the dead pixels fill the entire camera view.

<T+78:23:30> The video feed has now been completely obscured by a variety of dead pixels. The sound of screaming has reached approximately 150 Db, intense enough to cause rupturing of the eardrums. Shapes appear to form in the dead pixels, as if the pixels were moving through a field or an outline of static. The

hallway's shape is vaguely visible in the static as the drone continues to move through it, but now visible are hundreds of distorted human figures that stand still in the hallway, extending indefinitely through the corridor. Their faces are featureless except for eyes and a mouth.

<T+78:25:41> The intense screaming suddenly stops. The audio feed is completely silent.

<T+78:25:48> The swarm of humanoid faces all simultaneously turn towards the drone's camera. The figures disintegrate into black minute particles. The pixelation effect on the camera clears. The lights in the hallway all go out, leaving the drone in complete darkness.

<T+78:25:53> The drone activates its searchlight and shines it into the hallway. The hallway begins to spin and reflect in on itself. Different sections of the hallway seem to cross over each other, rotate, and reverse until it creates a kaleidoscope-like pattern in place of the original corridor. The hallway splits in half repeatedly into sections separated by cracks of blinding white light. The hallway then appears to unravel and coil itself around the probe until it has no room left to move. The cracks in the hallway expand and the light spilling out of it grows brighter.

<T+78:26:36> The camera view switches abruptly to a continuous white field.

<T+84:11:47> Nearly six hours later, change is detected in camera view. The white field begins to gradually fade into total blackness. As this occurs, systems on the drone progressively shut down in sequence, and the probe begins to lose capabilities.

<T+84:14:21> The drone shakes violently as its processing systems completely fail. A dark red flash is briefly seen permeating the camera's view before the feed cuts out.

[END LOG]

Addendum: The transcription of this camera feed is based on general consensus from a variety of viewers of the drone's camera recordings. The accuracy or reality of this transcription is currently not known. Re-recordings or attempts at computer analysis of this exploration log indicate that all reception ends past timestamp T +00:17:59; past this point, the recording apparently consists entirely of static.

« SCP-3426 | Exploration Log 3426-UA-13C | [COMING SOON] »

SCP-3427: Anatomical Civilization

Item #: SCP-3427

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3427 is to be kept in a standard humanoid holding cell at Site-17. During SCP-3427-2 interviews, SCP-3427-2 instances are not to be made aware of anything outside of SCP-3427. Researchers are to perform interviews under the guise of SCP-3427-1 government representatives.

Description: SCP-3427 is a Caucasian male of 24 years of age. SCP-3427 possesses no inherently anomalous properties aside from containing SCP-3427-1. SCP-3427 possessed no knowledge of SCP-3427-1 until shortly before Foundation acquisition, and has not provided any useful information regarding SCP-3427-1's history or origins.

SCP-3427-1, referred to by its citizens as the Federal State of Anatomia, is a civilization located within SCP-3427. SCP-3427-1 is estimated to possess between 50,000 and 75,000 citizens, individually designated SCP-3427-2. SCP-3427-2 instances are anatomically identical to humans with the exception of their size, which averages approximately 1.5 millimeters.

SCP-3427-1 is composed of five colonies (designated SCP-3427-1A through SCP-3427-1E) acting under independent government control, while all answering to a single collective governmental body. Each colony serves a specific industrial purpose, with resources being exchanged between colonies. SCP-3427-1 possesses multiple forms of industrial technology, such as buildings, vehicles, and electrical grid systems, composed entirely from resources found within SCP-3427. Currently, SCP-3427-1's industrial practices have not been detrimental to SCP-3427's health in any significant capacity.

SCP-3427-2 instances are not aware that they inhabit a sentient organism and have no knowledge of anything outside of SCP-3427 (see Addendum 3427.2). Despite this, SCP-3427-2 instances speak modern American English. The reason for this is unknown.

SCP-3427-1A is located in SCP-3427's heart, and has the densest population of all five colonies. It is responsible for most of SCP-3427-1's technological manufacturing. Iron is harvested from incoming blood within the left atrium, and is used to construct machinery such as electrical wiring, storage tanks, and vehicles, which are then exported to other colonies. SCP-3427-A also mediates trade between colonies, as materials are transported through the bloodstream within vehicles similar in design to submarines.

SCP-3427-1B is located in the stomach and intestinal tract. SCP-3427-1B is the largest colony within SCP-3427-1, although most of the space is dedicated to agriculture, with only sparse conglomerates of buildings designed for SCP-3427-2 habitation. Within SCP-3427-1B, various gut flora are grown, harvested, and distributed to other colonies. Water is also collected within SCP-3427-1B, as it is filtered from fluids exiting the esophagus. The remains of fibrous foods such as celery are occasionally used to make fabrics, although clothing is not societally mandated within SCP-3427-1.

SCP-3427-1C is located within the lungs and lower trachea and is responsible for supplying air to the rest of the SCP-3427-1 colonies. Incoming oxygen is pumped into air tanks (originally made within SCP-3427-1A), which are then distributed to other colonies for release. The amount of air collected for this purpose is relatively small, and does not severely limit SCP-3427's aerobic capabilities. In order to prevent the buildup of stale air, carbon dioxide is filtered out of the atmospheres of the other colonies and imported back to SCP-3427-1C for release. The only colony that does not filter its air supply is SCP-3427-1B, as excess carbon dioxide is automatically expelled through eructation and flatulence.

SCP-3427-1D is located within the skull of SCP-3427, adjacent to the cerebellum and medulla oblongata. SCP-3427-1D is responsible for harvesting electrical charges generated by nerve impulses.

These charges are drained into batteries, which are then distributed to other colonies. There, they are connected to electrical grid systems (made of wiring manufactures in SCP-3427-1A), which distribute electricity throughout the colonies. The portion of electricity harvested is inconsequential to the functional capacity of SCP-3427's nervous system

SCP-3427-1E has the smallest population of any SCP-3427-1 colony and is located in the prostate and lower seminal vesicle. SCP-3427-1E is presumed to be responsible to for the incident that led to Foundation acquisition. However, the purpose of SCP-3427-1E is not currently known see Addendum 3427.2

Addendum 3427.1: *Discovery and Apprehension*

SCP-3427's anomalous inhabitants were discovered on 02/15/2017 when SCP-3427 administered itself to the Medical Center. SCP-3427 claimed to have ejaculated several fragments of scrap metal and machinery during vaginal intercourse with a significant other. An X-ray of SCP-3427-1's pelvic region revealed the existence of SCP-3427-1E, at which point Foundation operatives brought SCP-3427 into custody and administered Class-A amnestics to the hospital staff. A standard Foundation health screening later revealed the presence of the other four colonies.

Addendum 3427.2: *SCP-3427-2-17 Interview Log*

> **Forward:** Prior to this interview, a gaseous mixture of sedative and amnestic compounds was injected into SCP-3427-1E, allowing for the surgical removal of several SCP-3427-2 instances. In order to avoid negatively affecting the societal structure of SCP-3427-1, the interviews were designed not to bring awareness of the Foundation to the SCP-3427-2 instances. As such, removed SCP-3427-2 instances were placed in metal compartments designed to resemble the buildings within SCP-3427-1E. Two way MEM radio transceivers measuring .5 millimeters in length, made using Foundation-led advancements in graphene synthesis, were used to interview the SCP-3427-2 instances. The interviewer (Dr. Scott) was instructed to play the role of

an SCP-3427-1 government official. Of the instances interviewed, the instance designated SCP-3427-2-17 provided the most valuable information regarding SCP-3427-1E's purpose.

Dr. Scott: Hello, please state your name and occupation for the records.

SCP-3427-2-17: What? Where am I? What's going on?

Dr. Scott: You have been selected for questioning regarding the recent activities of you and your colleagues.

SCP-3427-2-17: Shit, are you with the Anatomian Scientific Bureau?

Dr. Scott: (*Pauses*) Yes.

SCP-3427-2-17: Okay, I know what this is about. Look, what happened was just a fluke, a slight miscalculation. We'll get it right the next time, we just need more-

Dr. Scott: Hold on. before you continue, could you please describe in detail what you and your colleagues have been working on.

SCP-3427-2-17: What do you mean? Do you not know about the Threshold Project? Were you not briefed or something?

Dr. Scott: For the purpose of the Scientific Bureau's public records, please explain the Threshold Project as if we had no prior knowledge on the subject.

SCP-3427-2-17: Okay… Well, the Threshold Project was created in response to an interdimensional rift that was discovered within a tunnel just south of our base of operations[1]. The rift opens at seemingly random intervals and leads to what we theorize to be an alternate universe. Based on the footage and samples we've gathered from unmanned probes, it seems not unlike our

universe, although there are some major topographical differences. After we determined the universe to be habitable, your people at the Scientific Bureau started the Threshold Project, which aimed to establish a self-sustaining colony within the parallel universe. Unfortunately, something went wrong during the launch of our first manned vessel, and we lost contact with all the personnel on board. They are currently assumed to be dead.

Dr. Scott: Alright, I believe that's all we need. Thank you fo-

SCP-3427-2-17: Wait, before we finish, I have a request. What happened to those men was an unquestionable tragedy, but the only way to ensure that it wasn't in vain is to continue in our colonization efforts. Could you make sure to tell that to your supervisors back at the bureau, please? I don't want to see this project get scrapped just because of some bumps in the road.

Dr. Scott: Your concerns are noted. Thank you for your time.

[END TRANSCRIPT]

Footnotes
1. The tunnel in question is believed to be the urethra of SCP-3427

« SCP-3426 | SCP-3427 | **SCP-3428** »

SCP-3429: Just The Way It Is Now

Item #: SCP-3429

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3429 is publicly listed as an off-limits storage shed for the Foundation front 'Esther Sea People.' Unauthorised individuals attempting to access SCP-3429 are to be apprehended and delivered to local law enforcement. Individuals who successfully gain access to the interior of SCP-3429 should be amnestised before being delivered to local law enforcement.

Description: SCP-3429 is a large industrial storage shed located near Brisbane, Australia. The only entry point - a doorway located on the northern-facing wall - features an engraved plaque that is fixed to the wall, inscribed with the following:

> ***Just The Way It Is Now***
> A dual exhibition and collective art piece demonstrating the state of society. Audiences are encouraged to affect the exhibits in any way they see fit - including destruction of instalments - but are reminded that nothing can change.

Several anomalous items are arranged throughout the interior of SCP-3429 in a manner typical for an art exhibition; all such items have a plaque placed nearby relating to their properties. Whenever an individual affects one of the anomalous items within SCP-3429,[1] an instance of SCP-3429-A will emerge from the nearest internal wall of SCP-3429.

Physically, SCP-3429-A are monochromatic duplicates of the individual that caused their manifestation. These instances show only a limited degree of sentience; excluding physical impediment or restraint, SCP-3429-A instances will not respond to any stimuli.

SCP-3429-A instances do not exhibit anomalous durability or strength, and can be easily restrained and removed from SCP-3429; doing so results in the manifestation of an additional SCP-3429-A instance, however.

Upon manifestation, SCP-3429-A will attempt to travel to the location of the change that resulted in their manifestation. Upon doing so, the instance will undo such change by performing the actions of the instigating individual in reverse; for example, tilting an object will result in the corresponding -A instance to straighten said object. SCP-3429-A instances show limited counter-chronological properties when undoing alterations, with pieces of destroyed exhibits reassembling together while the instances performs the actions in reverse. SCP-3429-A are also capable of leaving the boundaries of SCP-3429 to retrieve items removed from the premises.

Once an SCP-3429-A instance has successfully undone the alterations that manifested it, it will return to the section of wall it emerged from and merge with it, demanifesting.

The contents of SCP-3429, and their anomalous properties, are as follows:

> **SCP-3429-1** is the fuselage of an Embraer 170 aeroplane. The exterior of the fuselage is generic and unbranded, with no distinguishing features being present. The interior is accessible via a pair of relocatable staircases positioned next to the front and rear port-side entrances, which are kept in an open position.
>
> SCP-3429-1 undergoes a reoccurring twenty-minute cycle mimicking the events aboard United Airlines flight 3411 on 09/04/2017, beginning with individuals manifesting to board the flight — these individuals will emerge from the nearest internal wall of SCP-3429, and although sapient and responsive to stimuli, will attempt to ignore others while boarding. The events of the incident will then play through, however key individuals will be replaced in one of two variations:

> First variation: In the place of Dr. Dao[2] what superficially appears to be a humanoid puffed-cornmeal foodstuff will board SCP-3429-1 and be forcibly removed. No other changes are observed.
>
> Second variation: In the place of the airport security staff, a group of humanoid puffed-cornmeal foodstuffs will board SCP-3429-1 and remove Dr. Dao from it, constantly repeating the phrase 'Get him out of here' in the voice of US President Donald Trump while doing so.

Plaque, attached to the exterior of the forward port-side door:

> ***Along For The Ride***
> Sic semper tyrannis. Sic semper peregrino. Sic semper clientem.

SCP-3429-2 is the collective designation for 250 physically identical gears spread across a 10 metre by 10 metre floorspace. Each individual gear is removable, except for one that features a turnable hand-crank; upon removal, the individual gears become sapient and will verbally respond to queries by unknown means. Of note is that an SCP-3429-A instance will not immediately manifest in response to an individual interacting with SCP-3429-2; an SCP-3429-A instance will only manifest if an individual attempts to move an individual SCP-3429-2 to another region within or beyond SCP-3429.

Each instance has a unique personality, and will typically attempt to focus conversation on their unique traits. SCP-3429-2 instances are aware of their abnormal properties, but do not show any concern regarding such.

Whenever the completed mechanism is operated for a cumulative period of one minute, an additional

SCP-3429-2 instance manifests immediately above the respective plaque for the collective. While these additional instances are shaped identically to the remainder of instances, their appearance and physical makeup is random; despite being functional in non-anomalous replicas of SCP-3429-2, these additional instances uniformly fail to function when replacing an original SCP-3429-2 instance.

Plaque, fixed to the floor immediately beside the hand-crank:

> ***Society***
> You are unique - be yourself! Tall poppies are encouraged to join the machine.

SCP-3429-3 is a to-scale statue of **`an unknown male individual holding an unbranded Betamax recorder`**, constructed of corroded iron. The statue's anomalous properties, if any, have not yet been determined.

Plaque, fixed to the statue's pedestal:

> ***True Awe***
> A man who is nothing but a shit-stain upon the flawless, pristine and perfect world of anart. He deserves to be forgotten, and used as an example of talentlessness and stupidity.

SCP-3429-4 is a forty-page printed document containing falsified information supporting several common misconceptions, including:

- That the Global Warming phenomena exists.
- That the Sun is at the centre of the solar system, as opposed to the accurate geocentric model.
- That the Apollo 11 landings occurred on the Moon, rather than being recorded on a film set.
- That the Moon is a physical, celestial object, as opposed to a holographic projection.

- That the Earth is spherical, as opposed to the irrefutable evidence of it being flat.
- That objects exist beyond the atmosphere of the Earth.
- That there is no correlation between vaccinations and cases of autism.
- That a significant portion of Earth's population are not disguised extraterrestrials.
- That the interior of the Earth is not hollow.
- That the various world governments are not being manipulated by a malevolent, unidentified group.

Plaque, fixed to the top surface of the pedestal SCP-3429-4 is placed upon.

> ***Common Sense***
> Everything written here is false - I made it all up. Nobody believes this nonsense.

SCP-3429-5.

> ***Normal***
> Describe it.

SCP-3429-6 is a unique instance of SCP-3429-A that manifests after random periods of time. The appearance of SCP-3429-6 changes with each manifestation. Upon manifestation, the instance will spend several minutes roaming throughout SCP-3429, infrequently stopping to observe several of the exhibits.

When SCP-3429-6 encounters another individual, it will ask them a binary response[3] question regarding an opinion; in all cases, this question will be one that the questioned individual does not agree with, and will periodically be considered offensive in some way to them. As with SCP-3429-2, SCP-3429-A instances will not immediately manifest if an individual interacts with SCP-3429-6; a -A instance will only manifest if SCP-3429-6 is killed or destroyed, which will result in the generated SCP-3429-A instance uniformly reassembling

and/or resuscitating SCP-3429-6.

If the questioned individual responds by agreeing with the opinion, SCP-3429-6 will retrieve a pen and a copy of its respective plaque from somewhere on its person, and ask the individual to fill their name and signature into an allotted space on it. Analysis of retrieved plaques has revealed that fulfilling this request results in the individual (unknowingly) consenting to a **contractual geas** wherein they are prevented from disagreeing with the opinion they agreed to. No method of revoking this geas has yet been determined.

Upon signing, SCP-3429-6 will allow the individual to keep the filled plaque, and will resume normal behaviour.

If at any point during interaction the questioned individual responds in the negative, SCP-3429-6 will immediately become highly aggressive towards them and will assault the individual until they are rendered unconscious, killed, or SCP-3429-6 itself is destroyed; following this, SCP-3429-6 will resume normal behaviour.

Plaque, provided by SCP-3429-6 during interaction, all with identical content:

> ***Freedom of Silence***
> THIS AWARD GOES TO
> _____[4]
> FOR NOT BEING A SELLOUT, TELLING THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, AND CORRECTLY USING THEIR FREEDOM OF SPEECH TO AGREE WITH ME, THEREBY NOT INSTANTLY TRANSFORMING INTO THE ANTICHRIST.
> Signature: _____[5]

SCP-3429-7 is a custom-made generic sleep mask. When an individual wears SCP-3429-7 in its intended fashion, they will experience a delusion wherein they

claim that they are still able to perceive their surroundings; testing has conclusively proven that individuals are operating upon their memory of the environment prior to putting on SCP-3429-7, and/or mundane assumptions.

Plaque, attached to the top surface of the pedestal SCP-3429-7 is placed upon.

> ***Enlightenment***
> Look around — see the world for what it truly is. If they can't show you proof you can't see, then you must be able to see.

SCP-3429-8 is a transparent substance filling a generic 60ml syringe with needle. The composition of the substance is unknown, as all attempts to retrieve a sample have been impeded by SCP-3429-A instances. Like SCP-3429-2, an SCP-3429-A instance will only manifest if SCP-3429-8 is used in an unintended manner.

When appropriately injected with SCP-3429-8, subjects will experience (in a proportion relative to the quantity injected):

- Intense euphoria
- Intense sexual arousal
- Inhibited sensory awareness
- Inhibited cognitive function
- Inhibited communication skills
- Suppressed self-preservation instincts
- Hallucinations of varying content

The substance exhibits extreme addictive properties, with all subjects suffering from intense symptoms of withdrawal following their first injection. As appropriate for similar non-anomalous narcotics, the effects of SCP-3429-8 progressively diminishes with each injection, thereby promoting addicts to administer larger doses each successive time. To date, no lethal dosage

has yet been determined; due to the syringe's volume, a method of administering more than 60ml of SCP-3429-8 has yet to be determined.[6] Because of this limitation, individuals addicted to SCP-3429-8 will inevitably be unable to satisfy their growing dependence, and will suffer from withdrawal symptoms.

Plaque, attached to the top surface of the pedestal SCP-3429-8 is placed upon.

> ***Submission***
> Addiction™ now available for FREE!* No side-effects included!** 9 in 10 citizens recommend Addiction™! Try some now!
>
> ***: Offer of free Addiction™ does not include Addiction Premium™. Additional charges are required to purchase Addiction Premium™. We are not responsible for use or misuse of Addiction™ or Addiction Premium™. **: Actions have been conducted to minorly reduce the severity of side-effects in Addiction™. We are not responsible for any side effects present within Addiction™.**

SCP-3429-9 is an animate replica of Kim Kardashian with a full-sized commercial billboard attached to its forehead. The entity does not show any expected signs of physical impairment or injury from the positioning or presence of the billboard. SCP-3429-9 shows little signs of cognitive functionality, responding only to verbal stimuli in the form of a basic instruction for an action. The entity will periodically speak for varying lengths of time; to date, all such speech has consisted entirely of nonsensical word salad.

SCP-3429-9 can display images on the attached billboard upon request, but must see the image beforehand. The billboard visually functions as a digital billboard, with new images near-instantaneously replacing the former image.

Plaque, attached to the rear side of the billboard, above the entity's scalp:

> ***A Talented Star***
> Do you guys remember the time Kim Kardashian did that thing, and the entire world was better for it? Really reminds you of the

amazing talent people like her.

SCP-3429-10 is an incomplete mechanical device of unknown function. Due to several abnormal statistics regarding incomplete Foundation procedures and unused D-Class allocations, it is theorised that whenever SCP-3429-10 is activated, it retrocausally prevents its own activation to an unknown capacity. It is unknown whether this is the intended effect of the device, or an intentional failsafe.

Incomplete plaque, attached to a fixed portion of the device.

Change
Without history, we are nothing. Nothing can
Commissioned for the

Footnotes
1. Including: Moving, rotating, damaging, destroying, relocating, vandalising, polishing, repairing.
2. Dr. Dao was the individual forcefully removed from United Airlines flight 3411 and injured by airport security staff.
3. Yes or No.
4. The individual's name is written here.
5. The individual's signature is written here.
6. Whenever SCP-3429-8 is injected into a non-biological object or deceased entity, an SCP-3429-A instance manifests and extracts the substance.

SCP-3430: Baby Don’t Hurt Me…

SCP-3430 prior to its death.

Item #: SCP-3430

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3430 is to be stored in a cryogenic pod, which itself is stored in the center of a hermetically sealed chamber 10 meters in radius. At no point may any sapient entity be allowed within 10 meters of SCP-3430; personnel examining SCP-3430 must do so via remote mechanical means. Automated surgical drones are provided for any medical personnel who wish to perform any surgical procedure on SCP-3430. Personnel who wish to perform a surgical procedure on SCP-3430 must have Level-3/3430 clearance or higher.

SCP-3430’s cryogenic pod must be maintained as needed to prevent any decomposition.

Description: SCP-3430 is a human male corpse of indeterminate age, previously identified as Gregory . Whenever a human comes within 10 meters of SCP-3430, subjects are compelled to display affection and care towards it.[1] The range and intensity of SCP-3430's anomalous properties are not impeded by physical obstacles, but only affect sapient subjects; non-human animals and machines are not affected by SCP-3430.

Subjects under the effect of SCP-3430's anomalous properties that are unable to reach SCP-3430 by any means will attempt to hug, kiss, or compliment any nearby subjects also under the effects of SCP-3430. In the case of an isolated subject, the subject will instead hug themself, cry, and in some cases talk aloud to themself, giving themself compliments.

Subjects exhibit no desire to eat or drink despite still requiring sustenance, and unless removed they will continue their respective

acts of kindness until they collapse from exhaustion. SCP-3430 will lose its influence on subjects once said subjects exit its area of effect.

Recovery: SCP-3430 was under surveillance for suspected anomalous phenomena when it was killed during an altercation at the Bar in , Washington. Witnesses' accounts suggest SCP-3430's anomalous properties manifested upon its death, affecting surviving patrons and employees; all subjects affected were reported suddenly crying, hugging and reassuring each other over the corpses of deceased patrons. These reports drew paramedics and reporters to arrive on the scene, however upon reaching proximity to SCP-3430's corpse, they too joined the group. SCP-3430 was recovered from the site by automated drone, and Class B amnestics were applied to witnesses and affected subjects.

Addendum 3430-01: The following is a selection of entries from a journal recovered from SCP-3430's former residence. Journal is included for research purposes, in an attempt to determine the cause of SCP-3430's anomalous properties.

Transcript of Journal Entries

September 28th,

Something weird as shit happened to me today. At work I accidentally dropped a produce crate on my foot, and naturally, it hurt like hell. I was just about to take off my shoe to check it, see if anything was broken, when this old man just hobbled up to me, bent down, and started hugging me, patting me on the back and telling me that everything was going to be okay. It was… a little creepy.

The hug lasted much longer than I really wanted, even if I wanted the hug, it shouldn't have lasted 4 minutes. Then the old man just stood up, and hobbled away. It was… an experience.

The weirdest thing though? When the guy left, my foot didn't hurt anymore. I could have sworn I had broken something too, but it was just fine when I checked it out.

September 29th,

Okay, it happened again. The weird thing. But it wasn't with an old guy, it was with some kid.

During break, I was on the phone with Rick and eating lunch, and I accidentally burned my tongue on my broccoli beef, and just all of a sudden this kid who was just passing by, turned around and started hugging my and telling me everything was going to be okay.

Just like last time, she hugged me for a really long time, let go, walked off, and then I didn't hurt anymore. My tongue wasn't burning, and I didn't even feel any like, residual pain.

Is it normal for people to get this much attention? Or am I just weird?

September 30th,

So… I tried something out today. It was a bit weird of a coincidence that I got that hugging thing two days in a row after I got hurt twice, so when I was waiting by the bus, I did some science.

It was just me and this old lady next to me, and she seemed completely disinterested with me, so it's not like she was actively looking to hug someone. So… I bit my tongue to see if I could get her attention.

Literally the MOMENT I said "Ow" after biting my tongue, this little old lady just started

hugging me and kissing my forehead just like the others. Giving me nice compliments, all of that stuff. And just like the other times, after a few minutes she just stopped and my tongue didn't hurt anymore.

I'm pretty sure I need to test this more, but this could be BIG if it's what I think it is.

October 1st,

Okay, I did some more shit to try to figure this out. Apparently, if I just get hurt, the guys and gals around me just start being aggressively nice to me. I told a few of my buds about what happened last night and like, they were chill with trying to figure this out with me. Rick even coined the phrase that I'm "Spreading the Love" (God he's such a dweeb, I love him). So like, the gist of it is the more I get hurt, the more people wanna love me, and after a bit, I'm all patched up like nothing happened.

And like, we came up with A LOT of ideas that we could use this stuff for, like, if I can somehow get down to the Middle East, I can stop the whole war! Just get shot a little, and suddenly all the soldiers on both sides just stop all the fighting to get down with the good stuff. We'll be trying to find some way to stow away over there, but we'll get there. We can finally stop it.

November 12,

Okay, so it's getting a little stressful trying to avoid any sort of hurt to stop people around me from latching onto me and kissing me all over. Like, yeah, I know it's probably not the worst thing to complain about, but like, I don't need all that just to heal up a paper cut.

Work is especially bad, cause like, if I ever do so much as stub my toe restocking fruit, I just get humped by some old coot who just wanted to make a fruit salad. It'll all be worth it, I know. Just… it's starting to feel a little gross.

February 22,

Well, we haven't exactly been making a lot of progress with the whole "get on a plane and stop the whole war" plan. With our shitty jobs, none of us can so much as afford new socks. Rick's been trying extra hard to make sure we can get the money, he's really excited to do this with me. I think he wants to come with me, but I'd be an idiot to let him follow me there.

Oh yeah, going back to work, I actually got fired from my job, because apparently even though I was the one getting humped by customers, I got canned for "harassing customers". Ironic, I guess.

Well, at least I won't have to worry about that stuff from strangers as often, now.

March 30th,

I can't leave the house anymore. I'm not going to go out any FUCKING more.

I accidentally walked into the bus sign, bumped my head and the ENTIRE BUS unloaded and just started… It might as well have been rape.

And they were apologizing the whole time, too, saying that they were sorry for this and that they just wanted me to feel better. Like that helps the fact that I was being crushed under 30 people all trying to hug me and kiss me.

I want to… I don't know, I don't want to do anything, I'm terrified to even leave my room now.

April 2nd,

I told Rick about what happened. He said he'd come over.

I'd probably be dead if it weren't for Rick, he's just… he's such a good partner. He's the only person it seems that actually cares about me, and doesn't want to just rush in and try to make me feel better about everything.

He's just… I don't know. He'll be here soon, so I probably should look like I didn't spend three days lying in bed doing nothing.

May 25th, 2

I'm not getting older. Like, I'm seeing Rick and Scott and Gary all get older around me but like… I'm still looking as old as I was five years ago. I guess I'll be stuck like this forever then. I can't even shoot up without my neighbors trying to get into my house just to cradle my head in their arms and tell me everything is going to be okay.

I really shouldn't be surprised that this power has found even more ways to screw me over, it's basically all it really does for me.

June 2nd,

I guess I can't starve, either. Counts as "hurting myself". I'd block my door, but I'm too worried I'd get a splinter.

I called Rick about this and he said he'd take care of me, make sure I get food and stuff.

Weird way to finally get us to move in with each other. He's just so good to me, I don't know what I'd do without him.

July 4th,

It's been a few weeks since Rick moved in and… God, I never knew how much I loved him until I saw how committed he was to me. I can tell that he gets a little worn from time to time, but he still just smiles at me and makes sure I'm okay. Not like the other people that do it when I get physically hurt, he knows how to comfort emotional hurt.

We watched the fireworks together. It was beautiful. Just… the two of us.

After years of all of this fakeness with these powers I have… it's good to have someone want to love me as much as I want to love them.

October 18th,

I think my powers are getting stronger. We've had to physically barricade the doors and windows to make sure strangers aren't climbing in and trying to make me feel better. It doesn't help that it's been taking a bit of a stronger toll on Rick.

We've been fighting more. Sometimes one of us sleeps on the couch. Sometimes Rick just leaves the house for a few hours and doesn't come back hours later. I want to follow him, but… I'm too scared to leave the house.

I've thought of things like baby-proofing the house, but Rick's wallet is pretty thin as is… I don't want to get him any angrier.

I just want him to care about me, he's all I've got.

April 16th,

It's over. Rick couldn't handle the responsibilities of being around me for so long, the not aging, the neighbors trying to break in, the powers affecting him… It was a strain, I guess. To calm me down, we had sex one last time, but… there was no love. None. I couldn't even feel it anymore, no matter how much I desperately wanted to feel it. After I fell asleep for the night, he was gone.

I'm just… empty now.

April 20th,

I'm so lonely.

May 12th,

I can't stay indoors like this forever.

Fuck it. I'm getting something to drink.

Note: The entry on May 12th was the final entry in the journal. The date corresponds to the date of the shooting at the bar.

Footnotes
1. Such actions include hugging, kissing, holding its head, brushing its hair, and giving it reassuring compliments.
2.Researcher Note:Journal Entry recorded approximately four years after the first instance of SCP-3430's anomalous effects taking place.

SCP-3432: Blank

Item #: SCP-3432

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3432 is at this time not considered directly containable, and containment effort is directed at suppressing public knowledge of SCP-3432 events, and limiting the impact of such events.

Upon discovery of an SCP-3432-A instance, the area should be evacuated and a perimeter established to control access until dissipation of the instance. Civilians affected by or witness to an SCP-3432 manifestation are to be interviewed and administered amnestics.
Access to the area covered by an SCP-3432-A instance is strictly forbidden to any Foundation personnel, and should only be entered by D-class personnel for approved testing.

Upon dissipation of the SCP-3432-A instance, the area is to be searched for traces of SCP-3432 influence. Recovered objects are to be either destroyed or kept for further research, at the discretion of the researcher in charge of SCP-3432 (currently Senior Researcher Kyle Peterson). Once the area has been cleared, it is to be considered non-anomalous and returned its previous state.

Description: SCP-3432 is the given designation of an infophage entity currently theorized to exist outside of baseline reality. Interaction between SCP-3432 and any kind of information will result in the complete and irreversible loss of that information. It should be noted that this phenomenon will only affect the particular information SCP-3432 was in contact with, and notably any copy of this information will not be affected.

Because of this property, an SCP-3432 manifestation will degrade the quantum information of the medium supporting the instance

causing immediate cessation of existence. For this reason it had been thought that the existence of an entity similar to SCP-3432 was implausible or that such an entity would not be able to interact with baseline reality, prior to the discovery of SCP-3432-A.
SCP-3432-A is the designation for areas of low Humes levels where the lessened effects of the laws of physics allow for stable manifestations of SCP-3432 to occur. SCP-3432-A instances themselves appear impermanent, only existing for a period determined to be around a few days for most instances. The size of SCP-3432-A instances have been measured between one to two meters up to a few hundred meters in radius, with one notable exception (see Incident-3432-05). Upon disappearance of SCP-3432-A, remaining SCP-3432 manifestations will immediately collapse because of its primary effect.

The mechanism behind the creation of SCP-3432-A instances is currently unclear, and it is not known if SCP-3432 is directly responsible for their creation or if they are an unrelated phenomenon that incidentally allows for manifestations to occur.

Observations of SCP-3432 manifestations inside SCP-3432-A instances suggest that the primary effect of SCP-3432 is lessened in two major ways. First information destruction is not instantaneous, but takes a time measured from a few minutes to several hours; and second is not complete, with more complex information generally being preferred. Particularly, devices capable of information manipulation, such as computers and brains, seem to attract SCP-3432 manifestations. Based on this and further observation conducted on SCP-3432-instances (see Addendum A) it is currently believed that SCP-3432 is not sapient, but possess a degree of sentience in the way that it targets information and adapts to computation mediums. As such, caution is to be taken when testing with devices capable of complex computations, including humans.

Incident-3432-03: On / / an instance of SCP-3432-A was discovered in Germany, with a radius much larger than previously observed SCP-3432-A instances, covering an area encompassing several small towns. The instance was discovered by the GOC several days prior, and its existence obscured from the public and other groups of interest, including the Foundation. After

confirmation that the instance had lasted for more than a week (much longer than any previously observed instances) dialog was opened to gain access to the instance. After several days of fruitless negotiations the area was the target of an aerial strike by the GOC, destroying the towns affected by the anomaly. Three hours later several observations were made of incidents consistent with an SCP-3432-A dissipation and the area was reclassified as non-anomalous. It is theorized that the destruction of most sources of complex information by the strike was the cause of this dissipation, but this has not been confirmed.

Addendum A: After the discovery of the first SCP-3432-A instance, it was initially thought to be an isolated anomalous event, and it was only after several other instances were discovered and the existence of SCP-3432 was theorized that the anomaly was given an official SCP designation. Below are the research notes from Senior Researcher Kyle Peterson who was assigned to the initial investigation of the phenomenon.

> This anomaly is truly fascinating. Anything brought within the active area containing any kind of complex information will see that information erased. I find it quite interesting that there seems to be a limit to what information it will consume: for example the many plants in the active zone seem to fine, even though I would have expected an anomaly targeting all information to destroy their genetic information. There is much research needed on the exact limits and target selection.
>
> [redacted for brevity]
>
> It disappeared! The anomaly vanished in seconds, with a flash of light and a loud thundering sound. The entire area has reverted to being non-anomalous, although there are numerous patches of plants that seems to have suffered something resembling acute radiation poisoning. My working hypothesis right now is that whatever limits there were to this anomaly, they suddenly ceased to be effective and it consumed all the available information to the point of self-destruction. Well, I guess this one will stay a mystery on the

anomalous event log.

They found another one! It's the exact same kind of information-eating anomaly as last time in . This time I even got the approval to send a D-class in the active area, which I hope will give us information on the speed and pattern of progression of the anomaly.

The experiment had… unexpected results. Much to my dismay it seems that the anomaly wiped her ability to talk first, and by the time we got around to try to get her to write something it seems like that was gone too. The interesting part is that I expected to pull a vegetable out of the active zone, but she seems to be much more functional than I would have thought, and she was able to pass some simple logic and coordination tests, like tying her shoelaces. But her ability to communicate seems to be completely and utterly gone, which makes a more complete assessment of the effects of the anomaly difficult: who knows what is really left of a human being in there? It could be anything from an almost fully-conscious mind trapped within itself to a barely conscious ghost of a person, not even aware of all the things that it cannot remember. To be honest both possibilities send chills down my spine.

Another one of those anomalies was tracked down. They never last long and manifest seemingly at random, but for now haven't appeared anywhere populated. More to the point, with the few last tests establishing that sending more D-class just wields the same result I'll be trying again with a few remotely monitored laptops.
The results were pretty interesting, and not what I had expected once again. While the first laptop seemed to get erased pretty haphazardly, suffering random and worsening malfunctions before crashing irrecoverably, the results for the second laptop were the interesting ones: the display got shutdown almost immediately, but the laptop itself kept running, and while parts of the disk did get erased, none of it was necessary for the

continued function of the computer. More disturbing still, a lot of the targeted data belonged to caches and buffer that got recreated each time the computer noticed they were missing.

This changes a lot of things about what we thought of this anomaly, the most important and frightening of which being that it seems to have some kind of sentience and ability to learn, fast. But for now, there is only one thing that I can say for sure about this anomaly: further research is required.

The anomaly SCP-3432 keeps creating new questions, but from enough observation I think I finally have a few answers. It is obvious that SCP-3432-A instances are related, but rather than separate occurrences of a similar anomaly, I think that they have a common and unique cause. And from the results of the tests I conducted, I would go so far as to say that this common cause is some kind of sentient entity.

From the violent side effects of an SCP-3432-A dissipation event I hypothesize that the intrinsic nature of SCP-3432 is something fundamentally contrary to the concept of information, an equal and opposite of sorts that annihilate on direct contact. How could something like this be sentient then? My theory is that just as information can be manipulated, this “anti-information” (for lack of a better word) can too, and SCP-3432 is an anti-information based mind, existing someplace outside of our reality where the laws of our universe cannot contradict its existence.

Then, SCP-3432-A instances would be the equivalent of a dimensional spacesuit, something that helps it sustains its presence in our reality, enough to gradually erode information and not purely annihilate it. But that begs the question, why? Does SCP-3432 gains anything from the information it destroys? Is it exploring? Consuming? Impossible to tell for now, and it could even turn out to be something else entirely. Its interaction with human minds

> is most peculiar too: why does it mostly appear to destroy information linked to communication? Is it on purpose, or does it just not understand? As I have said, there might be some answers, but there are even more questions.
>
> Regardless of what the final answers are, SCP-3432 still seems to have enough difficulties interacting with our reality to not be considered a major threat. But still, seeing how fast it seems to be able to learn and adapt, I would recommend for all tests regarding SCP-3432 to be suspended as a precaution.

Incident-3432-07: After a **`leak of GOC intelligence`**, the Foundation became aware of the existence of a GOC project apparently directed at developing a weaponized version of SCP-3432's effect, based on an incomplete understanding of the anomaly. Foundation intelligence indicates the project to have been cancelled and thus not cause for direct concern, but action might be necessary if related projects were to be revived.

Senior Researcher Peterson's note:

> Despite the official lack of concern, what the GOC accomplished is quite disconcerting. It appears that through the use of anomalous memetic triggers they were able to effectively causes the human mind to generate the same kind of "anti-information" that makes up SCP-3432. Even if their worry of the meme spreading was based on an incomprehension of the nature of SCP-3432-A, the fact that an operation exists that can generate "anti-information" from real information is alarming, because I don't know what would happen if SCP-3432 itself were to learn of it.

WARNING

The following edit did not follow standard edition protocol, and has not yet been reviewed by RAISA.

+ show edit

Edit logged by user K.Peterson from unknown terminal

Well, one of those genius anartist just went and did it. Unsurprisingly, they also got wind of the GOC leak, and one of them figured it was a good idea to make a piece centered around an information-destroying meme. And I guess SCP-3432 thought it was a great idea too. Adapting that meme into art, something that is designed to have you react and think about it, was just as if someone gave SCP-3432 a crash course on communicating with the human mind. And that is how suddenly, SCP-3432 was everywhere. Everyone who had seen the art piece were not just subject to its anomalous properties, they became a part of SCP-3432, pawns in its bigger game. They all became living zombies, trapped in a glass prison of their own minds, silently witnessing as they doom others to the same fate.

Before, SCP-3432 had just been poking at our universe like a curious child, probably unaware of what it was really doing. And then some hipster made it notice us; and humans are now shiny new toys to play with and accidentally break. But now that it knows, I dread to think about what more it could do, of what kind of terrible door we have opened that may not be closed ever again.

Truly, this has been the art piece that made the world speechless. Forever.

SCP-3433: I am a Deeply Superficial Person

"The Factory"
Andy Warhol

Item #: SCP-3433

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All artwork/paintings related to SCP-3433 are to be contained in Storage Unit 14, Site 8. Each painting is to be encased in a glass container, approximately 127 cm x 127 cm x 8 cm. Currently, all paintings are on sale on an online site owned by the SCP Foundation at www.scp .com, and are being constantly purchased and sold in rotation every 3 hours between 20 designated employees through an AI system programmed to purchase and sell items. Constant monitoring of this AI system is required at all times.

If this AI system fails, the 20 designated employees will be immediately alerted, with at least 7 employees required to report in (this number may change as new paintings related to SCP-3433 are discovered) to www.scp .com, manually purchasing and selling the paintings until the AI system is recovered. All designated employees involved in this manual labor will be excused from their current jobs until further notice.

Description: SCP-3433 is a social phenomenon related to a series of paintings by Andy Warhol from 1968-1987, created in "The Factory"[1] at 33 Union Square West, Manhattan, New York. It is currently unknown how many works related to SCP-3433 exist at this time. Currently, 3 paintings related to SCP-3433 have been claimed to exist, each designated as SCP-3433-n, but only 2 of these 3 have been confirmed as artwork related to SCP-3433.

The artwork related to SCP-3433 was distributed across the United

States of America through several members of the "Warhol Superstars"[2], who were each reportedly gifted an artwork of SCP-3433 by Andy Warhol himself. Following this, the works of SCP-3433 were distributed to various customers and museums. At this time, only 1 of these "Warhol Superstars" has been identified and apprehended for further interrogation.

Each artwork related to SCP-3433 allows the current owner (person or institution) of SCP-3433-n, now classified as SCP-3433-n-n, to experience an event or phenomenon within the next 24 hours that results in them receiving approximately 14-15 days of widespread media attention. During this time, all sources of media, including radio, television, internet, and paper, will turn their focus to the events surrounding SCP-3433-n-n. Subjects labelled as SCP-3433-n-n are unaffected further by SCP-3433.

Following the aforementioned 14-15 days, SCP-3433-n-n experiences a series of events that continue to occur as long as SCP-3433-n-n maintains ownership over SCP-3433-n.

> **1.** *(1-2 days)* SCP-3433-n-n experiences an increasing attachment to SCP-3433-n. This attachment will increase over time, with SCP-3433-n-n becoming visibly distressed if others take interest in SCP-3433-n. This distress has been seen to evolve into violent outbursts against those who attempt to purchase or remove SCP-3433-n.
>
> **2.** *(3-5 days)* All public records (written and visual) of SCP-3433-n-n are removed or destroyed in both physical and digital forms through unknown means. Private possessions containing SCP-3433-n-n's information appear unaffected.
>
> **3.** *(6-10 days)* The memories of those who are aware of SCP-3433-n-n's existence and the events surrounding SCP-3433-n-n appear to be affected, being unable to recall the events or even basic information on SCP-3433-n-n (including name, age, gender, etc.).
>
> **4.** *(10-20 days)* All memories (involving SCP-3433-n-n)

of those aware of SCP-3433-n-n's existence and the events surrounding SCP-3433-n-n have all been either modified or erased. Even SCP-3433-n-n's closest relatives and significant other are unable to recognize SCP-3433-n-n. New memories of SCP-3433-n-n are unable to be created, but new records are able to be produced.[3]

5: *(20-25 days)* The ability to notice or visualize SCP-3433-n-n becomes increasingly difficult for others, taking approximately 7-10 minutes for an individual to even acknowledge SCP-3433-n-n. SCP-3433-n-n has visible difficulty in physically interacting with its surroundings and other objects [Data indicates that SCP-3433-n-n in this state appears to exhibit traits classified as "intangibility"].

6: *(25+ days)* [UNCONFIRMED] At this time, SCP-3433-n-n is unable to be located through any means.

These effects appear to be permanent, but these effects cease to affect SCP-3433-n-n any further when SCP-3433-n-n sells or gives SCP-3433-n to another owner. If SCP-3433-n-n is an institution (e.g. Museum), then all employees and personnel related to the institution, as well as the structure itself are affected by the effects of SCP-3433.

+ ACCESS: SCP/3433/files-code-Warhol/1-3

SCP-3433-1

"The Star"

Title: "The Star"
Discovered: October 23, 1999
Location: Tallahassee, Florida
Incident 1: (SCP-3433-1a) was in possession of SCP-3433-1 [approx. 36 days] and has been apprehended for further questioning. SCP-3433-1a, an aspiring actor, claims to have gained nationwide fame after

being involved in a sex tape scandal with fellow actor . Both reputations were allegedly ruined by the scandal and other surrounding controversies that arose due to the immediate and widespread media coverage of the events.

At this time, time, no public/government record of SCP-3433-1a has been able to be found. No public records or witnesses of the events that SCP-3433-1a claims have been found. SCP-3433-1a has provided proof of the sex tape itself on SCP-3433-1a's video camera. Further attempts to share or copy this tape has proved unsuccessful due to unknown reasons.

SCP-3433-2

"Skull 158"

Title: "Skull 158"
Discovered: February 15, 2004
Location: New York City, New York
Incident 2: [MISSING] (SCP-3433-2a) was in possession of SCP-3433-2 [approx. 40 days] and had been apprehended for further questioning. SCP-3433-2a claims to have gained nationwide fame after saving the lives of 5 women who had been kidnapped by , having followed after witnessing him kidnap a woman from the streets.

At this time, no public/government record of SCP-3433-2a has been able to be found. No public records or witnesses of the events that SCP-3433-2a claims have been found. The 5 women SCP-3433-2a cites in relation to the events of SCP-3433-2 all deny the events. Despite this, SCP-3433-2a has provided

photographic evidence of the events, all of which the 5 women continue to deny.

After apprehending SCP-3433-2a for 6 days, during which SCP-3433-2a continued to hold ownership over SCP-3433-2 for approximately 40 days, SCP-3433-2a was reported missing from containment. At this time, SCP-3433-2a has been unable to be located.

IF ANY PERSONNEL HAS ANY INFORMATION ON THE WHEREABOUTS OF SCP-3433-2a, REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO THE SCP FOUNDATION

SCP-3433-3 [UNCONFIRMED]

"The Shadow"

Title: "The Shadow"
Discovered: July 6, 2010
Location: Pasadena, California
Incident 3: [MISSING] The Museum of the Arts (SCP-3433-3a) was reportedly in possession of SCP-3433-3 [approx. UNKNOWN], as indicated by several photographs from . At this time, the incident caused by SCP-3433 in relation to SCP-3433-3a has been unable to be identified, due to a lack of witnesses. The existence of SCP-3433-3a was discovered through the recovery of SCP-3433-3 and photographic evidence indicating SCP-3433-3a's prior existence.

At this time, no public/government record of SCP-3433-3a nor any of its employees has been able to be found. SCP-3433-3-1 itself has been unable to be located, with its alleged location being an empty lot, approximately 400,000 square feet, in the city. All identified

employees of SCP-3433-3a are currently missing.

+ ACCESS: SCP/3433/files-code-Warhol/interview-superstar-2

Warhol Superstar-2 can be seen to the left of Andy Warhol.

Interviewed: [Warhol Superstar-2]

Interviewer: [Dr.]

Note: [The individual interviewed here is designated as "Warhol Superstar-2" in order to correlate between the individual and SCP-3433-2. To further protect the identities of these individuals, they will be addressed as "Mr. Superstar" or "Ms. Superstar" as requested. A similar procedure will be followed for further apprehended "Warhol Superstars".]

<Begin Log>

Dr. : So, Mr. Superstar. You're the original owner of SCP-3433-3?

Warhol-Superstar-2: You mean "The Shadow"?

Dr. : Yes, that's right. Might I ask, when did SCP-3433-3 come into your possession exactly?

Warhol-Superstar-2: Oh, I suppose Andy gave it to me uh… maybe 1972? '73?

Dr. : Andy Warhol, is it? That is, the artist, if I am correct?

Warhol-Superstar-2: That's right.

Dr. : Are you aware of the alleged

effects that this painting has on its owners?

Warhol-Superstar-2: What? You mean the fifteen minutes of fame?

Dr. : I beg your pardon?

Warhol-Superstar-2: You know, "in the future everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes"[4]. That whole thing. After that issue with Valerie[5] around '68, he went on and on about it for awhile. Kept him up for ages. I don't remember much else, though. I left the "Factory" around '73, and Andy gave me "The Shadow" just around then. I'm pretty sure he gave "Viva" one too, not sure.

Dr. : "Viva?" Who else has access to these paintings?

Warhol-Superstar-2: Well, as far as I can tell, a couple other of us got one. Candy had one after '72. The last time I talked to Ultra Violet, maybe around '79? I think she mentioned about a painting. Who knows? There could be more out there. Last time I saw Andy, he just kept going.

Dr. : [*scribbling*] "Ultra Violet," was it? I see… Would you mind explaining what you mean by, "kept going?"

Warhol-Superstar-2: Well uh… he did it, didn't he, doctor? It worked.

Dr. : I'm sorry? What exactly worked?

Warhol-Superstar-2: Our fifteen minutes. We all get our fifteen minutes of fame. After that, we have to move on. You know, make room for everyone else. Andy wanted us to help it

get started. I had my fifteen back around '74. God, I still remember those days… but in the end, I had to move on like the rest. Just like Andy wanted us to. [*laughs*]

Dr. : The fifteen minutes of fame? No, no, I understand the concept, but if you could just explain how the paintings work, I'm sure this can be much more convenient for the both of us.

Warhol-Superstar-2: Well, that's alright. I didn't expect you to understand. Andy understood this all better than any of us. The best way I can explain it, is that all of us have a reason to exist, and Andy gave us purpose. You get your fifteen minutes. Then you have to move on, one way or another. You can't hold onto that fame forever, no matter how precious it is to you. You have to let go, or the world moves on without you. It leaves you behind.

Warhol-Superstar-2 falls silent

Warhol-Superstar-2: [*sighs*] The world forgets you.

Dr. : What does that even — I'm sorry, I don't seem to understand what you mean. Perhaps you could explain to me just exactly how the paintings work?

Warhol-Superstar-2: [*laughs*] Oh please, doctor. Don't try to understand Andy. I don't think any of us really did. Just find your fifteen minutes with the rest of us, and you'll come to accept it as we all have…

Dr. : Is there any way you could be any clearer?

Warhol-Superstar-2: How much clearer can I be, doctor? Our time is running short. I do hope you get your fifteen minutes soon enough doctor, but just remember… [*laughs*] all you get is fifteen minutes. Don't hang on for too long, doctor.

Dr. **:** And just what are you implying?

Warhol-Superstar-2: Oh, I don't know what you're talking about. I'd hate to forget you. I'd hate for everyone to forget such an interesting face.

Dr. **:** I have a family who loves me. I have colleagues who have stood beside my work for decades. I don't think I would be so easily forgotten.

Warhol-Superstar-2: Do you think you're any more special than the rest of them? Are you the only person to have a family? Are you the only person to have peers to work beside them? The all-so memorable Dr. [6]? It's people like you that clings onto their fifteen minutes. And for good measure.

Dr. **:** Alright, [*sighs*] thank you for your cooperation. This has been… enlightening, I suppose. This will be all for today.

Interviewer rises to leave

Dr. **:** One last thing. Andy Warhol might have called you a "superstar", but to me, you're nothing more than another face in the crowd.

Warhol-Superstar-2: Of course I am, doctor. That's the point.

<End Log>

ATTENTION! IF ANYONE HAS ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING SCP-3433 RELATED TO THE FOLLOWING INDIVIDUALS, PLEASE REPORT TO THE SCP FOUNDATION IMMEDIATELY!

+ ACCESS: SCP/3433/files-code-Warhol/Warhol-Superstars-1-8

WARHOL SUPERSTARS (Suspected)

The "Warhol Superstars"

1. Paul Morrissey
2. William George Linich (a.k.a. Billy Name) [*DECEASED*]
3. Janet Susan Marry Hoffmann (a.k.a. "Viva")
4. Ingrid von Scheven (a.k.a. "Ingrid Superstar") [*MISSING*]
5. Gerard Malanga
6. Isabelle Collin Dufresne (a.k.a. "Ultra Violet") [*DECEASED*]
7. Brigid Berlin
8. James Slattery (a.k.a. "Candy Darling") [*DECEASED*]

It is suspected that Warhol gave each of these "Superstars" a similar artwork related to SCP-3433. At least 6 more works related to SCP-3433 are suspected to exist.

Footnotes
1. Andy Warhol's New York City studio.
2. A clique of personalities designated in New York City and promoted by Andy Warhol.
3. As a result, scientists investigating SCP-3433 are required to overview all data prior to starting investigations each day, as they are unable to recall previously collected data on SCP-3433-n-n.
4. Andy Warhol was quoted to have said "in the future, everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes".
5. Valerie Solanas, a American radical feminist and author known for

writing the SCUM Manifesto. Solanas attempted to assassinate Andy Warhol on 4 June, 1968.
6. Upon further examination, it is unknown how Warhol-Superstar-2 was aware of Dr. 's identity.

SCP-3434: …And We'd Rather Remain in the Darkness

E-3434-19 (second from the left), following amnestic treatment and reintroduction into civilian population.

Item #: SCP-3434

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Agents embedded in hospital maternity wards are to maintain a lookout for cases of traumatic births, maternal death, and/or post-birth symptoms of SCP-3434. If identified, **Mobile Task Force Alpha-1 ("Red Right Hand")** is to be contacted to verify if the identified symptoms and situation represent a case of SCP-3434. If verified, the identified E-3434 instance is to be intercepted. Amnestic treatment for the E-3434 instance's kin and guardians is allowed, if applicable. The identified E-3434 instance is to be recorded as deceased in absentia.

E-3434 instances are to be held at Sites-06, 23, 44, 137, and 253, and are to be classified as E-class personnel while under Foundation custody. Residential areas for E-3434 instances are to maintain illuminance of less than 1.0 lx. Attending personnel may use night vision goggles to facilitate vision while interacting with E-3434 instances. Certain E-3434 instances may be required to wear straightjackets to mitigate self-injury.

After all relevant information have been obtained and/or if no unique information can be obtained, E-3434 instances may undergo amnestic treatment via Class E amnestics and can be reintroduced to civilian population under a newly created identity.

Description: SCP-3434 is an anomalous variant of post-term pregnancy, characterised by the affected foetus attempting various actions to hinder its birth. Examples of these actions include:

- Contorting itself to resist the contraction of uterine muscular walls.
- Struggling when held after its removal from the uterus.
- Repositioning itself within the uterus to avoid contact with surgical equipment such as obstetric vacuum cups or forceps.
- Preventing the umbilical cord from being cut via surgical equipment.
- Grappling onto the uterine wall.

As a result of these actions, there is an increased risk of maternal death. Approximately 20% of SCP-3434 cases result in maternal death, while survivors tend to suffer from non-anomalous psychological trauma following the episode.

Most children affected by SCP-3434 (also referred to as 'E-3434 instances') have been delivered successfully, at approximately 93% of known cases. Approximately 5% of known cases result in the expiration of the E-3434 instance during the mother's attempt to give birth, while the remainder involve the fully grown foetus persisting in the uterus until its death due to lack of nourishment following placental deterioration.

In terms of physiological development, E-3434 instances are indistinguishable from non-anomalous humans. However, every E-3434 instance has claimed to have experienced one fatal event. Additionally, many E-3434 instances have displayed the following behaviours:

- Visual perceptional avoidance when surrounding illuminance is above 1.0 lx. E-3434 instances usually accomplish this by either perpetually closing their eyes or using a foreign object to obscure their vision. In a few cases, some have attempted rubbing their eyes to the extent that the resultant friction is capable of damaging their eyes and eyelids.
- Increase in acute stress response, typically when introduced to phenomena such as alarms, screams, heat sources, injuries *inter alia* (varies according to E-3434 instances). E-3434 instances will then attempt to relocate to enclosed areas of lower illuminance and assume a fetal position.

All aforementioned behaviours will cease upon Class E **amnestic**

`treatment`.

To date, the cause of SCP-3434 is unknown. Autopsies and inspections of various E-3434 instances indicate no consistent physical deformity, bacterial or viral infection suggestive of a mediating variable. DNA testing verifies that each E-3434 instance is the biological offspring of the respective mother, and indicate no correlation of genetic markers between E-3434 instances.

The existence of SCP-3434 has been known to the Foundation since the early 20th century when the first known case was identified in Tianjin. As of 2015, confirmed cases of SCP-3434 have been identified on every human-inhabited continent across the world and there has been confirmed E-3434 instances. It is plausible that there is an unknown number of E-3434 instances who remain undetected by the Foundation, whose symptoms have been regarded as non-anomalous psychological conditions.

Addendum 3434-1: Selected Interview Excerpts

> **Interviewee:** E-3434-5 (b. /03/1932 — d. /01/1998)
>
> **<Begin Excerpt>**
>
> **Interviewer:** Why do you stay in the darkness?
>
> **E-3434-5:** That's when the pain stopped.
>
> **Interviewer:** What kind of pain?
>
> **E-3434-5:** Chest. Arms. Head. Everywhere. They were all over me, the hammers and hymns. It stopped eventually, and there was this voice – a gentle voice – telling me it'll all be okay. And it's true. It was only okay when the light fades away and the **`ticking`** halts.
>
> **Interviewer:** I can assure you that you are among friends here. Now, don't be afraid and step into the light.
>
> **E-3434-5:** I think I will remain here, in the dark.
>
> **<End Excerpt>**

Interviewer: E-3434-12 (b. /07/1946 — now)

<Begin Excerpt>

Interviewer: Please stop rubbing your eyes like that. It's not really good for you.

E-3434-12: I'm sorry. Sometimes I forgot the goo is no longer inside me.

Interviewer: The goo?

E-3434-12: Yes. I dreamt about this girl crawling about. Stuck to this **crowd** of people. I went towards the girl and the many hands from the crowd dragged me towards them. That's also when the goo entered, starting from my eyes. It was very painful at that moment, but it ended quickly.

Interviewer: Did you feel better after that?

E-3434-12: Much better. Liberated from everything, including myself.

<End Excerpt>

Interviewee: E-3434-23 (b. /03/1962 — d. /09/2001)

<Begin Excerpt>

Interviewer: Tell me about the nightmares.

E-3434-23: I disappeared. Was doing something in a room, and then it was all black.

Interviewer: Do you know where you were disappeared from?

E-3434-23: Not really. [pauses] Sorry sir, I'm not comfortable with old people.

Interviewer: I can promise that I mean you no harm. But

why, if you won't mind?

E-3434-23: **`An old man`** was the one who made me disappear. He would not like me to be around.

Interviewer: How will the old man know?

E-3434-23: He is everywhere. He can do anything, like making me disappear again.

<End Excerpt>

Interviewee: E-3434-41 (b. /05/1986 — now)

<Begin Excerpt>

Interviewer: Please tell me what you recalled.

E-3434-36: Flashing red lights. Everyone was screaming. Dying. The evils were let loose, they say. I have to press a button.

Interviewer: Why is that?

E-3434-36: **`For the greater good`**. There was no other choice.

Interviewer: And then?

E-3434-36: Everything was burning. It was not worth the pain, frankly.

<End Excerpt>

Interviewee: E-3434-48 (b. /10/1998 — now)

<Begin Excerpt>

Interviewer: Why do you always cover your eyes?

E-3434-48: So that it'll always be dark.

Interviewer: But why?

E-3434-48: That's when the pain stopped.

Interviewer: What sort of pain?

E-3434-48: Chest. Arms. Head. Everywhere. They were all over me, the hammers and hymns. It stopped eventually, and there was this voice – a gentle voice – telling me it'll all be okay. And it's true. It was only okay when the light fades away and the **`ticking`** halts.

Interviewer: … I see. How do you feel about your current arrangements?

E-3434-48: I think I will remain here, in the dark.

<End Excerpt>

SCP-3435: Dinosaurs and Dragons Care Not For Your Politics

Item #: SCP-3435

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3435 is to be contained in an opaque, airtight case equipped with a desiccator to preserve it. The image of SCP-3435 is not to be distributed outside of approved personnel and test subjects. Personnel must be screened before assignment to SCP-3435; those with backgrounds in politics or art criticism are automatically prohibited from viewing SCP-3435 or images of SCP-3435. MTF Upsilon-23 ("Art Critics") is to monitor art galleries in Clark County for sightings of PoI-0171 (Guillermo Gutierrez) or his works.

Under no circumstances are any personnel to be assigned to both SCP-3435 and **SCP-2078** at the same time.

Description: SCP-3435 is an oil painting by known anartist Guillermo Gutierrez, titled "**Dream a Better Dream**", measuring 110 cm by 68 cm. SCP-3435 depicts two entities: a blue theropod dinosaur with cybernetic attachments and various laser weapons reminiscent of those in science fiction; and a red European-style wyvern dressed in a pointed hat and colorful robe, holding a staff and what appears to be a spellbook. Repeated viewings of SCP-3435 often show changes in the relative positions of the entities, although the majority of viewings appear to show the two entities physically fighting. The background of the painting also varies widely between different viewings, even when viewed multiple times by the same person.

SCP-3435 exerts a primary anomalous effect on the dreams of any individual who views it or a photograph of it. In 87% of cases, the viewer's dreams will sporadically involve the entities depicted in the painting. Reports indicate that the dream entities, designated

SCP-3435-1, will attempt to communicate with the dreamer. SCP-3435-1 will cease to appear in dreams after a varying period of time from viewing of SCP-3435; the length of this period has been between one and eight nights. Use of amnestics to remove the memory of viewing SCP-3435 successfully ends the presence of SCP-3435-1 in dreams. A common theme in dreams involving SCP-3435 is elements from the dreamer's childhood.

If the viewer perceives SCP-3435 as being representative of a sociopolitical issue or conflict, the viewer will experience migraines of various severity. If the viewer writes down or speaks about their interpretation of SCP-3435, they will experience further side effects, including stomach cramps, diarrhea, hemorrhoids, or constipation.

Chemical analysis of SCP-3435 has revealed several previously uncharacterized compounds in the paint, thought to be responsible for the colors. Testing is ongoing, but so far analysis has not shown them to possess any perception-altering properties.

Interview Log 3435-01

Interviewer: Dr. Maravilla
Interviewee: D-11424, a 29-year-old Hispanic man.
Length of SCP-3435-1 Presence: 2 nights

Dr. Maravilla: Tell me what the painting represents.

D-11424: It's sorta complicated, I guess..

Dr. Maravilla: You don't need to go into detail. Just a general summary.

D-11424: Yeah, okay. Let's see. I think the red wizard one represents conservatives, and the blue dinosaur represents liberals. And the red spellbook probably represents the- *(D-11424 retches several times into the provided bucket.) (weakly)* God, my stomach.

Dr. Maravilla: Can you continue?

D-11424: Uh, I don't know. *(D-11424 wipes his mouth with a towel.)* I just need to lie down.

Dr. Maravilla: Very well, we'll move on. Can you recall any details of the dreams?

D-11424: Uh, a little bit. It's hazy. Let's see… the dinosaur took me on a walk on the beach. At least I think it was a beach. Wait, yeah, it was the one we went to one summer when I was eight. She asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up. I said I always wanted to be a deep sea diver. I always loved the ocean, you know? *(D-11424 takes a sip of water.)* I forget what happened next.

Dr. Maravilla: Anything else?

D-11424: Oh, right. The red dragon made a magic bubble and gave me a little crown, and we went to the bottom of the ocean. I saw a submarine, and my mom waved at me from the window. I- *(D-11424 begins to cry.)* And then I woke up. I'm sorry, it's just-

Dr. Maravilla: It's alright. Would you like to stop here for now?

D-11424: Yes, thank you.

Interviewer: Dr. Maravilla
Interviewee: D-71799, a 25-year-old Asian-American woman.
Length of SCP-3435-1 Presence: 1 night

Dr. Maravilla: Tell me what the painting represents, if you feel able to.

D-71799: *(D-71799 groans.)* Do I have to? Just thinking about it makes my head hurt.

Dr. Maravilla: Sure, we can move on. Do you remember any details of the dreams you had last night?

D-71799: Yeah, a little.

Dr. Maravilla: Alright. Tell me what you can remember.

D-71799: Uh, it's blurry. I think it was snowing? And the dinosaur and dragon from the painting were there. I think I heard my dad's voice? I'm sorry, it's really hard to remember.

Dr. Maravilla: That's fine. Any other details that stand out?

D-71799: I- oh, right. I saw the dinosaur and the dragon walking through the snow, and there was *(pause)* my little sister chasing them while playing the trumpet. I don't know why but that's the only part I can remember clearly.

Dr. Maravilla: Interesting. Does that hold any significance to you?

D-71799: *(takes a deep breath)* I wanted to be a musician when I was young. Always messing around and playing instruments with Kumiko. I just, after she passed away… *(D-71799 begins to cry.)* I couldn't bring myself to make music anymore. I miss it. I miss her.

Interviewer: Dr. Maravilla
Interviewee: D-19060, a 22-year-old African-American man.
Length of SCP-3435-1 Presence: 8 nights

Dr. Maravilla: First, you experienced no medical side effects from viewing SCP-3435?

No nausea, diarrhea, constipation, any of those?

D-19060: Yeah, nothing.

Dr. Maravilla: No migraines either?

D-19060: Nope.

Dr. Maravilla: Interesting. Please state, for the record, how you physically saw SCP-3435 and how you interpreted its meaning.

D-19060: It looked like the dinosaur and the dragon were smiling, in a way, and holding hands. They were flying through the sky. As to the meaning, hmmm. I'd say that they represent the artist's childhood, with the blue one being the so-called left-brain and the red one being the artist's creativity? I'm not entirely sure.

Dr. Maravilla: Hmm. Alright, can you tell me about the dreams involving the entities in the painting?

D-19060: Sure. You know how it usually goes with dreams, but for some reason I remember this one clearer. I was in my old house, back when we lived in [REDACTED]. It was nighttime, and it was really windy. Then I remember I walked out the backdoor and suddenly I was in a forest. I don't remember how I got there, but I remember it started raining and the blue dinosaur appeared. *(D-19060 sighs.)* I don't know how she did it, but she led me to a clearing and there was a spaceship there. My God, it was the one I would always draw with my crayons. Had the little antennae and rocket boosters and lasers and everything. I got in and the red dragon

was there, sitting behind the controls. He let me drive. He said he saw something in me, something rare. The blue dinosaur pointed to the planets and stars we passed by. I recognized them. I drew them. I wrote them. Then the dragon took over the controls and we sped towards a beautiful, glowing white star. That's when I woke up.

Dr. Maravilla: Thank you, that will be all.

Addendum 3435-01: SCP-3435 was first unveiled at the Contemporary Arts Center in Las Vegas, NV. MTF Upsilon-23 first flagged it when they noticed the perception-based anomaly surrounding SCP-3435. SCP-3435 was confirmed anomalous when its effects manifested, causing several prominent art critics discussing the painting to simultaneously vomit and experience severe migraines. SCP-3435 was contained successfully, and amnestics and a cover story involving undercooked *hors d'oeuvre* were distributed.

Addendum 3435-02: PoI-0171 was apprehended during Incident--9F92, involving **AWCY?**, SCP- , and SCP- . Mr. Gutierrez denied responsibility for the incident, and insisted that he was not a member of AWCY.

Interview Log 3435-02

Interviewed: PoI-0171

Interviewer: Dr. Maravilla

Foreword: Mr. Gutierrez had previously been uncooperative. Dr. Maravilla, having known him in the past, requested to speak with him before further interrogation attempts. Request was approved.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Maravilla: Good afternoon, Guillermo.

Pol-0171: Will! Man, I haven't seen you in forever! How are you?

Dr. Maravilla: I'm good, thank you.

Pol-0171: So… figures you'd be working here, I guess.

Dr. Maravilla: What's that supposed to mean?

Pol-0171: Come on. Of all of us, you were always the science-y one. Remember when you helped Matt with his volcano in seventh grade?

Dr. Maravilla: Oh yeah, that was a good one. Then Mrs. Salinas made us clean the classroom.

Pol-0171: At least me and Armando helped you guys out, we didn't just strand you.

Dr. Maravilla: Ah, good times.

Pol-0171: Yeah, man.

Dr. Maravilla: So, tell me. What really happened at the gallery?

Pol-0171: *(agitated)* It wasn't me, you already know that. Those uncool bastards stole one of my unfinished canvases and were gonna use it as part of some stupid exhibition. Course they didn't really understand what I was doing with it, so that's probably what caused the whole mess in the first place.

Dr. Maravilla: Why were you at the location, then?

Pol-0171: To get the canvas back, duh. Me and Miguel were all set to sneak into the

exhibition, had it all planned, then we see a guy running and screaming with a flaming turtle shell on his head like a helmet, and that's when everything went to hell.

Dr. Maravilla: The explosion?

Pol-0171: Yep. Hey, I dunno if you're allowed to tell me or if you know, but did you guys get ahold of Miguel too?

Dr. Maravilla: We only apprehended you and two AWCY members, but in the chaos a lot of people escaped. Let's talk about something else.

Pol-0171: Fine.

Dr. Maravilla: Tell me about "Dream a Better Dream".

Pol-0171: Oh, you've got that one in here too?

Dr. Maravilla: Yes.

Pol-0171: Oh man, that's one of my favorites. Want me to tell you the secret, hidden meaning?

Dr. Maravilla: Actually, yeah, please do. I'm really curious now. What do the dinosaur and dragon symbolize?

Pol-0171: First, I wanna know what you think.

Dr. Maravilla: Me, personally? I'm not really an art crit person. I don't see all that deep stuff.

Pol-0171: Precisely. Just tell me what you saw.

Dr. Maravilla: It's just really cool shit.

PoI-0171: Exactly! You… you're the kind of person who *gets* it!

Dr. Maravilla: You didn't mean for there to be any deeper meaning?

PoI-0171: No no, there is meaning. Here, let me explain.

Dr. Maravilla: I'm all ears.

PoI-0171: In art class, they said that the key to good art was "what emotion do you want the audience to experience?" (*PoI-0171 makes quote signs with his fingers.*)

Dr. Maravilla: Yeah, I've heard that before.

PoI-0171: Well, for this one, it's really simple. The emotion I wanted to inspire with this painting is exactly what you said: "Cool!" Nothing more, nothing less.

Dr. Maravilla: (*chuckles*) Well, you definitely succeeded. But please, explain the anomalous properties.

PoI-0171: Oh, yeah, those. That was fun. Heard a bunch of those stuffy critics at the gallery were, ah, affected. Must've been hilarious.

Dr. Maravilla: I don't think they saw it that way.

PoI-0171: Come on, they all probably grabbed some Tums or Pepto or something on the limo ride home, God knows there's so many pharmacies up and down the Strip. They're all fine now, I promise.

Dr. Maravilla: So tell me why you put the effect in.

Pol-0171: I mean, yeah, there's issues in the world. Bad stuff happening everywhere you look. But the world isn't all bad. The sky isn't falling, no matter what the news might say.

Dr. Maravilla: (*takes a sip of water*)

Pol-0171: But that negativity shit doesn't need to be in your art! Me? I see art as an *escape*. A way to look at better worlds, at brighter days. Art is infinite. Why chain it down?

Dr. Maravilla: Is this why you paint?

Pol-0171: This is why I paint. I want to inspire a sense of wonder. A breath of fresh air.

Dr. Maravilla: Hence the dinosaur and dragon?

Pol-0171: I thought, "what would ten-year-old me think was the coolest thing ever?" and then painted exactly that.

Dr. Maravilla: I mean, I agree. If it weren't anomalous, I'd hang it on my office wall.

Pol-0171: Aw, thanks man.

Dr. Maravilla: But please, go on.

Pol-0171: People who get affected, it's cause they've lost their inner child. They can't see just the top layer of things, they gotta inject their views into everything. Sucks the fun out of it.

Dr. Maravilla: I agree, actually.

Pol-0171: Yeah? You're one of the few I've seen. It's why they wouldn't let me into Are We Cool Yet years back. Too obsessed with 'sending a message'. Like they're the Joker or something. But not everything *has* to send a message, right? Sometimes we just need something simple, something cool for the sake of cool.

Dr. Maravilla: Explain the part where it goes in your dreams.

Pol-0171: You saw them, right?

Dr. Maravilla: What?

Pol-0171: You saw the painting and dreamt of them, didn't you?

Dr. Maravilla: I did, yes.

Pol-0171: And? What did they tell you?

Dr. Maravilla: (*sighs*) The dinosaur told me she was proud of me, told me to keep following my dreams. She told me what I was doing was worth it. She told me that yeah, I'm making a difference, and don't ever forget that.

Pol-0171: And the dragon?

Dr. Maravilla: He told me not to worry. He said that what happened to my dad wasn't my fault. He said…

Pol-0171: It's OK, Will. You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to. Don't be afraid to look at the painting again, if they let you.

Dr. Maravilla: Thanks, man. Tell me why the dreams happen in the first place.

PoI-0171: You'd have to ask the beings themselves. I don't know where these two came from, but they've got minds of their own.

Dr. Maravilla: You didn't create the entities?

PoI-0171: Sort of. I put them there, but I don't control what they say. Everyone hears what they need to hear, they tell me.

Dr. Maravilla: Then how do-

PoI-0171: It's more of a, how do I put this. As I made the painting, they were already there, I just helped to give them a form.

Dr. Maravilla: When did they appear in your dreams?

PoI-0171: They only showed up in my dreams once, the night before I finished the painting. I can't remember any details, but there's one line they said together that's burned into my brain. *(PoI-0171 takes a deep breath.)* "Our eyes and yours look upon the same stars. We could take your hand, and others', if you would just reach up once more, like you used to."

Dr. Maravilla: Wow.

PoI-0171: I know, right?

Dr. Maravilla: But what does it mean?

PoI-0171: Hell if I know. *(PoI-0171 laughs.)*

Dr. Maravilla: It's nice, though.

PoI-0171: Yeah. It was nice catching up, Will. Take care of the painting for me.

Dr. Maravilla: Will do. We'll be sending you

back to interrogation shortly. I'll vouch for you, of course, do you agree to cooperate?

PoI-0171: Whatever. I don't suppose you'd give me back the charred canvas if you ever found it, right?

Dr. Maravilla: You know how it is here.

PoI-0171: I'm messing with you, dude.

Dr. Maravilla: It was good to see you again, Guillermo.

PoI-0171: You too, Will. Any last questions?

Dr. Maravilla: One last thing.

PoI-0171: Shoot.

Dr. Maravilla: The composition of the painting. Those specific dyes have never been synthesized or described before. How the hell did you do that?

PoI-0171: I'd think you of all people would realize that chemistry is as much art as it is science. Stay cool, Will.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Further investigation of the scene and interrogation of the captured AWCY members proved PoI-0171 innocent in the aforementioned incident. However, PoI-0171 managed to escape Foundation custody through unknown means shortly after interrogations were concluded. His current whereabouts are unknown.

Requesting permission to conduct extended testing on SCP-3435. - Dr. Maravilla

Denied. There is nothing more to be learned from it. In fact, your excessive involvement with this anomaly and the POI responsible already borders on the unprofessional, and if he hadn't provided valuable intel on AWCY activity before vanishing you'd be on the disciplinary watchlist already. Remember what's really important here. -Personnel Director Acosta.

SCP-3436: ABE

A still of SCP-3436, pre-enclosure, taken from video feed during initial reconnaissance. An abrupt, barb-like projection can be seen at the apex.

Item #: SCP-3436

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3436 is contained within a 70 m × 85 m, 172 m tall concrete building, which acts as a provisional site (Provisional Site 3436). The building is designed to blend conspicuously with the surrounding metropolis.

Access into the building is exclusive to the Site Director and accompanying Engineering and Technical Service Department Class C/D personnel who have been consented (**Form 3436-A**) and briefed to Level 2 security clearance.

There is no known safe method by which to rescue those who physically encounter SCP-3436. No aspect of SCP-3436 is to be touched, neither by direct nor indirect means. The Site Director has been authorized by the Ethics Committee to utilize euthanasia procedures as deemed appropriate for those who have come into contact with SCP-3436 and who have yet to experience atmospheric buoyant events.

Description: SCP-3436 is a 166 m tall free-standing structure in Lower Manhattan, New York City, New York, USA. It is dark grey in color, has vermiform massing, features an apical barb-like projection, and is made of an undetermined material that visually resembles steel. Evidence suggests SCP-3436 was constructed by the avant-garde art collective **Are We Cool Yet?** (AWCY?) in 1994. The identities of the author(s) and any involved patrons are not known.

Individuals who make direct or indirect physical contact with SCP-3436 and then cease said contact will begin to accelerate upwards at rate of approximately 3.14 m/s^2 until the height of SCP-3436 is reached. After this point, the object is accelerated dramatically, and is beyond the scope of the unaided eye within seconds. Events of this nature are referred to as atmospheric buoyant events, or ABEs, and the boundary demarcated by the height of SCP-3436 is referred to as the event threshold.

Selected Supporting Documents:

+ Evidence Regarding Origins

A 50 cm x 30 cm x 15 cm sculpted rhombohedron, designated SCP-3436-i, rests 1 m from the base of SCP-3436. SCP-3436-i is assumed to be made of an identical material as SCP-3436, and thus to possess identical inertial properties as well; testing to corroborate this conjecture has been deemed unnecessary. SCP-3436-i features a plaque on its largest face that contains an inscription in the French language. Below is a reproduction of SCP-3436-i, translated from the original French.

> *Revelation Claw*
> • The sinew of God.
> The living-and-dead will rise into the sky and become open to the embrace of Christ.
> 10.28 seconds is a brief tribulation compared to what awaits those who remain. You are welcome.

The series of statements loosely fits the format of an AWCY? Project Proposal. Given that the original Project Proposal for SCP-3436 would have been presented to an intended patron prior to its completion, it is likely that the author intended SCP-3436-i as either an additional proposal to those who read it, or a meta-proposal intended for the religious deity it endorses.

+ Security Clearance Level 2

Test Log – 02 – May 12–24th 1994

Abstract:

The initial purpose of this study was to collect material samples from SCP-3436 for analysis. A secondary purpose of this study was introduced; to investigate the inertial properties of SCP-3436 with respect to the transfer of momentum. Dismantling and/or relocation of SCP-3436 subsequently became a tertiary goal.

Results:

May 12, 1994
Time: 0340 - Four Class D personnel are instructed to comb the proximity of SCP-3436 and locate trace materials with appropriate equipment. Trace materials of SCP-3436 were suspected to have been identified near the base. Personnel instructed to collect.
Result: ABE x 3, complete ascent. No materials retrieved.

Time: 0400 - The remaining Class D person acting outside Foundation orders throws a rock which impacts SCP-3436.
Result: ABE x 1, complete ascent.

May 19, 1994
Time: 2302 - Remote girth measurement utilizing a monocular reticle suggests SCP-3436 may be felled given sufficient force. Two Class D personnel (D1 and D2) are asked to perform demolition maneuvers upon lower segments of SCP-3436 with two armored D9R continuous tracked tractors modified with substantially reinforced blades and added tonnage. They approach SCP-3436 from the south as to avoid SCP-3436-i and to ensure safe felling.

Result: ABE x2. Both ascents impeded by the roofs of the D9Rs. The driver-side window of D2's D9R was lowered at the time of the event; D2's body moved laterally along the roof, then out the window with subsequent and complete ascent. D1 was fully enclosed in the vehicle and found as pomace[1]. The doors of D1's D9R were opened by recovery personnel, one of whom was contacted by D1's remains as they responded to the newly introduced egress from the D9R; ABE x1, complete ascent, followed by complete ascent of D1's remains. Two heavily-modified D9Rs retrieved.

May 24, 1994
Time: 0025 - Two Foundation operatives are instructed to pilot unmanned aerial vehicles (UAVs) to the base of SCP-3436 to collect via negative pressure the previously detected trace materials, presumably originating from SCP-3436. Materials are located and authorization is given for collection.
Result: ABE x2. Unimpeded, complete ascent of two pilots. Two UAVs retrieved.

Conclusions/Discussion:
The presented attempts to influence, analyze, and dismantle SCP-3436 are unsuccessful. Relocation is deemed infeasible. Indirect physical contact has been confirmed to precipitate ABEs. Organic matter that is the cause of an inorganic material's contact with SCP-3436 precipitates ABEs that involve only the causal organic matter. ABEs can only be interrupted/delayed and not ceased.

If a barrier is encountered during an ABE, the ascent is interrupted. The organic matter will move laterally along the interrupting surface and towards any negative space in the barrier. If there is no such space, the organic matter becomes stationary at the maximum achievable elevation in wait for

continued ascent. During this time, the organic matter experiences compaction pressures disproportionate to those predicted by classical mechanics; the pressures ostensibly exceed the human body's ability to remain structurally sound, resulting in complete musculoskeletal collapse.

It is debatable and outside of the scope of this study as to whether an intentionally impeded ascent is more humane than an unimpeded one. Recommendations for a complete enclosure for SCP-3436 will be deferred to the Ethics Committee. Tests that require the proximity of personnel are highly discouraged and it will be recommended to Research by this committee that no such tests are considered for approval.

Test Log - 04 - June 14, 1994

Abstract:
A numerical estimation of temperatures and stresses SCP-3436 is capable of withstanding is approached in this trial. All personnel decisions and thermo-mechanical methodologies were approved by on-site containment specialist Dr. Robert Goleman PhD and carried out by certified, Class C researchers and research technicians. A thermal field was engendered at the base of structure and physical contact with SCP-3436/-i was strictly avoided.

To estimate the depth of SCP-3436's purchase into the terrain, ground penetrating radar is used to infer root dimensions, geometry, and approximate torque resistance.

Results:
The base withstood temperatures orders of magnitude higher than the literature demonstrates regarding the apparent material. Researchers

estimate that the thermal energy needed to dematerialize the base of SCP-3436/-i would exceed current means of energy production. Test discontinued.

Conclusions/Discussion:
In light of SCP-3436/-i's tolerance to advanced thermal energies, the structural integrity of SCP-3436/-i cannot be determined and will no longer be pursued. GPR suggests no perceivable terminus to SCP-3436/-i's subterranean dimensions. With limited data, tunneling cannot be suggested or justified for excavation and relocation.

+ Security Clearance Level 3

On 07/04/1994, a civilian trespassed upon what was then the construction site for the enclosure currently around SCP-3436, attempted to climb the structure, and experienced an unimpeded ABE. That day, several eyewitness accounts from commercial airline Flight # reported without inconsistency visualizing a rapidly ascending object, hereafter designated SCP-3436-2a, at approximately 40° 50' 13.3728" N and 73° 51' 55.5588" W. Individuals of testimony were covertly quarantined and treated with the proper amnestics, then reconnoitered by field agents, as is standard procedure.

Dispatched Foundation aircraft located the figure, which had become stationary at approximately 5,900 meters. Pilots reported via telecommunications of a subject with gross human anatomy. Upon more detailed inspection, SCP-3436-2a's topography was interrupted by an incomplete, saggital bisection. What were inferred to be SCP-3436-2a's lungs could be seen expanding rhythmically as if ventilating, despite the non-intact central nervous system and the exposed thoracic cavity.

Available data could not ensure that SCP-3436-2a was safe for mechanical acquisition and transfer, and so the figure was incinerated and never recovered for further study.

view source

Footnotes
1. The pulpy matter remaining after some other substance has been pressed or crushed.

SCP-3437: The Black Archive

Item #: SCP-3437

Object Class: Euclid Neutralized

Special Containment Procedure: Due to its nature it is currently impossible by current technology and function to properly contain SCP-3437. Usage of Class-Z mnestics may be distributed to researchers experimenting with SCP-3437.

Any personnel with a probable cause to access instances of SCP-3437-2 may do so, but only with permission from the three Class-4 personnel, and at least one Class-4 person overseeing the handling and usage of SCP-3437-2.

All instances of SCP-3437-1 must be kept in standard humanoid containment or reclassified as a Class-D and admitted into the Class-D database.

All instances of SCP-3437-2, labeled as SCP-3437-2-aaa through SCP-3437-2-zzz, are to be kept in a storage warehouse at Site-205. If usage of any instance of SCP-3437-2 is required by the Foundation, permission from at least two Level-4 personnel is required. Guards are to patrol the perimeter of the storage containing all instances of SCP-3437-2.

Protocol-Null-00 is to be activated by vote of the O5 Council. During Protocol-Null-00, only personnel approved by the O5 Council may leave Sites, otherwise all Sites are to go into immediate lock down.

All Class-D personnel are to be kept within their respective cells and may not be permitted to leave unless administered Class-B amnestics.

Procedures for Protocol-Null-00 is restricted on a need-to-know basis; only O5 members and Class-A and Class-B personnel are

allowed to view the procedures. Any non-approved personnel attempting to view Protocol-Null-00 should be detained by guards and administered Class-B amnestics.

Description: SCP-3437 is a metaphysical entity that expunges and censors information. It mainly censors information about itself, but it has also been noted to expunge information other than about itself.

Such incidents range from deleted Foundation spreadsheets, official government records, to the whereabouts of Dr. 's car keys.

It has been hypothesized that SCP-3437 may have originated around the same period as the emergence of sapience and complex thought, expunging information that SCP-3437 itself deems anomalous or 'dangerous' in nature. Information is not limited to human thought, as it has also been noted to expunge entire physical entities (as described in Report-3437-5ta77p2 (Archive File-5ta77p2 Elemental Extermination)).

SCP-3437-1 instances are humans. They typically lack official records or was identified as a missing persons. SCP-3437-1 entities appear to be agents of SCP-3437, equipped with unknown technology (hereby classified as SCP-3437-2) and are capable apparently anomalous behaviour and function. During Incident-3437-Alpha, it was found that there were a total of 6,872 instances of SCP-3437-1 found across all Foundation Sites.

SCP-3437-2 instances equip SCP-3437-1 with a powerful antimemetic property, rendering them completely undetectable except to other instances of SCP-3437-1 equipped with similar mnestic-based technology. It has been hypothesized that instances of SCP-3437-2 are anomalous in nature, or is so technologically advanced it is capable of producing an antimemetic field around SCP-3437-1 or other operators of SCP-3437-2.

Currently Foundation researchers are investigating and attempting to reverse engineer instances of SCP-3437-2.

Addendum

Incident-3437-Alpha Report

Preview

Foundation algorithms, particularly the recently developed AIID ("Uni Stud"), have been detecting odd amounts of anomalous behavior regarding information. It appears, through deep neural analysis, that information on the internet was being summarily deleted rapidly.

Algorithms could not find any history of any user deleting or altering the text. Deeper investigation yielded inconclusive results. Interviews showed that no subject seems to recall said information, despite some being on commonly visited websites.

Protocol-Null-00

The O5 Council, upon hearing of this incident, conducted a vote to on whether to activate Protocol-Null-00 with votes and , results in favor of activating Protocol-Null-00.

On 0 / /20 , 3 before after Incident-3437-Alpha, Protocol-Null-00 initiated. Procedures to Protocol-Null-00 can be found [DATA EXPUNGED]. After 5 days, Protocol-Null-00 was completed, and SCP-3437 was discovered.

During Protocol-Null-00, a total of casualties from Foundation agents, from governmental entities and organizations and a total civilian casualties.

Overview

On 1 / /20 , approximately 12.5 terabytes of information was distributed among countless nations' and organizations' databases. A total of 3,148 entities (including corporations, governments and the memories of people scattered across 100 countries) received a percentage of the 12.5 terabytes of information. In total the Foundation received around 550 gigabytes worth of information among databases across all Sites.

SCP-3437-1

On 1 / /20 , the initial incident, a total of , was discovered

(throughout the world, only 6,872 were found in Foundation Sites). It appeared that when the information leakage during 1 / /20 occured, it also revealed/disabled the technology that allowed instances of SCP-3437-1 to remain antimemtic, therefore revealing them in their entirety.

In total, around 7,000 instances of SCP-3437-1 were terminated upon the interruption of their antimemetic cloaks. During Protocol-Null-00, any who were not executed were captured and sent to Foundation Sites.

The following reports are information extracted during Protocol-Null-00, including ones extracted from hard drives. Some came in raw text format, others came as pictures of some kind. A large quantity of cognitohazardous and infohazardous files were also collected during Protocol-Null-00, such information can only be viewed under approval by the O5 Council.

Note: The information and reports noted here are in English as it appears to be the predominant language used in the files, though other articles from different languages have also been found. Some are in modern languages, some written in Latin and other files written in unidentifiable languages.

+Report-3437-221ga7t

ARCHIVE FILE

File No: 221ga7t

Security Level: Black Triple Red

If you are reading this and do not possess sufficient clearance, exit immediately or risk being totally expunged.

Operational Overview

By order of the Grand Censorman, Operation Imposed Will should commence. If you are involved with Operation Imposed Will and you have any complaints, questions or suggestions, visit the Archive Resources.

The Grand Censorman has been recently notified by Eyes, Ears and Soul that anomalous thoughts have been appearing sporadically and increasingly in the past few months. The Grand Censorman has already conducted a meeting with the High Cabinet to decide the proper course of action.

It was later decided that free will and free information and thought can no longer be trusted as a non-destructive force. Operation Imposed Will aims to use Level-Black memetics designed to be rapidly transferred throughout a mass population to achieve a mass influence of thought.

Imposed Will Memetic Containment and Distribution

The memetic agent (code name Palace) will be inoculated into patient zero; from there, patient zero will transmit Palace via cognitive-based spreading. Anything that senses patient zero in any way will also possess Palace. There will be multiple instances of Palace, each planted in a different continent.

For those areas of human isolation, Archive agents will track down and inoculate such cases.

Palace, once within a host, will expunge any information that it finds anomalous. This will not work with anomalous texts, only with thought (for information on censoring anomalous text, search for Operation Dark Age). Expunged information will then be stored into the Archive and...

The memetic agent known as Palace still continues to expunge information, though instead of 'storing' it into the 'Archive' (the Archive believed to be SCP-3437), the information now simply disappears.

Whereas the 12.5 terabytes contain what appears to be every expunged thought/piece of information, no new information has been detected by Foundation algorithms to appear since Incident-3437-Alpha.

Research into the "Grand Censorman" and "Eyes, Ears and Soul" is currently underway.

+Report-3437-5ta77p2

ARCHIVE FILE

File No. 5ta77p2

Security Level: Black

If you are reading this and do not possess sufficient clearance, exit immediately or risk being totally expunged.

Overview

Eyes, Ears and Soul has recently made a discovery regarding a certain type of information. It appears that Item-2099, currently quarantined by Archive agents on the Archive sanctuary in the Pacific Ocean, displays anomalous properties no matter what form it takes in.

It has been causing trouble, such that international scientists and governments are beginning to notice the Archive sanctuary. Currently, nobody has attempted to

reach the sanctuary, but the Archive cannot use this time to do nothing. The Grand Censorman has called for research on totally expunging Item-2099.

Information Update

Elemental Extermination has been completed. All research may be redirected back towards other operations. Item-2099 is no longer an issue. If any other type of physical information were to behave in such a manner again, contact Archive Resources and submit an urgent request.

+Interview Logs

Interview Log
1 /0 /20

Dr. L : Greetings D-425531.

D-425531: Hey.

Dr. L : So D-42553—

D-425531: Yeah, yeah, get on with it.

Dr. L : <*Pauses for a moment*> Can you, tell me about what you do?

D-425531: Me? I was a High Censorman. Put capitals on High and Censorman. I know you're recording this.

Dr. L : Hm?

D-425531: Oh don't give me that bullshit. I've censored enough of your interviews to know what you're trying to do here.

Dr. L : How do you "censor" these interviews? All the interviews we have seem to be in order; they don't appear to be "censored".

D-425531: No, you wouldn't know because I've censored them.

Dr. L : Care to elaborate?

D-425531 remains silent.

D-425531: No.

Dr. L : Ok, thank you D-425531.

D-425531 was largely cooperative in other interviews, only holding back information about the "Grand Censorman", though the fact that D-425531 was a "High Censorman" likely means that D-425531 may wish to not confide any 'important' details.

Interview Log

Dr. L : Hello D-437218.

D-437218: WHAT HAPPENED TO RENEGADE?

Dr. L : Renegade?

D-437218: THIS CAN'T HAPPEN! RENEGADE WAS A SUCCESS!

Dr. L : Can you please explain what Renegade is?

D-437218: THE GODDAMN LIBRARY BURNED THE ARCHIVE DOWN DIDN'T THEY?!

Dr. L : The Library?

D-437218: IF IT WASN'T THE LIBRARY IT WAS YOU [EXPLETIVE REDACTED] WASN'T IT?

Dr. L : We do not know who did what, perhaps you can explain?

D-437218: DO NONE OF YOU KNOW ANYTHING?

Dr. L : <*Dr. L sighs*> Guards?

D-437218 begins screaming incoherently.

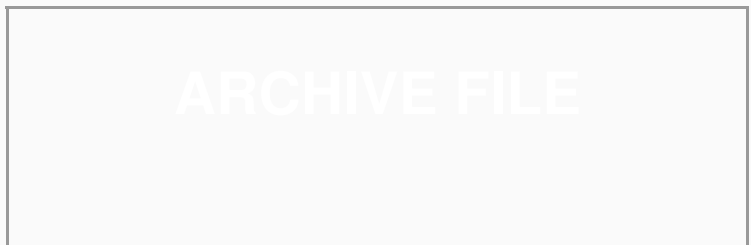
Dr. L : GUARDS?

D-437218: HOW DID YOU EXPUNGE THE INFO? YOU CAN'T EXPUNGE ARCHIVE FILES!

D-437218's mention of 'Renegade' has not been found in any reports from SCP-3437. It may be possible that not all information may have been leaked during Incident-3437-Alpha. Foundation operatives are currently, as of writing, still searching for mentions of 'Renegade' and its connection with SCP-3437.

When D-425531 was asked about 'Renegade' in an interview, he simply noted that "it was leaked with the rest of the information" and noting before the interview ended "I have no idea what happened though, Renegade was a success". *Note: The file on 'Renegade' was located and is now attached below.*

+4/BASILISK (Renegade.docx)



File No. z92gAt8

Security Level: Black Penta Red

If you are reading this and do not possess sufficient clearance, exit immediately or risk being totally expunged

---

URGENT! Contact Archive Directory if a solution is found!

This File is being made accessible to all Archive members as an apocalpyse scenario is imminent.

Situation Overview

Eyes, Ears and Soul has recently discovered that large quantities of Archive Files are having their information expunged. It is Archive policy to never censor the Archive's own information, only restrict to certain members.

Files ranging from g000001 through g999999 have had either the entirety or key parts of information completely expunged. The Archive storage do not appear to retain any information regarding these expunged files. Archive researchers have hypothesized a Class-Penta Antimemetic entity (the Archive is classified as a Class-Quadra Antimemetic entity) to be responsible. Class-Penta was a theoretical classification, but due to current events is being used.

It appears that the Class-Penta entity (from now on referred to as Item-Null) acts as a complete information void. Unlike the Archive, which expunges

and stores it, Item-Null completely obliterates the information. It is impossible to replicate the information in any way, though it appears as though Item-Null does not affect the past , as we are capable of remembering the existence of such information, just that we cannot pinpoint any details at all besides from its existence.

Eyes, Ears and Soul has also discovered information being expunged not only from the archive, but the entirety of reality. Item-Null has been hypothesized to be responsible for these actions. Archive researchers predict that if Item-Null continues to expunge information, it may create a total void and destroy the universe by completely destroying all physical information.

10/25/201 - Renegade

Note: Researcher David Johnson has explained that Renegade may not be able to completely destroy or counteract Item-Null, and so therefore Procedure Renegade-25 is being formally established here, to access specific details, please read File-z92gAt9.

Antimemetic researcher David John on has developed a new technology capable of counteracting Item-Nu l. T e item, code named Renegade, reverse engine rs the Archive, creating a brand new type of information. W ile It m-N ll acts as neg tiv vo d, the rev rse engi e red info ma ion lls t e void c ate by I m-N l.

 x ctly h w R n g d w rks h s n xpl n d n th p p r pu l sh d y r s rch r J hns n t tl d "F ll ng th nf rm t n V d, D u l P s t v nf rm t n v rsus N g t v nf rm t n". Th s f l c n cc ss d y ll m m rs w th s cur ty f v l Bl ck v w ng cl r nc .

R n g d w d pl y d on / / , s c ss l y unc ns r n t m t r l

SCP-3440: The Marvellously Macabre Mechanical Marionette Matinee

Item #: SCP-3440

Object Class: Safe Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All knowledge of SCP-3440 and its point of access must be restricted to personnel with 3440/2 clearance or higher. Any non-Foundation individuals capable of perceiving and accessing SCP-3440's entry point are to be detained, debriefed and amnesticized. Foundation agents embedded in the Civic Opera Building's security staff are to prevent unauthorized access to SCP-3440.

By order of the Ethics Committee, instances of SCP-3440-A are exempt from experimentation. SCP-3440-A1 is the exception to this ruling, and no further attempts to disconnect SCP-3440-A1 from SCP-3440-B are to be made.

As of incident 3440-01, SCP-3440-A1 is to be monitored continuously for the development of new properties, with any changes being reported immediately to the Site Director.

Description: SCP-3440 is a dual-purpose entertainment and embalming facility of anomalous construction and operation located approximately meters beneath the ground floor of the Civic Opera Building in Chicago, Illinois. It appears to have been constructed shortly after the Civic Opera Building itself opened on November 4th, 1929.

SCP-3440 is accessed via an elevator in the basement of the Civic Opera Building. The elevator is protected by a perceptual anomaly that renders it undetectable to human subjects who do not have prior knowledge of SCP-3440's existence. This defence mechanism, combined with additional pretermemetic[1] interference, prevented the Foundation from discovering SCP-3440 until being informed of its

existence via an untraced phone call in 20 . The informant did not reveal their identity, but it is considered highly probable that they had some association with **GoI-233**.

The main room of SCP-3440 is a three-story theatre built for an audience capacity of 1,044, with a makeshift mortuary found beneath the stage. Upon recovery, the theatre had suffered extensive damage, both from fire and brute force, with the forensic team believing that a riot or some similar violent altercation having occurred between 12-24 hours prior to their initial arrival.

At the time of recovery, embalmed corpses had been placed in the front rows of SCP-3440. These bodies have been designated SCP-3440-A. Many of these bodies have been identified as missing individuals from the Chicago area over the past 20 years (see Forensic Report 3440 for more information).

Each body has had ten metallic filaments integrated into its nervous system via an unknown form of reinnervation. These filaments connect at the middle fingers, wrists, elbows, shoulders, and temples. Though the alloy the filaments are composed of remains unidentified, metallurgical analysis has shown it to possess anomalous electro-thaumic properties. These filaments appear to serve the purpose of conducting electro-thaumic signals from SCP-3440-B (see below) into the nervous systems of SCP-3440-A, allowing them to be controlled in a manner superficially similar to marionettes.

Although biologically dead, aetheric resonance imaging has shown that [DATA EXPUNGED], speculated to be a form of **Sheldon Class** soul-trap. If this is the case, instances of SCP-3440-A would remain conscious and aware of bodily sensations.

With a singular exception, the entirety of SCP-3440-A has had their filaments severed at random lengths. Most suffer from posthumous injuries. It has been speculated that when still connected to SCP-3440-B, SCP-3440-A were used in the conflict believed to have occurred shortly before discovery.

Most of the cadavers were found dressed in circus attire, with two individuals in the front row being of particular interest. The first,

SCP-3440-A2, is a male whose face has been surgically removed and reattached upside-down. The second, SCP-3440-A3, is a female who had been squeezed into a tight corset with her face covered in white greasepaint and crudely applied violet eye-shadow and lipstick. It is believed that these two individuals were intended to be effigies of PoIs 233-02[2] and -03[3], respectively. Both are believed to be prominent members of GoI-233. Investigation into whether any of the other cadavers were made into effigies of specific individuals associated with GoI-233 is ongoing.

To the left-hand side of the stage is a large metal cabinet, designated SCP-3440-B. This cabinet is covered in a copper patina that is anomalously resistant to removal and renders the cabinet impervious to all attempts at internal imaging. All attempts to open it by force have also failed. Despite being opaque to sonar, SCP-3440-B produces continuous ticking, whirring, and clanking noises while active.

One thousand metallic filaments emerge from the top of SCP-3440-B and feed into an elaborate track system built over the stage. The track system contains 100 control bars where instances of SCP-3440-A can be connected via their filaments, allowing them to be moved about the stage.

Attempts to integrate live humans, non-anomalous cadavers or other human analogues into SCP-3440-B have been unsuccessful.

On the front facing side of SCP-3440-B is a control booth, containing black wax cylinders engraved with electro-thaumic waves, designated SCP-3440-C. Placing an instance of SCP-3440-C into a receptacle labeled a 'thaumaphone' will transmit the signals along the filaments and into the bodies of any connected SCP-3440-A instances, causing them to act out a predetermined set of actions, typically some form of vaudeville performance (see Document-3440-01 for a complete list of SCP-3440-C instances and their effects).

SCP-3440-B also contains a stage-facing device labelled an 'aetherscope', capable of recording the electro-thaumic waves of live actions onto a new instance of SCP-3440-C. If a cylinder of SCP-3440-C contains waveforms from multiple individuals, an

analogue control panel can be used to determine which set of electro-thaumic waves goes to which instances of SCP-3440-A. This control panel also allows for a large degree of manual control over instances of SCP-3440-A.

Upon initial recovery, there was a single instance of SCP-3440-A connected to SCP-3440-B, and has since been designated SCP-3440-A1. All attempts to disconnect SCP-3440-A1 have resulted in dangerous electro-thaumic discharges by its filaments. Similar discharges occur when researchers attempt to connect other instances of SCP-3440-A.

SCP-3440-A1 is a Caucasian male, estimated to be approximately 40 years of age at the time of death. Subject is 165 cm in height and 45 kg in weight. Subject has dark brown eyes and hair, which at the time of death appeared to have been recently cut into a short finger wave style with a long handlebar moustache. The subject had also been dressed in an elaborate ringmaster's costume.

At the time of recovery there was an instance of SCP-3440-C (designated SCP-3440-C1) loaded into the thaumaphone. Stuck to it was a note which read "To Essie. Enjoy the Show. ~ Icky and Manny."

Activating SCP-3440-B with SCP-3440-C1 placed within the thaumaphone caused SCP-3440-A1 to enact the following performance:

> Humdee dum dum dum dum dum…huh? Audible gasp!
>
> *(SCP-3440-A1 looks at audience in feigned horror, clasping its hands to its cheeks)*
>
> The Essie P! You'll never take me alive!
>
> *(pauses and checks its pulse)*
>
> Well, I guess that's actually a foregone conclusion at this point, considering, but you'll still never take me! Ah ha ha ha ha!
>
> *(while continuously cackling, SCP-3440-A1 runs off and*

completes a full circuit of the track system before returning to its starting position)

Ah ha ha ha ha ha…huh? Curses and drat! Trapped by my own marvellous machine! How ironic. All right Essie, go on and do your worst! I'll never talk! No sir, not me! My secrets I'll take to the gra…oh, right.

(SCP-3440-A1 twirls its moustache and taps its foot for approximately 5 seconds)

Okay, you know what? I'll talk. But only on the condition that you promise to conduct all your experiments with this contraption on me alone, and leave all those poor souls out there in the audience to rest in peace. None of them could ever hope to match my natural showmanship anyway! We got a deal? Excellent!

(SCP-3440-A1 tilts its head and wags a finger at the audience)

Just remember Essie: if you break your word, Manny will know.

Your first question is probably the most obvious: who am I. Why, I am none other than the infamous Herman P. Fuller, of Herman Fuller's Circus of the Disquieting. The story of my life is a long and nefarious one, so make yourselves comfortable. Sit back, relax, and treat yourselves to some of the blackest cotton candy this side of the River Styx!

(SCP-3440-A1 produces a prop version of ***SCP-1921-A2*** *from its coat)*

No takers, eh? Ah well, you can't blame a stiff for trying.

(SCP-3440-A1 places the prop back inside its coat while clutching its lapels and rocking on the balls of its feet)

Born to wealth and privilege, as a young man I was inducted into a now defunct secret society (defunct

because in an outing gone awry I tossed them to the wolves, literally) and I learned of the Ways between Worlds. I wandered them for many years, accumulated vast amounts of arcane knowledge, and acquired talents few mortal men would dare dream of. But then I committed my first horrendous, unforgivable crime! (*whispering)* I stole library books.

Not just from any library of course, but The Wanderer's Library. And you know what cruel and unusual punishments the Library imposes on those who break its draconian rules, yes? They make them do an honest day's work! Filing, shelving…customer service! *(shudders)* Fortunately my various magical endowments make me less transmutable than most, so they had to settle for banning me. I haven't set foot in that or any other library since. They're too socialistic for my *bourgeois* sensibilities anyway.

But of course, the centrepiece of my life has been the Circus.

(The track system pulls SCP-3440-A1 around the stage in a circle, bobbing up and down in a manner similar to a carousel)

Why a circus? Why not a militia of monsters, or a museum of mutations, or a milieu of mystics? Out of everything I could have done with my considerable resources and abilities, why start a travelling circus? To be perfectly frank, even back then I had no shortage of enemies, and keeping on the move was a matter of some necessity. But I would be lying if I said I didn't love the spotlight.

It started with only a single genuine anomaly, believe it or not. I stole the Fiji Mermaid, and I did what that coward Barnum never had the balls to let me do; I brought it to life! It was an abomination, an insult to God Almighty, but by golly it brought in the crowds! Once I realized what a goldmine the Circus was, I started

snatching up as many freaks as I could get my hands on. And what marvels I found; a street urchin with an upside-down face that hid his true talents, a singing sheet of music I gifted with human form, a race of eldritch horrors that just wanted to make people laugh!

(SCP-3440-A1 is set back on the floor and takes off its hat and clutches it to its chest in an exaggerated display of sorrow)

Those were the good old days, I tell you, when the world was still **`black and white`** (don't think I don't remember Essie). Freaks, dames, lesser men, they knew their place; or could be reminded of it easily enough. But of course, the world started changing. I did my best to keep the Circus from changing with it, but ever so gradually my beloved family started to squirm more and more under the heel of my boot. I had to start making examples of them, and I made this place so that I could still get some use out of their battered corpses - I mean, so that we could always be together.

But no matter how hard you try to stop it things still change, and boy did I try. I made the Freewheelers, the Pennyfarthings, I even had Prometheus Labs whip me up a couple of goons I could use as 'Slave Catchers' and 'Union Breakers', but it didn't matter. Manny finally crossed a line I couldn't forgive and I was going to kill him, believe me I would have killed him…

(SCP-3440-A1 punches at the air, causing it to spin around several times and twist the filaments. SCP-3440-A1 lifts its feet in the air and begins to spin in the opposite direction as the filaments untwist themselves)

Oh god. Oh Jesus. This is making me dizzy. I would be sick if I wasn't already dead. Where was I? Oh yes, Icky.

Icky, Icky, Icky, Icky, Icky. I took her in when she was nothing, saved her from a family that likely would've subjected her to electroshock treatments and an ice-pick

lobotomy to suppress her deviant desires, and how did she repay me? She led an uprising to save the oaf, and stole my top hat while she was at it! Figuratively and literally! Seriously, who steals a top hat? The two of them hucked me into The Darkness Between Dimensions and took my Circus for themselves!

(SCP-3440-A1 tosses its top hat up in the air, and a cane falls out of it. SCP-3440-A1 catches the cane and the hat lands back upon its head)

But I escaped, and have been plotting my revenge for all these years! It didn't quite work out, as you can see. Now I'm strung up for all eternity as the star of my own show; Herman Fuller's Marvellously Macabre Mechanical Marionette Matinee! Poetic justice, or so they tell me, but I can still knock 'em dead!

Hit it boys!

(SCP-3440-A1 stands expectantly with its arms raised for several seconds before dropping them and looking around in apparent agitation)

I said…oh goddamn it, those goody-two-shoes actually unhooked the band too? Okay, no big deal, I can do this A cappella *(clears throat)*.

(during this performance, the track system jerks SCP-3440-A1 around in time with the melody, with SCP-3440-A1 always attempting to move in the opposite direction and often pantomiming to the lyrics)

Welcome, Welcome, Ladies and Gents.
To a show I hope you'll never forget
Watch as I dance this avant-garde minuet
As a merry, merry marionette
Oh a merry, merry, marionette

To be held by strings is a very fine thing
In fact, I could dream of nothing finer

Strung from this grand machine of my very own dreams
Truly, I'm an ingenious designer
Though it's quite the feat standing on these feet
But I'd hate for you to think I'm a whiner
I'll stand proud and tall and dance for you all
But golly, what I'd give for a recliner

It ain't easy being a one-man string quartet
My clothes are soaked in a very cold sweat
I'd sell my own mother for one cigarette
That's life as a merry, merry, marionette
Oh, a merry, merry, marionette

My body's stone cold, but I'll never grow old
And I'm spared from the eternal hellfire
I'm safe and sound, though forever earthbound
And displayed for all to admire
My soul I sold, my corpse does what it's told
Controlled by these foul wires
I feel every tug, but my brain's unplugged
My situation is certainly dire

Of my old self, I'm a mere silhouette
They took every penny of my old assets
To be perfectly frank, I'm very upset
To be a merry, merry marionette
Oh, a merry, merry, marionette

Can't you see, this wasn't supposed to be me!
These strings were meant for my underlings!
They would live in fear of their puppeteer!
A living death, unable to draw breath, enslaved to the whim of their King!
But alas, I was foiled, I wasted my toil
I should've got the hell out of town
Instead here I've been hung, mummified and strung
All 'cuz of Icky, the Magic Clown, and the Man Whose Face is Upside-Down.

I've lost a rigged game of Russian Roulette
Forced to perform forever to pay off my debts

If I ever get free, I'll be hellbent
On making them my merry merry marionettes[4]
Oh, merry merry marionettes

Well Essie, I'm afraid that's the end of your personalized show, but don't worry; there's plenty more acts on those cylinders. Feel free to play them all as many times as you want. Repeatability is crucial for science, I've heard, and I deserve nothing less.

Au Revoir, mon cher Essie.

(SCP-3440-A1 blows the audience a kiss, takes a bow, and then falls limp and is supported only by its metallic filaments)

Testing has shown that when SCP-3440-B is active without an instance of SCP-3440-C loaded into the thaumaphone, SCP-3440-A1 will produce a series of inarticulate screams. These screams vary each time and are not believed to be pre-recorded. This could indicate that SCP-3440-A1 retains some degree of control over its body, though if it is a Sheldon Class soul-trap that should be impossible. During these episodes, there is a noticeable increase in aspect radiation from SCP-3440-A1, as well as an average Hume rating of . Research into this phenomenon is ongoing.

Incident 3440-01: On 10/31/20 . At : PM, when SCP-3440-B was both unpowered and inactive, SCP-3440-A1 was observed to laugh of its own accord for approximately thirty seconds, and then sing **"I've Got No Strings"** from Disney's *Pinnochio*. After this event SCP-3440-A1 was unresponsive to questions or stimuli, but it has since often been observed tracking researchers with its eyes while smiling.

As a result of this development, SCP-3440 has had its Object Class upgraded to Euclid.

Footnotes
1. Information which is selectively memetic or antimemetic depending on the nature of the recipients or circumstances. GoI-233 is believed to make extensive use of pretermemetic defences.

2. The Man with the Upside-Down Face, real identity unknown.
3. Icky the Magic Clown, believed to have originally been a girl named Veronica Mason of , , who was reported missing July 19th, 19 .
4. The electro-thaumic waves on the cylinder do not precisely match up with these two lines. It should also be noted that SCP-3440-A1's voice abruptly changes to be significantly more enraged.

SCP-3441: Probability Trees

Item #: SCP-3441

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Site-66 cryogenically freezes all seeds produced by SCP-3441. An SCP-3441 orchard is located within Site-66 and maintains a current total of 131 SCP-3441 instances.

Every month SCP-3441 instances are to be harvested for their leaves which are to be refined into Red-Wisp class substances. Red-Wisp class substances are to be stored in excess at Site-66.

Description: SCP-3441 is an organism of the genus *Camellia*, most closely related to *Camellia sinensis*.[1] SCP-3441 instances are visually similar to *C. sinensis* beside red discoloration of the leaves. Discoloration is due to presence of Substance PR-O11.

Substance PR-O11 is a relatively chemically inert substance which, when ingested, induces a localized reality-bending effect in the subject. When ingested, Substance PR-O11 has a half-life of two hours.

Substance PR-O11's reality altering effects occur as a probability deviation against expected results/values. Probabilities tend towards equal distribution, correlated with the exponential consumption of Substance PR-O11.

Addendum A:

Person of Interest Report: Viraj Singh

Birth Name: Viraj Singh
Title: Dr

Profession: Medical Doctor
Associated Persons:

- Urvi Singh - Wife (Deceased)
- Arti Singh - Daughter

Reason for Interest: Dr Singh trained to be a general practitioner of medicine in the United Kingdom's National Health Service. Dr Singh's performance in aiding patients began to fall, prompting him to move to the United States of America.

Using his medical knowledge, Dr Singh set up his own private sector health clinic "Singh's Hospice", caring for those thought to be terminally ill. Paradoxically, Singh's survival rates for these patients matches and in some areas, exceeds, his specialist peers.

Update - / / : Survival rates assumed to be the effects of SCP-3441. Post interview and amnestication of Dr Singh, POI status revoked.

Addendum B:

Interview Transcript

Interviewee: Dr Viraj Singh

Interviewer: Reseacher

<Begin Log>

: Hello there, Dr Singh. I'd like to ask you a few questions, is that alright?

Singh: Yeah, I don't mind. Try and keep it short though, I've got patients to handle.

: Of course. I'll try to cut to the chase. Why did you open up the hospice?

Singh: I thought my skills would be better put in hospice care, rather than the NHS. I'd like to get to know my patients, rather than see them for five minutes.

A branch retrieved from SCP-3441 is placed in front of Dr Singh

: Do you recognise this object?

Singh: Where did you find this?

: We found it among your personal items. We believe you have been utilising this item to aid your patients. Is this correct?

Dr Singh remains silent

: When did you become aware of this plant's anomalous properties?

Dr Singh sighs

Singh: So, you're taking that plant away from me, aren't you?

: Unfortunately, yes.

Dr Singh pinches the bridge of his nose and sighs

Singh: I figured it out years ago. I noticed a pattern emerging. When I tried to help someone who was almost certainly going to recover soon, they remained ill for weeks. When I walked, I would trip more often, things would break more easily. At first, I thought I was cursed.

Dr Singh pauses

Singh: But then I realised that I wasn't cursed, it only happened when I drank homebrewed tea from my pet plant.

: How effective has the tea been in your medical

performance?

Singh: It gives and takes. If you use it on a person that's getting better they're more likely to become sick again. But the sicker the person, the more likely they are to be cured. This is why I opened a hospice, you understand? For those with a very, very low chance to live get the most benefit from the tea.

Dr Singh picks up the SCP-3441 branch

Singh: Before every procedure I took a cup of tea from this plant. I don't do anything more than give them their medicine, change their IV drips and clean their bedsheets. I've compared myself with other doctors, I don't do anything special. My patients live while theirs die.

Dr Singh sighs and places the SCP-3441 branch down

Singh: I can't tell where my skill starts and that plant ends. I don't even know if I'm qualified to be a doctor anymore. I don't think I deserve to be, at any rate.

: Care to explain?

Singh: Do you deserve to be a researcher, sir? How do you know? You prove it to yourself by reflecting on your projects. When you drink the tea your skill becomes irrelevant. You'll never know what parts were you and which parts were the plant.

Dr Singh pauses briefly

Singh: All I do now is care for people and pray that they live. Nothing fancy, nothing special. It's just luck.

: If you seriously doubted your skills, couldn't you stop drinking the tea?

Singh: I can't say I haven't thought about it, but how could I? I took an oath to try to help everyone to the best

of my ability. Who do I decide to test it on? Tom, the child with leukaemia, bed-ridden for life? That kid's got more life in him than you or me. Or George, the old man with a brain tumor who can hardly speak? When he listens to you talk about your day, you know he cares. I could go on for days…

Dr Singh pauses

Singh: I can't put these people at risk for my own peace of mind. I'd sooner die myself.

<End Log>

Post-script: Dr Singh was released from Foundation custody and amnesticised after this interview. Dr Singh was returned to the United Kingdom and enrolled in his prior position. Dr Singh's business prospects in the USA have been shut down permanently and assets liquidated. Compensation has been sent to Dr Singh under the guise of tax errors, spanning over a decade as to not arouse suspicion.

Update - / / : Observations of Dr Singh post-release have shown no deviations from the norm in terms of performance.

Footnotes
1. Commonly known as the "tea plant", "tea shrub" or "tea tree"

SCP-3442: Innovative and Synergistic Customer-Directed Actualization

Item #: SCP-3442

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: MTF Delta-19 ("All the Keynes' Men") is to monitor business-focused magazines, management science conferences, and the personal websites of popular business gurus for evidence of SCP-3442. The output of prominent academic presses is to be analyzed for information that may lead readers toward the realization of SCP-3442.

Popular management information systems are to be compromised and automatically monitored for signs of large-scale reorganizations. The earnings reports of publicly traded companies are to be analyzed for statistically significant decreases in profit ($p < .005$) compared to the wider economy. Any online content containing at least 50% of an SCP-3442 instance is to be removed immediately, and individuals involved in uploading said content are to be questioned when possible.

Individuals who demonstrate knowledge of SCP-3442 are to be administered a Class-B amnestic. Any infected organization is to be reorganized following employee treatment, preferably to the relevant industry's standard. Shrines constructed in the course of an SCP-3442 infection are to be dismantled and transported to Site-82 for processing. Non-critical Site-82 personnel are to be administered Class-C amnestics on a rotating basis to reduce the risk of intuitive infection.

Description: SCP-3442 is a method of arranging entities[1] within a larger organization. To date, only profit-focused organizations have been identified as being affected. No anomalous qualities or knowledge are necessary for the spontaneous conception of SCP-3442, which has been identified in 51 distinct forms to date.

This organizational structure is extremely inefficient when judged by modern standards, resulting in decreased productivity within the range of 50-80% once implemented. This effect is consistent across a wide variety of businesses differing in size, specialty, and previous structure. Predictive analysis indicates that failure to contain a single SCP-3442 instance could lead to a complete collapse of the global economy within six months. A partial summary of traits shared by varieties of SCP-3442 follows:

ALERT: INFOHAZARD RISK

DO NOT CONTINUE IF YOU EXPERIENCE ANY OF THE FOLLOWING:
PROPENSITY TO SPECULATE, INTENSE CURIOSITY, OR OBSESSIVE TIDINESS

[OPEN SUMMARY]

1. At least three entities are each subordinate to at least two other entities while simultaneously managing two separate entities.

2. At least five entities with overlapping or shared responsibilities that report to different managing entities.

3. At least one entity providing critical services exclusively to the entity managing its manager.

4. At least one instance of two entities being positioned to manage each other while being separated by no fewer than three intermediaries.

5. At least one entity is fired or dissolved in the process

of reorganization. A separate entity with previously unrelated responsibilities is inserted into the former entity's position.

Documents bearing text, diagrams, or other means of depicting the entirety of SCP-3442 condition observers to believe that the organizational structure is highly efficient, even in cases where individuals are unable to understand the structure itself. Similar effects are experienced by individuals who conceive SCP-3442 without external stimulus. Typical vectors of infection include board meetings, PowerPoint slides, and sessions of mandatory training.

Organizations infected by SCP-3442[2] transition through three developmental stages:

Stage 1: Infected organizations continue to operate normally during the transition process. Decreased efficiency is explained as being a result of employees readjusting to the new structure. Motivational posters are disseminated physically and electronically in attempts to raise morale. The frequency of potlucks and other office parties increases at varied rates. Casual Fridays are implemented immediately in 94% of cases. This stage lasts approximately 3 months.

Stage 2: Decreases in efficiency begin to plateau at this stage. Stockholders and other external figures are infected with SCP-3442 during justifications for structural changes. Reported thefts of office supplies increase steadily. The rate of absenteeism following lunch breaks increases at a similar pace. Anomalous activity occurs at above-average rates in the proximity of infected workplaces, typically in the forms of disembodied speech, spontaneous matter transmutation, and minor electrical abnormalities. This stage lasts approximately 4 months.

Stage 3: Shrines constructed out of office supplies are unveiled in lobbies, gardens, and other public spaces. All SCP-3442 shrines contain a seat constructed from sheafs of documents, a spear formed by bound bundles of pens, and a water cooler. Organized ceremonies are conducted by employees during standard work hours, all of which incorporate the act of dosing water with ink prior to consumption. Regions containing SCP-3442 shrines experience

above-average rates of mass hysteria, especially pertaining to economic issues. Inordinate drops in stock prices, runs on banks, and instances of sustenance looting have all been regularly observed in affected regions, even in cases where the infected organization is relatively unimportant. In addition to the increasing intensity of Stage 2 anomalous activity, rains of Roman *siliqua*[3] occur frequently within the proximity of SCP-3442 shrines. No subsequent stage of infection has been observed.

Theological analysis of services conducted during Stage 3 infection has failed to establish a clear connection to any known religion, cult, or other group of interest. Small-scale tests have failed to produce any further insight into the entity implied to exist during worship, despite expanded freedom to conduct services. Large-scale testing is in progress at Site-82.

Addendum 3442-A (Interview Log 251):

[OPEN ADDENDUM]

Prepared by the Administrative Department

Interviewed: Jeff Bronston, Industries Accountant

Interviewer: Agent Celena Athanas

Foreword: Agent Athanas was undercover as a financial reporter at the time of the interview, investigating Industries' headquarters in Athens, Greece. Interview translated from Greek.

Agent Athanas: I'm sorry for taking up any more of your time, Mr. Bronston. I just had a few more questions for you.

J. Bronston: It's no problem at all. If anything, it's nice to have positive press for a change,

especially when it's about how efficient we're poised to become. Under our old system I might not have time to talk to you at all!

Agent Athanas: Of course. Now, during our last interview you mentioned that I should speak to your boss about the specifics of your new corporate structure. I believe you said management wasn't your field of expertise?

J. Bronston: I remember saying something similar.

Agent Athanas: Now, I tried to follow up with the woman you mentioned, and she sent me to someone in HR, who directed me to the head of HR, who had been fired the week before. A note on her door sent me to Facility Maintenance, who directed me to someone in Customer Service, who sent me back to another person in maintenance. Then I went through something like 20 people along your production chain. The one at the end of all that was helpful enough to direct me back to you.

J. Bronston: You didn't have to go to all that trouble. If you would take a look at our new-

Agent Athanas: Just tell me one thing. How long have you been your own boss?

J. Bronston: About three months now. It really is very efficient, like I was saying before. No need to wait for replies to my emails, being able to approve my own projects, you get the idea. Now, my new boss over in Health and Safety is still a pain in my ass, but it's all in the service of… would you like some aspirin?

Agent Athanas: No, no. I was just realizing how this all is put together. It's innovative, to

say the least.

J. Bronston: Something like this would usually be proprietary information, of course, but I'm sure no one here thinks it should be kept from the rest of the world. Frankly, I've been thinking lately that everything would run much more smoothly if we could just get the word out. Just imagine a government, or even a society, put together like our little company.

Agent Athanas: I'm sure our readers will be thrilled to learn about it. Thank you again, Mr. Bronston.

Note: Agent Athanas activated her panic button five hours later, shortly after submitting her incident report. The text of her report has been deemed a Class-3 infohazard. Any incident follow-up should be directed to the newly-formed Site-82 Senior Operational Management Division-16-Samekh for processing.

Footnotes
1. Individuals, departments, component businesses, etc.
2. An organization is considered infected once it has been organized according to SCP-3442.
3. Small silver coins. All recovered coinage shows signs of extensive clipping.

SCP-3443: Placeholder

Item #: SCP-3443

Object Class: N/A

Special Containment Procedures: Owing to its complete non-existence, no containment procedures for SCP-3443 have ever existed. Protocol 00-Null Engram is in place to manage any hypothetical SCP-3443 instances. The existence of this protocol is in no way an assertion of the possible existence of any such phenomenon.

In accordance with Protocol 00-Null Engram, should evidence suggesting the existence of SCP-3443 ever be discovered it is of vital importance that it be ignored completely and no action or investigation taken in response. Even vague or circumstantial evidence is to be disregarded entirely regardless of source or type. This directive applies to all personnel regardless of rank, clearance, assignment, or any other considerations.

Any individuals, Foundation personnel or otherwise, who indicate any belief in SCP-3443 or demonstrate a clear propensity towards such belief, are to be immediately reported to Taskforce 03-Macaque. Taskforce 03-Macaque is trained to administer Frobisher-Gladstone personality restructuring (use of class D, E, and F Amnestics authorized as necessary) as a precautionary measure.

No research or investigation has been or is to be undertaken into any SCP-3443 candidate beyond those measures necessary for supporting the ability of the Foundation to comply with protocol 00-Null Engram, such as ensuring that integrity of this database entry and maintenance of Taskforce 03-Macaque.

Description: SCP-3443 is a designation within the SCP Foundation database which serves as a placeholder for a class of hypothetical anomalous phenomena. The designation describes any memetic or

cognitohazardous phenomenon or entity which in some way asserts an impossibility for knowledge about itself to either exist or be expressed. This could be by either direct interference with any knowledge relating to itself or prevention by some means of any communication regarding itself. It is the unequivocal position of the SCP Foundation that no phenomena of this type exist, however due to their nature confirmed total non-existence is insufficient reason not to deploy general safeguards against them.

Although multiple entirely mutually unrelated phenomena of this type could exist (rather than the none which do), only a single designation will be allocated. Given that no specific real instances could ever be described in any detail, no reason exists for reserving additional designations.

It is hypothesized that the existence of any knowledge of such a phenomenon, given that it would be a memetic cognitohazard of some kind, could have possible consequences including but not limited to:

- Inability of any person to acquire or to retain such knowledge
- Replacement of any expression of such knowledge with unrelated information
- Replacement of any expression of such knowledge with a direct denial of that knowledge
- Inability for any person holding such knowledge to continue to exist or have existed
- Inability for any form of information regarding any person holding such knowledge to be perceived
- Various AK-class end-of-the-world scenarios
- Various CK-class restructuring scenarios

The above examples are purely conjecture and serve only to illustrate the importance that containment of such a phenomenon might have if any existed.

The exact criteria to qualify as knowledge of any SCP-3443 candidate that would trigger these effects cannot be known exactly. It can only be inferred that non-specific suspicion, such as the mere suggestion that such phenomena might exist, is insufficient to initiate the effects of any extant SCP-3443. As no SCP-3443 instances

exist, this inference is of little value.

Addendum:

> "Honestly what do we even have this entry for? It has never been Foundation policy to devote resources to managing problems which don't exist, we have more than enough trouble trying to keep up with things which can't exist but do…
>
> Wow, it seems that even the person who put this here doesn't want to be associated with it. I think this might be the first entry in the database I've ever seen without any mention of previous researchers or even account names listed in the edit history. I guess it makes sense that no-one wants to admit to this garbage though. And what's this Taskforce it's talking about? I'm not sure it even exists, but if it does… are we seriously employing people for this crap?"
>
> - Dr

Dr has submitted a formal request that database entry for SCP-3443 be reviewed for deletion and expungement from all archives, along with review of any associated divisions or taskforces.

> "Staff are reminded that while requests to either modify Foundation archives outside normal editing channels or dissolve assets can be made, they are taken extremely seriously and only to be used where necessary. Wasting O5 time by ironically tricking the submission form into accepting an unsigned request to make a complaint about anonymous edits and wastage of Foundation resources is completely unacceptable conduct. This incident will be investigated. As SCP-3443 does not exist, however, the request for deletion will still be considered.
>
> Entry for SCP-3443 will remain for the time being pending the outcome of that review, until then the 00-Null

Engram protocol will remain in force. This will include the continued use of personality restructuring as prescribed. All staff are reminded that no instances of SCP-3443 exist and that all containment procedures are to be followed entirely."

- O5-

+ Audit team please read!!!

> Ok guys, so whatever messed up the edit log seems to be wreaking havok with any links in or out of this article.
> I've reported the issue to the I.T. guys, might take a couple weeks before they get to it though, so for now keep group notes on Audit Case #-3443-Felis-Defamiliaris here. We'll transfer them across when they get it fixed.
>
> For now, preliminary work assignments are as follows:
> Procedural Compliance: Tania
> Precedent Review: Jacob (as usual, speak to me before requesting any 4/5 info)
> Containment Site Inspection: N/A
> Taskforce 03-Macaque Inspection:
> File-To-Date Review: No-one for now, will put someone on it once IT is done
> Cost/Benefit Review:
>
> Level-4 Review Officer, Designations Authority Office

+ DB_workID#-3443-04

Ongoing corruption confirmed, remains highly unpredictable. Had assigned to work on it and now own profile is missing, I will be taking over personally

now. Even the original service ticket is corrupted, can't even see who submitted the damn thing.
In any case it looks like the Audit guys have the right idea, we'll keep notes within the article as well.

Database Analyst, Archives Integrity Management

+ Audit Case #-3443-Felis-Defamiliaris

> Okay so I've still only heard back from 2 of you with an update. I understand that this isn't our top priority but at least report back every week or 2. Full summary will in Audit case archives once I hear from all of you, or here if system issues remain ongoing by then.
>
> Level-4 Review Officer, Designations Authority Office

+ DB_workID#-3443-04

Data corruption is getting pretty bad here, still not sure what's causing it. If I didn't have 15 years of dealing with lazy coding behind me I'd swear this is starting to feel like a scip at work. Hell we're weeks in and we still can't even find where the problem is, maybe I really have met real paracode at last instead of just hearing it as an excuse... anomalous computer virus with a sense of humor maybe? Oh who am I kidding, it's just an idiotic mistake someone made years ago. It's always an idiot.

In any case this situation is getting to be a problem, the corruption is totally wiping linked accounts at random, I've lost touch with half my team now. I'm thinking we need to pull the article from the main archive and all active backups and just fix it up in quarantine. We'll work on fixing it there where it won't do any damage. We can

copy it back afterwards if they decide they even want it.

Request has been made to all 5 of the relevant O5 IT sub-committee requesting the change. O5- and O5- seem in favor, O5- and O5-12 haven't responded. We'll hear back soon I hope, until then carry on as before.

Database Analyst, Archives Integrity Management

+ ATTN: Audit and Archives staff!

> All work on SCP-3443 is suspended until further notice. Audit Case #-3443-Felis-Defamiliaris and DB_workID#-3443-04 are now closed. A detachment from Taskforce 03-Macaque will interview all remaining staff assigned to either case, please cooperate with them fully. No further investigations are to be conducted except if clear instructions are received from the O5 council.
>
> O5-12

+ DB_workID#-3443-05

Please disregard this. Accidentally created when revisiting DB_workID#-3443-04. Hadn't seen O5 directive, wish it had come sooner, I'm sick of this one... Still not sure what all the fuss is about anyway, whole damn scp isn't even real.

Database Analyst, Archives Integrity Management

WARNING: You are in breach of SCP-3443 containment protocols

Your account details and location have been logged in

accordance with protocol 00-Null Engram. A retrieval team from Taskforce 03-Macaque has been dispatched to your location, please cooperate fully with them. We assure you that Frobisher-Gladstone personality restructuring is extremely safe, only in 2.3% of cases are amnestics of any kind required, and overall success rates are now above 99.8%.

It will reassure you to know that no evidence of any SCP-3443-type phenomena has ever been observed. Although of course this can never be proved, the continued existence of you and many others before you while in a state of strong suspicion or belief in the existence of SCP-3443 strong enough to defy Foundation directives is a good sign. Use of the SCP-3443 entry has been granted to Taskforce 03-Macaque of the Foundation anti-memetic division by approval of the O5 council to assist with carrying out protocol 00-Null Engram. This protocol exists to improve overall procedural compliance and anti-memetic resistance across the Foundation. On the off chance any SCP-3443 does exist, it's probably helping us against that too.

Please spend the next few minutes preparing a brief written summary of any critical duties that had been required of you over the coming days, restructuring may take up to 2 weeks to complete and this will ensure any impact from this disruption to your work is minimized. If it is impossible for any of your duties to be handled by another person you may discuss the issue with the Taskforce commander, however their directives must be followed.

Lastly yes, this measure is being taken because you have failed to comply with direct instructions regarding handling evidence of SCP-3443-type phenomena, however we assure you that it is not a punishment. No mark will appear on any records apart from a classified 00-Null Engram completion report and you will remain a

valued Foundation asset. Curiosity is a part of human nature and we do not expect you to have full control over it, that's our job.

- Dr. Tania Gladstone,
SCP Foundation Anti-Memetics Division
Director of Taskforce 03-Macaque

SCP-3444: She Took The Midnight Train Going Anywhere…

Item #: SCP-3444

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The town of Nowhere has been comprehensively purchased by the Foundation, and has been converted into Site 90, the headquarters of the Unreality Division. Entrance into and out of Nowhere is prohibited to any civilians.

The use of SCP-3444 for recreational purposes has been approved. Any staff member with Level 2 clearance or higher at Site 90 is permitted to use it up to 2 times per year, with priority given to those suffering from stress, overwork or particular mental health issues.

Description: SCP-3444 is a train station located on the outskirts of the town of Nowhere, North Dakota. SCP-3444 contains only a single train-line which, if one approaches from the outside, appears to abruptly end approximately 50m out of SCP-3444 on either side. Both externally and internally, SCP-3444 is decorated in a design reminiscent of a 1920s "Art Deco" style. Several signs throughout the station are emblazoned with the word "NOWHERE"; a small digital monitor is present over the platform, constantly showing the phrase "GOING: ANYWHERE".

SCP-3444 manifests at 12 AM each night; should no human enter it, it will demanifest one hour later. Should a human mammal enter it, a Golden Event will begin; this results in SCP-3444 immediately disappearing to outside observers, before remanifesting at a variable time several hours later[1].

To the observer within SCP-3444, the Golden Event progresses thusly:

- A 4-8-4 type locomotive[2] attached to a single 1920s-style

carriage, will abruptly pull into the station. The locomotive and its carriage are hereafter referred to as SCP-3444-1. SCP-3444-1 is painted entirely black, except for the words "Midnight Train" painted in white upon the side of the locomotive.

- The entrant into the station- hereafter referred to as the subject- will then be affected by a cognitohazardous effect. This effect compels the subject to abide by the "script" which governs the Golden Event and the Silver Events. The effect is mild to begin with, but intensifies in strength throughout the course of the Golden Event; a subject without cognitohazardous training ordinarily remains lucid until midway through SCP-3444-3's Silver Event.

- The subject will enter the carriage of SCP-3444-1. SCP-3444-1 will then proceed to leave the station. Once outside, it will become apparent from the significantly altered surroundings that SCP-3444 and SCP-3444-1 are now located in an entirely different locale, believed to be a different dimension.

- After approximately 8 kilometers of travelling, SCP-3444-1 will pull into another station, which is apparently identical to SCP-3444 except for the absence of the digital display, and with the signs displaying the name "NOWHERE" instead displaying the word "ORIGINS". This station is henceforth referred to SCP-3444-2. SCP-3444-1 will then stop, and will not resume its journey until the subject has alighted, left SCP-3444-2, entered the surrounding locale and returned onto SCP-3444-1.

- Within this locale, the first Silver Event (henceforth referred to as Silver Event A) will occur. Each Silver Event involves the subject being compelled to act as the protagonist in an elaborately-acted cinematic scene. These scenes are apparently improvised but often involve complex choreography and singing. The landscape which appears outside each station is always thematically appropriate for the purposes of the Silver Event, as are the various individuals who inhabit each locale and participate in each Silver Event.

These individuals are henceforth designated SCP-3444-9 instances. The landscape onto which each station opens and the nature of each Silver Event vary from subject to subject, often incorporating details from the subject's memories. The combination of all 8 Silver Events in each Golden Event together appear to form a broad narrative, the details of which can be found below.

- Following the conclusion of Silver Event A, the subject will return to SCP-3444-1, which will then travel a further 8 kilometers to SCP-3444-3. This process will repeat itself through the train stations designated SCP-3444-3 to SCP-3444-8. These stations are all identical to SCP-3444, with the exception of variations in the signage; the name of the station appears to be different in each station. 8 kilometers after leaving SCP-3444-8, SCP-3444-1 will arrive at SCP-3444, which will remanifest in the town of Nowhere (with some minor alterations detailed below). A brief Silver Event will occur here, before the subject leaves the station.

- The cognitohazardous effect will then be removed from the subject, and SCP-3444 will demanifest.

References to SCP-3444 first appear in October 1927[3], when an article about a "disappearing train station" appeared in the *Capital Journal*. The anomaly only came to the attention of the Foundation in 2003, when it was stumbled upon by researchers noting strong fluctuations in the area's Hume field.

Below are details of SCP-3444-2 to -8, as well as the Silver Events taking place within them. Each Experiment Log gives an account of a particular subject's experience at a particular station; a brief summary of the events in the rest of the stations they visit is included in each log.

SCP-3444-2 opens onto a predominantly rural landscape. A single building will be present somewhere close to SCP-3444-2; beyond this, the landscape appears to stretch on indefinitely, with little or no variation. Located within the building will be SCP-3444-9-A, ordinarily a genetic copy of one of the subject's parents[4]. The

subject will feel compelled to enter the building, converse briefly with SCP-3444-9-A, and then return to SCP-3444-1.

SCP-3444-9-A will admonish the subject for failing to live up to their duties at home, and encourage them to follow a traditional career path within the local community (despite the apparent lack of one within the locale). SCP-3444-9-A will also frequently disparage the subject's aspirations for the future.

Please consult Experiment Log 3444-5 for more information.

> Experiment Log 3444-5: Section 2
>
> **Subject:** D-3150, a male from Lancashire, UK, convicted of arson. D-3150 was a failed ska musician who, having fallen into poverty, was paid by a local gangster to burn down the homes of several individuals indebted to him.
>
> > ***<Begin Log>***
> >
> > **Control:** Alright, D-3150, please exit the station.
> >
> > **D-3150:** Uh, sure. Fine by me.
> >
> > *D-3150 leaves SCP-3444-2. The landscape appears to be a Lancastrian livestock farm, with a small cottage present about 500 m away. D-3150 suddenly stops, apparently startled.*
> >
> > **Control:** D-3150? Is everything alright?
> >
> > **D-3150:** Yeah, it's just- this looks exactly like home. The hills are just like those next to Mum's old farm! Where the hell am I? I was in America someplace!
> >
> > **Control:** Please relax, D-3150. Walk towards the cottage.
> >
> > **D-3150:** Uh- sure. It'd be nice to see

somewhere homely again.

D-3150 walks towards the cottage. After 15 minutes without interruption, he reaches the door. The cottage is small and made of stone, like many such cottages in the north-west of England.

D-3150: Heh. Funny, really. Never thought I'd be in this part of the world again, after I left for the city.

Control: Just enter the cottage, please.

D-3150: Yeah, yeah, OK.

D-3150 enters the cottage. It is furnished in a style reminiscent of 1970s England, although it is only the size of a single room. In a rocking-chair in the center of the cottage sits SCP-3444-9-A, apparently in the form of D-3150's mother.

D-3150: M-Mum?! What are you doing here? What is this?

SCP-3444-9-A: Oh, it's you, is it? Out making trouble again? You should be helping me here.

D-3150: M-mum… you died, you're dead! You died years ago!

SCP-3444-9-A: I did no such thing! I've been here! As you should have been. Honestly, you with all your dreams of going to the city. There's cows to milk! Go and milk them!

D-3150: But, but Mum, I can do that later… there's so much that I- that we- I'm sorry, Mum, I'm sorry about ev-

SCP-3444-9-A: Oh, hush your noise! Go and

milk the cows. We're not going to make ends meet sitting here doing nothing. Go on with you!

D-3150: *<shouting>* You never got me, did you, Mum! I had dreams! I had ambitions! Instead, I was stuck here, milking your cows, until finally I couldn't take it any more! What kind of man did you expect I'd grow into when all I got from you was apathy!

SCP-3444-9-A: You are a rude and insolent child. I raised you! I taught you how to farm! I gave you nothing but love an affection, boy, and look how you've turned out! Go and milk the cows. It's all you're good for.

D-3150: I, erm, ahhh…. yes Mum. I'll go now.

D-3150 leaves the cottage, and begins walking back to SCP-3444-2.

Control: D-3150, where are you going? We had more questions we wished to ask the insta-

D-3150: Yeah, I know, I know, good behaviour and everything… but this feels right, you know? I've got to get away here. There's stuff I want to do in Manchester. That's where things are really happening, you know? It's just a few miles on the train…

<End Log>

Summary of Subsequent Silver Events:

- At SCP-3444-3 (BRIGHT LIGHTS), the station opened onto a recreation of 1980s Manchester, but one which appeared to be significantly more prosperous and well-maintained than Manchester

was during that period. D-3150 walked through several record shops before returning to SCP-3444-3.

- At SCP-3444-4 (HARDSHIP), the station opened onto a recreation of a 1980s slum in Manchester. D-3150 gave an impassioned soliloquy about the difficulties of working at a laundromat when he wanted to become a renowned ska musician.

- At SCP-3444-5 (FIRST SIGHT), the station opened onto a discotheque. The SCP-3444-9-B instance was a female ska musician in her mid-30s. D-3150 and SCP-3444-9-B engaged in dancing for most of the duration of the Silver Event.

- At SCP-3444-6 (BIG BREAK), the station opened onto the office of a prominent record manager, who agreed to finance D-3150's ska record.

- At SCP-3444-7 (LOVE), the station opened onto a run-down motel on the outskirts of Manchester. SCP-3444-9-B gave an impassioned soliloquy about how she was being forced to leave Manchester; D-3150 then assured her that he would look after her. The two then checked into the motel, before engaging in sexual intercourse.

- At SCP-3444-8 (CLIMAX), the station opened onto the same version of Manchester as seen outside SCP-3444-3. D-3150, SCP-3444-9-B and a variety of SCP-3444-9 instances apparently representing D-3150's friends visited a variety of bars and clubs, imbibing several units of alcohol while there. D-3150 then returned to SCP-3444-8; D-3150's sobriety was immediately restored upon entering the station.

- At SCP-3444's second manifestation (WAKE UP), ska music could be heard before D-3150 left the

station.

Note: D-3150 has subsequently been released, and become a successful ska musician, headlining a musical group called "Ska Ska Land."

SCP-3444-3 opens onto some form of open area within a city, ordinarily a marketplace or plaza. This area is usually brightly-lit and often elicits positive emotions of satisfaction or joy in the subject. A variety of SCP-3444-9 instances are present, often greeting the subject in a friendly fashion and offering to do business with them. The subject will feel compelled to walk across the area, often wandering into shops and conversing with the locals, before returning to SCP-3444-1.

Please consult Experiment Log 3444-12 for more information.

Experiment Log 3444-12: Section 3

Subject: D-2072, a female from Chicago, Illinois, convicted of 1st degree murder of Mrs. Valerie Jacobson, the wife of John Jacobson, with whom she had been having an affair. D-2072 was noted to be an afficionado of the "noir" genre. Of particular note is the apparent absence of the effects of **SCP-8900-EX** once SCP-3444-1 left SCP-3444.

Summary of Prior Silver Events:

- At SCP-3444-2 (ORIGINS), the station opened onto a small country farm, with a farmhouse approximately 50m away from SCP-3444-2. The aesthetic of both farm and farmhouse were reminiscent of rural Illinois in the late 1940s. The SCP-3444-9-A instance- apparently a copy of D-2072's father- spoke in an accent and cadence reminiscent of 1940s Illinois. It became apparent in the subsequent Silver Events that the entirety of the Golden Event was set during the 1940s. SCP-3444-9-A implored D-2072 not to return to

Chicago, and to stay as a farmer. D-2072 angrily rebuffed this advice, stating that she "had nothing to fear".

<Begin Log>

D-2072 exits SCP-3444-3. The environs she enters appears as a precise recreation of Haymarket Square, Chicago, in the early part of the 20th century, but significantly cleaner and containing significantly happier people. The weather is clear; ***SCP-8900-EX*** *is still not active.*

Control: Alright, D-2072, you still with us? If so, please head to-

At this point, a disembodied female voice- later determined to be a highly exaggerated version of D-2072's own voice- began to speak. It is believed that this was a form of SCP-3444-9 instance, and is henceforth referred to as the "Voiceover" instance.

Voiceover: Chicago. 1946. It'd been a long time since I'd been here last, but I didn't miss a single thing about it. The money. The whores. The booze. This city was a den of vice and whisky… and just my kinda town.

Control: Wha- D-2072, is that you?

D-2072: No, boss! I don't-

Voiceover: On the surface, it looked nice- pretty streets, gleaming surfaces. But I know that beneath its surface, was the same scum, the same filth that shot and killed for just another fistful of dollars.

At this point, smooth jazz began to be heard.

Voiceover: I swore I was done with this game. Swore I'd stay out of it, go home, be a model daughter. But that's just not me. Every time I try to leave, it just keeps pulling me back. And this time, it was a 7-foot piece of meat and muscle called John Jacobson.

D-2072: Wh-What? John? What the-

Control: For God's sake, it's running a noir film. What is this, some Murphy Law shit again?

Control is heard to audibly sigh.

Control: Look, D-2072, if you're still with us, just try to interview some of the people around you, OK? Ask them about their lives- where they came from, how they got here. And try to ignore the voice. It's just drawing from your own life, trying to make a narrative.

D-2072: Um, OK, boss. Gotcha.

D-2072 approaches a young boy, apparently around 10 years of age.

D-2072: Umm…

OK, listen, kid. I don't know if you know anything or not, but I've heard that there's some bad stuff going' on this side of town. I need an informant. Whaddya say? I'll pay you a dollar a week.

Control: Goddamnit, we've lost her. I thought we were really holding on this time. Alright, switching to observation mode.

Boy: Aw, shucks, miss, that sounds like a real good plan. Jus' make it two dollars and we've got a deal.

Voiceover: The kid was smart. Too smart. I could see it in his eyes; he'd seen too much for too short a life. Give him a few years and he'd end up just like me; too damn stubborn, too damn idealistic. He'd soon learn that ideals were for fools and liars.

Control: This isn't even good noir! Who wrote this?

D-2072: *<Passing two dollars to the boy>* Done. And if I want you to tail someone, you tail them, OK?

Boy: Gotcha, miss.

Voiceover: Chicago. It might seem sunny and fantastic on the outside, but I knew it better than anyone. Capone might be gone but the city was still alive and kicking with the mud and misery. And I was just a two-bit dame caught up in the middle of it all.

D-2072 enters a gun shop.

D-2072: Hello, Henry.

A male SCP-3444-9 instance in his late 40s, sporting a large handlebar moustache is behind the counter.

Shopkeeper: D-2072. Well, I never. Didn't think I'd ever see you again.

D-2072: It's just "Dee" now, Henry. Easier to replace on my door sign when it gets shot off.

Shopkeeper: You've got a lot of nerve showing up here again after the Friar Boys framed you for murder.

D-2072: Hey, Henry, you know me. I like to flirt

with danger. Get me a Magnum. I've got a score to settle.

Shopkeeper: Anything for you, Dee.

The "Shopkeeper" instance exchanges a .357 Magnum for a series of crumpled dollar bills. D-2072 stashes the magnum in a pocket, before heading for the door.

D-2072: Be seein' ya, Henry. Try to look out for yourself.

D-2072 leaves the shop.

Voiceover: You see, I wasn't just anyone. I was Dee 2072, Private Eye. There was money and opportunity to be made here for anyone with a gun and a face like mine. And I was there for anyone with cash in hand, and a sob story to make me cry.

D-2072 walks back to SCP-3444-3. The electric lights lighting the square begin to go out as she does so, until the square is completely dark.

<End Log>

Summary of Subsequent Silver Events:

- At SCP-3444-4 (HARDSHIP), the station opened onto a small office in a tower block, apparently owned by D-2072. A male SCP-3444-9 instance resembling John Jacobson entered the office, and hired D-2072 to investigate the murder of his wife. D-2072 discussed various monetary and legal concerns with the "Jacobson" instance, before returning to SCP-3444-4. The "Voiceover" instance present at SCP-3444-3 continued to vocalise, describing the "Jacobson" instance as "trouble",

and making objectifying comments about him as he came into the room.

- At SCP-3444-5 (FIRST SIGHT), the station opened onto a bar, apparently in a backstreet of downtown Chicago. SCP-3444-9-B was working as a barman, and spent much of the Silver Event flirting with D-2072. The "Voiceover" instance commented on the quality of the bar, the personalities of the SCP-3444-9 instances serving as the clientele, and engaged in objectification of SCP-3444-9-B.

- At SCP-3444-6 (BIG BREAK), the station opened onto a small apartment in downtown Chicago. D-2072 immediately began looking for clues. Eventually, D-2072 found fingerprints on a kettle, which she claimed proved that Jacobson was the killer. The "Voiceover" instance was not present in this Silver Event.

- At SCP-3444-7 (LOVE), the station opened onto a small motel on the outskirts of Chicago. D-2072 checked into the hotel, before being joined by SCP-3444-9-B. The pair engaged in sexual intercourse, before discussing existentialist and nihilist philosophy while smoking cigarettes. The "Voiceover" instance was not present in this Silver Event.

- At SCP-3444-8 (CLIMAX), the station opened onto Haymarket Square again; the weather, however, had changed from a clear sky to heavy rain. D-2072 confronted the "Jacobson" instance in the street, who confessed to his wife's murder. D-2072 shot the "Jacobson" instance, killing him. The "Voiceover" instance then expressed regret at the "turn things had been forced to take", before ruminating on the effect which life in Chicago has on human nature.

- At SCP-3444's second manifestation (WAKE UP), the "Voiceover" instance summarised the events of the Golden Event, and expressed a hope that one day D-2072 would be exonerated.

Note: D-2072 was subsequently exonerated, following a retrial which featured new evidence. John Jacobson was subsequently convicted of the murder. It was discovered that the police had purposely covered up DNA evidence found on a kettle in the Jacobsons' house in order to implicate D-2072.

SCP-3444-4 opens onto an urban area, stylistically reminiscent of that found in SCP-3444-3. The area is typically portrayed as some form of slum or poor neighbourhood. At this point, the cognitohazardous effects ordinarily begin to alter not just the actions of the subject, but their personality too; they will consciously take on the role of someone living within a slum or house within the neighbourhood, attempting to become successful at their chosen field but instead relegated to a less desirable form of employment. The SCP-3444-9 instances will often be hostile to the subject, either through aggression or through attempts to take advantage of the subject's vulnerability. After these interactions, the subject will perform a soliloquy (or, for Golden Events running the "musical" script, a solo musical piece) discussing their condition, before returning to SCP-3444-1.

Please consult Experiment Log 3444-15 for more information.

Experiment Log 3444-15: Section 4

Subject: D-2508, a female from Vermont, USA, convicted of the premeditated murder of her boyfriend, Keith Baker. This experiment is notable for being the first occasion on which the "musical" script was activated, in which each Silver Event features an elaborately-choreographed musical number.

Summary of Prior Silver Events:

- At SCP-3444-2 (ORIGINS), the station opened onto an orchard in Vermont. A small farmhouse, containing SCP-3444-9-A, was located 50m away from SCP-3444-2. SCP-3444-9-A took the form of D-2508's father; the instance appeared to have imbibed a large quantity of alcohol, and spent much of his dialogue blaming D-2508 for her mother's death. Upon leaving the farmhouse, D-2508 sang a musical piece about how she wished to leave the countryside and attain some form of success in the city[5], before returning to SCP-3444-2.

- At SCP-3444-3 (BRIGHT LIGHTS), the station opened onto Times Square, NYC, as of 2001. D-2508 entered through several shops located around Times Square, while singing a musical number (along with several SCP-3444-9 instances acting as background singers and dancers) about her hopes for life in the city. Once the musical number had finished, D-2508 returned to SCP-3444-3.

<Begin Log>

The station opens onto a street in New York, lined on both sides by run-down, deprivated housing blocks. Unlike the rest of the locales visited, which appear to take place in the early 2000s, the appearance of the buildings is more akin to New York in the early 1990s.

D-2508 exits SCP-3444-4 and walks into the street. She is swiftly approached by an SCP-3444-9 instance, apparently representing her boss.

Boss: What the hell are you doing standin' around, missy! Come on! Tables ain't gonna wait themselves!

D-2508: But si-sir, I've got to get back! My boyfriend will be ever so an-

Boss: What the hell do I care? You be at the diner in 15 or you're fired! I run a business, not a charity.

D-2508: Look, sir, if I could just-

Boss: No excuses. You wanted this job, you have to put up with it.

The "Boss" instance walks away.

D-2508: Oh, what am I to do? I come here, full of hope and dreams, and now I am stuck with a terrible boyfriend, in a terrible apartment. My landlord hates me, my boss wants to fire me- oh, what is a girl like me to do?

Another SCP-3444-9 instance, bearing a strong resemblance to Keith Baker, then approaches D-2508.

D-2508: Oh! Keith! I'm real sorry, baby, but I've got to work tonight.

Baker: Damnit, girl! You're breakin' my heart, you know that! I've been slaving away at work all day, the least you can do is get me my goddamn supper!

D-2508: I-I'm sorry, baby. Please don't get mad at me. I've got to bring in money.

Baker: I should be the one bringing in the dough! Me! That's my job, isn't it? My fucking purpose as a man? For god's sake, I thought we were gonna try for a baby!

D-2508: We are, baby, we are! It's just not that simple, y'know? I swear, once you make it big-

Baker: Fuck you. Be back before midnight or you'll get what you deserve.

At this point, D-2508 begins to sing.

D-2508: Ohhh, what's a girl to do,
Under the silver moon,
The sky is so bright,
But I just cannot fight,
Ohhh, what's a girl to do?

This city of bright lights,
Is fed on bitter spite,
All I want to do is leave,
All I want to do is breathe,
Oh, this city of lights,

Where's a girl like me to run,
Underneath the summer sun,
Slaving all day, on all days,
All is work and nothing's play,
Where's a girl like me to run.

This town of bitter love,
Untouched by the pale doves,
It works and fights, every night,
A city of sodden spite,
This town of bitter love,

Ohhh, what's a girl to do,
Under the silver moon,
The sky is so bright,
But I just cannot fight,
Ohhh, what's a girl to do?

The music and singing abruptly end. D-2508 stands still for 20 seconds, before speaking again.

D-2508: All it'd take is a knife.

<End Log>

Summary of Subsequent Silver Events:

- At SCP-3444-5 (FIRST SIGHT), the station opened onto a French restaurant in Manhattan. SCP-3444-9-B appeared as a copy of D-2508's acquaintance Jacob Manwell. The two sang a duet concerning forbidden love.

- At SCP-3444-6 (BIG BREAK), the station opened onto the ticket office of a different train station. D-2508 bought a ticket to Albany, New York State, before engaging in a solo song concerning themes of romantic love and heartbreak.

- At SCP-3444-7 (LOVE), the station opened onto a woodland in upstate New York. D-2508, met SCP-3444-9-B. The two then engaged in an impassioned duet, in which they proclaimed their love for one another. The sound of an alarm[6] was then heard. D-2508 then ran back into SCP-3444-7.

- At SCP-3444-8 (CLIMAX), the station opened onto Times Square again. Several policeman were present, telling D-2508 that she had been completely exonerated from the murder of the "Baker" instance. In response, D-2508 initiated an elaborate musical number involving all the SCP-3444-9 instances present, including SCP-3444-9-B, concerning her newfound freedom, desire to stay in the city, and relationship with SCP-3444-9-B.

- At SCP-3444's second manifestation (WAKE UP), SCP-3444-9-B and the "Baker" instance appeared on either side of D-2508 after she stepped onto the platform. Piano music in the key of E minor could be heard be SCP-3444-9-B attempted to encourage D-2508, while the "Baker" instance

attempted to denigrate D-2508. D-2508 was noted as being visually upset at their appearance, swiftly exiting SCP-3444.

SCP-3444-5 opens onto some form of social establishment, such as a cafe, bar, nightclub or coffeehouse. The establishment will ordinarily be crowded with SCP-3444-9 instances, all of whom will be partaking of the venue's entertainments and diversions in the fashion customary to the establishment.

The subject will meet the SCP-3444-9-B instance at this location. The SCP-3444-9-B instance will serve as a romantic interest for the subject for the duration of the Golden Event. The SCP-3444-9-B instance will manifest as a figure particularly attractive to the subject. This figure can be entirely imaginary, but often appears as somebody to whom the subject is romantically attached, ranging from a long-term partner to a colleague or former schoolmate to whom the subject was once attracted to. The subject and the SCP-3444-9-B will ordinarily flirt or, if appropriate to the setting, dance; the scene will end with the subject returning to SCP-3444-1, often after the promise of a second meeting.

Please consult Experiment Log 3444-19 for more information.

Experiment Log 3444-19: Section 5

Subject: Junior Researcher Sybil Westwood[7]. Dr. Westwood had been transferred to Site 90 from the Antimemetics Division, and as such had advanced cognitohazardous training. Dr. Westwood was instructed to resist the influence of the Silver Events as much as was possible.

Summary of Prior Silver Events:

- At SCP-3444-2 (ORIGINS), the station opened onto a small airstrip in the middle of a tundra-like landscape, with a small concrete building present[8]. As per her instructions, Dr. Westwood did not enter the building, but instead attempted to explore

the surrounding area; it was determined that the same landscape stretched indefinitely in all directions. After 30 minutes of this, Dr. Westwood returned to SCP-3444-2, citing her rapidly-diminishing cognitohazardous resistance as a reason for cutting her explorations short.

- At SCP-3444-3 (BRIGHT LIGHTS), the station opened onto an idealised version of Manhattan, NYC, New York; instead of being an open space as per usual, the area was instead a cluster of crowded streets surrounded by skyscrapers. The streets formed an enclosed system, preventing in-depth exploration. Dr. Westwood's attempts to interview the SCP-3444-9 instances revealed that they were all highly-paid, highly motivated workers in the financial district. Dr. Westwood returned to SCP-3444-3 relatively quickly, due to concerns about her weakening cognitohazardous defences.

- At SCP-3444-4 (HARDSHIP), the station opened- unusually- onto an office in one of the same tower-blocks seen earlier. Three SCP-3444-9 instances, playing the roles of friends of Dr. Westwood, attempted to discuss love and romance with Dr. Westwood. Dr. Westwood ignored this line of questioning, instead attempting to question the SCP-3444-9 instances about their origins and nature. The SCP-3444-9 instances expressed considerable confusion as to Dr. Westwood's meaning, and eventually left, seeming offended.

<Begin Log>

The station opened onto a bar. Music was playing at a high volume.

Dr. Westwood: OK, Control, I've left the station. Any instructions?

Control: Approach the bar. Exploration seems

useless, but we might as well try to keep going with the interviews.

Dr. Westwood: Got it.

Dr. Westwood approaches the bar, and sits down.

Dr. Westwood: Scotch. Neat.

SCP-3444-9-B, appearing as a male instance in his mid-20s, turns around.

SCP-3444-9-B: Well, what's a girl like you doing in a place like this?

Dr. Westwood: Ah, shit. This is the dash B.

Control: You're sure?

Dr. Westwood: He's tall, handsome and uses ridiculously corny, overused lines. He's my type alright.

Control: Alright. Just stay with us, OK? This is by far the furthest we've got without the cognitohazard taking over.

Dr. Westwood: Got it. No way am I succumbing to this romantic-comedy shit.

SCP-3444-9-B passes Dr. Westwood a glass of neat Glenfiddich.

Dr. Westwood: Gaaaah, that’s the stuff. So, Dash B, you gonna put the moves on me or what?

SCP-3444-9-B: Yeah. That’s what I'm here for, after all.

Dr. Westwood: …What you’re here for?

SCP-3444-9-B: Yeah. Us Dash 9 instances.

Dr. Westwood: You know about that? How? None of the others do!

SCP-3444-9-B: Hey, I'm meant to be your ideal guy, right? At least for now. And your ideal guy would be as cynical and messed-up enough to be annoyingly self-aware. And give you the info you want.

Dr. Westwood: Huh. This place must have a sense of humour. So, what are you guys? Do you just appear out of thin air, like everything else?

SCP-3444-9-B: I don't know. It's weird. I can always remember being here; growing up in the city, making drinks, that kinda thing. The others probably can, too. But I can also remember being dozens of different people in other versions, other train journeys. That's our lot, I suppose. The same characters, same archetypes, endlessly recycled in other peoples' dreams.

Dr. Westwood: That… kinda sounds horrible.

SCP-3444-9-B: Nah, not really. I'm only uncomfortably self-aware because you made me. Next iteration I'll have forgotten it all. It's not a bad life; getting to have deep, fulfilling relationships and some really great sex with everyone who passes through.

Dr. Westwood: I suppose. Still seems a bit creepy, though.

SCP-3444-9-B: What's more annoying is when I change during a Golden Event. Take this script, for example. In a few events time, I'm

meant to- hang on-

SCP-3444-9-B pulls out a sheaf of papers, and begins rifling through it.

SCP-3444-9-B: Yeah, here we are… Scene 6, which is your dash 7. Apparently I demand you give up your career and have kids with me.

Dr. Westwood: Urgh, serio- wait, what the hell? You people have scripts?

SCP-3444-9-B: Oh, no. Just me, because it fits with your own personal enjoyment of this thing to see me pull it from under here.

Dr. Westwood: …Being forced to give up my career to push a squalling infant out of my body doesn't sound very enjoyable to me.

SCP-3444-9-B: Eh, true, but the script likes to play games. Push people who resist, mess with their heads. Makes you wonder who's in charge of it all; what great intelligence is at work. But I don't really want to know. This place gives you your dreams for a night, and that's what matters.

Dr. Westwood: I'd rather keep my dreams to myself, to be honest.

SCP-3444-9-B: Eh, you'll change your tune once the musical number starts. Which should be only a few seconds, now.

Dr. Westwood: Wait, what?

SCP-3444-9-B: Yeah, I'm afraid the full force of the cheesiness will destroy what's left of your resistance. Sorry, and all that. This lucid version of me is pretty fun to play, will be a shame to change again.

Dr. Westwood: Oh no no FUCKING NO I am NOT getting involved in some kind of musical shenanig-

At this point, loud music begins to be heard. The music is vaguely reminiscent of the style of a 1950s musical number. The SCP-3444-9 instances present begin an elaborately choreographed song-and-dance number.

Dr. Westwood: Wellll, I'm just a girl in downtown Toronto,
Who hates this meta script,
But I used to watch films with Reid and Tonto,
So I guess I can kick off my shoes,

Control: Ahh, she's gone. Alright, folks, time to switch to observation mode.

SCP-3444-9-B: Ohhh, I'm just a guy from a downtown bar,
Looking to reinvent,
She's just a girl from a world apart,
Ohhh, can this really be?

SCP-3444-9 Instances: Aaaand, we're just the folks along for the ride,
Sitting in this downtown bar,
We don't really mind this meta script,
Done us pretty well so far,

Dr. Westwood: Well, I'm a researcher from Site 90
Drinking and studying death,
At least I'm not stuck in old Site 19,
Cleaning that old-school mess,

SCP-3444-9-B: Ohhhh, well I'm just a fictional construct,
Made from lonely dreams,
But if you come with me tonight,

We can work on our rhyme scheme!

The song abruptly ends. Dr. Westwood drinks the rest of her whisky.

Dr. Westwood: When can I see you again?

SCP-3444-9-B: Ohh, I'll be around, babydoll. I come back like a bad penny.

Dr. Westwood: Gah. Just the kind of awful line I should expect from a construct. OK, time to move on. See you later, alligator.

SCP-3444-9-B: In a while, crocodile.

Dr. Westwood returns to SCP-3444-5.

<End Log>

Summary of Subsequent Silver Events:

- At SCP-3444-6 (BIG BREAK), the station opened onto the same offices present in SCP-3444-4's locale, but with an SCP-3444-9 instance identical to Site Director Perry present, apparently representing Dr. Westwood's superior. The "Perry" instance offered Dr. Westwood a job, which Dr. Westwood excitedly and happily accepted.[9]

- At SCP-3444-7 (LOVE), the station opened onto an upmarket Italian restaurant. SCP-3444-9-B was seated at a table, which Dr. Westwood approached and sat at. SCP-3444-9-B professed his love for Dr. Westwood, and insisted that she leave her job and marry him. Dr. Westwood stated that she would need time to consider such a proposal, before running from the restaurant into SCP-3444-7.

- At SCP-3444-8 (CLIMAX), the station opened once again onto the locale of SCP-3444-2. Dr.

Westwood approached SCP-3444-9-B, announcing her intention to give up the job opportunity offered to her by the "Perry" instance in order to raise a family with SCP-3444-9-B. The pair then dramatically kissed, causing the surrounding SCP-3444-9 instances to give a standing ovation.

- At SCP-3444's second manifestation (WAKE UP), Dr. Westwood's cognitohazardous training appeared to reactivate, leading to an angry soliloquy against the "romantic comedy" film genre, expressing considerable anger against the anti-feminist sentiments often present in such films. Unusually, no music was heard.

Note: The presence of a musical element in a Silver Event when the Golden Event was not running a "musical" script is thus far unique to this experiment.

SCP-3444-6 ordinarily opens onto an office or other suitable venue owned by some form of company or institution which the subject, within the "script" of the Golden Event, wishes to work at. The subject will ordinarily undergo some form of interview; they will subsequently be told that they have received the position, eliciting a great deal of happiness and excitement in the subject.

Please consult Experiment Log 3444-29 for more information.

Experiment Log 3444-29: Section 6

Subject: Senior Researcher Claude Montague. Dr. Montague entered SCP-3444 at his own request, for therapeutic purposes. It should be noted that Dr. Montague was raised as an adherent of the Cogwork Orthodox Church[10], before defecting to the Foundation as an adult.

Summary of Prior Silver Events:

- At SCP-3444-2 (ORIGINS), the station opened onto what appeared to be a large piece of clockwork machinery refashioned to resemble a countryside landscape. Several pieces of machinery resembling shrubs, trees, flowers and birds were present. A cabin constructed in brass and resembling a Victorian cottage was present. SCP-3444-9-A bore a strong resemblance to **Legate Trunnion** of the Cogwork Orthodox Church. SCP-3444-9-A gave Dr. Montague a long speech concerning his "heretical impulses", exhorting him to stay and be further Standardised. Dr. Montague abruptly ran out of the building and back into SCP-3444-2.

- At SCP-3444-3 (BRIGHT LIGHTS), the station opened onto what appeared to a copy of Site 90, but constructed entirely from wood and plant matter. Several SCP-3444-9 instances, dressed in Foundation uniforms, were walking around the area, apparently with no particular job in hand. During the Silver Event, Dr. Montague gave an impassioned soliloquy about his dislike of the Cogworth Orthodox Church and his desire to work at the Foundation, before returning to SCP-3444-3.

- At SCP-3444-4 (HARDSHIP), the station opened onto a copy of a Standard Humanoid Containment Cell at Site 90. The cell and its environs were made entirely of brass, with several clockwork apparati fused into the walls. Dr. Montague spent much of the Silver Event at the door of his cell, begging to be let out and insisting upon his loyalty to the Foundation.

- At SCP-3444-5 (FIRST SIGHT), the station opened onto a bar, with the letters "SITE 90 REFECTORY" emblazoned above it. The bar and all of its furnishings were constructed of wood. SCP-3444-9-B took the form of Dr. Montague's

wife, Junior Researcher Maria Fonseca. The two discussed literature and philosophy during Dr. Montague's three hour stay in this location.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3444-6 opens onto a small office, with a single desk and two windows. The camera feed cannot see what is through the windows. The entire office and all its furnishings are constructed from wood. A single male SCP-3444-9 is sitting behind the desk, wearing a Foundation uniform. Dr. Montague enters the room and sits on a chair in front of the desk.

Interviewer: Greetings, Dr. Montague. How are you today?

Dr. Montague: Well, thank you. The quarters given are most satisfactory, and I appreciate the work of the Foundation doctors you have sent in removing my implants. I feel… much freer.

Interviewer: We are glad. We just have a few more questions to ask you.

Dr. Montague: Of course.

Interviewer: Why did you leave the Cogwork Orthodox Church?

Dr. Montague: It was… a gradual realisation that I was living in a world that was half-mad. I- I just could not quite reconcile the idea that my body was somehow… wrong, or impure. Flesh seemed so natural to me. I don't mean in the manner of the Sarkicists, of course, but I, my being, felt right to me. I didn't want these alterations. They were the parts of me that felt impure. The world beyond, the ordinary flesh-

and-blood and real world- this felt far more genuine, far more true.

Interviewer: Very good. What, in your own words, do you think you can provide the Foundation?

Dr. Montague: Apart from my knowledge of the Church? Well, I do have a doctorate in linguistics. I have always wanted to learn about the ways in which we communicate ourselves, you see. I think such skills could prove useful to you.

Interviewer: Indeed they could. Finally, why did you choose to defect to the Foundation?

Dr. Montague: Because, to me, the Foundation represents the preservation of life against death. Whatever its faults, whatever its methods, it remains the best way to keep us running. I have lived a life of mad gods and lying clockwork; I have encountered snake-people and arcane gods and all sorts of horrors. Human life should be treasured for what it is, preserved for what it is, not torn and ripped to shreds by its external enemies or internal fanatics. The Foundation may kill, but only for the greater good. For humanity's advancement.

Interviewer: …Well, Dr. Montague, that all seems in order. I have some good news for you: the Foundation may be cold, but it is not cruel, and we feel you have aptly demonstrated your loyalty towards us over the past few weeks. We are consequently willing to grant you employment on a probationary basis.

Dr. Montague: Wh- really? Oh, thank you!

Interviewer: Please, remain seated. Do not thank us yet, Dr. Montague. We will be closely monitoring your progress, and we will know if there are any lapses in loyalty.

Dr. Montague: O-of course. I would expect nothing less.

The "Interviewer" instance rises from his seat to shake Dr. Montague's hand.

Interviewer: Still, I think this is a decision we're not going to regret. Congratulations, Dr. Montague. You'll be working here, at Site 90. I hope you enjoy it.

Dr. Montague: Thank you so much, sir. You do not know what this means to me. I won't let you down.

Interviewer: See that you don't.

Dr. Montague then turns and re-enters SCP-3444-6.

<End Log>

Summary of Subsequent Silver Events:

- At SCP-3444-7 (LOVE), the station opened onto a large, mostly empty grass field, with a single tree standing in the centre stretching into the sky. Dr. Montague and SCP-3444-9-B climbed to the top of the tree, which was located in outer space[11]. Dr. Montague and the SCP-3444-9-B sat at the top of the tree for 5 minutes, staring around them while holding one another's hands, before Dr. Montague left SCP-3444-9-B, climbed back down and returned to SCP-3444-7.
- At SCP-3444-8 (CLIMAX), the Site 90 copy was filled with the same SCP-3444-9 instances as

before, but in a state of merriment, apparently holding an impromptu party. An SCP-3444-9 instance resembling Site Director Perry came and congratulated Dr. Montague on his entry into the Foundation.

- At SCP-3444's second manifestation (WAKE UP), Dr. Montague began to weep, apparently due to intense happiness, upon exiting SCP-3444-1. An upbeat piece of piano music could be heard by observers.

I think this should put to rest any assertions that Dr. Montague's loyalty to the Foundation is in any way suspect.- Dr. Perry, Director of Site 90.

SCP-3444-7's locale and the "script" of the Silver Event are extremely variable. The only constant is that it involves a positive romantic encounter between the subject and the SCP-3444-9-B instance. This often ends in some form of sexual act, depending on the setting of the Golden Event.

Please consult Experiment Log 3444-36 for more information.

Experiment Log 3444-36: Section 7

Subject: Researcher Amir Safavi. It should be noted that Dr. Safavi is a native of Isfahan Province, Iran.

Summary of Prior Silver Events:

- At SCP-3444-2 (ORIGINS), the station opened onto a large expanse of sand, containing a small sandstone hut. The SCP-3444-9 A instance was apparently a copy of Dr. Safavi's mother. The hut was furnished in a manner suitable to a peasant dwelling in 17th century Iran. SCP-3444-9-A told Dr. Safavi that she considered his sexuality to be an "abomination", and told him that staying with her would be the optimum way to "cure" him. Dr.

Safavi angrily rebuffed this line of thought, before leaving the building and returning to SCP-3444-2 in a state of considerable distress.

- At SCP-3444-3 (BRIGHT LIGHTS), the station opened onto a copy of the Naqsh-e Jahan Square in Isfahan circa 1650. The SCP-3444-9 instances were all wearing clothes and using language appropriate for that period, but the social makeup was apparently idealised, with a number of same-sex couples from both genders and a variety of different races present among the SCP-3444-9 instances. Dr. Safavi spent his time here bartering with SCP-3444-9 instances appearing as merchants, but did not purchase any goods; after two hours, he returned to SCP-3444-3.

- At SCP-3444-4 (HARDSHIP), the station opened onto a copy of an Isfahani slum circa 1650. Dr. Safavi gave a soliloquy about the impossibility of finding love in Isfahan, despite the immense size of the city.

- At SCP-3444-5 (FIRST SIGHT), the station opened onto a 17th century Iranian coffeehouse. The SCP-3444-9-B instance appeared to be a copy of Dr. Howard Wong, Dr. Safavi's colleague at Site 90. The two discussed poetry and miniature painting for 3 hours, before Dr. Safavi returned to SCP-3444-5.

- At SCP-3444-6 (BIG BREAK), the station opened onto a room of the Ali Qapu pavilion in Isfahan. Several miniature paintings appropriate to the period were present on a table in the centre of the room, apparently having been painting by Dr. Safavi.[12] An SCP-3444-9 instance apparently representing Shah 'Abbas II entered the room, critically appraised the works, and offered Dr. Safavi a position as a court miniaturist. Dr. Safavi happily accepted the offer.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3444-7 opens onto a 17th-century Isfahani coffeehouse. SCP-3444-9-B then enters the building, and immediately approaches Dr. Safavi.

Dr. Safavi: Oh, Howard!

SCP-3444-9-B: Amir! Oh, most beloved. I have been travelling many miles, from Herat to Isfahan. It is good to see you again.

Dr. Safavi: It is so good to see you again. I… I have been having the most terrible nightmares.

SCP-3444-9-B: Nightmares? Come, tell me about it.

Dr. Safavi: No, not at all; first, tell me of your journey.

SCP-3444-9-B: It was wasted, I fear. The prince did not want my wares; he was too concerned about Kandahar to worry about my goods now. It has only been a few years since its recapture, and there is every change that the Gurkani will attempt another assault.

Dr. Safavi: But what of the journey itself?

SCP-3444-9-B: Ahh, the poet in you speaks! It was full of cold nights and fiery days. I have missed you so much, my love. At night, I would gaze upwards, into the face of God, and try to compose a few tawdry lines, but they were of inferior quality.

At this point, an SCP-3444-9 instance acting as a worker at the coffeehouse approaches with two cups of coffee.

SCP-3444-9-B: Ah, thank you, Mahmud. So, tell me, my love- what is your nightmare?

Dr. Safavi: Oh, it is nothing truly special. Just… a strange idea.

SCP-3444-9-B: Tell me, so I may ease your mind.

Dr. Safavi: …I dream at night of another Howard Wong. Of a strange physician in a strange and grey country. I dream of fields of corn, and fields of wheat. I worry, Howard. I worry that this is the dream and that the reality, and that when I wake up-

SCP-3444-9-B: Oh, most beloved, do not worry yourself on this count. After all, who says that dreams must not be real? To some, the dream is more real than the physical world. Perhaps this is not the world of matter, but the world of the spirit. Perhaps our joy is the expression of union with God. It matters not. All that matters is the feeling, in the here and now, of love.

Dr. Safavi: Yes… Love. I love you. We can be happy here, even if only for an hour, a day, a minute, a few seconds, my hopes can be fulfilled.

SCP-3444-9-B: Precisely. Let us drink, my dear. Let us drink to happiness!

Dr. Safavi and SCP-3444-9-B then both drink their mugs. Dr. Safavi begins to cry. Dr. Safavi stands up, and kisses SCP-3444-9-B's hand.

Dr. Safavi: Remember me. When this is over, and the walls break apart, remember me.

SCP-3444-9-B: Amir? What do you mean?

Dr. Safavi: I… I've had training. Enough to know that this isn't real. You're not really here, you see. You're out there somewhere, in the grey world. Watching, probably. I must continue. I must go back. I must… be real again.

SCP-3444-9-B: Amir, you are scaring me.

Dr. Safavi: I'm sorry, my love. I truly am. I'll probably have forgotten by the next stop. But I love you. Always remember that. I love you.

Dr. Safavi then enters SCP-3444-7.

<End Log>

Summary of Subsequent Silver Events:

- At SCP-3444-8 (CLIMAX), the station opened onto the Naqsh-e Jahan Square for a second time. Several SCP-3444-9 instances, including SCP-3444-9-B, congratulated Dr. Safavi on his appointment to the Shah's court.
- At SCP-3444's second manifestation (WAKE UP), a piece of slow piano music in the key of D Major began to play. Dr. Safavi seemed extremely satisfied.

Note: Dr. Safavi and Dr. Wong have since entered into a romantic relationship.

SCP-3444-8's locale is identical to that found outside SCP-3444-3. In this locale, the subject will usually be congratulated on their achievements during the Golden Event by a wide variety of SCP-3444-9 instances, often including those seen in prior locales; SCP-3444-9-B is invariably present. Subjects have invariably reported a feeling of complete satisfaction and bliss at this juncture.

Please consult Experiment Log 3444-43 for more information.

Experiment Log 3444-43: Section 8

Subject: A cat (*Felis Catus*), belonging to Dr. Jacqueline Perry, Director of Site 90. The cat's name is "Skimbleshanks". Of note are the significant deviations from the ordinary nature of the locales visited.

Summary of Prior Silver Events:

- At SCP-3444-2 (ORIGINS), the station opened onto a narrow street in Istanbul.[13] No SCP-3444-9 manifestations were visible except for a female Persian cat, believed to SCP-3444-9-A and representing the subject's mother. SCP-3444-9-A attempted to give the subject a dead bird, but the subject instead ran back into the station.

- At SCP-3444-3 (BRIGHT LIGHTS), the station opened onto what appeared to be a large, spacious manor house during the daytime, with abundant gardens. The house contained several dozen cats within it, each occupying a room the size of a typical domestic house cat's territory. The house featured several versions of Dr. Perry, each holding a bowl containing an unlimited amount of wet cat food. The house was largely filled with scratching posts, cat-beds and piles of unwashed laundry.

- At SCP-3444-4 (HARDSHIP), the station opened onto the gardens seen in BRIGHT LIGHTS, but with all entrances into the manor house closed. Instead of taking place during the day, the Silver Event took place at night. Several large, vicious house cats and Rottweilers were seen patrolling the garden, although none of them appeared to seriously threaten the subject. The subject spent the Silver Event attempting to hunt a small wren, eventually succeeding before returning to the train.

- At SCP-3444-5 (FIRST SIGHT), the station opened onto a suburban street. The subject was seen meowing heavily at a large male Bengal cat, determined to be SCP-3444-9-B. The cats displayed typical courtship behaviour towards one another, before the subject returned to SCP-3444-5.

- At SCP-3444-6 (BIG BREAK), the station opened onto a cat adoption agency. A pair of SCP-3444-9 instances, each identical to Dr. Perry, entered the building and took the subject back to SCP-3444-6.

- At SCP-3444-7 (LOVE), the station opened onto a back-garden. SCP-3444-9-B was present, and proceeded to [DATA REDACTED AT REQUEST OF DR. PERRY]. The subject then returned to SCP-3444-7.

<Begin Log>

SCP-3444-8 appears to open onto a large garden. While mostly covered in grass, it is flanked by trees. Its two distinguishing features are a large rock- upon which several feline SCP-3444-9 instances are lazing- an extremely tall tree in the centre of the garden, and a small hole in the ground. Several leaves are protruding from the hole in the ground.

The two SCP-3444-9 instances resembling Dr. Perry seen in the previous Silver Event are standing directly behind the subject, smiling. SCP-3444-9-B can be seen.

The subject emits a vocalisation, and walks towards SCP-3444-9-B. SCP-3444-9-B notices the subject, and walks towards her. The subject and SCP-3444-9-B begin to purr. The subject gently nuzzles SCP-3444-9-B.

SCP-3444-9-B then emits a vocalisation, before running towards the central tree. SCP-3444-9-B begins to climb the tree. The subject follows, doing the same.

The subject and SCP-3444-9-B. climb the tree until they reach its height. There, they see a small circle of dirt levitating in the air. They enter the circle, and climb out of it. They are now once again on the surface of the garden, having climbed out of the aforementioned hole.

The subject emits a loud vocalisation. SCP-3444-9-B also emits a loud vocalisation. The two stare at one another, purring, for approximately 2 minutes. The subject then turns and re-enters SCP-3444-8.

<End Log>

Summary of Subsequent Silver Events:

- At SCP-3444's second manifestation (WAKE UP), the subject was noted to have "meowed mournfully" before leaving the station.

SCP-3444's second manifestation contains three notable deviations from SCP-3444:

- The station's sign reads "WAKE UP" instead of "NOWHERE", and the digital display is absent.
- Both the subject within and outside observers report hearing music- often piano music- being played.
- SCP-3444-9 instances can appear here, apparently independently of the "script" of the Golden Event.

Upon leaving the station, SCP-3444 disappears and it ceases to have any effect on the subject in question.

Please consult Experiment Log 3444-45 for more information.

Experiment Log 3444-45: Section 9

Subject: Jacqueline Perry, Director of Site 90. Dr. Perry has had cognitohazardous training, but was using SCP-3444 for recreational purposes, and thus chose not to employ it.

Summary of Prior Silver Events:

- At SCP-3444-2 (ORIGINS), the station opened onto another corn field, with a small farmhouse containing the SCP-3444-A instance. It was noted at this point that the Golden Event had taken the form of a musical, as Dr. Perry began to sing about the boredom she felt in the countryside. SCP-3444-A took the form of Dr. Perry's mother, and told her that she should "give up her dreams of acting", as they were "unsuitable for a young lady". Dr. Perry simply left the building without speaking, and returned to SCP-3444-2.

- At SCP-3444-3 (BRIGHT LIGHTS), the station opened onto what appeared to be an idealised version of Los Angeles in the 1950s. Of particular note is the prevalence of art deco architecture in the city's makeup, and an anachronistic level of minority integration. Dr. Perry engaged in a musical number, along with the SCP-3444-9 instances present, concerning her acting dreams and desire to become a major Hollywood film star; the musical number finished with her being bodily flung by several male SCP-3444-9 instances into SCP-3444-3.

- At SCP-3444-4 (HARDSHIP), the station opened onto a slum of Los Angeles, but which bore a remarkable similarity to areas of New York in the late 1980s. It should by noted that Dr. Perry grew up in New York during the 1970s and 1980s. Dr. Perry was seen working as a waitress in a small cafe, before singing a solo musical piece,

accompanied by a violin, discussing her depression and numerous failed auditions.

- At SCP-3444-5 (FIRST SIGHT), the station opened onto a 1980s-style nightclub. SCP-3444-9-B was a Latino male in his mid-20s, who worked as a bouncer at the nightclub. The two engaged in a salsa dance in the centre of the nightclub for most of the duration of the Silver Event.

- At SCP-3444-6 (BIG BREAK), the station opened onto the grounds of a major Hollywood studio. Dr. Perry gave an audition to a pair of SCP-3444-9 instances representing studio executives. The instances appeared pleased with her performance, and Dr. Perry successfully got a major role in a Hollywood film about the SCP Foundation. This was followed by an elaborate musical number about her happiness.

- At SCP-3444-7 (LOVE), the station opened onto a motel car park. Dr. Perry and the SCP-3444-9-B instance engaged in a romantic musical number, wherein they profess their feelings for one another, before each left the area; Dr. Perry headed back to SCP-3444-7.

- At SCP-3444-8 (CLIMAX), the station opened onto the Dolby Theatre, LA, where Dr. Perry is seen receiving the Academy Award for Best Actress. SCP-3444-9-B was seen applauding her from the crowd. Following her acceptance speech, Dr. Perry returned to SCP-3444-8.

<Begin Log>
Dr. Perry steps off SCP-3444-1, and onto the platform.

After five seconds, piano music can be heard, and Dr. Perry begins to sing.

Dr. Perry: Ohhh, won't you come with me to paradise,
And feel the way things were,
Ohhh, won't you come with me to paradise,
And dance in a moonlit blur,

At this point, SCP-3444-9-B suddenly appears in the camera shot, coming from the left of the platform. SCP-3444-9-B then begins to sing.

SCP-3444-9-B: Ohhh, won't you come with me to paradise,
And feel sand on your feet,
Ohhh, won't you come with me upon this night,
And forget the snow and sleet,

Dr. Perry: Ohhh, for those misspent nights in paradise,
That fantasy out of time
Ohhh, for all of those heavenly stars to shine,
To forget such lonely lives

SCP-3444-9-B: Ohhh, I wish that in our misspent youth,
When we could just catch a train,
We'd dream dreams that are now denied to us,
Of the City of Angels,

Several SCP-3444-9 instances, dressed in full tuxedos, appear in both sides of the camera shot. The music suddenly changes to that of a full orchestra, increasing the intensity and tempo of the music dramatically. Dr. Perry, SCP-3444-9-B and the rest of the SCP-3444-9 instances begin a complex musical number.

SCP-3444-9 instances: Ohhh, for long-lost thoughts of this paradise,
That as children we forgot,
Ohhh, for this starlight, lovestruck paradise,
That as adults we could not,

Ohhh, for this makeshift train-clad paradise,
Its tortured and lovelorn seas,
Ohhh, come with me to this heaven with me,
To the way things should have been.

Dr. Perry: And in that wondrous, starlit night,

SCP-3444-9-B: And in that grand motel at morn,

Dr. Perry: And walking on the waterfront,

SCP-3444-9-B: And on that fresh golden dawn!

SCP-3444-9 instances: Ohhh, won't you come with her to paradise,
Where things are as they should be,
Ohhh, for our childhood paradise,
Ohhh, to think what could have been,

Ohhh, for this makeshift train-clad paradise,
Its tortured and lovelorn seas,
Ohhh, come with her to this heaven with her,
To the way things should have been.

At this point, the SCP-3444-9 instances, including SCP-3444-9-B, all disappear from the camera feed with an elaborate flourish. Dr. Perry is left alone on the platform, at this point on her knees and singing towards the sky.

Dr. Perry: Ohhh, won't you come with me to paradise,
To a ramshackle fantasy,
Ohhh, won't you come with me to paradise,
And dance in the sky with me…

Dr. Perry then exits SCP-3444 by the entrance. Agents Cartwright and Olivers are waiting to collect her.

Agent Cartwright: Nice singing, doctor.

Dr. Perry: Shut up, Cartwright. Time to go home.

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. Usually between 90 and 160 minutes later, but events have been known to be as short as 30 minutes and as long as 510 minutes.
2. Commonly called a "Northern", this type of train was first used on the Northern Pacific Railway, which ran through North Dakota
3. Notable as being the month in which the first full-length "sound film",The Jazz Singer, was released.
4. Though sometimes, especially in cases where the subject lacked a prominent parental figure during their childhood, a figure acting in a parental role can substitute
5. The nature of this success was left vague.
6. Noted to be extremely similar to the alarms used in D-2508's cell block to sound an escaped prisoner, but far more exaggerated.
7. Following 18 experiments using D-Class personnel, it was determined that SCP-3444 was safe to use. Foundation personnel were consequently used in subsequent tests.
8. Dr. Westwood has described the landscape as being similar to her homeland in the Northwestern Territories, Canada.
9. It appears that Dr. Westwood's cognitohazardous resistance completely broke down following the Silver Event of SCP-3444-5.
10. A splinter-group of the Church of the Broken God, which adheres to the technological norms of the Industrial Revolution and sees the production of clockwork and analog technology as a form of prayer.
11. Some form of spatial anomaly appeared to be affecting the tree, as the climb only took Dr. Montague and SCP-3444-9-B 10 minutes.
12. Miniature painting is a hobby of Dr. Safavi's.
13. It should be noted that the subject was adopted by Dr. Perry from a charity set up to rehome Turkish strays cats.

SCP-3445: Grave Insights

NOTICE

You are viewing revision **030** of this document.

REVISED ON: 13 Mar 19

EDIT COMMENT: *Revised containment procedures with updated information. Updated description with most relevant example. Added addendum with last known observational data.*

Changes from revision 029 have been marked in blue.

Item #: SCP-3445

Object Class: Safe Uncontained

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3445 is contained on-site at Peak Cemetery by a 24/7 guard duty disguised as local groundskeepers; an auxiliary Site, Site 321/A, has been established nearby for research purposes. A storage shed has been constructed around SCP-3445 to perform tests without exposing it to public viewing. Unauthorized persons approaching SCP-3445 will be administered amnestics and redirected elsewhere. Identification of subjects described in SCP-3445-A instances is ongoing.

The status of SCP-3445 is currently unknown. Containment personnel are presumed deceased.

Description: SCP-3445 is an unmarked Christian gravestone measuring approximately two meters tall located in Peak Cemetery, near Aurora, Colorado. Study of its material corrosion over time indicates it was first constructed some time in the late 1930s or early 1940s. SCP-3445 has an "S" symbol superficially resembling a dollar sign carved into its center.

When any $1 or $5 US bill is placed in one of the four openings in the top of SCP-3445, the currency will immediately vanish from its location and is subsequently replaced by a small notecard measuring 76.2 by 127.0 mm[1] in the same spot five minutes later (hereafter SCP-3445-A). SCP-3445-A instances are brief commentaries on a recently deceased person, always using the following format:

> Reason for Demise: This section contains a cryptic statement from which the subject's cause of death can usually be inferred, depending on the context given in the rest of a 3445-A instance.
>
> Preparations: Predictions are given for memorial and/or funeral services for the deceased. Subsequent research into 3445-A instances conclusively matched with real persons revealed that predictions are usually in line with the subject's personal religious beliefs (or lack thereof) during life and match actual memorial events.
>
> Commentary: Trends leading to increased deaths in society are briefly discussed in the first person, usually attempting to tie in the identity of the subject with the cause of death discussed. The identity of the person or entity speaking in 3445-A instances is currently unknown.

Example of SCP-3445-A instance, 23 Sep 2012 (transcript):
[Foundation commentary in brackets]

> Reason for Demise: Having too much fun at a party, and not slowing down. [Later identified as Greg Jones, a 22 year old college senior from Southern Illinois University-Edwardsville who died from alcohol intoxication while attending an off-campus party]
>
> Preparations: A field of grieving scholars and forlorn music. A casket with a clean look for the ceremony, and ritual incineration afterwards. A simple memory, with future fate unknown. [A memorial service was held for Jones in the campus' football field, and his body was

cremated. Last line possibly referencing non-religious status of subject.]

Commentary: I'm MADD about the frequency of this. If it doesn't happen in cars, it happens in dorm rooms. [The spelling and capitalization of MADD is likely a reference to Mothers Against Drunk Driving, a non-profit American organization that advocates for stricter drunk driving laws]

Example of SCP-3445-A instance, 24 Dec 2018 (transcript)

Reason for Demise: Heeding to peer pressure and a false warning. [Identity unverified, location/incident verified]

Preparations: A desperate cry of sympathy and a demand for answers. A funeral procession held on national television. A sense that something is wrong that will make it so. [SCP identification verified]

Commentary: They were the first, but I suspect they will not be the last. In fact, I suspect you may be next. When their inevitable conviction meets your uncertain mind, there is only one certain outcome. [First recorded 3445-A instance directly addressing reader]

The person discussed within an SCP-3445-A instance is not named and is usually difficult to identify because of the lack of specific information about them and the apparently random location of a given subject - subjects have been identified in locations ranging from central Colorado to China. However, analysis of the "Commentary" section combined with the cultural descriptions in the "Preparations" section has lead to a small number of identifications of 3445-A described individuals. On the few occasions where an individual has been identified prior to burial or cremation, attempts to intervene to prevent the predictions made in the "Preparations" section from occurring result in local space-time being anomalously altered until the conditions of the funeral service and/or other burial preparations are met.

Addendum 3445.A: On 12 Mar 2019, an automated Emergency Containment Information message was delivered to Area-055-A containing updated samples of 3445-A instances, recorded shortly before containment was abandoned on 20 Feb. These messages are noticeably shorter than previously recorded instances. O5-6 received and acknowledged the message, and has updated SCP-3445's file accordingly. The current status of SCP-3445 is unknown. All containment personnel are presumed deceased.

1 Feb 2019

Reason for Demise: Fear of the unknown.

Preparations: None, as their family succumbed to the same fear. It is hard to hold a funeral when everyone thinks the victim had the right idea.

Commentary: This is getting out of hand. Can none find the cure to this? For years they have died sensibly and reasonably, and now everyone has lost their minds.

14 Feb 2019

Reason for Demise: Love of the known, and fear of a delusion.

Preparations: Demolition as the corpses of the misguided are crushed under the concrete. Nobody wishes to use their resting place, because everyone is already very tired.

Commentary: There's nothing that can be done now. You had a job, and you failed it. Goodbye, victims of failure. I hope there is something waiting for you.

19 Feb 2019 [Last Known Message]

Reason for Demise: Same as everyone else.

Preparations: None.

Commentary: **`Well, it looks like I'm going`**

```
out of business soon.
```

Footnotes

1. Referred to and measured as a "Three by five" (inch) notecard in the United States.

SCP-3446: The Waders

Agent Scott demonstrating the anomalous effects of SCP-3446 when worn

Item #: SCP-3446

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3446 is to be kept in a standard containment locker. Access is to be restricted to personnel with Level 2 clearance or higher.

Personnel using SCP-3446 are to be equipped with a wetsuit, and respiratory gear with at least three hours of breathable air available. During usage, SCP-3446 and its wearer must be attached to a retractable cable for emergency recovery.

Description: SCP-3446 is a pair of dark grey waterproof rubber waders that reach up to the mid-torso.

SCP-3446's anomalous properties activate upon being worn by any person. When SCP-3446 is worn, any surface the wearer stands on will take on a muddy consistency, becoming a highly viscous liquid version of the original material. SCP-3446 and its wearer will sink further into the surface, and may become completely submerged. This happens regardless of surface depth, and it is noted that wearers do not reappear out of the other side of the surface.

While in the process of sinking, the subject may move around as if moving through mud or water, allowing them to wade through the floor. The anomalous effects continue to follow them, allowing for consistent motion. Once SCP-3446 moves far enough away from a location, the surface will revert to its original state and shape. As long as the surface maintains its anomalous properties, other objects may be lowered through it as well as SCP-3446.

Addendum: Testing has confirmed that when using SCP-3446,

subjects sink into an extradimensional space, designated SCP-3446-1. SCP-3446-1 does not possess breathable air, and instead has an atmosphere made of an unidentified transparent liquid with large amounts of suspended particulate matter, and relatively high viscosity. The terrain of SCP-3446-1 is almost entirely compromised of mud, and no ambient light has been observed in SCP-3446-1 aside from light produced by the bioluminescent organisms inhabiting it.

+ SCP-3446-1 Exploration Log 1

Exploration Audio Log Transcript

Date: 7/22/

Objective: Exploration of SCP-3446-1

Subjects: D-10334, SCP-3446

Notes: D-10334 has been equipped with SCP-3446, a facemask with respiratory gear and 3 hour air supply, a wetsuit, a waterproof flashlight with an output of 2200 lumens, and an audio recorder. 1100m of retractable cable was also attached to D-10334 and SCP-3446. Exploration was overviewed by Dr. Sambre.

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Sambre: Alright. Did you turn the recorder on?

D-10334: Yep. You sure you're gonna be able to get the audio from inside there?

Dr. Sambre: Yes, earlier tests have shown that transmission is possible, but now we're moving on to full exploration.

D-10334: And that's where I come in.

Dr. Sambre: Correct. Now, we've briefed you on the abilities of SCP-3446 so you know what to expect. Remain calm as you're sinking, and do not return before we instruct you to. Is that understood?

D-10334: Yes ma'am. Should I put 'em on now?

Dr. Sambre: Please proceed. Good luck.

D-10334 dons SCP-3446, and the floor begins to liquefy. D-10334 steadily sinks downwards for roughly a minute before total submersion.

Dr. Sambre: D-10334, you are now within SCP-3446-1. Please report your surroundings.

D-10334: Damn, it's dark, even with the flashlight. I, uh, can still see, so I guess it's more like I'm underwater than under… mud. Like I'm at th' bottom of the ocean. The floor's still pretty gooey, and everything's cloudy though. Don't think I'm sinking anymore. I can see about… 4 meters ahead?

Dr. Sambre: Okay. Please proceed in any direction. Keep us updated on what's happening.

D-10334: Sure thing.

D-10334: …Yecchh, it's still like moving through glue. I'm going downhill now, so I guess this place isn't flat. I've seen a couple rocks on the ground, but I'm pretty sure they're just rocks.

Dr. Sambre: Collect one anyways, please.

D-10334: Okay, okay… Whoa!

Dr. Sambre: What is it?

D-10334: I-I'm fine, just startled. Some little critter

scooted out from under the rock. Long and pale with all kinds of legs and feelers, looked like it was covered in snot. Nasty.

D-10334: …I have to try and catch it, don't I.

Dr. Sambre: If you can. If it's already gone, then just proceed onwards.

D-10334: Yeah, it burrowed back down into the mud. No way I'm going after it. Hmm. There's some kinda seaweed… moss… stuff growin' over here. I'll grab some of that. Don't plants need light to grow though, Doc? 'Cause it's dark as anything down here.

Dr. Sambre: Normally they do, but normally rubber pants don't send you into an extradimensional swamp. Please proceed.

D-10334: Heh, yeah.

D-10334 continues walking for several more minutes without reporting anything.

D-10334: Oh, there's something there. Finally. Looks like coral made out of rust. Oh hell, it's growing off of some creature's bones.

Dr. Sambre: Please collect a sample of both.

D-10334: I'll try.

D-10334: Gah!

Dr. Sambre: D-10334? Are you in danger?

D-10334: D-don't think so… whatever the stuff is, it's growing *towards* the light. And fast, it's puttin' bamboo to shame here. Doc, do ya think it's eating the light or something?

Dr. Sambre: It is a possibility, but we don't know for sure. And if the place is so dark, it's strange it would develop such an ability. For now, steer clear. The sample can wait.

D-10334 proceeds away from the structures in silence for several more minutes.

D-10334: Yo! Doc! I see somethin' else… another light?

Dr. Sambre: Please investigate.

D-10334: Sure… oh, geez, it's… uh… best I can say is it looks like one'a those angler fish things? Creepy as hell.

Dr. Sambre: Can you describe it in detail?

D-10334: Okay. It's about the size of a football, swimmin' at about head-height. It's got a big, see-through bag sitting on its forehead, filled with little glowing things. They're, uh, moving around in there. I can't tell how long it is, there's this big scraggly beard thing coming out of its belly and dragging behind it. I think I see claws somewhere in it, too. I can't tell if it has eyes, but I can see th' mouth way more clearly than I'd like. Jesus, those teeth are like nails, and I'm pretty sure its got three rows of them. Brrrr.

D-10334: Now it's eyein' my flashlight. Maybe it thinks it found a lady friend, heh.

Dr. Sambre: If it's distracted, please attempt to capture it.

D-10334: Ma'am, there's no way I'm putting my fingers anywhere near that. Tell you what, it's still following the light, so when I get back pass me a net and I'll try to get it—Oh lord. There's a swarm

of thingies coming after me now.

Dr. Sambre: Thingies?

D-10334: Whatever they are, they've got fins and spindly legs and big needle noses and there's about a billion of 'em. Oh crap, if one of those things sticks me I'll-

Dr. Sambre: Please remain calm. Back away, and try turning off your light.

D-10334: Okay, okay. Okay. I don't feel any bites, so I think it worked. They're mobbing the fish now, though. I guess it has light too… oh geez, they're taking bites out of each other like mad. It's eating them just as fast as they're eating it… I'm gonna be sick. Can I come back now, Doc? I've got the rock and the plants and stuff.

Dr. Sambre: You can head back to the starting point, but don't return to the surface just yet. Try heading off in another direction for a while.

D-10334: O-okay. Oh man, now the coral stuff is there too, it's growing around them like a net… must've been brought by the light.

D-10334 walks back with the guidance of the cable for several minutes, then walks in another direction for several minutes, remaining silent.

D-10334: D-Doc… I'm feelin' kinda sick… I haven't seen anything n-new in a while… can you pull… me… b-back… now?

D-10334 faints, and is pulled back to the surface by the cable. Upon return, several large parasitic organisms are found affixed to his back, arms and neck. Medical examination determined the organisms had injected a numbing agent before

attachment, to avoid detection. The submerged portions of the cable are also found to be covered in barnacle-like growths.

Among the growths was a portion of the coral-like structure reported by D-10334, which began rapidly growing towards the light fixtures, eventually breaking them. While it grew, it began to output large amounts of the fluid filling SCP-3446-1. It and the fluid were successfully contained and placed in a lightproof box.

The parasites were successfully removed from D-10334 and placed in a storage tank. D-10334 made a successful recovery and was reassigned.

[END LOG]

Addendum 2: Further excursions into SCP-3446-1 have been successful in recovering samples of the native flora and fauna. Recovered specimens are to be kept in a tank filled with the fluid from SCP-3446-1 and no light.

+ View Recovered Specimens

Designation	Description	Notes
SCP-3446-A1	A calcium-carbonate based structure with long, reddish-brown stalks. Wavy, branching shape. Immobile, but grows rapidly towards light. Produces the fluid filling SCP-3446-1.	Several other organisms feed off of it safely, but it will act predatory towards any bioluminescent animals.
SCP-3446-A2	Aquatic organisms with a	Attracts both prey and predators

	bioluminescent sac affixed to their skull. Possesses long, thin tendrils and claws on its underside. Large teeth and no eyes.	using light. Doesn't react to physical injuries.
SCP-3446-A5	Small organisms with 3 pairs of fins and thin legs on either side. Have long proboscises used for hunting and eating. Has 4 compound eyes.	Hunts in large swarms. Reproduces quickly to counteract high mortality rate.
SCP-3446-A8	Round parasitic organisms with an exoskeleton. Underside is covered with barbs for latching on and feeding. Moves by pumping water through its body.	Injects a numbing agent before latching on to avoid detection by host organism.
SCP-3446-A9	Mosslike plant that grows along terrain. Highly adhesive, smaller organisms trapped by it eventually die and provide sustenance, and attract more prey while decomposing.	Has trouble adhering to inorganic materials, including SCP-3446. Uses roots to stay in place because of this.

Due to the new information regarding these organisms and the potential hostility of the environment, new protocols have been implemented for excursions into SCP-3446-1, as detailed in the containment procedures.

+ SCP-3446-1 Exploration Log 2

Exploration Video Log Transcript

Date: 8/02/

Objective: Exploration of SCP-3446-1

Subjects: SCP-3446

Notes: To minimize further risk from hostile organisms while exploring SCP-3446-1, a human subject is used solely for the purpose of wearing SCP-3446. A submersible drone will be sent to do exploration once SCP-3446-1 is accessible. The drone is equipped with sonar tracking and mapping systems, a cutting tool, and a sample container equipped with analytical instruments. A video feed will be generated using the sonar readings and other sensors. Exploration was overviewed by Dr. Sambre. Agent Scott volunteered to wear SCP-3446.

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Sambre: Alright. Agent Scott, please proceed. Remember, you don't need to sink all the way into SCP-3446-1. Just go deep enough that we can get the drone in.

Agent Scott: Understood.

Agent Scott putts on SCP-3446, and sinks to roughly waist height. The submersible drone is then lowered into SCP-3446-1.

Dr. Sambre: It's in. Scott, you're going to have to sit there for a while until we bring it back.

Agent Scott: I'll be fine. I brought a book, and

these things are surprisingly comfortable.

Dr. Sambre: Very well.

The drone is activated, and Dr. Sambre begins operating it. It moves without notable discoveries for 2 hours. Eventually, sonar readings indicate a massive structure ahead. The drone is moved closer for inspection. A sample of the structure is taken, and identified as SCP-3446-A1.

The drone is maneuvered upwards, to gauge the height of the column of SCP-3446-A1. It moves upwards for another hour, before encountering a domed roof of SCP-3446-1 growing outwards from the main stalk. Sonar does not reveal an end to this structure.

Time traveled and speed indicate a height of approximately 63 kilometers. A current in the fluid briefly moves aside a portion of the ceiling, revealing trace amounts of sunlight for 2 seconds before it is blocked by growth.

No other notable discoveries are made during the rest of the expedition.

[END LOG]

SCP-3447: Trumpets of Jericho

Item #: SCP-3447

Object Class: Safe Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: All instances of SCP-3447 are to be kept at Remote Site-71 in separate, standard Safe-class storage lockers. Each instance is to be fitted with a trumpet mute with an explosive charge, which can be deactivated with a code provided to on-site Level-3 researchers. If a mute is removed without the code being entered, the explosive charge will detonate, rendering the instance inoperable and neutralized.

As of 05/25/2017, **MTF Eta-11 ("Savage Beasts")** is to track down possible sources of SCP-3447 reproductions, and to monitor any further anarchist activities against Foundation sites involving musical anomalies.

Description: SCP-3447 refers to a collection of twenty-five thirty anomalous trumpets, with more theorized to currently exist outside of Foundation custody. They appear identical to non-anomalous trumpets with the exception of an engraving along the bell reading "Anartists without Borders #XX", with "XX" being a number between one and twenty-five thirty. When not being played, SCP-3447 demonstrates no anomalous properties other than an increased resistance to scratches, blemishes in the finish, and other minor forms of damage.[1]

SCP-3447's primary effect manifests whenever a G pitch[2] of any octave is played. When this occurs, all nearby man-made walls will begin to deteriorate for the duration of time that the note is held, beginning with large cracks in the base of the structure until it inevitably collapses. The speed of decay is unaffected by the size or material of the wall in question; SCP-3447's effect will destroy approximately half of a meter of the wall for every second the note is held. The range of a single instance is approximately 5 meters in

front of the user, but this effect is additive with additional trumpets playing the same note nearby, including otherwise non-anomalous trumpets.

SCP-3447 was originally discovered at an anartist music festival on 05/25/2007 in , , apparently being advertised by anarchist music group “Anartists without Borders”, a known cell of the anartist Group of Interest **Are We Cool Yet?**. The band promoted the item as a way to “Tear down the walls that separate us” and to “… destroy the prisons of our tyrants”. Following SCP-3447's unveiling, MTF Eta-11 (“Savage Beasts”) intercepted and detained the group en route to an anarchist protest, notably located near the - border. During the raid, all twenty-five instances of SCP-3447 were recovered. A gathering of fifty anarchists, all of whom had non-anomalous trumpets, were waiting at the protest site and were amnesticized and informed the event had been canceled due to an impending thunderstorm. No further anomalous activity regarding SCP-3447 has been reported was reported for ten years; see addendum.

Addendum SCP-3447.1: On 05/25/2017, ten years after the original anartist music festival, twenty-five anarchists[3] approached Site-62 and attempted to breach into the site utilizing five previously unknown copies of SCP-3447 and twenty non-anomalous trumpets. On-site security forces eliminated the anarchists before they reached any containment sectors, but not before several research sectors suffered approximately $1,500,000 in damages. The additional SCP-3447 samples were transported to Site-71.

Due to the apparent reproduction of SCP-3447[4] and high probability of more existing, SCP-3447 has been reclassified as Euclid.

Footnotes
1. During transport to Site-71, one sample was accidentally dropped from a height of two meters but was not dented. While unconfirmed, current hypotheses indicate that SCP-3447 is immune to all forms of accidental damage.
2. Concert F. As a secondary effect, this note is always played in-tune, regardless of the actual tuning of the trumpet.
3. Many of whom were present at the previous - border gathering.

4. All members of “Anartists without Borders” were detained as D-Class personnel and later perished during an unrelated containment breach in 2012. It was assumed all known evidence of SCP-3447's construction was recovered by MTF agents during the capture of the group.

SCP-3448: Halfterlife

Item #: SCP-3448

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3448 is to remain active at Site-2718. Personnel are to inspect SCP-3448 daily for additional messages from SCP-3448-A. Project Dammerung is to research any method of escape proposed or indicated by SCP-3448-A.

Description: SCP-3448 refers to the communication developed and used by Project Dammerung. Utilizing technology used in MRIs, particle accelerators, and anomalous rituals, SCP-3448 is capable of allowing an individual to die while remaining in contact with the world of the living. SCP-3448 resembles an MRI machine; however, its additional anomalous components are connected externally through the use of jumper cables and custom circuit boards.

SCP-3448 is the primary tool used by Project Dammerung to complete its objective: to contain the Dammerung Class Cognitohazard known as death.

Subjects are introduced to SCP-3448 through its main opening. Once the subject has fully entered the cavity, the anomalous components in SCP-3448 transfer the subject into a half-death[1] state, in which all bodily functions cease. Any subject occupying this conceptual state is referred to as SCP-3448-A. This allows the consciousness to roam free from the body after it has entered the state of death (henceforth referred to as SCP-3448-1). Unfortunately, most documentation about the nature of SCP-3448-1 has been lost (see Addendum 3448.1).

When the consciousness leaves the brain in this manner, anomalous electrical activity continues, despite any source of energy. This activity is referred to as residual signals, which replicate how the brain would react should it be introduced to

SCP-3448-1 while it was alive.[2] By interacting with these electrical signals, the Foundation is able to establish two-way communication with SCP-3448-A.

In order to better understand the residual signals, they are interpreted by an additional anomalous component of SCP-3448. This component will generally produce an image, although individual words have been observed.

Agent Anthony Michaels, the only successful subject to have utilized SCP-3448 outside of preliminary testing, is the current SCP-3448-A. As of this writing, SCP-3448-A still exhibits standard residual signal activity.

Addendum 3448.1: Below is a series of records from the usage of SCP-3448. Due to the destruction of formal testing documentation as per the instructions of O5-4, the majority of recovered documents take the form of lab notes, or residual signal communication reports.

+ Open Recovered Interview Transcript

SCP-3448 Preliminary Subject Interview

Young: Please state your name for the record.

Michaels: Agent Anthony Michaels.

Young: How long have you served the Foundation?

Michaels: Fourteen years.

Young: What is your next assignment?

Michaels: The one that'll make sure I don't serve for fifteen years.

Young: … You know this is for the formal record, right?

Michaels: Yeah, but you know how it is. I gotta get a joke in some time. And we both

know I only have so many jokes left.

Young: I know, I know. But, let's just get back to the interview for now. Why did you volunteer for this assignment?

Michaels: I did it for my family.

Young: Can you elaborate?

Michaels: Well, my dad's been on his deathbed for a while now. I've spoken to him though, and once he comes around he talks about the things he was going to do when he gets out of the hospital. He told me he was going to hike the Appalachian trail. That thing goes all the way from Georgia to Maine. This man brought up three kids by himself, and all he wanted at the end was to go on a nice hike.

Young: That doesn't quite answer the question.

Michaels: Yeah, I guess it's not a super explicit answer isn't it? *[laughs softly]*

Young: Please, we need to do this for the report. It has to be more professional than this.

Michaels: Sorry, sorry. I meant to say that, well… I want to give my dad another chance. Sure, he might not make it all the way through the trail, or up the mountains, or wherever, but I don't want him to die. He deserves more than what he's got, and I'm willing to sacrifice myself in his stead. He's practically done the same for me.

Young: And you do recognize that the Foundation is not required to adhere to your wish. This meaning that, in the case that your

mission succeeds, we are allowed to choose your father for selective termination.

Michaels: I'll take the chance. If we're containing the Reaper, I trust the Foundation will make sure he's only let off his new leash when its really necessary. Furthermore, I don't believe my dad is one of those cases.

Young: Do you have anything else to add?

Michaels: I guess I'd like to thank you for giving me this opportunity.

Young: Well, um… It's been my pleasure, Agent Michaels.

Michaels: As working with Project Dammerung was mine.

Young: Okay. That will conclude our interview.

+ Open Imaging Reports and Associated Lab Notes

SCP-3448 Preliminary Testing Lab Notes

Alright, breaking in the first page of the lab notebook. Just a bunch of scribbles of my thoughts during the official test for later. So, to future reader person (yes, that means you future Emily), you should probably take a look at the formal report instead.

We've confirmed that this thing works as well as it's ever going to. I mean, the animal tests of the individual parts worked. That's the best confirmation we're going to get without throwing someone in there 100%.

So, the current plan is this - send in Michaels

and have him look around. Get him to investigate and learn what this place is like, who else is there, etc. Then, we will then use our newfound understanding of the Reaper to figure out how to contain him. Finally we'll… we'll do our job I guess. It's our Dammerung-Class Moby Dick after all. Except without the killing it part.

Michaels finished training to use SCP-3448 a few days ago. Not sure how quickly he'll be able to adjust to being dead, which means that we don't know how long it'll be until he can actually talk to us right. But now's as good a time as any. Worst comes to worst, I love the guy, but he's already going to be dead. We just let the man rest in peace.

Too bad we couldn't use a Class-D, but the higher-ups don't trust that they'll listen to orders. It's not like we could threaten termination.

I caught Tony clearing out his quarters today. When I asked him how he was feeling he made some joke like “it’s not like it’s going to kill me twice”. And then he threw out a box of personal mementos, including that teddy bear I gave him at the Foundation Christmas gift exchange. He can’t be doing too well. But, then again, he’s probably as ready as he’ll ever be.

That teddy bear is now in my office.

SCP-3448 Day 1 Imaging Results

<08:30 — 09:00> Intense flashing and flickering.

<09:00 — 09:05> Image to resembled rough

seas.

<09:05 — 12:05> Intense flashing and flickering.

<12:05 — 12:48> Formed three hours after the previous image. Appears to be a humanoid figure surrounded by hundreds of insects. This continues for 43 minutes before the insects disperse; the now considerably swollen humanoid falls to the ground.

<12:48 — 18:48> A shade of grey.

<18:48 — 23:52> Appears to resemble the rough seas from the 08:30—09:00 image, however, the water is replaced with the insects from the 12:05—12:48 image.

SCP-3448 Day 1 Lab Notes

It's working. It's not going well, but it's working. God, what the hell was Tony thinking when he signed up for this shit?

We knew that death was supposed to get worse and worse as it went. At least, that's how the recording described it. We thought that preserving the body would reduce some of the perception issues, but I don't think it’s working as well as we wanted. But it's just the first day. Our plan gives us ten days before we jump ship and move on to another subject.

Also, we need to move Jared to a different station. He vomited all over the floor during his monitoring shift. I don't totally blame him, but he could've done the rest of us a favor by hobbling off to the bathroom faster. Hopefully Tony won't send back too many more visuals like that.

SCP-3448 Day 2 Imaging Results

<02:00 — 02:03> An emaciated man lying in a desert. There appears to be an oasis far in the background.

<02:03 — 10:03> Static.

<06:00 — 12:00> A man in the fetal position, laying in the corner of a room made of compacted dirt. Various bones and roots can be seen protruding from the walls.

<**12:00 — 18:00>** Insect wings emerge from the walls and begin fluttering.

SCP-3448 Day 2 Lab Notes

Ok, looks like he's calmed down. Not entirely coherent, but it's something. We're going to see if we can talk to him tomorrow. I say talk but I really mean mess with his brain waves in a meaningful way. We know it *works*, but we have no clue what it actually feels like. Hard to get that sort of feedback from lab rats.

But if these tests work we're onto something. We'll get him to start exploring I guess? I don't think that's the right word. Or maybe it is. We don't know if this is a place or a state of mind or what. The recording that O5-4 showed us makes it sound like he's still here, on earth. Just experiencing things in the most terrible way possible. I'm more picturing a hellscape aesthetic.

SCP-3448 Day 3 Imaging Results

<06:00 — 06:03> A caterpillar crawling up the trunk of a tree.

<08:03 — 08:13> Leaves blowing in the wind. The direction of the breeze alternates rapidly, so the leaves appear to be waving.

<09:13 — 09:15> The caterpillar from the 06:00—06:03 image eats some of the leaves from the 08:03—08:13 image.

<09:15 — 13:15> Various shades of red.

<13:15 — 13:15> An emaciated man punches a wall.

<15:15 — 15:29> Same scene from the 09:13—09:15 image, except the caterpillar has stopped eating, and the leaves have all been replaced by hands of the same size, which continue to wave in the wind. This continues for ten minutes until the wind stops. All hands except for one hang limply. The remaining hand makes an "ok" sign. The caterpillar begins to wrap itself in a cocoon.

<19:29 — 21:03> The hands from the previous image move frantically to swat away insects. Insects do not resemble a single known species. They have stingers resembling those of bees, and legs resembling those of spiders. The caterpillar has fully formed its cocoon, and is undisturbed for the duration of the visual.

SCP-3448 Day 3 Lab Notes

He's finally becoming coherent, so thank god for that. I mean, I use coherent lightly. He's as together as a consciousness floating through space could ever be. He waved to say "Hi" (I think). So this is fine.

In other news, I talked to Tony's sister, Joyce.

Apparently she works in the biology department at Site-23. I didn't tell her about what's up with Tony, of course. But, I did manage to bring up insects. Apparently Tony has some sort of insectophobia, but it's not too bad that you'd call it a phobia. Like, they just freak him out.

Either way, it makes for some interesting interpretations of Tony's visuals. I can't tell if SCP-3448-1 is full of bugs, or if it's full of whatever you're afraid of, or if that's just Tony's interpretation of it. I'm leaning toward the last option though. If anything because of an idealogical standpoint. Death being what you make of it sounds kind of poetic. Not that any of my "poetry" will show up in the formal report.

I wonder what I'd see.

SCP-3448 Day 4 Imaging Results

<10:00 — 14:22> A man searches through a garden. It is unclear what he is looking for. The garden extends indefinitely in all directions, and exploration takes the man through large groves of daisies. For the majority of the trek, the man stays on a path outlined by two hedges that run alongside him. At one point the man stops, looks at a patch of daisies, and steps over the hedges toward the flowers. Image changes after his foot hits the ground.

<14:22 — 17:22> Various shades of green and purple.

<17:22 — 17:27> The man from the 10:00—14:22 image has uncovered some of the dirt, and stares into the ground with a look of awe

and terror on his face. What the man is staring at is obscured by daisies. After three minutes, a thin, wrinkled hand is seen reaching into frame, and taps the man on the shoulder.

<17:27 — 18:27> Static.

<18:27 — 18:39> The man is standing behind behind the hedges now. A small girl is covering the patch of land with dirt using her hands. A large quantity of insects swarm around the girl. She appears content. It is unknown if the girl acknowledges the insects or not. The man's left hand appears to be swollen from stinging.

<23:39 — 01:02> The man walks back through the garden the way he came in Image 1. Left hand remains swollen. He is carrying a tulip in his right hand, which he looks at during the walk. No other individuals can be seen. After an hour and eight minutes, the man suddenly looks back over his shoulder, shrugs and continues walking.

SCP-3448 Day 4 Lab Notes:

Exploration started today. And by exploration I mean Tony actively figuring out how to convey this place to us. I don't think it's actually all flowers and sunshine. Luckily, he seems to be mostly coherent at this point. Although, I think his communication is still more cryptic than we'd like. I'll take it over how he acted a few days ago.

We don't know who the girl is. Can't tell what she's supposed to represent. Most of us think that she's another person caught in this "half-dead" state, but we don't have any confirmation. Although, on the off chance

we're right, the higher ups started an operation to infiltrate the usual suspects (CI, SH, GOC, etc.) to make sure none of them have beaten us to the punch.

Assuming Tony understands us well enough, we're going to give him the go ahead to interact more with the girl and report back.

SCP-3448 Day 5 Imaging Results:

<05:00 — 05:20> A sky covered in gray clouds. No precipitation observed.

<05:20 — 10:20> Static.

<10:20 — 10:30> A teddy bear, a stuffed animal crow, and a girl all sit around a table. The girl offers tea to both the teddy bear and the crow. Neither party reacts. She proceeds to pour tea for the two regardless.

<10:30 — 13:30> A warm shade of yellow.

<13:30 — 14:16> Same as the 10:20—10:30 image except the teddy bear somehow has a grip on the tea cup, and the crow is facing the teddy bear. The girl appears to be conversing with the stuffed animals, despite their lack of responses.

<14:16 — 15:16> A light shade of red.

<15:16 — 15:38> Same as the 13:30—14:16 image, except the crow has started to fall apart at the seams. Insects crawl out from between the stitching. Neither the teddy bear nor the girl appear to notice.

<15:38 — 16:38> Flickering between dark red, and black.

<16:38 — 16:44> Formed at 1600. Same as Image 4, except the insects have eaten parts of the teddy bear. The girl appears surprised and upset. After five minutes she glares at the stuffed crow, which is now mostly covered with insects. She then sets down her tea, and leaves.

<19:44 — 20:04> A man in the corner of a room, curled into the fetal position. He rocks back and forth. His body appears to be swollen and covered from small insect bites.

SCP-3448 Day 5 Lab Notes:

I think half of our group is starting to get more and more uncomfortable with the creepy crawlies. I can only imagine what it's like for Tony. We're giving him a day to recuperate from whatever the hell today was. No exploration or interviews or whatever.

In other news, we made some progress on the girl today. She looks almost identical to Tony's younger sister Joyce from when she was eight. Key word – "almost". I can't tell if it's Tony not quite getting the image back right, or if this thing actually just looks like Tony's sister but with slightly elevated cheek bones and a slightly darker shade of brown in her hair. Or maybe that's how Tony remembers his sister? Or maybe there's just some kid out there who looks almost like her?

Honestly, those details probably aren't super important. I bet tomorrow our "talk" with Tony will clear things up.

Day 6 Imaging Results:

<10:00 — 10:05> A man sitting with his back

against a dirt wall. Plant roots and bones protrude from the wall and ceiling. The appears to be tired, and sweating.

<12:05 — 12:08> A single question mark.

<13:08 — 13:14> The man from the 10:00—10:05 image is holding a doll of a small girl, and a doll of a crow. He positions them next to each other, with the girl's arm around the crow, and the crow's wing around the girl.

<14:14 — 14:14> The man shrugs.

<23:00 — 23:13> The man is sitting with his back against the wall of the room again. After five minutes, his head jerks to look off screen. He quickly gets up and rushes out of the room through the opposite direction. After three minutes a swarm of insects enters the screen.

<23:13 — 24:00> White.

Day 6 Lab Notes:

Shit. Shit shit shit. He's fucked Damn it tony

Fuck.

Ok, ok. Breather. Sorry future me, I shouldn't use these notes for venting. Luckily it won't show up in the formal report.

Anyways. Tony was… well he didn't learn much about the girl. At least not much that he told us. I think she's friends with the bugs? Or with the crow thing at least. Or maybe they're the same entity? They're definitely connected.

Now we're all waiting for Tony to get back to us. Luckily, we've got coffee.

SCP-3448 Day 7 Imaging Results:

<16:00 — 16:43> A man running through the garden of daisies. He appears to be limping slightly, and checks over his shoulder at regular intervals.

<16:43 — 19:07> Flashing between bright red and black.

SCP-3448 Day 7 Lab notes:

That was it. He's just… he's just still running.

We've been trying to think of something to help him. Jared floated the idea of sending him some bug spray. I know he was joking, because Jared can't help himself from bring a wise-ass when he's stressed out, but maybe he's onto something. Going to look into how to send Tony a care package tomorrow.

SCP-3448 Day 8 Imaging Results:

<02:00 — 02:43> A man is running through a garden. After thirty minutes, he passes by a girl, who appears to be planting something. He calls out to her. The girl turns around. She is planting another daisy. The man rushes to the girl, and takes her by the hand. The girl begins to say something, but is cut short as the man pulls her back to the path and resumes running. The newly planted daisy remains the focus of the image for another two minutes before it is overrun with insects.

<02:43 — 10:56> White.

SCP-3448 Day 8 Lab Notes:

Ok, we've got something. It's a little out there. But it's all we've come up with.

So, Tony's in a half-death state, right? But it's not like this is a conventional afterlife deal. It was built around a more abstract, conceptual representation of death. So that means that, all "half-dead" things could end up there, right? Well, ok the dead things end up there too but we're less sure what exactly that looks like.

But, I can't believe I'm even writing this, what if we half kill a *thing*. Ok, yes that is as dumb as it sounds, *but*, we want to send something in there to help Tony. We don't have another agent who was as willing as him to take up this assignment, and I'll be damned if we lose our best shot at exploring this place. I don't know if Tony has things, or how inanimate objects really work on the other side. But we're grasping at straws anyways.

Jared figured if we're going to send him something, we should send him some form of self-defense. Unfortunately, we're a little short handed in terms of weaponry. So we're going to send him the next best thing - a lighter. Bugs don't like fire, right? I mean, maybe they're not literally bugs, but fire is generally effective against things. Either way it'll work fine to test it.

Procedures:

1. Partially disassemble the lighter.

2. Place lighter in SCP-3448.

3. Activate SCP-3448, and at the same time try to finish disassembling the lighter? (maybe use like a firecracker for this? Or like a mousetrap? I don't know, we'll figure it out)

God, killing a lighter sounds so dumb. But fuck

it we’re gonna try.

SCP-3448 Day 9 Imaging Results:

<04:00 — 04:04> Formed at 0400. A man running through a garden carrying a lighter in one hand, and pulling a girl behind him with the other. As the man runs, he looks confusedly at the device. After four minutes, he pockets the lighter.

<10:04 — 10:29> A teddy bear the size of an average human sits against a door to a room. The walls consist of mud and dirt, with bones and roots sticking out. The girl from the 04:00 —04:04 sits at the opposite end of the room with her legs pulled against her chest. She rocks back in forth slowly for three minutes before walking to the teddy bear. She begins to speak as she tugs on the teddy bear's legs. The girl appears to age rapidly the more she begs. The teddy bear does not move.

<16:29 — 16:31> A man is standing in a garden. He is constantly stung/bitten by a thick swarm of insects. A girl screams at him from nearby, ignored by the insects. The man looks at the girl, screams something back, and then reaches into his pocket.

<16:31 — 17:31> Red static.

<17:31 — 17:54> A bonfire.

<17:54 — 20:54> Grey.

<20:54 — 23:54> A girl repeatedly stabs a man lying on the ground with a sharpened femur. They are surrounded by burnt insect corpses.

SCP-3448 Day 9 Lab Notes

Holy fuck.

It worked.

And then he… fuck I don't know what really happened. This entire past week has felt like I've been watching someone's acid trip.

Ok, we still don't know what that girl is, but stabbing Tony means she's hostile, which means we need to do something. I called in a favor and got a handgun delivered here. Same procedure as with the lighter.

SCP-3448 Day 10 Imaging Results

<01:54 — 03:01> An old woman beats a man lying on the ground with a femur. They are surrounded by burnt insect corpses, some of which are moving.

<03:01 — 04:01> A little girl is straddling a man with her arms in the air. The man aims a handgun at her. They are surrounded by teddy bears, all of which are looking at the girl.

<04:01 — 04:03> A cocoon sits on a tree branch where all of the leaves are replaced with hands. The cocoon breaks open, and a moth exits.

<05:00 — 05:02> Same as the 03:01 — 04:01 image, except the teddy bears are all grasping lighters with the flames exposed, and all of the garden is on fire. A bullet can be seen halfway between the handgun, and the girl's head.

<05:02 — 06:00> Bright red.

<06:00 — 06:00> Same as previous image,

except the flowers are replaced with chains, which are still burning. The girl has been replaced with a skeleton, but her hair remains. The man has become further emaciated and also resembles a skeleton. A chain wraps itself around both the man and the skeleton of the girl. Teddy bears look on from the darkness.

<06:00 — 07:00> Dark red.

<07:00 — 07:02> The bullet penetrates the girl's head.

<07:02 — 13:02> Static.

<13:02 — 13:16> A man stands in the middle of a garden. All of the flowers that can be seen are blooming. Insect corpses rain from the sky. The girl is no longer present. A stuffed animal crow lies next to Tony with a bullet-sized hole in its head. After thirteen minutes the following words appear at the bottom of the screen: "I hope you enjoy your hike, dad."

SCP-3448 Day 10 Lab Notes

Oh fuck.

What even just.

Shit.

I don't think I've ever been so torn over one of my experiments working twice in a row.

But still he— he shot her. I mean of course he would, we gave him the gun but I can't believe it. Like, I didn't actually think that was going to happen. Again, what else was going to happen? But just… FUCK

Then like, five minutes later the calls started.

First it was from Joyce talking about how her father wasn't dying. I'd told her to contact me if anything strange started happening with her family which might be related to Tony but this wasn't a calm informative call. She was just so excited panicked ecstatic terrified I don't fucking know.

After that was the call from O5-4. Only council member that knew about our little project. Signed off on the funding and everything. He congratulated me on our success, and then told me to burn it all. That's probably when it sunk in. It really should've been apparent from the start. It was in our contracts, it's what we told people on their first day: "This project has a single objective - contain the Dammerung Class cognitohazard known as death".

We did it? No, we really didn't do it. All those years of theorizing and studying the data, scouring anomalous burial sites and hauls from MTF raids. And finally, we come face to face with the reaper. And what do we do? We fucking shoot him her. Now all we have is a tombstone reading Rest In Peace: Resting in Peace.

We fucked up.

We didn't contain death.

We neutralized it.

Footnotes
1. Death here is referred to as a conceptual form of death. This is distinct from any notion of afterlife, and is not restricted necessarily to organisms.
2. This means that the residual signals reflect the activity of the brain if it were exposed to the same stimuli as the conceptual representation of the subject.

SCP-3449: The Things Left Unsaid

NOTICE FROM THE RECORDS AND INFORMATION SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

You are currently viewing an out of date version of this file that has been preserved for posterity. Please note that information presented herein may be misleading or incorrect.

Item #: SCP-3449

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3449 is to be housed in a staNdaRd Safe-level object storage locker in Site-19. Due to the nature of the anomaly, further containment measures are currently not necessary. Testing is curteny underway to determine the long term containment requirements of SCP-3449.

A request to reclassify SCP-3449 as an **`anomalous item`** is p3nd! Ng approval from Site Director Panthe.

Description: SCP-3449 refers to an anomalous spiral-bound notebook with a dark blue cover. Due to the formatting of the writing, six pages of the notbok appear to contain normal diary entries, however the words used are incoherent and often ispemlls. Other pages of the diary are either torn, or left blank.

SCP-3449's anomalous property manifests in documentation about SCP-3449. All writing about SCP-3449 will contain arbitrary capitalization, misspellings; and other SYntactIcal errors. Attempts to revise or correct the writing will either fail to remove the errors, or create new errors.

SCP-3449 has shown no further anomalous properties. Contact Researcher Niklo Gerdinel for additional details regarding SCP-3449

testing.

SCP-3449 was recovered by MTF Epsilon-6 (:Vil3yge !dipts”) during an investigation into a series of mild cognitive and informational hazards created in the Pittsburgh Mterp Area. It was found inside a storage unit along with a number of other anomalous objects (see Field Report Delta-546 for a full list of recovered objects). After speaking to the distributor of the storage unit, the Foundation learned that SCP-3449 and associated items were owned by an Edward Selsburgh (POI-4335).

Page revision from 04/21/2025

Next iteration from 05/12/2025

SCP-3450: OC DO NOT STEAL

Item #: SCP-3450

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: The flash drive containing SCP-3450 is to be kept in a standard low-value containment locker at Site-73. Foundation personnel embedded within the fan fiction community are to monitor the Internet for further instances of SCP-3450.

Addendum 05/11/2017: Following the discovery of SCP-3450's secondary effect by Junior Researcher Rivera, direct access to SCP-3450 is to be restricted to D-Class personnel.

Description: SCP-3450 is a text document containing a work of fan fiction featuring characters from the *Kirby* video game series. SCP-3450 was originally posted on the site .net, where it was discovered by Foundation agents following numerous, often contradictory reports of intellectual property theft by readers.

SCP-3450's anomalous properties manifest in the second chapter of the document. When any individual views this portion of SCP-3450, one original character created by the reader in an existing fictional narrative will appear in the document and participate in the events of the story. In all recorded cases, this character appears as an ally to King Dedede (a primary antagonist in the *Kirby* franchise). After a brief combat sequence, the character is inhaled and consumed by the protagonist, who then replicates one or more of the character's defining characteristics. SCP-3450 has not been observed to manifest the same original character more than once.

Addendum 05/11/2017: SCP-3450 has been demonstrated to possess a secondary anomalous effect which only manifests after repeated readings of SCP-3450. Details are available in Document 3450-01.

+ Document 3450-01

The following is an abbreviated version of the testing log of Junior Researcher Rivera. Full documentation is available from Site Director upon request.

Date: 04/04/2017
Summary: Initial testing of SCP-3450
SCP-3450 Excerpt:
All of a sudden, a beutiful unicorn jumped out from behind the bushes! Hahaha said dedede, you will never defeat my number one henchman, Sugarcoat the magical unicorn princess! The unicorn shot a beam of candy magic at Kirby but he didnt get turned to candy because he had some more health left and didnt die. Than all of a sudden kirby ran up to Sugarcoat and sucked her up with his breath! He swallowed her and started shooting candy lasers at Dedede. Aaahhhh said dedede as he ran away but the laser hit him and he got turned into a gummy Dedede. Kirby ate the gummy dedede and thought it was very tasty.
Remarks:
The abilities manifested by Sugarcoat in SCP-3450 appear to coincide with those she exhibited in the original documents, as far as I can remember. At this point, it is unclear if the literary quality of the work is innate, or if it is an attempt to simulate my own writing style when I was, what, seven? Eight?

Rather than dredge up more of my childhood embarrassments creations, I intend to write additional characters specifically designed to test the limits of SCP-3450's anomalous capabilities. Each subsequent test of SCP-3450 will be preceded by the composition of one short story featuring said character.

On another note, here's to my first official

assignment as a Foundation researcher! The first of many to come, I hope.

Date: 04/05/2017
Summary: Testing of SCP-3450's self-awareness
Character created: Jennifer Harwell, 29-year-old author. Subject is the protagonist in a heavily metafictional narrative in which she is aware of her fictional status. Subject is described as being capable of modifying her reality by directly interacting with the text comprising her existence.
SCP-3450 Excerpt:
All of a sudden, a woman jumped out from behind the bushes! Hahaha, said dedede, you will never defeat my number one henchman, Jennifer Harwell! Jennifer got out a pencil and wrote in this story "Kirby tripped on a rock and got hurt." All of a sudden, Kirby tripped on a rock and got hurt! Jennifer laughed, but while she was laughing Kirby ran in and sucked her up! After he swallowed her, he realized there where words all around him! He eraced the part where I said he got hurt and wrote "kirby ate a maxim tomato and got healthy." Then he wrote "dead" right before where I said dedede in the second sentence so now Dedede was dead and Kirby won.
Remarks:
SCP-3450 is indeed capable of recognizing its nature as a work of fiction. Furthermore, the writing style appears independent of the source material.

Date: 04/06/2017
Summary: Testing of SCP-3450's intelligence
Character created: Dr. Syed Khan, 62-year-old physicist. Subject is a highly decorated Cornell professor and Nobel laureate

specializing in particle physics phenomenology. Subject delivers a 38-page monologue summarizing modern developments in quantum gravity at a postgraduate level.
SCP-3450 Excerpt:
All of a sudden, a man jumped out from behind the bushes! Hahaha, said Dedede, you will never defeat my number one henchman, Syed Khan! The man got out a chalkboard and started writing equations. There was so much sceince that Kirby's head started to hurt all of a sudden! But Kirby closed his eyes and sucked up Dr. khan. When he swallowed, he had a super smart sceince brain! He said some big physics words like "PROTON" and caused a particle beam! The beam hit Dedede and defeated the boss.
Remarks:
I really don't know why I expected anything different.

[Superfluous tests omitted]

Date: 04/20/2017
Summary: Further testing of SCP-3450
Character created: Thermodynamic Man, 31-year-old crimefighter. Subject is capable of adding or removing heat to nearby objects at an approximate power of 350 kW.
SCP-3450 Excerpt:
All of a sudden, a man in a cape jumped out from behind the bushes! Hahaha, said Dedede, you will never defeat my number one henchman, Thermodynamic Man! The caped man reached out his arm, and all of a sudden Kirby's temprature started going way up! Kirby jumped to the side to get out of the man's range, then sucked him up into his stomach. Then kirby swallowed him and started using

his heat powers on Dedede, but he jumped in a river to cool off! So Kirby cooled the water down until it froze and hit the frozen Dedede with a super charged attack to beat the level.
Remarks:
On further inspection, this didn't really tell us anything we didn't already know. It fights, it gets eaten, it gets copied, the end. Either we're running out of meaningful tests, or I'm getting a bad case of writer's block. I'll see what I can come up with next time before I pass judgment on this.

Date: 04/21/2017
Summary: Further testing of SCP-3450
Character created: Khor'gul, orc berserker of the Northern Wastelands
SCP-3450 Excerpt:
All of a sudden, a big green orc jumped out from behind the bushes! Hahaha, said Dedede, you will never defeat my number one henchman, Khor'gul the Berserker! The orc swung his heavy axe at Kirby, who dodged the attack by the skin of his teeth. Khor'gul swung again and again, but kirby jumped out of the way every time. All of a sudden, Kirby saw his opening! He sucked up the orc and swallowed him to get his axe powers. He swung at Dedede, who tried to dodge like Kirby did, but he was way too slow and fat! Dedede took massive damage and fell over dead.
Remarks:
Another dud. I think this story is really starting to get to me — even in my other assignments, I can't seem to contribute the way I used to. I can still handle facts and data just fine, but lateral thinking is a struggle. I think I'm going to take some time off for a while, just to get my mind back on track. Hopefully it'll be enough time to come with another useful test for this

godawful fanfiction.

Date: 05/08/2017
Summary: Further testing of SCP-3450
Character created: Larry Plotter, 11-year-old apprentice wizard
SCP-3450 Excerpt:
All of a sudden, a boy jumped out from behind the bushes! "Hahaha," said Dedede, "you will never defeat my number one henchman, Larry Plotter!" The boy shouted a spell, and a beam of magic shot out of his wand right at Kirby. When the spell hit, all of a sudden Kirby became super dizzy! He tried to suck up Larry, but he missed and inhaled a rock instead. He turn and spat the rock at Larry, who was stunned long enough for Kirby to get his balance back and suck up the wizard. After he swallowed, he cast a spell at Dedede to turn him into a harmless frog.
Remarks:
Larry Plotter. I spend two whole weeks thinking of a new character, and all I can come up with is Larry freaking Plotter.

What the hell is wrong with me? I don't think it's just simple writer's block anymore. It's more like… there's nothing left to block. Like this story has just sucked me dry of everything I have to give until there's nothing left. I can't write, can't work, can't think, can't do anything except watch all my originality slip away.

I am so sick of this goddamn story. Sick of this goddamn puffball and this goddamn penguin and this goddamn "all of a sudden" every other goddamn sentence. I'm going to try this one last time, and if it still doesn't work… I don't know.

Date: 05/09/2017

Summary: Test failure
Character created: N/A
SCP-3450 Excerpt: N/A
Remarks:
I couldn't do it.

I stayed up all night trying to make something new, but nothing worked. When I got to work today, I opened up SCP-3450, scrolled past Chapter 1, and it just ended. Nothing there. I feel like

I feel like

Shit. I can't even think of a metaphor.

I don't know what to do.

+ Addendum 05/25/2017

Addendum 05/25/2017: On 05/24/2017, Junior Researcher Rivera was released from Foundation employment due to a lack of productivity and problem-solving aptitude. Attached is a memorandum from Site Director addressing the incident.

Dear Dr. Rivera,

If you're reading this, Dr. Evans has just informed you that we're letting you go. I assume he's gone over all the details — benefits, severance pay, amnesticization, that sort of thing. I asked him to give you this message, since I think your circumstances warrant an explanation, even if you won't remember it.

I had hoped it wouldn't come to this. The eagerness you used to bring to the lab reminded me of myself when I was in your position. I had so much confidence in you. But

you haven't contributed to any of your assignments in weeks, and we both know your condition isn't getting any better. We're up against some of the weirdest stuff the universe has to throw at us, and there's only enough room here for those clever enough to deal with it. This isn't easy, and it isn't fair. But it's what has to be done.

We're sorry, Valeria. We all wish you the best.

-

SCP-3451: The Shade Closet

Item #: SCP-3451

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3451 is to be secured in a locker of its own dimensions. This locker is to be located in the Site-Containment Vault and access restricted to Level-3 personnel. During testing, this locker is to be placed in an indentation at the end of a 15-meter hallway, limiting exposure to as much of its surface area as possible, to prevent uncontrolled contamination.

SCP-3451 is to be monitored at weekly intervals for evidence of behavior previously unrecorded by Foundation personnel. Following the events of Interview Log- 3451-1, SCP-3451 is to have 25 30kg of live fish inserted in its interior every 72 hours. Suitable lighting is to be provided to ensure that the shadows of the fish are to be cast on SCP-3451's interior. Should SCP-3451 produce a creaking sound with no visible source, an additional 10 kg of live fish are to be provided, and the incident reported and logged.

Description: SCP-3451 is a wardrobe constructed of mahogany. The exterior contains various scratch and claw marks, as well as additional signs of physical trauma. The twin doors of the cabinet are not attached to SCP-3451 and their location is unknown. Despite physical trauma, structural integrity remains high.

SCP-3451's anomalous properties manifest when exposed to the shadow of any living creature. Shadows cast partially on SCP-3451 will slowly extend and expand onto SCP-3451, until a duplicate shadow of identical proportions to the original is produced. Should this occur, any shadow cast on SCP-3451's exterior will begin to behave in an independent manner to its original caster. During this time, the shadows may move about the surface area of SCP-3451 freely, but appear incapable of moving on any other surfaces. Six hours after exposure, both shadows and subjects will exhibit signs of

declination and continue to deteriorate at an accelerated rate until they expire from malnutrition. Human subjects report a feeling of overwhelming sluggishness, and eventually fall unconscious within five hours. Attempts to combat this deterioration with food and water in human subjects have yielded negligible results. Upon the expiration of the physical subject, the corresponding shadow will fade from SCP-3451 within two minutes.

Discovery Log: The item was recovered from a waste disposal plant in , Ireland. Agents were alerted to a possible anomaly following reports by local law enforcement of a string of unusual deaths of workers in the plant, relating to malnutrition. SCP-3451 was successfully contained without incident and amnestics were administered to all relevant parties. According to the testimonies of two employees, SCP-3451 had been brought to the plant by an unknown civilian party, two days before the first deaths had occurred. Attempts to locate the original owners of SCP-3451 are currently ongoing.

+ Access Addendum-3451-1

Cooperation with local law enforcement has resulted in the detainment of Andrew B , who later confirmed himself to be the previous owner of SCP-3451. Suspicions were raised when B , reportedly a normally docile neighbor, evacuated his family from his home on 09/11/20 , resulting in many neighbors believing a domestic dispute had taken place. Foundation agents were dispatched when mention of a wardrobe that matched SCP-3451's description was recorded in his testimony weeks later. Its anomalous properties were not referenced. It was also noted that Mr B 's abode resided within a 5km radius of SCP-3451's recovery site. An interview was shortly arranged to determine the history of SCP-3451.

Interviewed: Andrew B

Interviewer: Agent Cr

<Begin Log>

Interviewer: Sir, my name is Agent Cr , and I'm just here to ask you a few questions. The more cooperative you are, the faster you can be on your merry way back to your family. Sound fair?

Andrew: *[Interviewee glumly nods, and straightens to attention]*

Agent Cr : So first, how did you come to be in the possession of the wardrobe?

Andrew: Well, I inherited it. It's not exactly the type of thing I'd own o' my own will, y'know. Especially with the kids. T..That's why I got rid of it in the way that I did, see? I don't want nothin' to do with that thing anymore.

Agent Cr : Inherited, you say? From whom?

Andrew: Me granddad. And listen, before I go on, y'know, Granddad was a bit of a nut job. Not a dangerous one, mind you, but the evil eye was his default expression. Didn't much care for no one. So one lazy summer afternoon, me ma has the grand idea of letting her youngest little monstrosity spend some quality time with the oldest monstrosity in the neighborhood for a day. "Bonding" was the word she used (*rolls eyes*). Anyway, both of us are sitting there, completely in sync with how uncomfortable we were, sittin' in the livin' room armchairs, silently beggin' for the ordeal to be over. For whatever reason, Granddad decided to take the initiative. "Y'like weird stuff, kid?" he asked.

Agent Cr : I take it the wardrobe entered the equation soon after?

Andrew: (*grimaces*) You bet. Most kids chat or go fishin' with their granddads. I got to throw live rats into a haunted wardrobe in the attic with mine.

Agent Cr : Rats, you say?

Andrew: Probably shoulda started with that. Yeah, small crate of 'em, poor bastards. I just went along with the "exercise", his words, 'cause I thought if I didn't, I'd be very shortly making that damn wardrobe my new abode, earthly or otherwise. The arsehole never said it, but his eyes sure did.

Agent Cr : Did your grandfather ever make any reference to how the wardrobe came into his possession? Bought it, build it, found it in a haunted house maybe?

Andrew: Would you believe me if I told ye that the thought never occurred to me? I was eight at the time. It could have been possessed by a Venus goddamn flytrap, for all I cared to know about it!

Agent Cr : Was this the first time you had been made aware of the wardrobe and its anomalous properties?

Andrew: I knew he went into the attic a lot. I never really questioned that part. I mean, what kid doesn't want to live in an attic? But, yeah, that was the first I saw it in action like that. It was also the first time I had ever seen him happy like that. Well, maybe "happy" isn't the word. "Fascinated", more like. That's positive, right? Seein' that thing suck up the shadows like a really slow hoover? Never seen anything like it before or since.

Agent Cr : There were no subsequent visits or experiments?

Andrew: (*Subject shifts uncomfortably, then shakes his head*) If tha' were the end o' it, I don't think I'd be sittin' here. (*Subject pauses for several seconds*) We kinda' made a habit of goin' to the attic every second visit, so…. four times a year? On the condition that he be the one clean up the rats when it was finished with dem'. He didn't seem to mind. I sure as sin wasn't goin' to get my hands dirty for his curiosity, with nothin' to show for it.

Agent Cr : Did your grandfather reveal anything else about the wardrobe during your time together?

Andrew: Well, I don't know if it was just me, but the thing had a wee bit of a personality, I reckon. Not a malicious or evil one, I should add. It just acted like a fungus, taking whatever was thrown at it, bugs, me' leftovers, and' as it turns out, bloody micorobes. He tested a coupla swabs an' everthin'. Tha' attic mighta been the most sterile in all the world. Anyway, eventually, the auld geezer struck a deal with me. We'd start making a log o' things we'd throw into the wardrobe and see what it liked best. I'd get a good coupla' bob for bringing back anything bigger than a rat. He'd record the data, and "see what it found most comfortable".

Agent Cr : What sort of things did you need to find?

Andrew: Roadkill, mostly. Those years were a bit of a mixed bag. One the one hand, I was makin' money while everyone else made do with whatever they dared steal from their

parents wallets. On the other hand, (*Subject leans in*) do you have any idea how awkward it is to explain to your privacy-hatin' mother why you have a decomposing badger tucked away under your bed?

Agent Cr : Can't say that I have, no.

Andrew: At least "public service" was a good enough excuse when I was caught by a Garda one time with a bloody shovel and a rancid bag on the side o' the road. As it unfortunately turned out, if it wasn't still kickin', it didn't do any good. We settled on him feedin' it rats, and me, fish I'd catch upstream. I remember salmon not lasting more than a minute, while trout lasted a good half hour. Savouring its meals, I suppose.

Agent Cr : Did the visits become more frequent?

Andrew: I won't deny I was gettin' just the teensiest bit fond of the visits. I never met me gran, but I haven't heard anything but saintly visions of her. He told me that when he found the wardrobe, wherever he did, he was in a very bad place at the time. Figured there was a reason Ma tried to get away and marry me Dad as early as she did. I guess having a pet gave him a reason to keep going, y'know.

Agent Cr : Were you scared of the wardrobe by this point?

Andrew: I was scared of it in the same way you'd be scared of a chainsaw. If you were sloppy with it, you'd regret it. If you were careful with it, you don't pay it much mind no more. Sure what it did was a little…macabre, but it felt like we both had a special connection

to (*six second pause*) ..whatever the opposite of normal is, I guess. Things that potentially no one else might know. Because of tha', I saw sides of my Grandda that might as well have been urban myths. Happier sides.

Agent Cr : When did you inherit the wardrobe?

Andrew: Can't say I really started regretting our comraderie till he died coupla' years back. At that point, I hadn't made much of an effort to visit much more after I got my first job. Funny how the amazing can become so mundane if you do it enough times. I wasn't too sure 'bout inheriting it, 'cause laws are the sort o' things you start thinkin' 'bout when you grow up. Is it illegal to own somethin' like a "balanormal" thing like that?

Agent Cr : Thankfully, that's not really my jurisdiction. Continue.

Andrew: Righto. So Granddad plugs it 'bout two months ago, an' I get the wardrobe. It goes in the attic, and I don't give it much thought after havin' a coupla "experiments" for old times sakes.

Agent Cr : Why didn't you try to dispose of it then?

Andrew: Honestly, weird thing like that, thought I could make a few bob off it. Sell it to someone whose into tha' sort o' stuff. That dream came to an end real quick 'bout a week ago. My daughter woke me up one night, said she heard some scratchin' in the attic. At tha' point, I had stopped feedin' the wardrobe, 'cause of the dirty looks I was gettin' from Deirdre every time I went up there. She was

probably expecting a drug bust any day back then. Took a torch up there, made sure the lights were working, inspected the place and….

Agent Cr : It's alright. Take your time.

Andrew: I, uh, went to the wardrobe, took off the sheet, stood well back and…there he was. It had that unmistakable wiry hair, with … things writhing all over his shape, the size of rats, clawin' an'… I guess I shoulda known that dyin' in his sleep was too good to be true. But tha' wasn't the end of it, though. Oh no, it went real Midnight Zone after tha'.

Agent Cr : Would you care to elaborate?

Andrew: Well, let's see. I'm standing there frozen, it's the first time I've seen it really fired up like tha'. But I get a grip and try to get a closer look at the thing. I notice it looks a lot worse off than the last I saw it, like it had taken a dip in a septic tank infested with termites. And Granddad…. he wasn't alone.

Agent Cr : There was more than one individual shadow present on the wardrobe?

Andrew: My mind probably… wasn't in the right place at the time, but there were definitely other hands and heads on the edges o' the thing. And to top the whole night off, one of em' came flyin' at me.

Agent Cr : I beg your pardon?

Andrew: Right, skipped ahead a bit. Uhhh, I'm staring at the thing, yeah, and the shadows seemed to drawn to the attic door, now tha'

they had a clear view of it. So, they start to… what's the word…combine, coalesce, maybe, and edges to the side. The whole mass seems to be pushin' against itself, so much that the wood starts creakin'. It's like it's fightin' the bloody things. It musta lost, 'cause the next thing I know, this… limb starts makin' its way out, tryin' to grab hold o' something. It managed to get a grip on the Christmas box, I mean, really grabs hold of it! At that point, I was moving so fast, neighbours were tellin' me afterwards that they'd been hearin' the Doppler effect! I knew I hadn't fed it, so I…. took Buddy upstairs, our Bichon. All it took were a coupla' seconds with the torch to do the deed. The wardrobe healed over the next coupla' days and the dog just wasted away not even a day after. Still can't look my daughter in the eye for …(*Subject wipes tears from his eyes*)

Agent Cr : Did you ever see this entity you just described, the limb, in the following days?

Andrew: (*shakes head*) Not so much as a whisper upstairs. Bought some goldfish to keep it happy, but I knew it couldn't stay.

Agent Cr : I see. After this, I suppose you took it upon yourself to destroy the wardrobe.

Andrew: (*Interviewee nods weakly*) Tried to, ma'am, but it took a stronger man than I. The hatchet didn't exactly give me the effect I was lookin' for. It put up too much of a fight. By the looks of it, I wasn't the first to try that approach. Other lads musta had chainsaws or somethin'. At the very least, it definitely looked worse for wear than I ever remember. At that point, I didn't care. I just wanted that thing as far away from my family as humanly possible.

(*Interviewee suddenly stiffens*) Christ, it didn't get anyone else, did it!? Is that why I'm here!?

Agent Cr : Not to worry, sir. That wardrobe will not be of concern to you for much longer.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: [Following this interview, agents were deployed to investigate the B households attic. An abnormally large crevice in the rafters was detected, though it is unknown whether the entity referenced by Mr B was responsible. Local law enforcement were advised to report any further anomalous activity in the area. Andrew B and his family were administered amnestics and relocated. Containment procedures have been summarily updated.]

+ Access Addendum-3451-2

Two months after the recording of Interview Log-3451-1, a controlled feeding hiatus was established to determine whether the events described in Interview Log-3451-1 yielded similar results. During the 72-hour observation period, SCP-3451 was observed to visibly rot at an accelerated rate and began sagging under its own weight. After 46 hours of observation, SCP-3451 was observed to produce a three dimensional black mass approximately 50cm in length and 30cm in height, dubbed SCP-3451-1. Upon being ejected from SCP-3451, SCP-3451-1 then proceeded to attempt to escape from containment, without success. SCP-3451-1 was summarily captured and placed in an isolation cell for further study. Behavioural analysis of SCP-3451-1 has since revealed the entity behaves in a manner consistent with that of a non-anomalous housecat.

However, SCP-3451 then proceeded to release two

more entities before containment personnel could properly re-contain SCP-3451. SCP-3451-2 was observed to resemble a small flightless avian form, while SCP-3451-3 resembled an unusually large canid figure. SCP-3451-3 proceeded to pounce on and consume SCP-3451-2 before attacking containment personnel. SCP-3451-3 was terminated after killing one researcher and severely injuring two other personnel. SCP-3451-3 then dissolved into an unidentified substance within 45 seconds of expiration.

Later investigation of SCP-3451 revealed it had undergone extensive deterioration, with various pieces of rotten debris visible in the interior of SCP-3451. Furthermore, since SCP-3451 has had its feeding routine re-established, the item has proven incapable of regenerating to its original state, being unable to reproduce more than 60% of its original mass, despite increases in rationing. Further testing on SCP-3451 has been discontinued, while research into alternative means of restoring SCP-3451 are currently being investigated.

SCP-3453: The Juice is Loose

Item #: SCP-3453

Object Class: Euclid Keter Neutralized Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3453 is assigned a storage container in Site-04.
Special Containment Procedures for SCP-3453 have yet to be finalized. Past containment attempts are detailed below.

Description: SCP-3453 is 250mL of orange juice that is in constant motion. While SCP-3453's movements are unpredictable it has always been observed as a continuous whole[1]. Tests into its sentience remain inconclusive.

SCP-3453 was first discovered at Elementary in , where SCP-3453 ejected itself out of its container through a straw and into a student's face. SCP-3453 then jumped up in the air, performed 3 loops, and moved erratically for 2 hours before going down a sewer drain. SCP-3453 was later contained and moved to Site-04. 623 individuals were amnesticized with Class C amnestics and 15 video recordings of SCP-3453 were expunged. Analysis of SCP-3453's original container has not shown any anomalous properties.

Addendum 3453.1: 46 hours and 18 minutes after initial containment SCP-3453 escaped through a 128nm crack in its container. SCP-3453 then moved throughout Site-04, entering and exiting the containment chambers of SCP- , SCP- , SCP- , and SCP- before leaving Site-04 through a urinal.

After being captured, SCP-3453 was placed in a 500cm thick watertight enclosure capable of holding 500mL of water and returned to its storage container.

Addendum 3453.2: 52 hours and 8 minutes after its re-containment SCP-3453 heated up to a sufficient temperature to cause its

containment unit to explode[2]. SCP-3453 quickly cooled down to room temperature and proceeded to wander around Site-04. This event also resulted in the breaches of SCP- and SCP- as well 2 casualties of Foundation personnel. All three SCPs were later re-contained without any additional issues.

Perhaps SCP-3453 possesses the anomalous ability to know of its own containment. Why else would it heat up like that?
~ Junior Research Assistant Fine

After containment was re-established, SCP-3453 was moved to a 5m thick airtight containment unit with the highest melting point available on-site. Security staff in charge of SCP-3453 has been increased two-fold and have been provided with an assortment of temporary and easy to carry containers.

Addendum 3453.3: 47 days and 20 hours after its re-containment SCP-3453 teleported outside of its enclosure. It was re-contained after 13 minutes.

As SCP-3453 appears to utilize previously unseen anomalous abilities when it has been contained for a sufficiently long period of time, a new form of containment has been devised. SCP-3453 is to be moved to a different containment unit every eight hours. There are currently six containment units created for this purpose. As a cost-saving measure, a containment unit will only be decommissioned and replaced when SCP-3453 has escaped it.

Addendum 3453.4: SCP-3453 was contained successfully for 3 months and 4 days with only 2 successful escapes. However, SCP-3453 has since then teleported outside of every containment unit devised in less than an hour, even those that it previously hasn't occupied. In addition, the temporary containment units utilized by security guards to capture SCP-3453 have become unusable for the same reason. SCP-3453 is currently uncontained but has so far stayed within Site-04. SCP-3453 has been reclassified as Keter. Doctors, researchers, and research assistants have been pulled from across Site-04 to brainstorm new containment strategies.

Addendum 3453.5: During a brainstorm session, the following note was written:

I have an idea. Let the records show that SCP-3453's container is Reality. As long as SCP-3453 exists, it is contained.
~ Junior Research Assistant Fine

42 hours after this note was written, SCP-3453 disappeared. SCP-3453 has been reclassified as Neutralized and Junior Research Assistant Fine has been reprimanded for his actions, which were taken without consultation.

Addendum 3453.6: 3 years, 5 months, 6 days, and 4 hours after SCP-3453's disappearance the Hubble Space Telescope recorded SCP-3453 appearing and moving around for 3 seconds, after which it disappeared. Foundation agents within NASA were able to expunge the video log and give non-Foundation observers Class C amnestics before it was released to the public. SCP-3453 has been reclassified as Keter.

Footnotes
1. In laymen's terms, this means that SCP-3453 has not been observed separating into multiple distinct volumes of liquid.
2. The exact temperature could not be determined by thermal scans.

SCP-3454: The Land DENIERS of Tall Bees

Item #: SCP-3454

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Any individual leaving the Land of Tall Bees is to be interrogated until it can be determined whether or not they are an SCP-3454 instance. Containment of SCP-3454 individuals is to be enacted immediately. The Lead Researcher of Site-BEES is tasked with:

- determining what is to be done with individuals who are SCP-3454, and
- ascertaining the best way to introduce the entire population of Earth to the Land of Tall Bees, one person at a time, with Foundation personnel given priority.

Research is ongoing.

Description: SCP-3454 is the designation for individuals who don't agree that the bees are tall.

The Land of Tall Bees[1] is accessible via a temporospatial tear[2][3] located inside an abandoned Target Canada store in Niagara Falls, Ontario. The bees are very tall.

The portal to the Land of Tall Bees was discovered in 2016 by an individual who understood the bees and their tallness. The portal was brought to the Foundation's attention after numerous SCP-3454 instances contacted the police, outing themselves as anomalies. After securing the location, Foundation personnel were introduced to the Land of Tall Bees[4] and the location began operation as Site-BEES.

It is currently unknown why some individuals are SCP-3454. Unfortunately, the only way to determine whether or not an

individual is SCP-3454 or not is to send them through the portal. This often upsets the bees. You do not want tall, upset bees.

Indications of being SCP-3454 include:

- lack of desire to discuss the bees
- disinterest in the bees
- not stating the bees are tall without being prompted
- interfering in Foundation operations at Site-BEES.

Addendum 3454-01: Testing Logs

Note that testing began prior to all Site-BEES staff being introduced to the Land of Tall Bees. Some tonal inconsistencies persist.

> **Date:** 05/08/2017
> **Test Number:** 1
> **Personnel Involved:** D-0901, age 35, convicted of multiple automobile thefts
> **Methodology:** Initial record of human interaction with SCP-3454 the Land of Tall Bees.
> **Test Results:** Subject directed to extend right arm through SCP-3454 the portal to the Land of Tall Bees. Subject does so without adverse effect.[5] Doctor Page, former Lead Researcher, commences with second test. Subject is tethered and given a camera before being sent bodily through SCP-3454 the portal to the Land of Tall Bees. Exploration lasts three minutes, and subject returns unharmed.
> **Notes:** Subject was noted to exclaim, "Dude, it's full of tall bees!" upon exiting.[6]

> **Date:** 06/08/2017
> **Test Number:** 5
> **Personnel Involved:** D-0901, D-9310, Agent Cook, Agent Block, Doctor Wessig, Doctor Addams, Junior Researcher Mazn
> **Methodology:** Find out just how tall the bees are.
> **Test Results:** Subjects enter the portal to the Land of Tall Bees with measuring tapes. Tapes are not long enough to measure the bees.[7] Average bee height

confirmed as being greater than 3.6 meters.
Notes: *This test was not authorized. I suspect SCP-3454 is having an adverse effect on my team. I am calling a moratorium on testing until we can get an infohazard response team down here.* - Dr. Page, former Lead Researcher, SCP-3454

Date: 07/08/2017
Test Number: 11
Personnel Involved: D-0901, D-9310, Agent Cook, Agent Block, Doctor Addams, Junior Researcher Mazn, Doctor Sawyer, Doctor Sawyer, Junior Researcher Kenzaki, Junior Researcher White, D-10008, Doctor Patel, Agent Weathersby, Agent Conte, Agent Richter, Agent Kimmel, Junior Researcher Chaudhury, Doctor Zhang, Doctor Reeves, Agent Jones-Reeves, Agent Cartham, Junior Researcher Godel, D-8624, SCP-3454-145[8], a claw hammer
Methodology: Convince SCP-3454-145 that the bees are tall. Again.
Test Results: SCP-3454-145 became unresponsive after twenty minutes of questioning. Same result as with SCP-3454-144.[9]
Notes: *Why are SCP-3454 so difficult?* - Dr. Addams, Lead Researcher, Site-BEES[1011]

Footnotes
1. Formerly SCP-3454-1.
2. Portal.
3. Formerly SCP-3454.
4. Subsequently finding that the bees were tall.
5.What did they expect? The bees are good.- Agent Block
6.This is how it should be.- J. R. Mazn
7.Is anything?- Agent Block
8. Formerly Doctor Page.
9. Formerly Dr. Wessig.
10.We need to make sure there aren't any more. Testeveryone.- Agent Cook
11.Anyone can see the bees are tall.- D-0901

SCP-3455: 411 Days A Year

Item #: SCP-3455

Object Class: Archon[1]

Special Containment Procedures: Standard Foundation operating procedures are to be maintained during SCP-3455 so far as is possible. Foundation personnel acting in manners directly contrary to the goals of the Foundation during SCP-3455 are to be severely reprimanded following its conclusion.

Prior to the conclusion of SCP-3455, all critical data is to be backed up at a temporally isolated storage site.

Research into the cause of SCP-3455 is ongoing, though it is to be noted that should the cause be discovered it is vital that its effects are preserved; SCP-3455 failing to correctly reset at the end of an iteration would cause irreparable damage to normalcy.

Description: SCP-3455 is a temporal anomaly that subverts the linear flow of time, occurring annually at 00:00 GMT on March 17th. At the initiation of SCP-3455 all affected humans will immediately regain all memories they had during the previous iteration of SCP-3455, which typically includes knowledge of SCP-3455 and its nature.

SCP-3455 lasts for exactly 47 days, concluding at 23:59 GMT on May 3rd. Following its conclusion, time reverts back to the point that it initially started; any changes made during SCP-3455 are removed from causality and all knowledge acquired is lost. Time then progresses normally until the beginning of the next iteration.

Human behaviour changes significantly during SCP-3455; this is not believed to be related to the anomaly itself, but rather a consequence of the regained knowledge from previous iterations of the anomaly and the general cultural perception of the time

encompassed by SCP-3455 being consequence-free. Notable increases in displays of hedonism occur globally, along with a general increase in nihilistic beliefs and lowering of personal inhibitions. Actions that would typically be considered reckless or wasteful are also common occurrences. SCP-3455 has been widely designated as an extra month in the calendar named Liberary amongst the civilian population.[2]

Incidence rates of anomalous activity increase far beyond baseline during SCP-3455. Containment of new anomalies during this time is complicated by the general public awareness of anomalous activity and of the Foundation itself. Despite this, all Foundation personnel are to maintain standard operation during SCP-3455.

The first SCP-3455 event is believed to have occurred in 1976, though the baseline Foundation did not become aware of it until 1987, when the technology to temporally isolate data from the timestream was developed.

▶ Notable Events During SCP-3455

Note: for ease of distinction between time in SCP-3455 and baseline time, the month name Liberary will be used to designate dates within SCP-3455.

1978
Presumed to be the third iteration of SCP-3455, and the first in which humanity as a whole has become aware of its effects. Notable for wide-spread rioting, the collapse of a number of governments, and the complete collapse of public and emergency services across large parts of the world.

1980
Believed to be the first iteration referred to as "Liberary" throughout popular media, though the source is unknown. Significant increase in promiscuous sexual behaviour world-wide, along with wide-spread street parties in major cities.

Mount St. Helens did not erupt during SCP-3455 as it did

in baseline time. The significance of this is unknown.

1983
Formation of the "Children of Liber", a cult that practices extreme hedonism during SCP-3455. The concept quickly becomes popular in a number of areas of the world, and spawns a number of groups with similar philosophies. The founder of this cult is unknown.

1985
On Liberary 17th, the USSR launched five nuclear weapons at the moon, which impacted approximately three days later. On Liberary 23rd, the US launched ten nuclear weapons at the moon. The first set of explosions were not visible to the naked eye due to the full moon at the time. Due to the later phase of the moon and the specific impact locations, three of the detonations of US weapons were briefly visible as small but bright flashes. This led to a declaration of victory by the US government, though no further details were given.

1986
On Liberary 33rd at 17:00GMT a total of 57 simultaneous terrorist attacks were carried out in major cities throughout the world. The exact fatality count is unknown, but believed to be over 5000. The perpetrators were not identified.

1987
There is a notable increase in diagnosed cases of PTSD, especially amongst victims of violence during previous iterations of SCP-3455. This is believed to be related to the sudden recall of memories of past iterations.

The popularity of groups such as the Children of Liber increases. A number of low level anomalous phenomena have additionally become associated with the Children of Liber themselves. Investigations are ongoing. A month long festival popularly called Liberalia gains traction in a number of areas of the world, characterised by the use of a variety of anomalous drug compounds that are typically

dispersed through the air. This festival reoccurs during almost every iteration.

Technological developments by Foundation personnel enable the preservation of data during SCP-3455 iterations, giving personnel in baseline time access to recorded data and knowledge from within SCP-3455. The anomaly receives its official designation in baseline time.

1990
Saddam Hussein announces that he is commissioning a 50m tall statue of himself to be built in Baghdad. It is estimated to be 20% complete by the end of the iteration.

Investigations into the anomalous activity associated with the Children of Liber are ongoing, though no information on their leadership or any of the reported anomalous activity has been found thus far.

1991
The Children of Liber are confirmed to be led by an individual named Paul Hagenson, designated PoI-54112. An attempt to question PoI-54112 regarding previously observed anomalous activity ended in violence, resulting in the termination of him and a number of his followers.

An anomalous event on Liberary 41st resulted in the complete disappearance of the islands of Madagascar and Ireland, and approximately 80% of the landmass of Japan, to a depth of approximately 800m below sea level. The resulting rapid changes in sea level caused significant disruption in coastal areas worldwide. This event did not occur in baseline time.

1992
On Liberary 5th knowledge of the Foundation becomes public, as the Site Director for Site-76 sends large amounts of classified data to news outlets world-wide. As a consequence of this action, Foundation activities during SCP-3455 iterations have suffered severe

complications due to civilian and governmental interference.

Security procedures were significantly updated in baseline time to prevent such breaches reoccurring. The individual responsible for the breach was dismissed from their employment with the Foundation following the administration of **Class-E amnestics.**

People who disappeared during the previous iteration possessed no memory of the event that occurred. By all accounts, their memory of the iteration ends at the time the event occurred.

1993
Larami[3] announced the construction of "the worlds largest water gun", which was completed on Liberary 32nd. The activation of the device resulted in the destruction of itself and nine buildings directly in its path. The column of water fired escaped the atmosphere and created a temporary cloud of water vapour in orbit. The use of anomalous technology is suspected, though investigations in baseline time could not corroborate this.

It is confirmed that no record of PoI-54112 can be found in baseline time, despite his presence within SCP-3455.

1996
The anomalous website "childrenofliber.com" was first noticed during this iteration. During SCP-3455, the website features news and world-wide event listings pertaining to SCP-3455; outside of SCP-3455, the website features a simple timer counting down to the next SCP-3455 iteration. Attempts to trace the owner of the domain or the server hosting the website have failed, in and out of SCP-3455 iterations.

1997
On Liberary 36th, a pod of bottlenose dolphins approaches the shore near Port Elizabeth, South Africa, and begins performing various works of William

Shakespeare in English. Due to widespread knowledge of the Foundation, this event becomes public before containment can be established. The event does not occur in baseline time.

1999
Increased tensions between the US and China related to events from from both baseline time and the previous iteration of SCP-3455 lead to declarations of war. While the impact is minimal[4] there are a number of attacks on military targets from both sides.

2000
Hostilities begun in the previous iteration resume, with far more coordinated strikes from both sides. Strikes on both military and civilian targets result in thousands of casualties on both sides. An impromptu meeting of the United Nations towards the end of the iteration descends into chaos as old and unrelated grievances between a number of countries are reignited.

Attempts to find more information on PoI-54112 have repeatedly failed. Given public knowledge of the Foundation and his awareness of Foundation interest in him, he appears to be actively avoiding contact.

2001
Conflict emerges world-wide as a result of the events from the previous iteration. While significant portions of armed forces world wide remaining absent from the conflict, significant damage is caused to the global infrastructure for communications and power. Shipping and transport routes are disrupted by the conflict, leading to food shortages in a number of areas across the world. Casualties are high and structural damage is significant, considering the relatively short period of time and limited man power on all sides. These conflicts continue for the next three iterations, with similar results.

2005
While no official resolution to the ongoing conflict is

reached, hostilities functionally cease due to lack of available man-power across the world, as members of armed forces throughout the world simply refuse to participate.[5]

Pope John Paul II did not die during this iteration, despite the illness that lead to his death in baseline time beginning before SCP-3455. The significance of this is unknown.

2009
An attempted interaction with PoI-54112 again results in his termination.

An unknown form of energy storm formed over the South Pacific Ocean on Liberary 41st and began moving west towards Australia, leaving a temporal void in its wake.[6] The storm made landfall on Liberary 46th, obliterating a significant portion of coastal Queensland before dissipating.

In baseline time, the non-anomalous Cyclone Yolanda followed a similar path and timetable, resulting in a severe number of fatalities and major damage to the region.

2010
PoI-54112 willingly surrendered to Foundation personnel for the purposes of establishing a dialogue. The conducted interview is transcribed below.

▶ Open PoI-54112 Interview Transcript

Interviewer: Agent Ryan Christchurch.
Interviewee: PoI-54112 (Paul Hagenson)
Date: Liberary 45th, 2010.

Christchurch: Okay, let's begin. You've actively resisted our attempts at making contact in the past, Mr. Hagenson-

Pol-54112: Paul, please.

Christchurch: -so why talk to us now?

Pol-54112: Can you blame me? Everyone knows how you operate. People locked away, weird shit in secret black-sites all over the world. I don't have much interest spending my time trapped in a cage. But, I've grown tired of spending time I should be enjoying looking over my shoulder, and I've recently become aware of something that affords me a little… leverage.

Christchurch: And what's that?

Pol-54112: First, let me ask you; what do you know about me?

Christchurch: You founded the Children of Liber during Liberary 1983 and have led them since. You've become known in certain circles for your somewhat extravagant parties, even considering the normal things that go on during Liberary. You've been tied to various anomalous goings-on almost every Liberary for the last 30 years.

Pol-54112: Anything else?

A brief silence.

Christchurch: No. You don't seem to exist outside of the event.

Pol-54112: I used to. Be out there, I mean.

Christchurch: How did you leave baseline time? Did you create the temporal anomaly?

Pol-54112: No, no I didn't create it. I'm just a man. I used to be a rich and powerful man.

Owned a giant, faceless corporation in the seventies.

Christchurch: What changed?

Pol-54112: Cancer. It was treatable, of course. As I said, I was rich. But you know how these things work. You're never really *cured* of cancer. You're just on a clock, waiting down the days until it rears its ugly head again. And I was already 58. It's become a bit of a cliché, I know, but the whole affair made me aware of my own mortality. So I decided to do something about it.

Christchurch: About *mortality*.

Pol-54112: Why not? You must have seen some unusual things working for your Foundation. You must know the kinds of shit you can find out there if you look hard enough.

Christchurch: So what did you do?

Pol-54112: The same thing every rich asshole would do in my situation. I visited every hack, wack-job and voodoo magic man I could find who might have what I was looking for. Hey, it was the seventies. None of them did, of course. But I did catch wind of something. Do you believe in anything, Mr. Foundation? A God?

Christchurch: No. No, not really.

Pol-54112: Ah, but you've seen things, haven't you? I can see it in your eyes. Things that claim to *be* gods, or as close enough to them as humans are ever likely to care about.

Christchurch: Are you saying you found a

god?

PoI-54112: Or something that was close enough. He was old. Dying, I think, if gods even can die. The great Liber, Roman god of wine, fertility and freedom.

PoI-54112 gestures dramatically.

PoI-54112: I don't know if he actually was what he claimed to be, but he certainly believed it. He was bitter, too. Angry about being forgotten. He ranted on about how his fellow gods were all immortalised by the calendar or how they had become pop-culture darlings. But not poor old Liber.

Christchurch: You made a deal with a dying god.

PoI-54112: Bingo. Ironically, I'd gone looking for something to try and solve the issue of my own mortality, only to find a dying god who couldn't solve his own. He couldn't make me immortal, but he could give me time. Endless time. A strange distinction, but there it is.

Christchurch: This being created the extra time?

PoI-54112: Oh no, no. I don't think so. No, I think the repeating time was already there. A natural phenomenon maybe. Of course, no one remembered it. It could have been happening for centuries. Millennia even, for all I know. No, he gave people memories. Turned me into an anchor of sorts, I guess. Put a little bit of whatever was left of him inside of me. As long as I exist, he exists, and people will remember what happened last Liberary. And since I'm now linked to it, I can't *not* exist. I had

to give up my original life, obviously. Was all but forgotten by the world. But it was worth the price.

Christchurch: And what did this Liber person get out of it?

Pol-54112: To be remembered, of course. To live on a little. All any being of great power ultimately wants. So I made sure the extra time would be named after him. Founded the Children. For 47 days out of the year, Liber is the biggest game in town.

Christchurch: And you get to spend your time hosting orgies and eating enough food to feed a small country.

Pol-54112 laughs.

Pol-54112: Understand, from my perspective it's only been a few years since this all started. Whatever you consider normal time doesn't exist for me. But I'll admit, that aspect of it all has started to wear a little thin. That's not what we're here to talk about, though, is it.

Christchurch: You mentioned something about leverage. I assume you're going to attempt to blackmail us now.

Pol-54112: Please, understand that I don't do this maliciously. It's actually out of my control. But as I said, I'm tired of having to look over my shoulder constantly in case some faceless Foundation goon grabs me and locks me in a box. So I'm hoping we can come to some sort of arrangement.

Christchurch: I'm listening.

Pol-54112: Liberary is my entire existence. My impact on your world is limited, but it's not non-existent. You lose nothing by leaving me be. The world already knows about the Foundation and all the weird shit you deal with during Liberary. None of the "anomalous" stuff in my circle is harmful. Most of it is just side-effects from having part of Liber inside me, I think. The remnants of an old god amusing itself.

Christchurch: We lose nothing by leaving you alone. What do we *gain*, then?

Pol-54112: As I said before, I'm something of an anchor now. While I'm here, I keep whatever this all is-

Pol-54112 gestures vaguely around the room.

Pol-54112: -pinned down. Solid. Whole. When I'm *not* here - for example when Foundation soldiers burst into one of my parties and shoot me dead. Well, things become a little *less* solid.

Christchurch: What are you implying?

Pol-54112: I'll spell it out for you. Every time I've died, something bad has happened. Something big. I don't know why, maybe it's the result of that last piece of a god living inside of me actually dying. But they've started to bleed over into your time. The last time I died, that storm in Australia leaked over and caused all sorts of trouble. How many people died? Nine, ten thousand? That was the worst so far, but it wasn't the first.

Christchurch: So you're holding the world hostage?

PoI-54112: Oh don't be so dramatic. Like I said, this isn't intentional. I felt terrible when I realised the connection. I've taken a lot less risks since then, just in case. But like I said, I also have little interest being hunted. So here's the deal. You leave me be, to go about my business at no cost to your self or your precious "normality" or whatever you call it. And in return, I won't kill myself every time I think you're even getting a little close.

Christchurch: We could just keep you sedated. Put you under every time Liberary starts again.

PoI-54112: That would work once. Next Liberary I'd wake up somewhere else. Certainly not in your little jail cells. And then you'd have to track me down all over again, and risk my getting killed. Why take the chance?

Following the interview, PoI-54112 was held until the conclusion of the SCP-3455 iteration, with their agreement. PoI-54112 was not present in his assigned cell in the following iteration, and his current whereabouts is unknown. The claim that their termination has a correlation with destructive disasters, which mirror disasters in baseline time, has been corroborated.

The current operating policy on PoI-54112 is to monitor, but not to approach.

Footnotes
1. Archon-class anomalies are anomalies that should not be contained due to the damage that would be caused by doing so.
2. So named for the Roman God Liber.
3. A toy company that was acquired by Hasbro Inc. in 1995, notable for the development of the popular "Super Soaker" brand of water gun toys.
4. Due in large part to notable percentages of armed forces on both

sides failing to report for duty.
5. It is theorised that ongoing memories of injuries and deaths amongst the armed forces significantly reduced the desire to engage in conflict.
6. A dark region of space in which time either does not exist or does not move.

SCP-3456: The Orcadian Horsemen

Item #: SCP-3456

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3456 is currently uncontained; all attempts to contain or neutralize it have failed. Research into methods for containment are ongoing. Personnel who observe the entity are to be treated with Class G amnestics, and must be located with at least one freshwater stream, river, or lake within 1 km of the treatment facility. All historical references to SCP-3456 are to be removed and/or attributed to myth, shell-shock, PTSD, and hysteria. Reports regarding loss of life and damage as a result of SCP-3456 incidents should be scrubbed of all references to the anomaly, and replaced with narratives involving military conflict, natural, or man-made disasters.

Regions in which SCP-3456 are likely to appear are to be monitored regularly. Personnel are to be deployed to aid evacuation efforts in the event of an incident. Direct observation of SCP-3456 should be avoided.

Description: SCP-3456 are a group of quadrupeds resembling horses and other equines. Individual instances deviate significantly from other equines, particularly due to the lack of hair, presence of three-toed hooves, thick transluscent skin, and either single or multiple human torsos fused to its back in addition to the normal equine head attached to the horses body.

Each torso has a pair of arms and a head attached, where the arm-span reaches twice the height of the entity itself,[1] and end in 5 sharpened, protruding bone digits in place of human fingers. In most instances, SCP-3456 possesses a hole where the human nose is normally located, and is capable of emitting high-pitched screams up to 110 decibels in intensity. The size of each SCP-3456 instance varies, with the largest recorded manifestation reaching 30 m in

height, and 15 m in length. SCP-3456 instances, thus far, have proven to be impervious to conventional weapons.

Instances materialize near the sites of war, terrorist attacks, and natural disasters. Multiple manifestations may occur depending on the scale of the event, as indicated by the entity's materialization during numerous historical events throughout the 19th, 20th, and 21st centuries. SCP-3456 instances display high levels of adaptive intelligence during incidents, often engineering situations to trap or torture their targets.[2] Due to this, it is currently theorized that SCP-3456 may be sapient.

Direct observation of SCP-3456 by an individual will result in the entity becoming aware of the observer, at which point it will display directional awareness of said individuals at all times. SCP-3456 manifestations are known to engage in predatory and stalking behavior, utilizing the environment to conceal and camouflage themselves. Survivors of such behavior report that the entity will manipulate, and follow its targets, pursuing them well beyond the site of initial manifestation (See Incident Log I-3456-032).[3] SCP-3456 will continue such behaviors, deliberately exposing itself to as many individuals as possible, until it has captured a large number of individuals, at which point it will dematerialize.[4] What happens to subjects taken by SCP-3456 is currently not known. Should SCP-3456 be incapable of collecting a sufficient number of subjects, it will continually materialize near individuals who have observed it before, until it is able to capture them.

SCP-3456 is either unwilling to cross, or incapable of crossing, bodies of fresh water. This was initially discovered by Foundation plants within Basrah, Iraq, during Operation Iraqi Freedom. Foundation agents were forced into rapid retreat across the Tigris river by three SCP-3456 manifestations, at which time they discovered that the instances either could not or would not set foot onto the bridge. How and why SCP-3456 is unable to cross such geographic boundaries is currently unknown.

ATTEMPTED ACCESS DETECTED. ENTER CREDENTIALS

The following section contains journal entries from Dave Harkand, an infantryman in the British Expeditionary

Force during World War I. This journal describes several SCP-3456 sightings over the course of The Battle of the Somme.

June 27th, 1916

Finally arrived at the front! I picked up this little journal while I was in Paris, figured I might as well keep record of my heroics on the battlefield. Quite chuffed to finally be in action, though it seems I'm the only one. Most of these blokes have been fighting for a couple months now, and they look downright dreadful. Mud all over the uniform, and their faces are so pale, look like they haven't eaten or slept for months. Commanding officer is rather shit hot[5] for battle, it's quite admirable.

July 2nd, 1916

Woke in the early hours of the morning. Ground was shaking, damn near shook me out into the muck on the dugout floor. Poor blokes in the bunks on the other side looked liked they had seen a ghoul. Pair of Northern Irish lads from Kitchener's Armies if I remember right. Kept muttering about a Nuckatee? Must be some Mick[6] thing. Were both gripping a gold crucifix. Was about to lay my head back down and get a wink of shuteye when I ended up scrambling into the mud. Loudest damn thing I'd ever heard. Thought it was the Hun Artillery bout to mark us with a whizz-bang, only problem was, never did get the bang. This morning asked our brass hat about the Artillery barrage. Gave me a funny look, and asked what the bloody hell I was talking about.

July 2nd 1916

We went looking for the dud that must have

come down last night. Didn't find it, but found something even the amen wallah[7] probably can't explain. Strangest looking crater I've ever seen, was shaped like a giant hoof.

July 3rd, 1916

Huns made a push today, first time they've moved in our region. First time I'd ever seen combat. It's not romantic and adventurous. It's terrifying, and deadly. My hands can't stop shaking, already messed up the chit[8] once. The Huns had our outfit up against a wall, damn near overran us, didn't help that it rained the night before making our fox hole filled to the brim with muck. One of the Fritz came right at me…just…I put one right between his eyes. Fell right at the edge of the trench, and had to look him in the eyes, poor lad couldn't have been more than 17 or 18.

Martin, one of those Irish lads, is gone. Was unlike anything I'd ever seen, one moment he's standing shooting at the Huns, all of the sudden, the mud starts boiling. Fore anyone can react, Mud just flies everywhere, everyone else is suddenly knocked down off their feet. I look up, the wanker's just gone. Wasn't even body parts left. Haven't told anyone…but I'd swear that there was bones coming up from underneath him right before the mud went flying. His mate, Brendan, was digging in the mud for hours, looking for the crucifix.

July 14th & 15th, 1916

Huns tried to push this morning in the rain. I was in the machine gun nest with Brendan, the other Irish chap in my unit. They kept coming and coming, and getting stuck in the mud, and I just kept shooting.

Sun is rising. I'm on watch till 8, at least that's what the Brasshat said. I've started losing track of how much times been passing. There's something out there. Something lurking out in the mud and dead Huns. Nearly dozed off last night, listening to the moans of the blighty wounded stuck out in No-man's land. Poor bastards got left behind. Saw something out of the edge of my vision, something big. Couldn't quite make it out, it was much darker than usual, overcast sky was obscuring the full moon. Heard a couple of screams, but whatever it was was gone before my flare hit the sky.

July 30th, 1916

I've been seeing them at the edge of my vision, ever since that first night. They're huge, but they move so damn fast that they're gone before I can get a clear look. Or at least, that's how it was mucking out until today. Thick fog and mist rolled in this morning, blanketed everything. We figured the Huns might use it to launch another push. Bastards have been pushing non-stop since the 20th. Saw it, through the fog, looked like a shadow, hiding in the mist. Some sort of Horse like creature, with a something dragging along the ground, and a giant lump where the rider would sit… cept the lump started moving. Could have sworn it was a person, or something that looked like a person. Sat up, and the things dragging along the ground reached out in front of it and picked up something, thought it was a couple dead Jerry's…until they started squirming. I'll never forget the noise it made. Louder than a banshee, shrill and twisted.

It looked right at me. Two pairs of red glowing

orbs.

August 5th

Brendan calls them Nuckelavees. Won't tell me much more than that. Beginning to understand why all these blokes looked so terrified when I first arrived.

August 13th

Bloody hell. Bloody hell. They're nightmares. Been on watch two nights in a row, one just… appeared right there, right in front of me. 20 feet, had to be at least 20 feet away. Towered into the sky. Got my flare to go off in time to see it pick up a couple wounded Jerry's in the mud. They don't have bloody skin. There's just muscle, and fat. The thing on its back…wasn't human, no way could it be human. Had no skin either, no legs, just merged straight into the horse at the stomach. I took a couple shots at it with my rifle…did absolutely nothing, like I was shooting it with a sling shot. It stopped soon as my flare reached its highest point, and turned. Looked straight down at me, both the horse and the…thing on its back. *It smiled.*

August 17th 1916

Been assigned night watch the past four nights straight. Tried to tell the brass hat about the nuckelavees. Didn't believe me. Said it was the shell shock playing with my head. Had to put a sock in it, and keep on.

It keeps coming back. Every night. Same spot, 20 feet in front of me. Picks up wounded Jerry's, turns and looks…and then it's gone. It's playing with me, I'm sure of it. Last night there was another one too. Four of those

things on its back, did the same damn thing.

7:00 A.M. August 20th 1916

Jerry's made a big push yesterday. Rained two days ago, all day, so the muck was deep. We were on the machinegun again in the pillbox. So many of them in no-man's land last night, couldn't tell the dead from the living. Haven't slept in six days. There were five tonight. Three of them had more than one of those… things on their back. The one that keeps coming back…dropped something. Saw it shine in the flare light.

10:00 A.M. August 20th 1916

Went out into the mud where it appears every night. Found Martin's crucifix and tin hat.

August 20th 1916

They're getting bold, saw one out in broad daylight. Pretty sure it was the same one. Buried itself in the mud, just lying there… waiting.

We're going over the top at three. There are more out there now…all doing the same thing…god help us.

Official records show that Dave Harkand was declared MIA on August 20th, following a failed British counterattack against the German trenches. Additional queries have revealed that one Brendan O'Malley within the same unit was also reported MIA on the same date. Harkand's Journal was found 20 feet from the edge of the German trenches, two months after he disappeared.

Incident Log I-3456-032

Footnotes

1. Which causes these appendages to drag along the ground during the entity's movements.
2. Common tactics include ambushes, luring, property destruction, and psychological manipulation.
3. Such individuals describe SCP-3456 "stomping" and "breathing", in close proximity to where they were concealed, for hours before appearing to give up, only to return once they had emerged from their place of refuge.
4. The conditions and exact number of people SCP-3456 requires to reach satisfaction are unknown, and appear to vary between individual appearances.
5. British slang for overly enthusiastic.
6. British slur for the Irish.
7. British Military slang for a Chaplain.
8. British slang for paper.

Incident Log I-3456-032

WARNING, ATTEMPTED ACCESS DETECTED. SCANNING FOR PROPER CREDENTIALS.

CREDENTIALS RECOGNIZED. LEVEL 5 CLEARANCE GRANTED.

The following incident details an SCP-3456 manifestation in Fukushima, Japan, following the 2011 Earthquake. Several Foundation reconnaissance teams were deployed, following the evacuation of the city, to assess whether or not the earthquake had been caused by an anomaly. SCP-3456 manifested in several locations during and shortly after the quake, resulting in 2,562 missing persons. Foundation reconnaissance personnel were not expected to encounter SCP-3456, as manifestations had ceased in the prohibited zone 64 hours after the majority of the civilian population was evacuated.

Incident Log I-3456-32

Foreword: Reconnaissance teams were deployed in squads of 4, with one member of each team possessing helmet-mounted camera equipment. The following log details the events surrounding Squad 3. 3 of the 8 teams were noted to have encountered SCP-3456; however,

the cameras for Squads 1 and 6 were destroyed early during interaction with SCP-3456 entities. This log is a transcript of the audio and visual feeds between Squad 3 and Command. Other members of the squad were not subject to audio communications between Commander Bryans[1] and the communications officer.

Begin Log

[The helmet mounted camera is switched on as the reconnaissance squad departs the helicopter transport. The street depicted both in front and behind the unit, as the camera swerves with the operatives head, is noted to have sustained significant structural damage, with many visible points where the concrete has buckled or split apart.]

Bryans: This is reconnaissance squad 3, Orange Leader. Command, do you read?

Command: *We read you Orange Leader.*

[The feed turns to the left and the right, noting two other individuals, each equipped with standard field agent equipment.]

Bryans: Mic check?

Lopez: Lopez reporting.

Chou: Check, Check, is this thing working?

Byers: Reading you loud and clear, Commander.

[Bryans is seen pointing at the screen.]

Bryans: Command, is the camera in Byers' helmet transmitting?

Command: *We're getting clear transmission from the camera. Navigation is sending you coordinates. Agents Lopez and Chou have been provided Kant counters.*

Remember, any deviation from the norm is grounds for further investigation. Should you encounter an anomaly, radio its location and containment teams will be deployed. Under no circumstances is your squad to engage an anomaly. From this point forward, communications with Command will be directed to you.

Bryans: Roger, Command.

[The camera tilts slightly downward, pointing at a square device on Agent Byers wrist.]

Bryans: Ok, our target is 3 clicks south. We'll have to cross the Arakawa river here. Chou, Lopez, I want those Kant counters counting as we're moving. The moment those levels look weird, you say something, got it?

Lopez: Yes sir!

Chou: Got it.

Bryans: Byers you stick close to me.

[For the next 10 minutes, Squad 3 moves through five blocks of damaged buildings and roadways, with no signs of anomalous activity.]

Lopez: Hey boss, my counter just got a huge spike.

Chou: Was about to say, my needle went all the way into the red for about three seconds.

[Bryans holds up his hand to stop; the reconnaissance members stop in the street. Byers moves slowly in a 360 degree arc as she attempts to locate the source of the elevated Hume readings.]

Bryans: Command, you got all that right?

Command: *We got it Orange Leader. We're not picking up anything on the visual or au-*

[At this point Command noted the presence of a dull, rhythmic thumping noise. Intensity of the thumps indicated a distance of roughly 300 m between the source of the disturbance and the camera's microphone.]

Bryans: Command?

Command: *Please hold your position, Orange Leader.*

Lopez: Boss, do you hear that?

[The sound is noted to have grown slightly louder, and decreased in distance from 300 to 250 meters away.]

Chou: Sounds like a horse walking on pavement.

[The camera begins another 360 degree arc as Agent Byers scans the surrounding environment. The noise abruptly ends after two minutes of continuous increase in intensity.]

[A crash is heard, and the camera swivels 180 degrees. Lopez's Kant counter can be seen on the pavement, glass shattered.]

Lopez: Holy shit.

Chou: Commander…

Bryans: Command, we might have a problem.

[The camera pans up from the Kant counter on the ground, and captures SCP-3456 standing in an intersection 200 m away. The camera zooms in on the entity, and Command notes the translucent skin, and fused human torso in the middle of the horse's back. The torso appears to remain limp and motionless for approximately 30 seconds.]

Bryans: Command, believe we have identified the entity responsible for the quake.

Command: *Negative Orange Leader. SCP-3456 is not responsible for the earthquake. [The communications officer begins talking to one of the higher clearance reconnaissance Command officials] O'Donnel! We have an SCP-3456 manifestation!*

Bryans: What? That's 3456? What is it doing here?

[The torso begins to move, slowly straightening into an upright position. Its arms begin swinging, damaging or destroying several structures around it, and drawing Bryans' attention.]

Command: *Orange Leader, Command has authorized a UAV drone strike. Move your team out of the street and into the high-rise two buildings to your left.*

Bryans: Roger Command.

[The camera focuses on Bryan for another five seconds as he turns to address the squad, before focusing on the entity. SCP-3456 has stopped moving its arms. The entity turns towards the reconnaissance team. It emits a loud vocalization for approximately five seconds.]

Command: *Orange Leader, get your team out of there! It's seen you!*

Bryans points to the side street, and the camera swivels in that direction bringing a large high-rise into frame.

Bryans: Everybody move! Now!

[The camera begins to shake, and tilts down as Byers briefly looks at the ground, before returning to a level view. The feed swivels to the left briefly, and captures the approaching UAV drone, before swiveling to the right. The entity can be seen charging towards the squad, appendages reaching towards the screen. The UAV drone is seen as a blur by the camera, and there is an explosion, as the entity emits a wail and disappears

beneath a cloud of smoke.]

Bryans: Will that kill it, Regina?

Command: *No, George. It only slows it down.*

[The squad enters the high-rise, and begins climbing the stairs. The camera stops shaking as the squad stops on the 8th floor of the building.]

Bryans: Regina, why the hell is it here.

Command: *[An argument can be heard between the communications officer and the head of reconnaissance.[2]]*

[The screen begins vibrating excessively, and the sound of SCP-3456 approaching the building can be heard. Bryans is seen directing the squad members to the door of a large utility closet. As Byers closes the door behind them, the video feed displays a shadow blocking out the light of the window.]

[The camera is switched, temporarily, to night vision by Byers. The camera vibrates four more times, before the sound of SCP-3456 approaching stops. The entity can be heard breathing heavily outside the window.]

Bryans: Regina, come in Regina.

Command: *[The previously mentioned argument can still be heard.]*

Bryans: God Dammit.

Lopez: Wish we had a way to see what that thing is doing out there.

Bryans: We do have a camera.

Byers: I am not sticking my head outside that door.

Chou: Hey this is a utility closet right?

Lopez: Yeah.

Chou: Byers, is there a broom in here.

Lens turns to the left, and a broom can be seen.

Byers: Yeah, right next to you.

Chou: Toss me your helmet.

[The screen wobbles, and is inverted as Agent Byers removes her helmet and hands it to Agent Chou. The camera shakes several times, the click of a flashlight and the sound of tape being torn can be heard.]

[The feed stops shaking, and there is a tapping noise.]

Chou: Ah good, this should let us see what's going on. You've got your remote display on right?

Bryans: We'll be able to see what it's doing out there. Good thinking Chou. Whatever it is I hope it's fucked right off.

Byers: Innovative as always.

[The feed wobbles back and forth, and the sound of the closet door creaking open can be heard. Night vision is disabled as the lens begins detecting light coming through the window. The entities hands grip the side of the windows, and its face comes into frame from the left. It's eyes move back and forth several times. The entity breaths out briefly, fogging the lens of the camera. It emits a vocalization, causing the camera to drop to the floor. The door is heard slamming shut with the force of the vocalization. The entity lingers in the window for a moment, before releasing the sides, and disappearing from view.]

[SCP-3456's shadow begins moving away from the

building and out of frame. The camera shakes, and is slowly pulled back into the utility closet. The camera shakes for 60 seconds before it is handed back to Agent Byers. Three minutes pass before SCP-3456 can no longer be heard. The other three squad members appear visibly shaken by the preceding events.]

Command: *Orange Leader, is your squad still intact.*

Bryans: Regina, what the hell is going on.

Command: *You, and two of the other squads, have encountered SCP-3456. It wasn't supposed to be here.*

Bryans: *Supposed* to be? The hell was Command thinking sending us in without confirmation.

Command: *George, this line is being monitored.*

Bryans: I don't give a damn. You put me and my team in a hotzone, with a hostile entity that isn't supposed to be here. I need to inform them.

Command: *You can't do that Orange Leader, the security cle-*

Bryans: Security clearance be damned, we just stared a demon in the face. You think I give a damn about bureaucratic procedures right now?

[10 seconds of radio silence pass.]

Command: *You can't tell them what it is.*

Bryans: God dammit Regina.

Command: *You can tell them what it doesn't like.*

[5 seconds of silence.]

Bryans: Are you talking about…

Command: *Fresh water.*

[15 seconds of silence.]

Bryans: That's helpful Regina, what are we supposed to do, splash a bottle of water on it and watch it melt?

Command: *George, if you get to the bridge over Arakawa, it won't be able to follow.*

[Bryans looks down at the display device on his wrist, which lights up.]

Bryans: Regina, the crossing is still 1.5 clicks away. We'll never make it there.

Command: *Give me a second.*

[30 seconds pass in silence. Bryans' display lights up again, followed by those of the other three squad members. The video feed tilts down.]

Command: *Your original route took you across the Arakawa, upstream at a narrow point. I've rerouted you to a closer crossing, at the rivers widest point. It's about 1 km out, and should take about 15 minutes, if you use the buildings for cover. The helo is already en-route.*

Bryans: Roger Command…what is the status of the other two teams?

Command: *[Muffled chatter] We've lost contact.*

[He turns and looks at each member of the group, before facing Byers.]

Bryans: Anne, I need you to poke your head out the door, make sure that thing isn't out there.

[Perspective shifts slightly as Byers looks out the closet door. SCP-3456 is not seen.]

Byers: All clear sir.

Bryans: Ok, so here's the deal folks. We got something out there that isn't supposed to be here. Command has our evac en-route, but we need to get over the Arakawa for them to do that.

Chou: Any particular reason for that? Why can't they just pick us up here?

Bryans: You saw what it can do. Command doesn't want to risk a chopper getting knocked out of the sky. That *thing* can't cross freshwater. The widest point of the river is 1 km south. We stick to the shadows, and move fast and quiet. That's all you need to know for now.

[Bryans is seen giving the signal to move out. The squad spends the next 15 minutes moving between different buildings. The squad stops approximately 50 yards from the bridge, a few meters from a large intersection. The frame pans from left to right in a 360 arc as Byers surveys the surrounding buildings. There is no sign of SCP-3456.]

Bryans: Command, we're 50 yards from the bridge. No sign of the entity.

Command: *The helo should be on the bridge, can you see it?*

[Byers turns to the front, and the camera zooms in, capturing a CH-47 Chinook helicopter on the bridge.]

Bryans: Roger Command, we see it.

Lopez: Sweet Mary, Mother of Jesus we're saved.

[The squad begins walking forward, but stops. The camera experiences several severe vibrations, and a ticking noise begins as Chou's Kant counter buzzes in alarm.]

[SCP-3456 emerges from the street to their left, five meters ahead and turns so that it directly faces the reconnaissance squad. The torso leans down on the right side, and both the horse and the human torso emit a vocalization. From the bridge small arms fire can be heard, and seen colliding with the entity's skin. Two RPGs collide with the entity along its neck to no effect.]

Bryans: Son of a bitch was waiting for us.

Chou: What do we do now?

[The camera moves down to Bryans, who pulls two canisters from his belt, stun grenades.]

Bryans: We run.

Bryans flips the pin on the grenades and looks back at the squad.

Bryans: Shield your eyes. Hey ugly!

[Bryans throws the grenades into the air, and begins running forwards. Byers looks down to avoid the flash. There is a bang, and the entity is heard wailing. Byers looks back up, Lopez and Bryans can be seen in front, They've nearly reached the bridge. The camera turns slightly to the left, and Chou can be seen running alongside Byers.]

[The feed suddenly spins. Byers is level with the ground, and begins sliding backwards. The camera lifts up, and Byers can be heard screaming. Perspective tilts up, and shows the entity's hand wrapped around Byers' left leg. Byers head tilts back to a more level angle, depicting her ascent into the air as she continues screaming. The camera stops moving up, and focuses on SCP-3456's face, at which time it is noted to be smiling. The lens attempts to focus on something embedded within the entities forehead, and zooms in. A golden crucifix, and a World War 1 British infantry helmet can be seen before

the camera feed terminates.]

End log

Postword: Time-stamps from visual footage indicate that SCP-3456 demanifested at the termination of the video feed. Agents Anne Byers, and Louzon Chou have been declared missing, and remain unaccounted for.

Footnotes
1. Who was briefed on SCP-3456 during evacuation efforts, but failed to encounter any manifestations.
2. Other communications officers present later reported that the debate pertained to whether or not the situation superseded the higher level classification of SCP-3456's documentation, and thus required full briefing of the team.

SCP-3457: The Rite of Solomon

The Iron Crown of Lombardy, one of the artifacts that can be used within SCP-3457, on display in the Cathedral of Monza.

Item #: SCP-3457

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Ongoing containment of SCP-3457 is maintained through a joint effort of the Foundation and the Global Occult Coalition, in accordance with the terms of the Köln Agreement. Custody of the physical components of SCP-3457 has been entrusted to the Coalition, which may deal with all relevant items in whatever manner it deems most suitable; the Foundation is responsible for safeguarding all information relating to the use of these physical components as part of SCP-3457.

To maintain the integrity of these procedures and to prevent the potential abuse of SCP-3457 by either party, both organizations are required to withhold the specific implementation details of their respective response and containment procedures from each other. Operational details regarding active containment efforts may be shared on a discretionary basis. Current Foundation policy is to alert Coalition operators when Mobile Task Forces are deployed in the context of SCP-3457's containment, to avoid the possibility of accidental interference during field operations. Likewise, Foundation field agents are expected to stand down and contact their respective base of operations for confirmation if a Coaliation operator indicates that they are responding to an SCP-3457 component object.

Information on how to perform SCP-3457 has been distributed among Foundation archival facilities in a mixture of digital and physical storage media; no facility maintains a complete copy of this data. The list of sites involved in the containment of SCP-3457 is known only to the O5 Council and select L4 individuals authorized by them.

Description: SCP-3457 is a set of Grade-א occult workings, commonly referred to as the “Rite of Solomon” due to an alleged relationship to the eponymous king. When executed properly, it is capable of instigating a GR-Class Hostile Demiurge Event. Completing the Rite allows for the arbitrary reassignment of thaumaturgic capabilities as well as making fundamental changes to the nature of thaumaturgy, enabling the user to gain complete control over the distribution of occult ability among the human population.

Completion of SCP-3457 requires the performance of two distinct workings and results in the creation of a deific entity to serve as a demiurge capable of enacting extensive control over the nature of thaumaturgy. This involves the use of several artifacts of religious or mythological importance; the working makes use of the collective human belief in a divine power that is present within the artifacts, which is then manifested as a new, actual deific entity.[1] Although the precise extent of the demiurge's capabilities is unverified, recovered documents indicate that it is able to fundamentally alter the basic laws that govern how thaumaturgy can be used and its effects.

The exact criteria which qualify an object for use as a physical component in this working are known only to the Global Occult Coalition. However, the Coalition reports that % of qualifying objects are in either their custody or the custody of one of their member organizations. The remaining % are believed to be distributed among remnants of the Obskuracorps, paracrime syndicates such as the Chaos Insurgency, and various religious institutions. Additionally, a small number of viable artifacts are kept on public display in museums around the world as part of a joint sting operation between the Coalition and the Horizion Initiative, with the goal of apprehending individuals intent on using these artifacts to perform the Rite of Solomon.

Prior to 1881, the presence of an existing demiurge made the performance of the first working unnecessary. However, completion of the second working was also prevented by this demiurge, which took defensive measures to prevent any human thaumaturge from performing the Rite. Recovered documents tell of several attempts

to utilize SCP-3457 in the past, all of which resulted in the complete destruction of the instigating parties by the demiurge. It is currently unknown whether this demiurge was also created through the first working of SCP-3457 or if it originally was an emergent entity tied to the nature of Thaumaturgy. Unverified information gained from remnants of the Obskuracorps[2] indicate that it may have been created by ancient Hebrew thaumaturges. However, considering the source of this information, this is highly suspect and can not be taken as reliable. After the destruction of the demiurge through unknown means in the Sixth Occult War, it once again became possible to use SCP-3457.[3]

The second working of the Rite is used to control the demiurge, and is the mechanism through which thaumaturgy may be restructured at will. Seven artifacts, referred to as “Solomon's Keys”, and designated SCP-3457-B1 through SCP-3457-B7, are required to complete this working. The exact nature and location of these objects is not known to the Foundation; however, all seven artifacts are reported to be in Coalition custody. Successfully completing the working grants the user total control over the demiurge, allowing them to enact arbitrary changes to the fundamentals of thaumaturgy. There is currently no known counter-measure to prevent this.

The details of how to perform the rite came into the Foundation’s possession after the capture of Obskuracorps commander Konrad Weiss in 1944, who revealed the Obskuracorps’ **intent to utilize SCP-3457**. Based on this intelligence, a joint operation was launched by the Foundation and the Allied Occult Initiative[4] with the goal of preventing its completion. During this operation, the Obskuracorps attempted to use SCP-3457 to remove thaumaturgic capabilities from everyone of non-German origin as part of their efforts to realize their ideological belief in a superior Germanic race. At the same time, they intended to instill occult abilities in every member of an organization associated with the German government at the time (most prominently Obskuracorps itself, the SS and the Nazi High Command). Due to the efforts of the Foundation and the AOI, this attempt to use SCP-3457 was disrupted and the Obskuracorps routed, ending the Seventh Occult War. Following this battle, the Foundation and the AOI signed the Köln Agreement, which established the current containment protocols for SCP-3457.

Addendum A: Preliminary project plan for Operation Broken Eclipse.

FOUNDATION OPERATION PROPOSAL

	oken Eclipse
	r. Ulysses Malcom
Mission Lead:	Agent Maggy E. Grant
Preamble:	The knowledge of how to perform SCP-3457, while not widespread, is retained by a number of occult organizations and independent thaumaturges. This knowledge jeopardizes the integrity of SCP-3457 containment measures, and creates the risk of further attempts to execute it. To ensure the continued containment of SCP-3457 and prevent a recurrence of the events of the Seventh Occult War, it is necessary to remove this knowledge from the occult population worldwide. To this end, a large scale operation is being proposed that aims to achieve this goal in two operational phases.
Phase 1:	Undercover agents are to be embedded within major occult organizations in order to identify persons and documents holding information regarding SCP-3457. Member

	organizations of the Global Occult Coalition will additionally be inspected by independent auditors on behalf of the Foundation to ensure compliance with the terms of the Köln Agreement. Furthermore, a number of individual thaumaturges are believed to possess knowledge of SCP-3457 (refer to Appendix BOE-01 for a full list). These individuals are to be placed under Foundation surveillance to ascertain whether or not this is accurate. All embedded agents and involved auditors are to be amnesticized following the conclusion of this operation. Phase 1 will conclude once there is reasonable certainty that all holders of information pertaining to SCP-3457 have been identified. The project Oversight is responsible for determining when a sufficient certainty has been attained.
Phase 2:	The goal of Phase 2 is to eliminate all knowledge of SCP-3457 outside of the records of the Foundation and the Global Occult Coalition. All pertinent records identified in Phase 1 are to be archived and destroyed and individuals possessing information related to SCP-3457 are to be

	subjected to selective amnesticization. Should selective amnesticization fail, responding agents are authorized to escalate to full amnesticization and/or immediate termination as deemed necessary.

Footnotes

1. It is speculated that the ongoing worldwide trend of secularization and the general decline in religious beliefs may eventually neutralize this portion of SCP-3457; acting on this theory, steps have been taken to encourage this trend.
2. The occult branch of the German Government during the Nazi Era.
3. Following the destruction of the demiurge, a drastic increase in occult potential occurred throughout the entire human population, which may indicate that the original function of the demiurge was to artificially limit the number of human thaumaturges.
4. The precursor organization to the Global Occult Coalition formed during the Seventh Occult War.

SCP-3458: Bad Sectors

Item #: SCP-3458

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: To avoid causing irreparable damage via hard impacts or static electricity, SCP-3458 is to be stored in a 15.5 x 20.5 cm Antistatic shield bag in a climate controlled storage locker kept at 20° Celsius when not in use. Any room used for testing of SCP-3458 must be kept around 20° Celsius; to facilitate this, all instances of SCP-3458-2 must be pre-equipped with cooling fans.

Description: SCP-3458 is a standard hard disk drive, configured for use in most modern computers as a storage device; its familiar shape, size and weight renders it almost completely indistinguishable from other hard disk drives, though several key details once printed on the label adhered to its protective cover have been scratched off with a sharp-edged tool[1]. These missing details are speculated to have pertained to SCP-3458's storage capacity, the rotation speed of its internal disk and its original manufacturer. When the primary storage device of a standard desktop computer is replaced with SCP-3458, the computer itself, hereafter referred to as SCP-3458-2, boots into a simplistic user interface with icons for various applications and games, in front of a wallpaper that depicts a picturesque but as of yet-unidentified coastal region.

SCP-3458 readily accepts and stores files imported via external storage devices such as flash drives, as well as those downloaded from the internet through the use of the pre-installed web-browsing program. However, all attempts to export or upload its files to any medium of storage have been unsuccessful due to SCP-3458 halting the process with the error message: "Insufficient Permissions".
Once the use of SCP-3458-2 has been maintained for a period of time sufficient for a "profile" of the user to be constructed

(presumably from program usage and browsing habits, but this has yet to be confirmed), all normal processes are shut down and the user interface is replaced by a plain text screen, reminiscent of those displayed by most operating systems in the event of a crash or fatal error. A disk check follows this, in which the names of files stored within SCP-3458, such as “HAPPIEST_MOMENT”, “JUDGEMENT_LAPSE_(X)” and “LIE_(X)”, flicker across the screen until the scan is complete.

At this point, a form of verdict regarding the user is rendered, seemingly based on their life choices; more often than not, all remaining text on the screen disappears and the message “Bad Sectors Detected - Initialising Factory Reset” is displayed, an MRI scan later revealing an advanced state of amnesia in the user’s brain. Tests have revealed that from the moment the aforementioned message is displayed, the afflicted user’s memory is completely and irreversibly wiped - all attempts to restore the user’s memory with family photos and personal documents have been unsuccessful, as has the administration of prototype mnestics and SCP- .

In exceedingly rare circumstances and never in the case of D-Class personnel, the completed scan is followed by an alternate message: “Minimal errors detected - Well Done”. As the usual effects of SCP-3458’s verdict do not present themselves in test subjects who are shown this message, it can be assumed that said subjects have never committed any major transgressions against society at any point in their lives. These few subjects have since reported feeling great pride and newfound self-confidence off the back of SCP-3458’s quantified, seemingly unbiased analyisis.

Discovery: SCP-3458 was recovered from a Mr. who had, in turn, loaned it to a friend who was in the process of building a desktop computer and required a temporary storage solution. When Mr. returned to his friend’s apartment two weeks later, assuming that the permanent storage device he had ordered online had been delivered and that SCP-3458 would be ready for him to collect, he found that his friend had since been evicted, reportedly for not having paid his overdue rent[2]. The landlord also informed him that the friend had not taken his personal possessions with him,

claiming that he “didn’t want to steal anything”. Mr. offered to call his friend and ask him to collect his belongings but was met with rejection of the idea that they had ever met or been friends. Speculating on a correlation between his donation of SCP-3458 and his friend’s memory loss, Mr. handed SCP-3458 in to the local police station, from whom it was promptly confiscated by an undercover member of Mobile Task Force Iota-10 (aka “Damn Feds”).

+ Testing Log:

(All tests on SCP-3458 thus far have been carried out by Dr.)

Test #: 1
Subject: D-26459, previously convicted of murder.
Usage Time from Startup to Verdict: ~50 minutes.
Usage: D-26459 played various games on SCP-3458-2 before growing bored and opening the web browser; he searched for recent events and news stories before logging onto various social media websites to send messages (D-26459 was allowed to continue doing so as his messages were deemed harmless).
Contents of Scan: Most notable file name was unsurprisingly “MURDER”, though nothing D-26459 had done using SCP-3458-2 pointed towards the commitment of said act. “PETTY_THEFT” and “DEATH_THREAT” were also seen during the scan.
Verdict Rendered: Bad Sectors Detected.
Subject State After Testing: D-26459’s memory was wiped. He initially responded with panic but quickly calmed down after being removed from the room containing SCP-3458 and having his duties as a D-Class test subject

explained to him. D-26459 now works in the main canteen where he previously incited numerous acts of violence against guards and other staff.
Additional Notes: *The results of this initial test have led me to believe that the monitoring of a test subject's usage of SCP-3458-2 is nothing more than supplementary to the final verdict rendered – it must be collecting its information from an alternative source, supernatural or otherwise.*

Test #: 2
Subject: D-26460, previously convicted of fraud.
Usage Time from Startup to Verdict: 34 minutes.
Usage: Having attempted to converse with the now obliviated D-26459 in the main canteen, D-26460 was initially concerned about the effects of SCP-3458 before deciding to use its web browser to continue trading stocks and sending messages to potential clients, unwilling to disclose his current location or explain his long absence.
Contents of Scan: D-26460's scan contained a considerable number of files with the title "LIE_(X)", along with the expected "FRAUD" file to match his court case and a file named "SEXUAL_HARRASSMENT"; as the scan continued, D-26460 professed his innocence of this act, stating that the accusation was made falsely by a "dirty bitch, after [his] money".
Verdict Rendered: Bad Sectors Detected.
Subject State After Testing: D-26460's memory was wiped. After being given the same reintroduction to the Foundation as D-26459, he was tested on various terms and

phrases pertaining to the fields of economics and banking, none of which he could explain.
Additional Notes: *Since D-26460 had previously become friends with D-26459, I decided to put the two of them in a room together to see if they would recognise each other or perhaps discuss SCP-3458 and/or its effects. Unsurprisingly, they did not.*

Test #: 3
Subject: Dr. , newly employed researcher in the field of Computer Science.
Usage Time from Startup to Verdict: 1 hour, 29 minutes.
Usage: At first, Dr. reported anxiety regarding the potential effects of SCP-3458; given the option to refuse undergoing this test, however, he decided to press on and so uploaded several research logs to finalize with SCP-3458's word processor.
Contents of Scan: Dr. 's scan was unsurprisingly mundane, indicating an unremarkable amount of accidents and human errors. Once the messages "WORKING_FOR_SCP" and "IMPRISONING_ME" were displayed, however, Dr. was advised to leave the room as the scan continued.
Verdict Rendered: Bad Sectors Detected.
Subject State After Testing: Dr. fled the room quickly, running some 40 metres down a connected hallway before coming to a stop, the effects of SCP-3458's verdict presumably taking hold despite the distance that had been made between them. A brief memory test revealed that Dr. 's memory was also completely wiped.
Additional Notes: *Okay, so we're not testing this thing with staff anymore. Dr. 's family*

has been informed that he died in an "unspecified lab accident", and O5 is insisting that we get their permission before testing SCP-3458 with humans any further. What's this thing got against us?

Test #: 4
Subject: "Aloysius" - Orangutan, trained to interact with computers.
Usage Time from Startup to Verdict: 17 minutes.
Usage: Once placed in a room with an instance of SCP-3458-2 designed for use with trained apes, Aloysius searched for an internet video he had previously been shown, involving a kitten riding on the shell of a tortoise. He brought his handler closer to the monitor of SCP-3458-2 to have her react to the video as well before clicking through several other clips.
Contents of Scan: Aloysius' scan was considerably shorter than those of the previous test subjects, displaying a few messages titled "VIOLENCE_AGAINST_HANDLER" before cutting straight to the verdict.
Verdict Rendered: Minimal errors detected - Well Done. (The message was also displayed in pixelated sign language to cater to Aloysius' lack of English comprehension)
Subject State After Testing: Aloysius was unaffected by the verdict and rewarded with mixed fruit for his good behaviour.
Additional Notes: *This wasn't really that surprising – I mean, what would a dumb ape have done to deserve getting its memory wiped? It was interesting to see that SCP-3458 caters to other languages though. Real nice of it.*

Test #: 5
Subject: D-27005, previously convicted of involuntary vehicular manslaughter.
Usage Time from Startup to Verdict: 2 hours, 6 minutes.
Usage: D-27005 saw SCP-3458-2 as a means of communicating with her own family and the family of her victim, attempting to reconcile her differences with both groups before resorting to making a post on her social media account, showing regret for the events that had transpired.
Contents of Scan: As with Test #3, D-27005's scan was relatively mundane and showed that she had done little to negatively affect society apart from what she was convicted of, which SCP-3458 entitled "ACCIDENTAL_KILLING".
Verdict Rendered: Minimal errors detected - Well Done.
Subject State After Testing: D-27005 was initially confused by SCP-3458's verdict, but later began displaying an improved outlook on life in general.
Additional Notes: *This is the sort of thing I was looking forward to seeing. Whether we can trust that SCP-3458 was telling the truth or not has yet to be determined, but if we're able to come to a definite conclusion on that… There might be a legitimate use for SCP-3458 after all.*

Footnotes
1. Researchers tasked with analysing the scratches have since determined said tool to have been a flathead screwdriver.
2. It can be assumed that he was given the "Bad Sectors" verdict by SCP-3458 and thus forgot to pay.

SCP-3460: I'm Going to Change Your Life

Item #: SCP-3460

Object Class: Safe Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3460 is to be stored within an electronics storage container within the high security containment wing of **Site-64**. All testing involving SCP-3460 requires approval of both the Site Ethics Committee and Site Command.

Update: Following the events of 17/11/1998 all further testing/MTF use of SCP-3460 requires O5 approval. Additionally, SCP-3460 may only be used to target two subjects at any given time, with a grace period of six months to occur between subject interaction and the next activation.

Description: SCP-3460 is a electronic apparatus resembling a mid-20th century polygraph machine. Unlike other polygraph machines of the era, which typically possess four needles for the measurement of an individual's respiration rate, skin conductance, and blood pressure, SCP-3460 only possesses two needles and no external sensors. Near the base of each needle is a 8 cm by 11 cm slot.

SCP-3460's anomalous properties become apparent when the photographs of any two living individuals are placed within the slots at the base of the needles, and the apparatus is turned on. At this point, the needles will begin to trace lines along chart paper produced by SCP-3460 in a manner similar to non-anomalous polygraph tests. As of the time of writing, SCP-3460 has not run out of chart paper on which to operate. In the event that the two individuals whose photographs have been loaded into SCP-3460 interact with each other, the needles will automatically turn and begin to produce a single line for the duration of the interaction, separating again when the interaction ends. The nature of these interactions is varied, ranging from an individual reading a note from

the other, to sexual contact.

SCP-3460's needles can be physically manipulated to align with one another. In these events, SCP-3460 will alter causality to ensure that individuals under its effects interact with one another. The delay of the onset of this interaction is variable, with interactions occurring in a range of as little as one hour, to multiple years. Once needles have been forced to align, the subjects' photos do not need to remain in SCP-3460 to ensure interaction.

Addendum 3460-A: Abridged Testing Log

+ Show Test Log

Test #: 3460-1

Subjects: D-2121 and D-2030

Description: D-2121 and D-2030 are initially within separate chambers on-site. SCP-3460's needles are left in the neutral position. D-2121 is then escorted to D-2030's chamber, and told to wait for further instructions. Upon entering D-2030's chamber, SCP-3460's needles aligned. The needles remained aligned until D-2121 was removed from the chamber, at which point they returned to their neutral position.

Test #: 3460-4

Subjects: D-5963 and D-7639

Description: D-5963 and D-7639 are initially within separate chambers on-site. SCP-3460's needles are manually forced apart. D-5963 is then escorted to D-7639's chamber. Prior to entry, a malfunction occurs within the door's security reader, preventing entry into D-7639's chamber. Attempts to repair the reader fail

until SCP-3460's needles are released.

Test #: 3460-13

Subjects: D-3340 and D-2321

Description: D-3340 begun the test at **Site-81**, while D-2321 remained at Site-64, and were integrated into the general D-class populations. Research Staff handling both D-class were blind to the ongoing SCP-3460 research involving both individuals. SCP-3460's needles were manually set to align. No observable changes occurred for two weeks, after which time both Site-81 and Site-64's D-class relocation systems scheduled both D-class to be moved to **Site-88** for newly scheduled testing.

Test #: 3460-15

Subjects: D-2106 and D-3560

Description: D-2106 and D-3560 begun testing in the same chamber. The D-class were provided multiple tools, as well as a key for a set of handcuffs. The tools were demonstrated to be functioning normally to both D-class, and that the key fit the handcuffs. The D-class were then handcuffed together, at which point the needles on SCP-3460 were manually forced to align, and held in place. The D-class were then instructed to remove the handcuffs, and for D-3560 to leave the chamber. During the subsequent attempts by the D-class to remove the handcuffs, they found that the key jammed in the lock, and the batteries on all electric tools died. The handles on several manual tools

broke on attempted use. Upon release of SCP-3460's needles, the D-class found the key to the handcuffs no longer were jammed, and D-3560 was able to complete the task.

Test #: 3460-16

Subjects: D-3360 and D-2860

Description: D-3360 and D-2860 begun testing in the same chamber handcuffed together. The needles on SCP-3460 were manually forced apart, and held in place. After two hours of no apparent effect, D-2860 begun to display symptoms of a cerebrovascular accident, requiring immediate medical attention and removal from the testing chamber.

Test #: 3460-25

Subjects: Agent Cadence Forester and PoI #10205 (Dana Stamos)

Description: SCP-3460 was loaded with a picture of Agent Cadence Forester, resident Thaumatologist of MTF Tau-51 ("Urban Brawl"), and PoI #10205, a known anartist who has been wanted by the Foundation for involvement in the creation of various anomalies. As of 29/10/1994, PoI #10205 has avoided capture by Foundation Operatives by taking refuge in the Location of Interest known as "**Backdoor SoHo**." SCP-3460 was activated and the needles set to align. Two months passed without any noticeable effect. Then, on 2/1/1995, PoI #10205 spontaneously appeared before Agent Forester during her undercover operations in Portland, Oregon.

Upon capture and subsequent interview, PoI #10205 revealed she was attempting to use a known Way linking Backdoor SoHo to the Location of Interest known as the "**Wanderer's Library**," when she was apparently redirected.

Additional use of SCP-3460 by Mobile Task Force operatives as a means of monitoring or even capturing potential persons of interest has been approved on a case by case basis. SCP-3460's object class has been updated to Thaumiel.

Addendum 3460-B: Incident 3460-1

On 17/11/1998, a coordinated raid by multiple **Chaos Insurgency** cells was launched on Site-64, resulting in multiple personnel casualties and severe damage to several sections of the facility. Agents Reed, Carole, Garcia, and Chen were among the casualties, each of whom were active subjects of SCP-3460 at the time of the raid. After Action investigation showed that each agent's co-subject on SCP-3460 had been leaders of the Chaos Insurgency cells responsible for the attacks. Each agent's activation of SCP-3460 had occurred individually of one another, over the course of a four year period.

SCP-3460's containment procedures have been updated.

Addendum 3460-C: Recovery

SCP-3460 was recovered from the estate sale of Cody and June Pullman within the **Three Portlands** Location of Interest by undercover operatives of MTF Tau-51 on 12/12/1992. SCP-3460 was within a box and had been loaded with a picture of June Pullman and an unidentified male, with the needles taped apart from one another.

Subsequent interviews inquiring about the device with the Pullman's surviving family revealed that they had no knowledge of the device's properties, of the identity of the unidentified male in the photograph, and that the apparatus had been stored in their parent's attic prior to

their death in an automobile accident earlier that year. Attempts to use SCP-3460 to interact with the unidentified individual have so far been met with failure.

SCP-3462: The Subliminal Little Toaster

SCP-3462

Item #: SCP-3462

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3462 is to be sealed in a standard containment locker in Site-15. Any testing with SCP-3462 is to be done while no Foundation employees are within the testing room, with a minimum of 2 guards stationed outside of the chamber while testing is in progress. Testing is to be done on an LCD television connected to a standard VHS player. Test subjects are to then be put into a standard containment cell furnished with various mechanical devices, and are to be monitored for a period of 48 hours. If testing subjects survive 48 hours after exposure, they are to be mentally evaluated then returned to their living quarters. Any personnel who show signs of being under the effects of SCP-3462 are to be restrained inside of a standard containment cell for 48 hours or until SCP-3462's anomalous effects no longer persist.

Description: SCP-3462 is a slightly worn VHS copy of *The Brave Little Toaster* distributed by Walt Disney Pictures. SCP-3462's anomalous effects only appear when its contents are viewed on a functioning television. When SCP-3462 is viewed on a television, the subject viewing SCP-3462 begins to believe that mechanical devices, primarily ones used in food preparation, are sentient. The subject will then begin to interact with these devices, conversing with them as if they were humans, though nothing is heard from the devices.

After a period of 36 hours from the initial exposure to SCP-3462, subjects will attempt to imitate the usage of the closest mechanical device with their own bodies. Subjects show preference imitating the mechanical device that they had interacted with the most after viewing SCP-3462. This leads to death in approximately 96% of

subjects. After a period of 48 hours from the initial exposure, the subject will stop experiencing the effects of SCP-3462 rapidly over a period of 2 hours. Subjects will show no recollection of the past 48 hours, their memories becoming less detailed from after the subject's stopped viewing SCP-3462.

Test Log 3462-1

Researcher: Dr. Drebell

Subject: D-01457

Procedure: Subject was made to watch SCP-3462 in its entirety. Then the subject was put into a standard containment cell furnished with multiple culinary appliances and monitored for 48 hours.

Results: 13 hours after exposure to SCP-3462, subject began attempting to brag to a blender in the containment cell, boasting about his accomplishments. Over a period of 23 hours, subject began arguing with the blender seemingly disputing whether the blender had accomplished more than the subject. The subject then screamed, "I'LL SHOW YOU, YOU [Expletive Redacted] WORTHLESS PIECE OF [Expletive Redacted]!" Subject then immediately ripped the rotating blade out of the blender and proceeded to violently jam it down his throat, causing severe internal bleeding and lacerations inside of the throat. Subject then began to attempt to shove miscellaneous objects down his throat while attempting to make whirring noises. Subject died 30 minutes later from blood loss due to severe internal injuries.

Test Log 3462-2

Researcher: Dr. Drebell

Subject: D-00428, D-10937

Procedure: Subject was made to watch SCP-3462 in its entirety while the volume on the television was muted. A

separate subject was then made to listen to the audio of SCP-3462 while blindfolded. Then both subjects were put into separate containment cells furnished with multiple culinary appliances and monitored for 48 hours.

Results: After 48 hours, neither subject showed signs of being affected by SCP-3462.
Note: It seems that both the visual and auditory component are required for SCP-3462's effect to take place. - Dr. Drebell

Test Log 3462-3

Researcher: Dr. Drebell

Subject: D-06076

Procedure: Subject was made to watch the first 4 minutes of SCP-3462. Subject was then put into a standard containment cell furnished with multiple culinary appliances and monitored for 48 hours.

Results: 26 hours after exposure to SCP-3462, subject began talking seductively to an oven contained within her cell. She continued to talk like this for an additional 12 hours until she kissed the oven and said, “I won’t let us be apart any longer.” She then continued to kiss the door of the oven while puffing out her cheeks as her skin began to turn a dark red. This continued for an additional 37 seconds until the subject collapsed. Autopsies show that all of the subject’s organs had suffered severe burns, including most of her skin. It is unknown how her body generated this amount of heat.

In light of these events, cross testing between SCP-3462 and SCP-3049 has been strictly forbidden by the 05-Council.

Test Log 3462-4

Researcher: Dr. Drebell

Subject: D-10298

Procedure: Subject was made to watch the credits of SCP-3462, which are 3 minutes and 47 seconds long. Then the subject was put into a standard containment cell furnished with multiple culinary appliances and monitored for 48 hours.

Results: 15 hours after exposure to SCP-3462, the subject began speaking with a refrigerator in his containment cell, seemingly about obtaining a job. Subject answered standard interview questions, as well as odd requests such as the subject's average internal body heat and the holding capacity of the subject's intestines. After a period of 37 hours from the initial exposure, subject acted as if he was shaking a hand of the refrigerator, seemingly accepting the job offer. Subject then tore a metal shard from the bottom of a nearby oven and proceeded to slice open his lower abdomen while inserting various items into his body before passing out due to blood loss. Subject died approximately 45 seconds after the event due to severe internal bleeding.

Note: While a subject may require both audio and visual input to experience the effects of SCP-3462, it does not seem to be affected by the amount of time the subject has experienced these inputs. - Dr. Drebell

Test Log 3462-5

Researcher: Dr. Drebell

Subject: D-10957

Procedure: D-10957 was chosen for this experiment after remarking that it was his favorite movie. Subject was made to watch SCP-3462 in its entirety. Then the subject was put into a standard containment cell furnished with multiple culinary appliances and monitored for 48 hours.

Results: 17 hours after exposure to SCP-3462, subject seemed to hold his breath in excitement as he looked at a toaster in the containment cell. Subject then began to run over to the toaster, mimicking shaking a hand while saying praises of the toaster's acting career. After an additional 4 hours, subject got onto his knees while chanting, "He gives us sustenance, he takes it away." 48 hours after initial exposure to SCP-3462, subject was still in the kneeling position and had not shown any signs of self harm yet. Subject was kept in the cell for an additional 12 hours before being tranquilized and brought out of the cell. In a subsequent interview the subject stated that he couldn't recall many details of his experience but said, "When I was a kid, I always wanted to meet the Brave Little Toaster. He was like an idol to me. Turns out he's also a pretty stuck up little [Expletive Redacted]"

SCP-3463: Flawless Objective Perception

Welcome to SCPSYSTEM

C:\> load file_ SCP-3463

Awaiting Input…

Enter Password:°°°°°°°°°°°°°

ACCESS DENIED (2 attempts left)

Enter Password:°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°°

ACCESS DENIED (1 attempt left)

Enter Password:°°°°°°°°

ACCESS DENIED

Please remain at your current location. A security team will arrive in approximately 45 minutes. Failure to obey will result in termination.

44 minutes and 59 seconds left.

44 minutes and 58 seconds left.

.muties4dna5scondesftlen74

[SYSTEM ERROR DETECTED]

…

You have been cleared.

Loading iteration # of the file…

Item #: SCP-3463

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3463 is to be contained in a standard secure locker. Personnel not responsible for its containment are not allowed to know of SCP-3463. Documentation concerning SCP-3463 must be guarded with a password. Personnel assigned to SCP-3463 must have scored less than ten points on the Test of Manipulative Personality Traits. Personnel with speech impairment, dyslexia or improper handwriting are prohibited from accessing SCP-3463.

Description: SCP-3463 is a 60cm tall "National" brand blue fan primarily composed of plastic and iron. Its physical form does not possess any anomalous traits.

The primary anomalous effects of SCP-3463 are triggered as follows: If an individual says or writes a statement about SCP-3463, the person reading or hearing the information automatically believes that it is correct, even if the new information presented is impossible. The creator of the statement is immune to the cognitohazard. Even if an individual is conscious of SCP-3463's effects, they are incapable of doubting any information regarding it.

Information about SCP-3463 cannot be forgotten without the use of amnestics, but its effects on an individual can be replaced by other infomation which contradicts it. After approximately five years, the effect triggered by SCP-3463 disappears.

+ Show Interview/Test Logs

Test/3463:

Interviewed: D-8956

Interviewer: Dr Y

Procedure: D-8956 is interrogated by Dr Y in a soundproof room. Dr Y creates and says falsehoods about SCP-3463 to test its effects on human beings. The D-Class is monitored with a lie detector to see if he believes

information made by Dr Y about SCP-3463 or is just faking his trust.

<Begin Log>

Dr Y : Hello D-8956, can you describe SCP-3463 in detail.

D-8956: Well, hum… according to your papers, it's a blue fan.

Dr Y : It's actually a red fan.

D-8956: Oh… alright.

Dr Y : Who murdered your family? Was it you?

D-8956: I'm tired of this. If I didn't kill them then why the hell did they place me here? You already know the answer. I don't need to spell it out.

Dr Y : Actually, SCP-3463 is the one who did it.

D-8956: Oh my god! That monster! How could you?

Dr Y : Test successful. Ending the interview.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: *The heart rate monitor never beeped during the interview. It's actually very impressive.*
~Dr Y [1]

+ Show Update Log

Update Log: Dr J , an ex-employee from the brand "National" once told "All previous information about

SCP-3463 is false" to Dr Y . His theory was verified. Every previous document about SCP-3463 have been erased to prevent confusion and the spread of false infohazardous information. The description and the special containment procedures have been altered. SCP-3463 is now considered as a fan and not a [DATA CORRUPTED]. Dr J was promoted for his important contributions.

C:\> Show history of file_SCP-3463

…

Access granted to previous versions of the file concerning the anomaly.

Loading history of file_SCP-3463…

[DATA CORRUPTED]

+ Open Version #256

Item #: SCP-3463

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3463 is required to live in a average sized pool of water with its own ecosystem that is similar to those of ponds in rural areas with sub-continental weather conditions.

Documentation concerning SCP-3463 is only available to a select group of personnel and is to be guarded with a password. Any sentence made about SCP-3463 must be checked for factuality. Personnel assigned to SCP-3463 must have scored less than ten points on the Test of Manipulative Personality Traits. Personnel assigned to SCP-3463 must not be diagnosed with disorders which prohibit verbal communication. When reporting on SCP-3463, metaphors and comparisons are strictly forbidden.

Description: SCP-3463 is a five decimeters tall brown male specimen from the mallard duck specie weighing approximately one kilogram. Its physical form does not possess any anomalous traits or behaviors for its specie.

Any sentence said about SCP-3463 is true to anyone reading or hearing it despite lack of evidence or evidence opposing the statement. The individual is immune to his statement unless another individual repeats it to him. Even if an individual is aware of the cognitohazardous capabilities of SCP-3463, he is unable to deny any information about the specimen.

Information about SCP-3463 cannot be forgotten without the use of amnestics but its effects can be replaced by information which contradicts it. The effect of SCP-3463 disappears after approximately five years.

Update Log:

> After much thought and reflection, I have decided that the containment of SCP-3463 should be not carried out by the O5 Council but instead by a select group of personnel chosen by the council, such as before iteration # . An anomalous duck is simply not worth our time and effort.
> ~O5-5

+ Open Version #255

Item #: SCP-3463

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3463 is required to be stored in a small cabinet. Any sentence about SCP-3463 must be checked for factuality. Documentation concerning SCP-3463 is only available to the O5 council. When reporting on SCP-3463, metaphors and comparisons are strictly forbidden.

Description: SCP-3463 is an American one dollar bill. Its physical form does not possess any anomalous traits.

Any sentence said by an individual about SCP-3463 is true for the individual's listener despite a lack of evidence or evidence opposing the statement. The individual is immune to his statement unless another individual repeats it to him. Even if an individual is aware of SCP-3463's effects, they are unable to deny any information about SCP-3463.

Information about SCP-3463 cannot be forgotten without the use of amnestics but its effects can be replaced by information which contradicts it. The effect of SCP-3463 disappears after approximately five years.

Update Log: Dr U suggested that information regarding SCP-3463 should only be available to the O5 Council. Dr U and all other personnel working on SCP-3463 have been amnestized. The O5 Council is now responsible for all information and containment regarding SCP-3463.

[DATA CORRUPTED]

[DATA NOT FOUND]

+ Open Version #1

Item #: SCP-3463

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Documentation concerning SCP-3463 is to be guarded with a password. Personnel assigned to SCP-3463 must have scored less than ten points on the Test of Manipulative Personality Traits, must not have dyslexia, dysgraphia, agraphia or speech impairment and are required to possess 20/20 vision. When reporting on SCP-3463, metaphors and comparisons are forbidden.

Description: SCP-3463 is a memetic thought which spreads and evolves through verbal and written human communication and interaction. Any statement made by an individual concerning SCP-3463 is believed by anyone listening to the individual even when there is an absence of evidence or logic in the individual's statement. The individual is not affected by their own use of the statement, but is affected if the statement is repeated by someone else. Even if an individual is conscious of SCP-3463's effects, they are incapable of doubting it.

Information about SCP-3463 cannot be forgotten without the use of amnestics, but its effects on an individual can be replaced by another statement about SCP-3463 which contradicts the previous one. The effect of SCP-3463 disappears after approximately five years.

SCP-3463 has been confirmed to be aware of the Foundation's existence due to the entity corresponding to the name of SCP-3463 during its time of discovery and research.

Discovery Log: SCP-3463 was found after Dr K was speaking to Dr R about the previously empty SCP-3463 entry. He discovered that Dr R would believe any statement concerning SCP-3463. He experimented on subjects to confirm his belief and he was correct about the existence of the anomaly.

Notes:

> Since SCP-3463 is only a meme that thrives on human error, we can only count on ourselves this time. There's no technology to contain it, only us. Any lie or mistake we make will cost us the truth. We cannot let our guard down.
>
> ~ Dr L

> After years of research, we have come up with a hypothesis which may reveal the intent of SCP-3463. SCP-3463 interacts with human thoughts and false depictions of itself as if it wanted to be real. As if SCP-3463 demands to exist in our physical realm but cannot. It is only a thought. However, SCP-3463 is intelligent. It understands that our knowledge of reality is only limited to what our flawed perception of it can provide us.
> This is why any statement said or written about SCP-3463 becomes true for its viewer or hearer. Anything will suffice for SCP-3463, anything that may be derogatory or complementary. As long as it is more than a thought in the human mind, it is satisfied. Yet in reality it always remains the same object.
>
> ~ Dr F

C:\> Close history of file_SCP-3463

Closing history of file_SCP-3463…

C:\> Close file_SCP-3463

Closing file_SCP-3463…

C:\> Shutdown SCPSYSTEM

Shutting down…

Footnotes
1. The object did not murder D-8956's family, nor is it red. It is in fact, blue.

SCP-3464: Even Garlic Bread Can Be Creepy

Item #: SCP-3464

Object Class: Neutralized

Special Containment Procedures: 449 instances of SCP-3464 are contained in the Low-priority Safe Containment Wing of Site-82. All instances have ceased to display any anomalous properties, thereby rendering SCP-3464 Neutralized.

As no new instances of SCP-3464 have been produced, further containment is dedicated to the suppression of information regarding SCP-3464's true nature.

Description: SCP-3464 was a large quantity of garlic bread disseminated throughout the United States and Canada between the months of April and September 2018.

Each instance of SCP-3464 was baked using ingredients typical of garlic bread, which includes mozzarella cheese, garlic shavings, parsley, and yeast. SCP-3464 instances vary in mass from a 0.2 kg slice to a 2 kg loaf. 449 total instances of SCP-3464 have been located.

SCP-3464's anomalous properties manifest upon serving, prior to consumption. SCP-3464 expands to 10 times its initial size; a proportionate mass of garlic bread is newly generated[1]. After its growth, SCP-3464 vocalizes about the impact of food waste using the voice of acclaimed voice actor Don LaFontaine. Vocalizations occur for up to 5 minutes. The following is an excerpt from one such vocalization:

> In a world, where we could have our cake and eat it too, we savoured every last bite. Now, when the stakes have risen, our final feast may be eaten alone. Every day, we face hunger. Paranoia. Shortage. And the most horrifying

struggle of all. Sharing. With our final meal fast approaching, we look to you as the last line of defense. Take the bite, or suffer the consequences.

SCP-3464 is safe for consumption before, during, and after the anomalous effects manifest. Approximately 15% of persons consuming SCP-3464 reported feeling pressured against wasting food for 1 month after consumption.

Incident 3464-450-Kerala: On September 27th, 2018, the 450th instance of SCP-3464 (SCP-3464-450) was discovered in an Olive Garden restaurant in Toronto, Ontario. The following is a log compiled from the restaurant's surveillance system, as well as witness testimony from patrons and Olive Garden staff.

VIDEO LOG

<Begin Log, 01:26 PM>

<0:00:00> Two individuals in long grey overcoats (Kerala/K-1 and K-2) appear. The pair surveys their surroundings before quickly entering the restaurant. 30 other patrons are present in various stages of dining.

<0:02:20> An attendant leads the pair towards a table in the centre of the restaurant and asks if they require the menu, which they decline.

<0:02:51> K-1 orders a pajata[2] seasoned with basil and shredded bay leaves. K-2 orders flame-broiled capretto[3] cooked in benzoin oil and seasoned with black pepper and asafoetida spice, as well as a side order of "sempiternal Empyrean garlic bread".

<0:13:14> The attendant returns with the requested orders[4].

<0:14:02> K-1 prepares a thaumaturgical circle. K-2 places SCP-3464-450 in the middle. The two dishes are ritualistically offered and summarily consumed by the garlic bread. The garlic bread begins to grow as the table collapses beneath it.

<0:17:51> At this point, SCP-3464-450 has expanded to fill the room, obstructing all entrances and windows. Foundation Field Thaumatology Specialist-ৎ ("The Custodian") bypasses the entrance to the restaurant[5], ordering all patrons to evacuate. K-1 commands patrons to consume the garlic bread, to which some comply.

<0:18:24> As patrons consume substantial amounts of SCP-3464-450 it radiates a blue glow, suggesting the transfer of **`Elan-Vital Energies (EVEs)`**. The Elan-Vital essences[6] of patrons that have consumed the garlic bread (which includes 11 adults, 4 children, and 1 infant) are absorbed into SCP-3464-450 while their bodies collapse. FTS-ৎ vocalizes containment incantations, allowing unaffected patrons and Olive Garden staff to safely evacuate[7].

<0:20:10> K-2 begins a summoning ritual using a vial of an unidentified crimson liquid. FTS-ৎ attempts to stop K-2 but is assailed by the bodies of collapsed patrons, which have become necromantically influenced by K-1.

<0:23:49> K-2 summons a Type-III (incorporeal) Tartarean entity. FTS-ৎ returns 7 essences to their owners.

<0:24:09> The entity manifests within SCP-3464-450. K-1 and K-2 consume the garlic bread[8].

<0:25:15> FTS-ৎ is successful in returning 15 of the 16 essences. As K-1 and K-2 continue consumption, their bodies convulse; their bodies assimilate energies from Sheol[9] and the 16th patron's essence.

<0:26:19> FTS-ৎ deploys a **`portable electro-thaumic exorcism device`** and attempts to banish the entity. Due to the loss of the last remaining Elan-Vital essence, the entity cannot be banished.

<0:26:51> SCP-3464-450 expands into the street, destroying the building in the process. External CCTV surveillance continues, displaying SCP-3464-450's manifestation of

multiple arthropod appendages and leakage of a corrosive liquid similar to olive oil, which indicates the entity's heightening control.

<0:27:36> FTS-৬ attempts essence expulsion, fully sacrificing their EVEs to aid in the exorcism.

<0:32:17> The entity is banished, absorbing the Elan-Vital essences of K-1 and K-2 as it de-manifests. SCP-3464-450 erupts, dispersing garlic bread across the nearby Yonge-Dundas Square.

<End Log, 01:58 PM>

Over the next month, garlic bread within Italian-themed restaurants in Downtown Toronto vocalized with the voice of Don LaFontaine, warning about the dangers of garlic bread. A dedicated Foundation media coverup team implanted in Olive Garden has been charged with maintaining the guise of SCP-3464 being an elaborate social experiment conducted to raise food waste awareness.

The Elan-Vital essences of FTS-৬, K-1, and K-2 cannot be located. Their bodies have been contained in the Humanoid Containment Wing of Site-82.

On October 13th, 2018, the creation and dissemination of SCP-3464 was confirmed to be the work of independent Dutch anartist Ignaas Markus (PoI-4312). PoI-4312, a known demonologist specialising in demonic edibles, is a rising figure in the North American anomalous art scene. His extensive use of infernal entities has made him a target of paranormal manipulation and sabotage. The hijacking of SCP-3464-450 by an unknown rogue faction is the latest in a string of attacks against PoI-4312's work.

Footnotes
1. It has been noted that establishments containing SCP-3464 during anomalous expansion typically discover the loss of organic waste proportional to the amount of garlic bread generated. Persons consuming the garlic bread are unaware of this change.
2. A dish made from the milk-filled intestines of a calf.

3. Domestic goat meat.
4. Notably, the two main orders do not exist in any Olive Garden restaurants worldwide and contain herbs used in sacrificial rituals. Surveillance footage reveals the orders spontaneously emerged from within the kitchen by esoteric means. The garlic bread has been identified as SCP-3464-450.
5. Post-incident documentation reveals that FTS-৬ was dispatched to pursue K-1 and K-2 in an attempt to detain them, but was unsuccessful.
6. Colloquially known as the "human soul".
7. All members of the public were interviewed, amnesticized, and released following the incident.
8. The ingestion of an incorporeal Tartarean entity would grant K-1 and K-2 with the capability to absorb EVEs, the procurement of which appears to be their goal.
9. Also known as Hades, or Hell.

« SCP-3463 | SCP-3464 | SCP-3465 »

SCP-3465: Better Safe Than Sorry

Item #: SCP-3465

Object Class: Thaumiel[1]

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3465-A instances are to be contained inside an aquarium (or spread across multiple aquariums as necessary) able to accommodate a large population of turtles. SCP-3465 instances are to be fed a mixture of fish and lettuce twice a day. Research and testing on SCP-3465 is to be approved by Project Lead Dr. Rodney Ellars. Any new instances of SCP-3465-A are to be reported by GoI-466 (Wilson's Wildlife Solutions) and contained in a joint effort by GoI-466 and MTF Beta-4 ("Castaways") and then transported to **`Site-64`**.

Description: SCP-3465 is an anomaly affecting Western Painted Turtles (*Chrysemys picta*) in Oregon, US. Roughly one in every fifty-five (or 1.82% of) Western Painted Turtles living in Oregon are affected by SCP-3465, and are thus classified as SCP-3465-A instances. SCP-3465-A instances are characterized by infertility and an area of effect[2] inside which animals will become significantly less aggressive. While inside this area of effect, brains of animals are found to increase releases of melatonin, dopamine, and leptin, effectively rendering animals tired, happy, and full feeling. It is believed that this is used by SCP-3465-A instances as a defense mechanism, as the effects of the area of the effect (including size in some cases) increase in potency when an SCP-3465-A instance is scared or threatened.

Date	Event
01-03-2018	First instances of SCP-3465-A discovered, contained by GoI-466 temporarily at their premises.
09-03-2018	SCP-3465-A instances relocate to Site-64 upon the creation of an

12-03-2018	appropriate containment unit. GoI-466 claims containment rights due to SCP-3465's status as a Safe class anomaly.
17-03-2018	SCP-3465 containment deferred to GoI-466 under Foundation supervision.
18-03-2018	Unauthorized access of SCP-3465's files was detected. Investigation onto its origins begins.
19-03-2018	SCP-3465-A instances discovered outside of Oregon borders, disqualifying SCP-3465's status as an Oregon based anomaly. Containment duties attained by the SCP Foundation.
22-03-2018	GoI-466 cites their inclusion in the containment of SCP-3153, instances of which had also been discovered in northern California, as a counterargument to the deligitimization of their containment efforts. Tim Wilson, head of GoI-466, proposes an amendment to the Boring Agreement which would change wording from "based in Oregon" to "based mostly in Oregon."
24-03-2018	Dr. Rodney Ellars refutes Tim Wilson's proposal, explaining that SCP-3153 is still housed within Site-64 despite GoI-466's access to it.
25-03-2018	Tim Wilson proposes to meet Dr. Rodney Ellars in person to settle the dispute.
26-03-2018	Dr. Rodney Ellars denies Tim Wilson's proposal.
27-03-2018	Tim Wilson contacts Director of

	Containment Sophia Turner through MTF Beta-4 Agent Naomi Vasquez after discovering that letters sent were consistently getting lost or misplaced.
29-03-2018	Sophia Turner held a meeting with the Asst. Director of Personnel, Asst. Director of Research, Asst. Site Director, SCPF Ambassador to GoI-466, SCP-3465 Project Lead, and Tim Wilson. It was concluded that Tim Wilson's proposed amendment to the Boring Agreement was approved, and would be properly amended within the month.
01-04-2018	**MTF Mu-3 ("Highest Bidders")** found a collection of over a dozen SCP-3465-A instances being sold in a GoI-012 (Marshal, Carter & Dark) held auction.
08-04-2018	SCP-3465 reclassified to Thaumiel due to its newfound latent suppression of memetic influences.
09-04-2018	During a count of SCP-3465-A instances, two are found unaccounted for.
10-04-2018	Amendment to the Boring Agreement legislated.

EDIT: *The following message was recovered from corrupted data in the Site-64 servers. Apparently the document was meant to be sent on* 20-03-2018 *to the Board of Directors at Site-64, but never delivered properly.*

Hello, this is Tim Wilson, I would just like to say that though tensions have been running a bit high lately, I still consider us friends and am still willing to work under the supervision of you guys. You *guys* are great, actually. I have friends who have friends in your ranks, I have talked to a lot of the Castaways' guys, and you seem to be pretty well comprised of generally nice people. However, recently, as I said, tensions have been running high, and it's all been around these serenity turtles. I'm not worried about you *guys*, mostly just about this one *guy*.

Rodney, or as his friends call him, Hot Rod, has been greatly interfering with what should be Wilson's Wildlife Solutions property. As per the fifth paragraph of the Boring Agreement, sentence three:

"All fauna anomalies which the Supervisors designate Safe or Euclid class, based in Oregon, are to be contained by Wilson's Wildlife Solutions, with supervision by the Supervisors."

Now, these serenity turtles, you see, are based primarily in Oregon, and I am *pretty sure* that I heard Safe being flung around there. We attained possession of the turtles for a short while, but then shortly after getting them all settled into their tank the Castaways found some turtles up in Washington. Now what is so suspicious about this to me is that nobody on Castaways who I know was on that mission, and when I talked to them they said that the mission seemed to come out of nowhere. They talked about how John Schut said they heard of "some reports of similar activity up north" and that he wanted a small group to come with him to check it out. All willing raised their hands and he picked only the ones who I've never met before. And then they found some turtles *far* outside of the original field.

No more turtles have been found in that area. I checked myself. I and some friends fished up there for a little trip, one day, and we searched for those turtles. They weren't there. No turtles. I don't want to be caught on a technicality, and I just want to say that those friendipedes have been found outside of Oregon and we are still proudly a part of their capture and containment. I am sure you have more important things to contain at your site — we have tangentially heard of some pretty big things, you know. Scary stuff. Scary robot stuff.

So, as per the Boring Agreement, it would be real nice if we could get those serenity turtles back. Oh, and I am certain we could give them better housing than that Rodney fellow, I've seen those tanks and they are filthy.

— Tim Wilson

Through investigation, SCP-3465 Project Lead Dr. Rodney Ellars and MTF Beta-4 Captain John Schut have been found guilty of the following infractions against the Special Containment Procedures Foundation:

- Manipulation of postal communication and transactions in Site-64
- Interference with MTF Beta-4 actions and objectives
- Interference with GoI-466 actions and objectives
- Unauthorized editing of SCP-3465 documentation
- Unauthorized transportation of SCP-3465-A instances
- Unauthorized interactions and transactions with GoI-012
- Abuse of position for personal gain

For this, both Dr. Rodney Ellars and John Schut will be removed from their positions and properly reprimanded. It is believed that over eight other individuals aided Dr.

Rodney Ellars and John Schut or otherwise intentionally failed to report their behaviors for monetary gain. Investigation will continue to bring those who have worked with Dr. Rodney Ellars, John Schut, or GoI-012 at Site-64 to light and all found guilty will be given proper punishment for their actions.

It pains the Board of Directors to see such a lively community of defectors alive in Site-64. Following the reclassification to Safe, full containment of SCP-3465 will be transferred to GoI-466, as well as a formal apology.

SITE-64 DIRECTOR EDGAR HOLMAN

Footnotes
1. Reclassification as Safe pending.
2. Size differs between instances, maximum area found to be 3.6 meters.

SCP-3466: Only Birdbrains Live the American Dream

Item #: SCP-3466

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Full containment is deferred to GoI-466 (Wilson's Wildlife Solutions) as per the Boring Agreement[1]. In summary of the Fourth Amendment of the Boring Agreement, instances of SCP-3466 are to be provided with activities that emulate employment and provided pay.

In case of a containment breach in which SCP-3466 is unable to be retrieved by GoI-466, **`Site-64`**'s local MTF Beta-4 ("Castaways")[2] is to assume full containment of SCP-3466 and keep them within the confines of Site-64's aviary enclosure. Site-64 is to implement Backup Containment Procedures, detailed further in the Fourth Amendment of the Boring Agreement.

For more details on the Boring Agreement, contact Site-64 administration for an up-to-date copy.

Description: SCP-3466 is a large murder of American crows (*Corvus brachyrhynchos*) which makes permanent residence in Clackamas County, Oregon, in particular in the town of Boring. Testing on crows in this murder commonly yields higher-than-average scores in problem solving, communication, facial recognition and initiative, as compared to other crows of similar species in the same region. Instances of SCP-3466 also appear to have a heightened sense of currency and business, bordering on sapient though not confirmed. Whether SCP-3466 uses anomalous methods to obtain real estate, business licenses, and other legal papers required to run a restaurant in the USA is currently under investigation; the influence of an outside entity has not yet been ruled out.

Initial reports of unusual behavior occurred on 3/16/2013, when

GoI-466 received (and shared) several phone calls asking for immediate help with aggressive birds. All callers were attacked outside their homes; many mentioned several takeout food boxes on their doorsteps.

Transcript of Call-3466-6

(*Caller calls GoI-466. Employee of GoI-466 picks up, hereby referred to as Respondent.*)

Respondent: Hello, you've reached Wilson's Wildlife. Is this about the birds?

Caller: Yes, it — have other people been attacked? They're outside my house and pecking at the windows!

Respondent: Please remain calm, a —

Caller: They're smart. They're damn smart, they are. They baited me, they left Burger King outside my door and attacked when I picked it up!

Respondent: Yes, some others have reported similar —

Caller: They stole my money, they have my wallet — they took it right out of my pocket!

Respondent: Yes, some others have reported similar occurrences. They should return your wallet.

Caller: Oh. Okay. (*Pause.*) Wait, what?

Respondent: So far, they've been returning the wallets with some of the change gone.

Caller: I —

Respondent: Now listen, we need you to tell

us your address so we can take care of the situation. (*Pause.*) Sir?

Caller: Uh, they left.

Respondent: Have you suffered any injuries, any structural damage?

(*Pause.*)

Caller: No, they uh, they just left.

Respondent: So, do you still require assistance?

(*Pause.*)

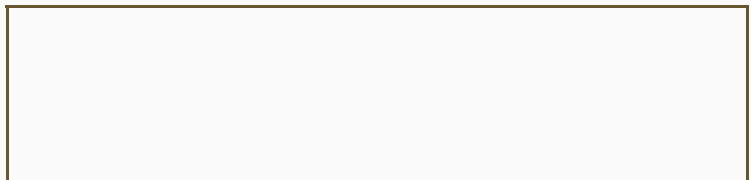
Caller: No, I think I'll be good. Scared shitless, but otherwise alright. Uh… (*Pause.*) …later.

(*Caller hangs up.*)

Following this incident, local agents reported back to nearby Site-64, but it was deemed a mundane occurrence of unusually intelligent crows. Confirmed anomalous status and containment was achieved four months later, following Incident-3466-02.

Addendum-3466-A | Establishment of SCP-3466 Run Business (Incident-3466-02)
On 7/20/2013, a Burger King opened in a previously abandoned building by a lot on the Clackamas-Boring Highway. Following a call reporting the new chain (which had not been reported to be under construction) to be full of crows and devoid of staff, GoI-466 sent two employees to the scene. The following document was shared with the SCP Foundation following the confirmation of anomalous activity surrounding the crows (what GoI-466 classified as Slightly Unusual on their Unusuality Scale).

Document-3466-466-A



Response to Fast Food Crows

Goal

Discover intents / functions / any pertinent information of the crow-run Burger King chain on the Clackamas-Boring Highway.

Actors

Investigator / Feather Fanucchi
Investigator / Justin "Chickadee" Harp
Caller / Vincent Plymouth
Respondent / Gary Harp

Report

Transcriber / Feather Fanucchi

"Gary got the call from a man, Vincent Plymouth, that there was a Burger King on the Clackamas-Boring Highway. Myself and Chickadee geared up and went to the site of the incident, went inside, and all the crows were actually doing jobs. They

focused on us, and we decided to move towards the counter where a bird with a big Burger King hat was on the cash register. The menu was all chicken scratch, but the pictures were all what was expected, so we ordered two cheeseburgers and a large fries. They couldn't understand what we said, so we pointed at the items on the menu. Some birds in the kitchen got to work.

We decided to let the situation play itself out and assess its threat and sat at one of the tables. In about thirty minutes, we had our cheeseburgers brought to us (they forgot the fries), and they were normal Burger King burgers. Unsure how they got the ingredients. After we were done, the crow from behind the counter brought us blank receipt paper. We estimated that two cheeseburgers were probably two dollars, so we put down two one-dollar bills. They didn't seem to understand that, so remembering the takeout incident from a few months back Chickadee put down some coins.

The crows seemed very excited, cawing and fluttering about, sharing the coins. Chickadee thought it was amusing and dumped out his whole coin purse. The crowd went wild. After some noise and coin flinging, they all seemed to calm down. They got quiet, but piped back up when we got up to leave so we sat back down. A big crow that carried a tie around with it gave a deep cackle, and all the crows scattered back into the kitchen or the rest of the building. They seemed to guard the door though, so we remained seated. We didn't think this was a threatening flock, so we didn't want to show any aggression. After a minute of silence, one of them brought us back a Mickey Mouse bobble head that was clearly dug out of the dirt recently. We smiled, thanked it, and shuffled out of the building. I still have the cleaned bobble head on the desk. While highly abnormal,

Chickadee and I agree that this does not seem to be a threat. I, Feather, suggest a peaceful arrangement."

EDIT 8/1/2013: *Suggestion has passed.*

Results

With permission and support (there seems to be a lack of health inspectors), the Supervisors have allowed us to staff the Burger King from the same hiring pool that we hire our own workers (and with the same or similar training, see the Fourth Amendment of the Boring Agreement for further details). The crows seemed sad to not be able to staff the restaurant themselves, but we now give them a fraction of the profits (only coins) and allow them in on meetings. We feed them Burger King burgers, and we allow them to deliver takeout to the Wilson's Wildlife Solutions offices at night. Morale for both parties has been soaring since then (except for Sarah Gardner, we make sure she doesn't see the birds).

As per requests, they aren't allowed with any paraphernalia in public. I, Gary Harp, suggest that we have more meetings. Our black feathered buddies really, really like the meetings.

EDIT 9/25/2013: *Suggestion has passed.*

Status: Dealt With
Reported: Affirmative
Further Action: Expected

Good job, guys!

Addendum-3466-B | Suspected Influence of an Outside Entity
An MTF Beta-4 / GoI-466 joint investigation of the building yielded a scattered pile of legal papers on the desk of the manager's office. Along with all expected papers, a paper that appears to imply the transaction through which SCP-3466 acquired the Burger King was found. The document is transcribed below:

Document-3466-C

Peck Your Own Bird Feeder
Business
for Cheep

Have you ever wanted
business?
Do you yearn for small shiny objects? I, Dr. Cawthorne, may be able to help you. Hello, I am Dr. Cawthorne. I have been trained in
business,
and I know how to get you your very own
business.
But what is
business?

All it will take are
4
easy payments of
4
quarters, and I, Dr. Cawthorne, will be able to give you your very own
business.
You will be able to run it how you want to run it, as long as you sign all of the
business
papers that I will send to you once the money

giving is complete. You may choose from

Meat patties seller
Meat slurries seller
Paper objects seller
Lightning cords seller
and
Dialysis clinic

You may give your quarters to your local
Cawthorne
business
representor. Have a good day. Jump out of your
nest and

Spread your
business
wings

Along with the paper, a pile of business cards promoting a "Dr. Cawthorne: Doctorate in Business" was found. While some words such as "Prime Dealer of Big Bird Feeders!" were legible, others, such as the phone number and address, were written in short vertical marks.

Footnotes
1. Following the Ursus Maritimus Incident of 2008, the Boring Agreement was created as a binding document which allows Wilson's Wildlife Solutions to handle the containment of Euclid or Safe fauna based anomalies within Clackamas County under supervision of the SCP Foundation.
2. An MTF assigned to assist GoI-466 in containment, as well as to monitor their activities to ensure they do not break any contracts in the Boring Agreement.

SCP-3467: Anomoalous, Moa Less

Item #: SCP-3467

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3467 is contained in a Standard Aviary constructed near Site-64, isolated from the rest of the facility. All maintenance of this aviary is to be performed either via automation, or else by Designated Containment Liaison Peggy Marquez.

No personnel are to interact with SCP-3467 with the exception of DCL Marquez, who has been granted DCL status and representative Foundation employment for the purposes of continued containment.

In the event that SCP-3467 breaches containment, it is to be recontained solely by DCL Marquez. Any armed personnel in the area are to evacuate SCP-3467's path and are not to attempt to engage or capture it.

Description: SCP-3467 is a bush moa (*Anomalopteryx didiformis*)[1], approximately 1.4m tall.

SCP-3467 exerts an anomalous influence on any sentient being attempting to capture, hunt, or kill it. This influence causes a range of symptoms, including dizziness, amnesia, ataxia, and vision impairment, which fade roughly two hours after the victim ceases pursuit of SCP-3467.

When two or more individuals are targeting SCP-3467, SCP-3467's influence gains additional effects. Individuals will become paranoid, and their ability to coordinate or communicate effectively with each other will be impaired, directly proportional to the number of individuals affected at once.

Addendum: Acquisition Report
SCP-3467 was first identified following multiple reports of a "madness bird" or "madness dinosaur" throughout Vancouver, Washington. Mobile Task Force Phi-2 ("Clever Girls") was deployed, and equipped with SCRAMBLE visors and other countermemetic gear, as well as long-range tranquilizer rifles.

MTF Phi-2 tracked SCP-3467 south across the Washington-Oregon border. Around the same time, MTF Beta-4 ("Castaways") was sent to investigate.

Both task forces were revealed to have encountered SCP-3467 directly and were exposed to its anomaly; all members were incapacitated from either friendly tranquilizer fire or self-injury presumably due to loss of balance[2].

Shortly after, GOI-466 ("Wilson's Wildlife Solutions") employee Peggy Marquez encountered SCP-3467 while on an unrelated assignment to measure the water quality of the Willamette River. SCP-3467 cautiously approached Marquez, who petted SCP-3467 and offered it a portion of her food. After contacting both GOI-466 and the Foundation, Marquez managed to lead SCP-3467 back to headquarters, at which point she was able to lure it into an aviary without incident.

Following this, and the subsequent full recovery of all MTF operatives, SCP-3467 was declared contained per the Boring Agreement.

Footnotes
1. A wingless, flightless bird that was endemic to New Zealand until its extinction by the 15th century AD.
2. One Phi-2 operative appeared to have blindfolded herself in an attempt to defend herself from SCP-3467's anomaly.

SCP-3469: Nice Cream

Item #: SCP-3469

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Samples of SCP-3469 are to be seized and individually contained in Low-Value Anomalous Storage Units. Individuals found carrying or utilizing SCP-3469 are to be detained and questioned to ascertain its origin and the potential location of PoI-60249.

Description: SCP-3469 is a creamy white substance of unknown composition. When SCP-3469 comes into contact with a solid, it rearranges portions of the object's composition to form a pattern that resembles the numeral 69. The size and components rearranged depend on the proportion of SCP-3469 to the object covered; changes are non-fatal and usually of little physical damage to living creatures. SCP-3469 does not affect items whose volume is less than 3 cubic centimeters.

SCP-3469 is primarily distributed in aerosol cans composed of mundane lacquered tinplate with plastic caps. These cans are immune to SCP-3469's effect until they are emptied of SCP-3469, at which point they are normally affected by it.

Show Experiment Log 3469

Experiment 3469-1

Subject: A can of soft drink.
Experiment: SCP-3469 is sprayed atop the entire surface of the can's outside, and the can's interior is filled with SCP-3469.
Result: The ink on the outside of the can shifts to display a single 69 spanning the width and length of the can's surface. The number's colors are according to the can's

pigmentation colors.

Subject: A proof of purchase from Walmart detailing a transaction of $0.99 for a can of soft drink.
Experiment: SCP-3469 is sprayed atop one side of the receipt.
Result: The ink pigment on both sides of the receipt shifts towards the side SCP-3469 was applied on and forms a singular, black 69 spanning the width and length of the receipt.

Subject: A 6 month old rat (Rattus norvegicus).
Experiment: The subject's upper body fur is sprayed with SCP-3469.
Result: Fur pigmentation on subject's affected area lightens in tone until the number 69 is clearly visible atop the area of application. Subject does not express pain, and continues normal routine during further 24 hours of observation.

Subject: D-549w85, a Hispanic female.
Experiment: SCP-3469 is sprayed over the subject's left forearm.
Result: D-549w85's skin pigmentation lightens in tone until the number 69 is clearly visible atop the area of application. D-549w85 does not express pain, but indicates distress and asks if the result is permanent. D-549w85 is told that the pigmentation shift will disappear within 30 days before dismissal.

Subject: D-432906, a Chinese male with albinism.
Experiment: SCP-3469 is sprayed over the subject's left forearm.
Result: A scab begins forming over area of application; D-432906 expresses pain and surprise. When asked to describe the pain, D-432906 mentions "a bunch of little cat scratches". When the process ends, the scab formed on D-432906's arm outlines the number 69. Subject is placed under further observation.

Recovery Log 3469: On 06/09/2018, London-based street artist

Twobit (real name S N) streamed a video of her sneaking into and attempting to paint over a recently restored wall. At 01:09, after breaking and entering into the building, she begins painting the wall only to discover SCP-3469's anomalous properties. In the remaining 21:25, Twobit paints over several segments of the wall she had originally intended to, as well as the floor and the opposite wall, before the stream is remotely terminated by Foundation assets. At 02:45 AM, Twobit was apprehended by Agent Mearns, posing as local law enforcement, as she attempted to escape from . The following interview was carried out 45 minutes after the apprehension.

Show Interview Log 3469

Mearns: Would you like a glass of water?
Twobit: Nicest cop I've ever met.
Mearns: Would you?
Twobit: No thanks. I had plenty in that weird…
Twobit: Nice, padded cell?
Mearns: Miss N , I would like to ask you some things about the paint you used in your recent Facebook upl-
Twobit: You're not a normal cop, right?
Mearns: I am… higher, on the chain of command.
Twobit: Oh my god, I'm going to double jail.
Mearns: Quite the opposite, if you accept my offer.
Twobit: That's a first.
Mearns: Surely you're aware the paint you used in tonight's broadcast is not normal paint.
Mearns: I want full disclosure on where and how you obtained the paint.
Twobit: …And in exchange?
Mearns: You walk free. No charges, no record.
Twobit: S-
Mearns: Your video will be removed, and the wall painted over again-
Twobit: Aw, but it was *so* funny.

Mearns: -however, the rest of my branch will not be notified of tonight's antic. You are free to paint as many sixty-nines as you wish under the cover of night. With normal paint, of course.
Twobit: …like I don't all the time.
Twobit: Fine. Like I haven't been to jail before. You know? But this place gives me the fucking creeps. Fucking. Double jail.
Mearns: If I may take your statement now…
Twobit: Yeah, so, I go to my usual, [REDACTED] store over on and street. Old guy I've never seen greets me, I don't think much of it, I figure, new employee.
Mearns: What did he look like?
Twobit: Um, fuck. Bald at the top, not bald at the sides. Liver spots. Kinda round? If that makes sense. Big glasses.
Twobit: He tells me I've been, uh, randomly selected from a list of frequent customers, to use 's new paint. Free test.
Mearns: And you, again, think nothing of this?
Twobit: Free paint, my good bitch.
Twobit: Anyway, statement.
Mearns: Yes?
Twobit: Yeah, the rest is a given, I think. Went home, got ready, snuck into , got busted. Been fighting with you guys for that spot for years, got caught in it a few times, it's always special when I go there so I thought I'd stream it.
Mearns: Thank you for your time, miss N .
Twobit: Yeah, thanks for the water.

N was released without amnestics and placed under covert Foundation surveillance, in hopes that the contact who provided her with SCP-3469 (temporarily designated PoI-60249) approaches her again.

Addendum 3469-1:

The following interview was extracted from the January 2019 edition of the magazine ArtWar(t), a "zine" edited and curated by a German anart group under surveillance by the Foundation. Following an investigation by Agent Mearls, it is believed that the person named Darn See in the interview is PoI-60249.

Show Transcript Log 3469-1

The years have barely taken their toll on Darn See. He surveys the interview room like a hawk - and me. I try my best to stay composed in the face of an anart giant as him.
ME: Mister See, you've been around in the anart community-
SEE: Mhm.
ME: But it seems that your latest paint has caught on like nothing you've made before. People are using it in LA, in Bristol, in Ciudad de Mexico, in Tokyo[1]! What do you think of this, this trend?
SEE: Trend. That's what I want. I just wanted something to catch on quick. Something for all of you to grab onto. Every other group I've been with, they all fall apart. You all fight, you fling shit at each other. you sue for copyright. This time, I'm making the whole world my group.
ME: Your art exhibition in-
SEE: It's not art.
ME: Excuse me?
SEE: Excused. But just this once.
I pause.
ME: This piece you made in 2008, the "Horrendous Gioconda"…
SEE: What was it like?
ME: Um. It's the one with the, the Mona Lisa but it makes the viewer grow cat-
SEE: I love cats. Do you like cats?
ME: Yes.
SEE: Nice. Fucking hate dog people.

See sits back on his chair and takes a sip of water.
SEE: Fuck dog people.
ME: Why sixty-nine?
SEE: Nice!
Without another word, See gets up from his chair and walks out of the room, leaving me in bewildered silence. I have no idea whether or not he'll do a second interview next month as he had promised, but he did tell us to keep an eye out for his upcoming work. I, for one, am very excited for it.

Incident Report 3469:

On 06/09/2019, a wave of SCP-3469 spontaneously manifested in the form of a tidal wave in the beach of N , France. The wave engulfed the city, currently under emergency evacuation due to an unrelated outbreak of SCP- . Upon the wave settling, the buildings of N reassembled themselves by dragging their foundations along the ground across the course of four hours. When the buildings had settled, a reconnaissance helicopter revealed that the buildings of N now portrayed the number 69 when viewed aerially. 20 minutes later, a video was uploaded to the anart site .onion, featuring PoI-60249 as recorded by an unknown cameraman.

Show Transcript Log 3469-2

0:00: The tidal wave of SCP-3469 can be seen approaching the city from atop a view from one of the buildings.
0:08: The camera zooms into and focuses on PoI-60249, as he rides the tidal wave's crest on a surfboard, seemingly unaffected by SCP-3469.
0:27: The camera is engulfed by the tidal wave.
0:49: The camera regains visibility, revealing a floor-level view of N , France. The buildings around the camera rumble loudly. PoI-60249 and his surfboard appear unharmed as they

walk towards the camera.
0:58: PoI-60249 helps the cameraman to their feet.
1:03: CAMERA: See! Is there anything you'd like to say for the camera?
1:09: PoI-60249: Nice.

Footnotes
1. These claims range from unverified to verified and suppressed. Further manifestations have been observed in Rio de Janeiro and Singapore.

SCP-3470: Harry Potter's Revenge

Item #: SCP-3470

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: The dissected SCP-3470 egg and three unhatched SCP-3470 eggs are in cold storage in Site-42. **Mobile Task Force Lambda-12 ("Pest Control")** is currently monitoring the area around Cibola National Park for signs of continued SCP-3470 habitation.

Description: SCP-3470 is a predatory organism that relies on aggressive mimicry to hunt human beings. Specifically, SCP-3470 resembles a Ford Anglia 105E of unclear age with a single occupant in the driver's seat. SCP-3470's most noticeable trait is related to the driver: although the windshield is perpetually fogged in such a way that the face of the driver is obscured, when hunting prey, SCP-3470 will extend the driver's left hand outside of the vehicle and make driving signals. There are two human eyes embedded in the palm, and they appear to react and work in the same way as normal human eyes.

SCP-3470 hunts only at night in a manner similar to ambush predators; it patrols roadways in its territory looking for solitary cars. When SCP-3470 identifies a potential prey, it will catch up to them, pass them, and then force them to slow down and stop with hand gestures. Just before attacking, SCP-3470 will rotate the hand so that human drivers can see its palm. However, SCP-3470's method of attack and consumption is still unknown.

SCP-3470's territory overlaps part of Cibola National Forest in New Mexico. Numerous reports were compiled of automobiles found still running with their occupants having gone missing. All such reports mentioned the same tire tracks and blue paint specks on trees near the missing persons' cars. Two police officers dispatched to investigate the area disappeared in a similar manner; however, they

were in radio contact with other officers at the time of their disappearance, and their description of SCP-3470, particularly the hand of its driver, attracted the Foundation's attention.

Addendum: Investigation and Recovery Logs

+ D-Class Investigation Log

Two D-Class personnel, D-01828 (henceforth D-01) and D-13372 (henceforth D-13) were dispatched at dusk in a standard issue off-road vehicle to investigate SCP-3470 and, if found, prime it for tracking by Mobile Task Force personnel. The vehicle was equipped with a rear and dash camera. D-01828 and D-17372 were both armed with piercing rounds modified to include GPS beacons to track SCP-3470.

[BEGIN LOG]

Command: Status check. How are you guys doing, over?

D-01: I dunno. Hot, bored, over.

D-13: Sweaty and thirsty as hell - jeez, it gets really dark out here doesn't it? Over.

D-01: Yeah. But hey, check it out though. I've never seen that many stars before. Over.

D-13: That's pretty cool. You know any of the constellations, over?

D-01: Nah. Space was never my thing, over. You?

Command: You don't need to say 'over' at the end of every sentence, just when you're finished communicating. Like so, over.

D-01: Yeah but it's fun. Makes me feel like a

trucker. Over.

D-13: Haha, yeah. Fuckin'… ten-four, good buddy. Over.

D-01: Fuck yeah, ten-four. Uh, over.

There is a light thumping sound, most likely a fist bump.

D-13: Okay, okay, okay. Let's make some up - constellations, I mean. You see that one there? Looks a bit like a pig?

D-01: Eh… sort of, I guess. If I squint, yeah.

D-13: I call it 'Police'.

D-01: Pffft. Okay, okay, uh… oh, shit, look. Over there, you see it?

D-13: Which?

D-01: No, uh, I mean on the ground. Over there! Headlights. Uh, over.

In the distance, a car's lights can be seen. The car is moving west, perpendicularly to the D-Class' vehicle. As the D-Class get closer, the car turns north so that it is driving along the same road as the D-Class.

Command: Follow that vehicle. Get closer to it, over. D-13, get ready to shoot the vehicle if necessary.

D-13: Uh, okay. Got it. Over.

The D-Class accelerate to catch up to the unidentified vehicle, which in turn appears to be slowing down. As it gets closer, the D-Class' headlights illuminate the vehicle

properly: a turquoise-colored Ford Anglia without a license plate. The Ford's windows are transparent, and only one occupant, the driver, appears to be inside.

D-13: Hey. This is the car from Harry Potter, right? Over.

D-01: Holy crap, you're right. Hey. Command. Uh, so I know you guys are tight asses, but come on. Voldemort isn't gonna defeat himself, you know. Over.

D-13 chuckles. At the same time, the Ford stops suddenly about twenty meters away from the D-Class, forcing D-01 to brake sharply.

D-13: Jesus!

D-01: What the fuck! Hey! Learn to drive, you junkyard dog!

D-13:… Junkyard dog?

A hand extends from the Ford's driver-side window and makes the stop hand signal.

D-13: Bit late for that, isn't it?

The hand rotates, showing a pair of human eyes embedded into the palm. The eyes blink once.

D-01: Jesus Christ!

Command: That's the anomaly! Tag it!

SCP-3470 reverses. D-01 puts the car into reverse and begins accelerating backwards. D-13 leans out of the window and begins shooting at the anomaly, but his aim is

hampered by the bumpiness of the road. SCP-3470's hand remains outside the car window, making a stop gesture.

Command: Slow down! D-13 can't aim properly!

D-01: Like hell I'm slowing down!

D-13: Do not slow down! Do not slow down!

After two minutes of pursuit, D-13 is able to hit SCP-3470 twice. The anomaly emits a loud screech similar to that of a car performing a power brake and slows down. D-01 does not slow down, but after several minutes SCP-3470's lights disappear from view. Two minutes after that, D-01 stops, turns the vehicle around, puts it into drive, and drives the vehicle normally back to base. Neither individual speaks for the entirety of the return trip.

Following the successful tagging of SCP-3470, the beacons showed that it followed a pattern of movement consistent with that of a carnivore foraging within its territory. Additionally, SCP-3470 was noted to consistently return to the same location and remain there while the sun was up; this location was presumed to be its nest. Mobile Task Force Lambda-12 was dispatched to investigate.

+ Lambda-12 Investigation Log

[BEGIN LOG]

Lambda-12 arrives at SCP-3470's nest, a small cave in a forest near where D-01 and D-13 encountered the anomaly, around dusk. The task force quickly establishes reconnaissance positions in the surrounding trees. As the sun begins to set, SCP-3470 exits the cave. Lambda-12 confirms via the

tracking beacons that it has begun foraging. While L5 and L6 remain on watch outside, members L1 through L4 proceed into the nest. L1 is equipped with a flamethrower; L2 with a net launcher; L3 with a tranquilizer rifle; L4 with a standard-issue light machine gun.

L1: Steady boys. Lord only knows what's hiding down here. Finger on the safeties.

L3: Smells like shit and diesel. What the fuck is this thing been eating?

L2: Take a gander. I'm more worried about these walls. Sure don't look natural.

The cave walls are relatively smooth rock; however, there are noticeable imprints running along their length.

L4: If I didn't know better, I'd say they looked like… Oh.

L3: Oh? Oh what?

L4: Like tire tracks.

L3: Oh.

L2: Ain't that just peachy.

Lambda-12 continues to advance. The passageway slopes gradually downwards and then opens up into a larger cavern. The walls bear the same imprints.

L4: Boy. I'm sweating like a pig.

L3: Tell me about it. Goddamn it's humid down here.

L1: Focus. You see anything suspicious?

L2: Think so. Way in the back. You see it? That shiny thing - it's reflecting my flashlight.

Lambda-12 approaches the object. However, as they do, L3 steps in a scat pile.

L3: Motherfucker. I think I just stepped in its shit.

L1: Shine your torch on it. Let's see what this thing's been eating.

L3 shines his flashlight on the pile, which is dark black in color. Several small white fragments are poking out of it.

L2: God almighty. Are those…

L4: Human bones. Christ.

L3: That's not all… ah, fuck, I think this is a cop's badge.

L1: Scoop it into a biohazard bag and let's keep going.

L3 collects a sample of the scat. Lambda-12 continues through the cave until coming upon the object initially spotted by L2. The object is revealed to be a clutch of approximately ten translucent eggs, inside which small quadrupedal organisms can be seen moving.

L2: Aw hell. It's breeding.

L1: Right. You know the drill. Grab half of them.

The Lambda-12 operatives proceed to store five eggs in their biohazard containment units, then L1 incinerates the rest of the clutch with his flamethrower. They then turn to leave.

SCP-3470 comes into view at the mouth of the cave.

L3: Oh fuck.

L1: Command? SCP-3470 has returned and is blocking the mouth of the cave.

L4: It's revving at us…

L2: I refuse to be killed by a goddamn Ford.

L1: Stay calm boys. God as my witness, all four of us are walking out of here with a story to tell. Safeties off. Shoot some tranquilizers at it, see if you can knock it out.

At that moment, SCP-3470's hand appears from the driver's side window and blinks repeatedly at the squad. L3 fires repeatedly at the hand, emptying the rifle's magazine. One of the darts strikes SCP-3470's right eye. The entity emits the same peeling out sound as before and then reverses out of the cave.

L1: Well then. Let's get these samples back to base and then come back to nab the bugger.

L3: Hey. Wait. I just realized something…

L2: I don't like the sound of that.

L3: SCP-3470 is supposed to be, uh, turquoise, right? That one was black.

L1: Hellfire.

Lambda-12 quickly exits the cave. SCP-3470 does not appear as they exit the area; however, L5 and L6 could not be found and did not respond to any radio transmissions following the egress of the rest of Lambda-12.

SCP-3473: The Son of the Sun

Item #: SCP-3473

Object Class: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3473 is currently contained within a 10 kilometer perimeter of Site-190, which is located in the area known as " " in the Desert. This Site's main buildings are subterranean, located 2 kilometers beneath the surface and designed to withstand high intensity radiation and temperatures, as well as substantial seismic activity. On-site personnel are not permitted to leave the site if SCP-3473 is within 3 kilometers of the entrance. A secondary bunker is located 13 kilometers from the main facility, outside of the Site's perimeter. Permission for the construction of additional "satellite facilities" around the perimeter border is pending.

SCP-3473 is to be contained, when possible, in a cell with dimensions of 10 X 10 X 10 meters. Each of the cell walls of the containment chamber are to be made of at least 5 meters of lead located between an internal 1 meter layer of titanium/tungsten alloy, coated with silica aerogel that is to be replaced bi-weekly, and 3 meters of steel-plate reinforced concrete externally. As of the events of 3473-NE-7-WGU, containment of the entity within facilities is no longer considered a valid option. The entity is now restricted to the 10 kilometer radius around Site-190, which is considered its containment area for all intents and purposes.

Should SCP-3473 come within 2 kilometers of Site-190, or go beyond the 10 kilometer perimeter, a detachment from Mobile Task Force Omega-47 ("Sunscreeners") are to be dispatched from either the main site, or the offsite secondary bunker, whichever is closest to the entity, and meet with it at a safe distance to guide it back within those boundaries.

If the entity is within the 2 kilometer radius of the entrance, it may

have adopted this position intentionally to attempt to prompt communication with on-site staff. If this is confirmed to be the case, it should usually be allowed to do so as long as it does not enter the Site proper, and must be monitored by the MTF until it returns to its safe boundaries. Beyond this, because SCP-3473 does not sleep, 24 hour surveillance is required and operated via the use of multiple long-range observation drones, as well as satellite tracking.

All on-site personnel, including members of MTF Omega-47, must don a Grade-1 Hazard Suit in preparation for possible interaction with SCP-3473. All permanent on-site staff within the perimeter must be fluent in sign language and semaphore to communicate with SCP-3473 at both close and long distances. Interaction with SCP-3473 should always be performed at a distance of no less than 10 15 meters.

Recording of a small Nova Event by researchers. The nature of the streaks above the explosion are unknown, although they are present in most cases.

Description: SCP-3473 is an entity reaching almost three meters in height, which is vaguely humanoid insofar that it has a head, two arms and two legs connected to a central body. However, similarities to humans are few beyond this. Its body is androgynous and lanky in form, although it usually takes a hunched stance, and its limbs are long and thin. Each limb is tipped with three digits resembling talons. It has a thick neck and large toothless maw that continuously remains open for unknown reasons. It has no olfactory or auditory senses or organs but does possess eyes, which are yellow in coloration and lack any pupils.

Four long, thin, antenna-like projections grow from the creature's head, and two more grow from its shoulders, in addition to fin-like structures on its back, arms and legs. These are assumed to be sensory organs, although their exact means of function are not currently known. Its skin is usually luminescent orange in color, but shifts to either a dull reddish hue during the night or a bright yellow during midday, in respect to time-zones in its current location. These color shifts can also be brought about when the ambient temperature changes, as well as when the entity is feeding or agitated. The exception to this is a series of symmetrical, black,

exoskeletal plates that cover large portions of its body.

The surface temperature of the entity's body is approximately 1100°C on average, with the black patches at its extremities being the coolest at slightly under 600°C. Its mouth is the hottest area on its surface, reaching 3000°C on average. However, this is not the maximum temperature the entity can reach, as it achieves many times these temperatures when feeding or when agitated. As of writing this, its internal temperature can only be guessed at, as no currently available technology is durable enough to withstand the measurement processes. SCP-3473 is also capable of a form of levitation, and is able to suspend itself roughly a meter in the air. How it does this is currently unknown, but research indicate it may utilize vented heat or directional manipulation of gravity.

The entity emits intense radiation in addition to heat, which can only be partially screened by use of Grade 1 "Heat and Radiation" Hazard Suits. The exact composition of the radiation the entity emits appears to change based on multiple factors.[1] As of yet, genetic or medical information (if such things are even applicable) about SCP-3473 beyond physical description are unobtainable due to its volatile form.

SCP-3473 is sapient, and while it is incapable of audio-based perception and cannot communicate verbally, it has excellent eyesight and is fluent in the use of sign language and semaphore (which it was taught as its methods of communication with Foundation personnel). SCP-3473 is also seemingly able to sense the presence of objects and places which emit abundant electromagnetic or ionizing radiation. How it is able to do this remains unclear. It does not possess any apparent sexual organs. Despite this, it seems to identify as male and uses masculine vocabulary when referring to itself. Foundation personnel are permitted to use such terms during informal communication with the entity.

General intelligence tests have determined that SCP-3473 has the same mental capability as an average adult human, although its behavior and personality are more akin to that of an inquisitive child. It has yet to offer much insight as to its origin or species. When questioned about these topics, it will usually point towards the Sun's

location in respect to its current position, doing so with absolute precision even if the Sun is not visible. The entity usually does not elaborate further, either expressing confusion or irritation if pressured.

SCP-3473 eats regularly, and in a highly destructive manner. The mechanism by which this occurs is observed to be as follows: it raises parts of its surface temperature to extremely high levels and either comes into contact with, or projects energy onto, what is intends to absorb. This causes the target matter to either vaporize or energize into a form of plasma, which is subsequently drawn into the maw of the entity through unknown means. The absorbed matter appears to be collected and utilized internally via controlled atomic reactions, which are assumed to be a form of nuclear fusion, with any waste being excreted from its body as an increase in emitted radiation for a period of time after consumption. Current scientific principles cannot explain these processes which, on the scale they occur, appear to break understood laws of physics and conservation of energy. It will not actively seek to consume humans or other life forms, but can also utilize these abilities to defend itself if attacked, and appears to show no remorse or objections to consuming plasma created by anything it destroys.

Due to SCP-3473's abilities, complete containment is currently impossible. It is only possible to contain SCP-3473 because it willingly chooses to remain in Foundation care. All attempts to trap or restrain the entity, to date, have proven futile and further attempts are not currently permitted. SCP-3473 understands that it is currently held in containment for its own safety and the safety of others. It is also generally agreeable and is aware that mere exposure to its body is harmful to life.

Despite this, it has expressed repeated desires for more space to wander, and to interact with staff so that it may learn more about the world, or simply enjoy socialization. While direct interaction is permitted, on site personnel must be firm in enforcing that it stays within its perimeter. Thus far, this has stopped it from fully breaching containment. However, should the entity, at some point in the future, leave its containment perimeter and refuse to return, **[DATA EXPUNGED]**

Staff communicating with SCP-3473 must be polite and non-threatening to it, as perceived threats can trigger an agitated state in the entity. If SCP-3473 experiences significant emotional stress, the levels of heat and radiation it emits will begin to rise exponentially. Should SCP-3473 become sufficiently agitated for a sufficient length of time, it may trigger a "Nova Event". It was originally believed to be a form of defense mechanism, but the entity claims this is not the case, stating that it does not understand them itself and finds them distressing. Current hypothesis is based on the idea that it is more akin to a panic attack or seizure.

When a Nova Event occurs, SCP-3473's body temperature reaches extreme levels many times above the norm, unleashing massive amounts of heat, ionizing radiation and gravitational distortions into the surrounding area. The level of destruction varies, with the most intense Nova Event to date having an output roughly equivalent to that of a 20 kiloton nuclear bomb, although it is theorized that **[REDACTED]** even greater levels. Part of the basis for this theory is the fact that Nova Events occasionally have the same effect as solar flares on the reformation of **SCP-1246**.

Should SCP-3473 show signs of distress, agitation, anger or uncharacteristic hostility, Foundation staff are advised to attempt to calm the entity for a period of no more than 2 minutes if already in contact. If not already in contact, or should this agitated state persist in spite of attempts to calm it, Site-190 is to be put into a lock-down state as per “Ignition Protocol” in response to a potential Nova Event. The bulkheads within Site-190 are to be sealed for the duration of such an event, and all other staff within the surface perimeter must evacuate to the offsite bunker, if possible.

Nova Events also vary in duration. While the shortest on record lasted only 7 seconds, and most only last a couple of minutes, the longest recorded unbroken Nova Event lasted for 2 days and 11 hours. This resulted in the complete destruction of Site-91, the facility where SCP-3473 was kept at the time. Over 90% of on-site staff, multiple anomalous objects contained on the site and much of the surrounding landscape were destroyed in the process. This particular Nova Event is now referred to as 3473-NE-7-WGU, and lead to a redefining of the entity's containment procedures, as well

as its reclassification to Keter. It should be noted that the on-site warheads were triggered as a result of the WGU event (due to damage caused by the event itself rather than manual activation), but had no discernible effect on SCP-3473 aside from presumably causing an increase in duration and intensity of the event.

After a confirmed event has ended, clean-up crews will then be sent in from off-site to both locate the SCP as well as assess and (if possible) repair damage it has caused. Until an "All Clear" is given, no on-site personnel are to leave Site-190 after a Nova Event. Nova Events will leave the entity in an exhausted and traumatized state afterwards, and it is top priority that the SCP be calmed by staff as soon as it is safe to do so, to minimize chances of a relapse. To date, there have been recorded Nova Events, including WGU.

Acquisition: SCP-3473 was recovered thanks to a sweep of the Desert area. Reports of a relatively large meteor landing in the area had sparked the attention of locals as well as government agents. The Foundation was the first to reach and contain the area.

SCP-3473 was discovered in a scorched crater in the part of the desert. Foundation members initiated standard intelligent life protocols and made contact with SCP-3473. It followed Foundation forces to the nearest secure Site, but had to travel on foot because the response team were not equipped to transport high-heat/ radiation loads.

Of note, when it was first encountered, its entire body was reported to have a charred, rocky appearance, and gave off a smell similar to burning coals. Over time it “shed” this outer crust of its body, and developed into its current form, which it has remained in ever since.

Addendum-01: Excerpt from Interview Log

Interviewed: [SCP-3473]

Interviewer: [Researcher Mako]

Notes: Conversation was recorded during a recent communication session with SCP-3473. It is the first, and only time to date, that

SCP-3473 has elaborated further on its origins. The conversation was held in sign language, and thus has been translated.

<Begin Log>

Researcher Mako: Hello 3473, how are we doing today?

3473: Pretty good. Saw a group of flying creatures in the sky this morning.

Researcher Mako: A flock of birds? That's a rare sight to see out here.

3473: Yes. Only see you most of the time. You speak of "animals", but these are the first I have seen. (3473 pauses and seems to shrug, a gout of steam hissing from its maw.) So fast and free. Reminds me of…times before.

Researcher Mako: (Pauses.) Before? Could you elaborate? You've never talked about this kind of thing previously.

3473: (Thins its eyes and more steam hisses from its mouth, this time aggressively. 3473 seems to be irritated, as it pulses with a bright glow and ambient temperature in the area starts rising.) I have explained many times. You seem not to understand even when I clearly show. Aren't you human "doctors" meant to be smart?

Researcher Mako: (Seems to be getting worried, but tries to maintain composure.) Ah, clearly not smart enough. But it's okay, we can change the sub-

3473: No. You just keep asking until I explain. One moment. (The glowing pulses and rising

heat subside and 3473 looks up to the sky for a moment, before looking back.) Father says I am allowed to speak more truth.

Researcher Mako: Father?

3473: Yes. Birth was long ago, far from here. Mother died at birth, so I drifted for so very long. Was cold and alone, but was also free like the birds in the sky. The solar winds carried me far, until eventually I was brought before Sauel, my father. Mother's dying act was to send me to him, and he spoke of her so fondly. A love so bright, from so far away. And I drifted now at his side, but for a time too short. (3473 pauses and seems distressed.)

Researcher Mako: May I ask what happened?

3473: I cannot remember what it was…but my path came undone, and I ended up drifting away from father. I was scared. Called out to him, to **her**[2], to anyone…but none could help me. I drifted to this rock you call "Earth", and now I'm trapped here. Father's voice is so quiet and distant…I feel alone again…and now no longer free.

Researcher Mako: We're only doing this because you're very dangerous to us, and also to keep you safe from other people who might try and hurt you.

3473: I know. Father said I should stay with you. So I will stay for now. (3473 looks back up to the sky, and then back to Researcher Mako.) No more questions about past times. Have said all I can.

Researcher Mako: Alright. Thank you for

sharing this information. I'll ask my colleagues if we can allow you a bit more wandering space for your troubles.

3473: That would be nice.

<End Log>

Addendum-02: Level 3/3473 Clearance or above required

Message issued in private to Senior Staff and MTF Omega-47 from Dr Kraus

“Alright, now you've all read the above file at face value, let me be honest. Most of you with half a brain in the physics department have probably figured this out already, but I'll spell it out for the rest of you.

Those bio-hazard suits? They’re pretty much there for morale of on-site staff and not much practical use beyond that. The amount of ionizing energy 3473 emits, even in its more "agreeable" states or at the so-called “safe distance”, is very much unsafe. With enough exposure over time (usually a couple of years at most,) it becomes lethal. Problem is that the damn thing is a social creature and all but requires and demands interaction with others. If we don't have a nice chat every so often, it could melt through the walls, walk down here and ask why we are ignoring it. I've thought about using D-Class as middle men, but honestly the risks involved aren't worth it. What if they aggravate it intentionally or act smart and try and turn it on us? Most of them assume they're going to die anyway, and might see this as a means to take some of us down with them.

Controlled and friendly social interaction has

been shown to have a positive effect on reducing the likelihood of Nova Events, as well as reducing the chances of it wandering beyond containment out of boredom or curiosity. And of course, no one wants a repeat of WGU. As such, I'd take increased rates of cancer, burns and radiation poisoning in the staff stationed here over the possibility of this thing wandering off into the desert and heading towards a populated area. On that subject, there's another truth I also want to share with you. Currently we have no backup plan in place in the event that 3473 decides to just walk off and refuse to come back. This is not an oversight, it's because none of us have any clue how to restrain this thing beyond a firm telling off. Its child like mentality plays into our hands here, but it's getting smarter all the time, and eventually it might figure out that we can't actually control it, which would be catastrophic.

And before any of you give me smart suggestions about trying to "freeze" or "extinguish" this thing, let me remind you that it's not a camp-fire; it's a small living star for all intents and purposes. If we submerged it in liquid nitrogen, it would only give it more fuel to burn and grow hotter, not colder, and changing the ambient temperature or placing it in a vacuum won't stop the nuclear fusion happening within it. With all this in mind, for the time being, I hope you all understand that this is the best possible way. It's not pretty, easy or comfortable, we didn't sign up for that, did we?"

-Dr Kraus, head of Site-190

Footnotes

1. Time of day, ambient temperature and the composition of what it has recently consumed all seem to have an impact, but it is generally composed of ultraviolet, gamma and x-ray radiation, although alpha and beta particles, other electromagnetic waves and free protons are also emitted in smaller amounts.
2. The full nature of the relationship between SCP-3473 and COEWS-179 has not been determined, aside from them both referencing the name Sauel. COEWS-179 has not yet delivered any messages regarding SCP-3473, either signaled or via satellite, and SCP-3473 refuses to speak on the subject. Further research into both anomalies is required.

SCP-3475: Our Shifting Foundations

Item #: SCP-3475

Object Class: Thaumiel

Special Containment Procedures: Copies of this document are to be made available to all Foundation personnel. In the event that a Foundation employee is unable to perceive or conceptualize some or all of the information contained in this document, an alternate document is to be provided.

Containment of SCP-3475 is accomplished through a number of discrete initiatives — a summary may be found in **Addendum: Ongoing Containment of SCP-3475**.

All Foundation personnel not currently affected by SCP-3475, regardless of clearance level, must be isolated from its influence whenever possible. Foundation personnel are currently forbidden to view media created by civilians except in an authorized, clinical context.

Movement of Foundation personnel between Sites must be tightly controlled. If travel through a civilian area cannot be avoided, anti-cognitohazardous equipment should be utilized to minimize the chance of exposure.

Exposed personnel are to be amnesticized and released into civilian areas if possible.

Further development and expansion of SCP-3475 is currently a top-level priority.

Description: SCP-3475 is the designation given to the cumulative result of Foundation efforts in enacting anomalous information control and social engineering techniques on the civilian, human population of Earth.

In the containment of numerous anomalous objects, the Foundation utilizes hundreds of initiatives involving amnestics, cognitohazards, and viral memetic agents. If each of these initiatives can be thought of as exerting a force on civilian humanity, SCP-3475 is the sum of these forces: a single vector denoting the direction in which human thought is being changed. The goal of the SCP-3475 program is then to coordinate this effect to best achieve the Foundation's principal aims.

Every new initiative affects, to some extent, every initiative that precedes it. The extent of this complexity means that changes to one aspect of SCP-3475 can change the whole in unexpected ways. Thus, SCP-3475 is prone to the development of unexpected, emergent properties and side effects.

Addressing SCP-3475 as a single whole allows for the greatest degree of control over civilian populations and allows side effects to be dealt with more easily. The SCP-3475 program currently allows civilian humanity to enjoy the greatest possible degree of normalcy and stability in spite of anomalous threats.

The depth and interconnected nature of SCP-3475 have made it potentially dangerous for Foundation personnel to be exposed to carriers of SCP-3475's constituent memetic agents. Such an infection may severely impair their ability to perform, understand, or perceive their duties to the Foundation.

This impairment also poses an issue for the recruitment of Foundation personnel from civilian populations. The development of a reliable, non-lethal method to remove the influence of SCP-3475 from an affected person is ongoing. Until this solution is found, personnel should exercise great caution when dealing with media produced by civilians, which may carry the memetic infection.

Despite the difficulty of maintaining and working around SCP-3475, its overall effect is universally positive. The continued existence of worldwide normalcy could not have been achieved without the SCP-3475 program and the sacrifices required to maintain it.

Addendum: Ongoing Containment of SCP-3475

Over 300 individual containment procedures affect, to some extent, the whole of civilian humanity. Thus, containment of SCP-3475 is most effectively accomplished by observing civilian reactions to new initiatives as closely as possible and dealing with side effects as they arise.

Most recently, the quickening pace and severity of certain threats has necessitated a rapid expansion of the SCP-3475 program. A summary of methods used to contain the side effects of several major initiatives is included below. A full list is available to personnel with at least clearance level 4/3475.

Initiative: Project Gunni

Side Effects: Canid species prompt an exaggerated positive emotional reaction in conditioned civilians, resulting in major changes to home and work life in order to spend more time in the presence of canids.

Containment Strategy: Memetic agent AMARANTH NIHIL was created to cause a measured disgust response to canids, in order to counteract these side effects. Soon after introduction, the most common species of canids became increasingly difficult to perceive, and as such this issue has been made inconsequential.

Initiative: Project Niklas

Side Effects: Although Samothracian refugees possess inherent antimemetic qualities, in groups they exert a pronounced perception-altering effect on nearby civilians that causes Project Niklas to fail, allowing civilians to perceive the holes in space present near hospitals and airports. This results in cascading errors in interpreting visual stimuli, followed by the onset of blindness.

Containment Strategy: Memetic agent OCHRE BASALT has been created specifically to affect Samothracian refugees, inducing an aversion to contact with other refugees. While the former island of Samothrace is suspected to be uninhabitable, it is to be monitored to ensure no additional refugee constructs emerge.

Initiative: Project Empty Machine

Side Effects: The non-existence of symptoms previously associated with drowsiness has resulted in large swathes of civilians experiencing symptoms of acute sleep deprivation with no apparent cause.

Containment Strategy: Memetic agents VERDANT GLIMPSE and FEARFUL HERON have been introduced to encourage and normalize the ingestion of stimulants and to streamline certain energy-consuming mental processes. Sleep deprivation has since declined.

Initiative: Project Halicarnassus

Side Effects: Despite the destruction of relevant cultural artifacts, approximately 1% of the civilian population still experience dreams in which the night sky appears as it did pre-20 . If these experiences are shared between individuals and found to be consistent, the internal contradiction with Project Halicarnassus results in immediate catatonia.

Containment Strategy: The introduction of memetic agent GREEN WORLD has eliminated the recalling of dreams. An infovorous construct has rendered imperceptible any information supposing the existence of objects outside the solar system. Societal order has been restored.

« SCP-3475: Our Shifting Foundations | **A Quiet Night** »

SCP-3477: Will the Real Harold Holt Please Stand Up?

Item #: SCP-3477

Object Class: Euclid

`Threat Level:` Orange 🟠

Special Containment Procedures: Each instance of SCP-3477 is to be contained in a separate **`Standard Humanoid Anomaly Containment Cell`** modified appropriately for each instance located at Site-72. Instances may be informed of the existence of other instances, but are not to be allowed contact with each other.

Each specific instance of SCP-3477 has specialized containment procedures relating to its specific properties. For full containment details, consult Document-3477 #1.

Description: SCP-3477 is a collection of anomalous humanoids, each claiming to be the 17th Prime Minister of Australia Harold Holt (henceforth referred to as SCP-3477-0). SCP-3477-0 disappeared while swimming in December 1967 and is officially presumed dead. There are currently 34 instances of SCP-3477 contained by the Foundation.

While each instance of SCP-3477 displays unique anomalous properties, all physically resemble SCP-3477-0 and are genetically identical. All individuals claim to be the SCP-3477-0 and, through varying methods, to have gained some form of immortality before their alleged death, which they faked in order to avoid public suspicion. No instance of SCP-3477 has been aware of the existence of other SCP-3477 instances unless introduced to each other by Foundation operatives.

All accounts given by SCP-3477 of their lives are identical up until the point at which they acquired their anomalous properties. All

individuals professed being interested in acquiring immortality at any price before their death, and as such attempted to achieve this. At this point, the first divergence occurs. Each instance of SCP-3477 utilizes a different method of acquiring immortality.[1]

The majority of SCP-3477 instances can have their backgrounds corraborated by other individuals.[2] Despite contradicting each other on numerous instances, the stories given by each instance of SCP-3477 appear to be true and accurate.

SCP-3477 instances have incredibly similar psychological profiles. During double-blind clinical analysis of SCP-3477's mental states, psychologists have reported almost no difference between individual members of SCP-3477 unrelated to their anomalous qualities. SCP-3477 however does not represent a hivemind, as instances do not share new information between each other.[3]

It is currently unknown if SCP-3477-0 is a current instance of SCP-3477 contained by the Foundation. There is no way to determine if an instance is SCP-3477-0, if any instance of SCP-3477 is genuinely SCP-3477-0, or if there is only one instance that is SCP-3477-0.

► ADDENDUM 3477.1

Instance	Anomalous Properties	Additional Notes
SCP-3477-1	SCP-3477-1 has been subjected to numerous biological grafts, giving it sharklike skin, the ability to breathe underwater, reduced aging, and multiple sets of teeth.	SCP-3477-1 was the first instance of SCP-3477 discovered in 1970, and was initially believed to be SCP-3477-0. SCP-3477-1 was discovered on the shore of Queensland, Australia, where SCP-3477-0 went missing.

		SCP-3477-1 claims to have been modified by **"The Great Barrier Reef Empire-In-Exile"**, a group composed of intelligent dolphins living off the shore of Queensland. SCP-3477-1 claims to have pledged to help the GBREIE reclaim the Great Barrier Reef in exchange for its modifications.
SCP-3477-2	SCP-3477-2 is an instance of **SCP-742-1**, and claims to have been infected during 1967. The SCP-742-1 instance that infected SCP-3477-2 died shortly after infecting SCP-3477-2.	SCP-3477-2 was originally captured during an operation during 1971 to quarantine an outbreak of SCP-742 in Canberra, Australia and was noted to strongly resemble SCP-3477-0. It was then discovered that SCP-3477-1 was already in containment, and the designation for SCP-3477 was expanded.
SCP-3477-3	[**DATA EXPUNGED**]	SCP-3477-3

		served as O5-7, having been recruited by the Foundation under the belief that it was SCP-3477-0. When SCP-3477-1 was discovered, it was believed that it was merely a mimic of SCP-3477-0, but as more SCP-3477 instances were contained, the O5 Council voted (12-1) to classify SCP-3477-3 as an instance.
SCP-3477-8	SCP-3477-8 is an animate human skeleton that is genetically identical to other SCP-3477 instances. The joints of SCP-3477-8 are held together by an unidentified black substance, which cannot be removed or broken down for testing.	SCP-3477-8 lacks vocal cords and communicates via sign language. SCP-3477-8 has conveyed to researchers that it contacted a thaumaturgist specializing in undeath to become transformed into its current state.
SCP-3477-11	SCP-3477-11 appears to be biologically immortal, and shows no signs of	SCP-3477-11 has never learned about or interacted with **William Henry Seward**.

	medical aging. It claims to have gained its anomalous properties through "forbidden molasses-based alchemy."	
SCP-3477-13	SCP-3477-13 has had numerous mechanical augmentations, having replaced most limbs and sensory organs with clockwork replacement parts. These modifications are typical for the process of "Standardization" in GoI-004B.	SCP-3477-13 and SCP-3477-14 are the only two instances of SCP-3477 to have come into contact with one another before containment by the Foundation. SCP-3477-13 and -14 were discovered having a religious debate with one another during a violent clash between GoI-004B (The Cogwork Orthodox Church) and GoI-0537 (The Sinew Brotherhood).[4]
SCP-3477-14	SCP-3477-14 has numerous mutations, including the replacement of the left forearm with four tentacles and relocation of the left forearm to the	SCP-3477-14 was a võlutaar in GoI-0537 (The Sinew Brotherhood), the most active Sarkic group in Australia. See Additional Notes for

	right arm. SCP-3477-14 has been implanted with an SK-BIO Type Z. SCP-3477-14 is genetically human, despite obvious morphological differences and the inability of baseline humans to support such changes.	SCP-3477-13.
SCP-3477-19	SCP-3477-19 is a noncorporeal humanoid entity physically resembling SCP-3477-0. SCP-3477-19 was able to direct Foundation agents to the grave of a corpse (referred to as SCP-3477-19-1) genetically identical to other SCP-3477 instances, claiming said body formerly belonged to it before its transformation.	SCP-3477-19 claims to have determined how to transcend physical form by researching esoteric religious texts, and completed the transformation after forsaking all posessions. However, the process necessary to transcend physical form required the ritualistic suicide of SCP-3477-19, producing SCP-3477-19-1.
SCP-3477-23	SCP-3477-23 is an humanoid animatronic resembling SCP-3477-0, and	SCP-3477-23 was recovered during a raid on an MC&D facility, where it was working in

	claims to have transferred its conscious from its original organic body into the animatronic with the assistance of Marshall, Carter and Dark.	order to pay off its contract.[5] According to documentation recovered on site, SCP-3477-23 was inspired by **SCP-2776**.
SCP-3477-25	SCP-3477-25 has had numerous body parts removed and replaced with arboreal replicas, including a right leg constructed out of eucalyptus wood and hair consisting of assorted grass species native to Australia. SCP-3477-25 is able to sustain itself upon photosynthesis.	SCP-3477-25 has been branded with numerous glyphs of Daevic origin. SCP-3477-25 claims to have discovered information on Daevic culture and determined how to replicate their herbomancy.
SCP-3477-30	SCP-3477-30 has regenerative properties, which allow it to regenerate any bodypart. While SCP-3477-30 ages, its regenerated bodyparts are biologically 59.[6] To prevent itself from aging,	SCP-3477-30 was handed over to Foundation operatives during a collaboration deal with the Global Occult Coalition, which had apprehended it as NTE-1997-Red. The GOC had refrained from terminating

	SCP-3477-30 periodically removes bodyparts and regenerates them.	SCP-3477-30 under the belief that it was SCP-3477-0.
SCP-3477-34	SCP-3477-34 is perpetually on fire. While it does not appear to be harmed by the fire, its body has become charred and burnt after several decades of burning. SCP-3477-34 remains burning despite the lack of any fuel source.	SCP-3477-34 claims that it will remain alive as long as it remains on fire, and that extinguishing the fire would kill it. As such, testing involving extinguishing the fire of SCP-3477-34 (such as removing oxygen or submerging SCP-3477-34 into water) have been indefinitely postponed.

For a full list of SCP-3477 instances, see Document-3477 #2.

► ADDENDUM 3477.2

The following interview has been conducted nearly identically for each instance of SCP-3477, as each responds almost identically for each question. While there are minor differences between each instance, the vast majority of each interview is the same. Each instance responds to each question with almost identical wording, with most differences being the addition of more modern colloquialisms.

BEGIN LOG

Dr. Thatcher: Hello. Please clearly state your name for the purposes of the interview.

SCP-3477-34: I am Harold Holt, former Australian Prime Minister.

Dr. Thatcher: Thank you. Please describe your anomalies.

SCP-3477-34: Oh, you mean my immortality? Why, of course. I set myself on fire, channeling my life force into the fire. The fire is an eternal flame, and its fuel is the very essence of fire. As long as this fire burns, I will continue to live.

Dr. Thatcher: And what drove you to seek this form of immortality?

SCP-3477-34: Well, I had always wanted to live forever, you see. Ever since I was a child. But I knew that could never be the case. Then, I get elected Prime Minister and then your Foundation, the Manna Charitable Foundation, the Global Occult Coalition, the Horizon Initiative, they're all calling me, trying to get my ear.[7] All of a sudden, I realize that my dreams are within reach.

Dr. Thatcher: Could you elaborate more on your fear of death?

SCP-3477-34: Of course. I've been afraid of dying since I was just a boy. Complete terror at the thought of ever not being alive. And I resolved when I was a boy that I would stop that, that I wouldn't let myself ever die. But to the normal man, that can't happen. Nobody lives forever, and there's nothing you can do to stop death. But then I found out that magic

was real. I had built a life in politics, but that wasn't important anymore. Immortality was my only goal.

Dr. Thatcher: But why did you choose setting yourself on fire?

SCP-3477-34: Well, I had some top men look for ways to get me immortality. They came back with a couple of methods, but I chose self-immolation because I thought that it was one of the safest: there will always be fire, and as long as there is fire, I will continue to burn.

Dr. Thatcher: Do you remember what some of these other methods were?

SCP-3477-34: No, not really. I think there were vampires, some religious cults, a few other things.

Dr. Thatcher: And these didn't interest you?

SCP-3477-34: I suppose in another life, I could have gone for one. But I chose fire. You know, I was wondering when the Foundation would get ahold of me.

Dr. Thatcher: What do you mean?

SCP-3477-34: Well, I didn't do the best job keeping myself secret. I got pretty careless a couple times. Also, I've been on fire for the past fifty years.

Dr. Thatcher: Mr. Holt, the Foundation happens to have several other individuals claiming to be Harold Holt in containment.

SCP-3477-34: Is that so? How many?

Dr. Thatcher: You are the thirty-fourth Harold

Holt we have contained.

SCP-3477-34: So you don't believe I'm the real Harold Holt, do you?

Dr. Thatcher: Unfortunately, we cannot verify any Harold Holt as real.

SCP-3477-34: That doesn't put me in a good situation, does it?

Dr. Thatcher: You will receive standard humanoid containment measures. Thank you for your time, Mr. Holt. You've answered all our standard questions for Harold Holts with standard answers.

END LOG

► ADDENDUM 3477.3

On 09/08/2017, all thirty-four instances of SCP-3477 were introduced to one another, in an attempt to determine the veracity of their identities. Each SCP-3477 instance was seated at a large circular table and physically isolated from other instances, allowing each instance to see all other instances without being allowed to physically come into contact with one another.

BEGIN LOG

All instances except -3, -13 and -14: Oh! I had been told there were others, but I didn't quite believe it until now. Stranger things have happened, I suppose.

SCP-3477-13 and SCP-3477-14: Ah, we meet again! I suppose we are the only two to have met each other before!

All instances: I suppose we all think alike, and therefore all react the same.

All instances: Well, you know what they say about great minds!

All instances begin laughing.

All instances: I think we should introduce ourselves, in numerical order.

SCP-3477-1: I'll begin. I, Harold Holt, had dolphins graft shark parts onto me to make me age like a shark, so I could live forever.

SCP-3477-2: I, Harold Holt, allowed myself to become infected by a vampire and then had my biter killed, so I could live forever.

SCP-3477-3: I, Harold Holt, [DATA EXPUNGED], so I could live forever.

[FULL CONVERSATION ELIDED]

> *Researcher's Note: All instances began by saying "I, Harold Holt," and ended with "so I could live forever."*

SCP-3477-34: I, Harold Holt, set myself on fire, so I could live forever.

All instances: Well, it was nice to meet all of you!

All instances: Now, I question why the Foundation would have put us together in one location.

All instances: Perhaps they are trying to see if us interacting will prove or disprove our claims of being the true Harold Holt?

All instances: In that case, let's all tell a story the real Harold Holt would know. My name is Harold Holt and I was born in Stanmore, New South Wales on August 5th, 1908.

[FULL CONVERSATION ELIDED]

> *Researcher's Note: All instances gave the same information in unison until describing how they became immortal.*

All instances: Well, I personally think that confirms that we all have the same backstory.

At this moment, all instances were told to exit the conference chamber.

All instances: Well, I did enjoy this. Gentlemen, we must get together sometime again soon.

END LOG

► ADDENDUM 3477.4

From: MTF Zeta-2 Commander Achilles Rosales
To: Overseer Council, SCP-3477 Research Team
Subject: SCP-3477 Containment Breach
Date: 09/10/2017

I've been reviewing the details of SCP-3477's recent escape. Other than cryptically saying they had to meet again sometime soon, they didn't discuss any escape attempts, but I've been reviewing the security footage and witness testimony from the security breach.

The Harold Holts demonstrated calculated teamwork, and obviously had a shared plan. Either they were somehow able to remain in contact with one another after the group interview, or they all managed to independently establish the same exact escape plan. Now, unlikely as it sounds, I think it may be the second: the Group Testing demonstrated that they all clearly think exactly the same.

However, I have noticed a more troubling concern. The Extraordinary Special Containment Procedures (which cover recontainment procedures in the event of a containment breach) for SCP-3477 have not been updated over twenty years. Since that last update, we've contained eleven more instances, each with their own unique properties. It appears that due to the cooperative nature of Harold Holt, it was deemed unlikely that he would try to escape. As a result, it appears that our guard was let down somewhere along the line.

This means that we now have a dozen anomalous entities on the loose that we completely lack recontainment protocol for. I don't care about punishment or reprimands: my men need accurate information on how to best recontain every instance of SCP-3477 immediately before I will send them into the field to capture them. I don't care that this is giving the Harolds a head start: I will not endanger my men to find them.

- A. Rosales

Footnotes
1. SCP-3477 instances are universally successful at acquiring immortality through their chosen method.

2. For example, each instance of SCP-3477 claims to have contacted individuals related to their chosen method of gaining immortality on November 20th, 1967 at their personal house. The majority of individuals that they have claimed to met with have been found and confirmed the stories of their respective SCP-3477 instances.For example, SCP-3477-23 claims to have met with Ottaviano Medici (a Marshall, Carter and Dark salesman) on that day. Ottaviano Medici, when later apprehended for unrelated reasons, confirmed this. SCP-3477-13 claims to have met with Brother Cassius of the Cogwork Orthodox Church on that day. Brother Cassius confirmed this story while negotiating a noninterference pact with the Foundation. Both claim to have met with SCP-3477-0 at his personal residence, and seen no other suspicious individuals there.
3. In a specific test, each instance of SCP-3477 was given a short logic puzzle, with each instance being given the puzzle on a different day. Each instance solved the puzzle in the exact same period of time.
4. Other members of their respective GoIs were attempting to kill each other.
5. According to the terms of the contract, SCP-3477-23 had more years to work with MC&D.
6. The age at which SCP-3477-30 claims to have acquired its regenerative properties.
7. As the head of state for a national government, SCP-3477-0 was informed of the existence and operation of the Foundation during its time in office. Other GoIs are believed to have had similar disclosure policies.

Document 3477-2

Document-3477 #2 - Complete List of SCP-3477 Instances

Instance	Anomalous Properties	Additional Notes
SCP-3477-1	SCP-3477-1 has been subjected to numerous biological grafts, giving it sharklike skin, the ability to breathe underwater, reduced ageing, and multiple sets of teeth.	SCP-3477-1 was the first instance of SCP-3477 discovered in 1970, and was initially believed to be SCP-3477-0. SCP-3477-1 was discovered off the shore of Victoria, Australia, where SCP-3477-0 went missing. SCP-3477-1 claims to have been modified by **"The Great Barrier Reef Empire-In-Exile"**, a group composed of intelligent dolphins living off the shore of Victoria. SCP-3477-1 claims to have pledged to help the GBREIE reclaim the Great Barrier Reef in exchange for its modifications.
SCP-3477-2	SCP-3477-2 is an instance of **SCP-742-1**, and	SCP-3477-2 was originally captured during an operation

	claims to have been infected during 1967. The SCP-742-1 instance that infected SCP-3477-2 died shortly after infecting SCP-3477-2.	during 1971 to quarantine an outbreak of SCP-742 in Canberra, Australia and was noted to strongly resemble SCP-3477-0. It was then discovered that SCP-3477-1 was already in containment, and the designation for SCP-3477 was expanded.
SCP-3477-3	[**DATA EXPUNGED**]	SCP-3477-3 served as O5-7, having been recruited by the Foundation under the belief that it was SCP-3477-0. When SCP-3477-1 was discovered, it was believed that it was merely a mimic of SCP-3477-0, but as more SCP-3477 instances were contained, the O5 Council voted (12-1) to classify SCP-3477-3 as an instance.
SCP-3477-4	SCP-3477-4 has the ability to transform itself into a *neophoca cinerea* (Australian sea lion) by donning a cloak made of sea lion skin (referred to as SCP-3477-1). This	SCP-3477-4 was initially believed to merely be an unusually intelligent sea lion and was briefly contained as SCP-2967 before full knowledge of its

	cloak separates from SCP-3477-4 when it returns to human form. While in the form of a *neophoca cinerea*, it does not age.	anomalous properties was learned.
SCP-3477-5	SCP-3477-5 is an anomalous clown, formerly in the employ of **GoI-233** (Herman Fuller's Circus of the Disquieting). Interviews and analysis suggest that SCP-3477-5 was created in a similar manner to SCP-3036.	SCP-3477-5's 'act' consists of making satirically long-winded and pompous political diatribes while periodically honking its nose. SCP-3477-5 was found having apparently been fired from the Circus due to a lack of appeal for its act.
SCP-3477-6	SCP-3477-6 possesses extensive knowledge of thaumaturgy, and utilizes eclectic and seemingly contradictory forms of magic to maintain its youth.	SCP-3447-6 claims it gained this knowledge by enrolling in the International Center for the Study of Unified Thaumatology, where it was working as a research professor at the time of recovery.
SCP-3477-7	SCP-3477-7 is a Class Two Reality Bender, and uses its anomalous abilities to ensure its longevity.	SCP-3477-7 claims to have learned how to manipulate reality by attending a free three-hour self-help seminar.
SCP-3477-8	SCP-3477-8 is an animate human skeleton that is genetically identical to other SCP-3477	SCP-3477-8 lacks vocal cords and communicates via sign language. SCP-3477-8 has

	instances. The joints of SCP-3477-8 are held together by an unidentified black substance, which cannot be removed or broken down for testing.	conveyed to researchers that it contacted a thaumaturgist specializing in undeath to become transformed into its current state.
SCP-3477-9	SCP-3477-9 was subject to advanced longevity treatments that, while themselves nonanomalous, were discovered via anomalous means.	SCP-3477-9 contacted a small group of transhumanist researchers and volunteered itself for experimentation. The group allegedly self-terminated when they attempted to use the resultant treatments on themselves. It remains unclear why SCP-3477-9 was the only successful specimen.
SCP-3477-10	SCP-3477-10 utilizes a beryllium-bronze pocket watch (referred to as SCP-3477-10-1) to age or de-age itself by turning the hands backwards or forwards. De-aging causes it to lose the memories of the specified period of time, and jumping forwards affords it knowledge of the future. SCP-3477-10-1 cannot be taken from	SCP-3477-10 keeps extensive notes on both lost memories and gained foreknowledge. Notably, it has made no record of how it originally acquired SCP-3477-10-1.

	SCP-3477-10, and reappears on its person whenever removed.	
SCP-3477-11	SCP-3477-11 appears to be biologically immortal, and shows no signs of medical ageing. It claims to have gained its anomalous properties through "forbidden molasses-based alchemy."	SCP-3477-11 has never learned about or interacted with **William Henry Seward**.
SCP-3477-12	SCP-3477-12 is a consciousness bound to a black baseball cap (referred to as SCP-3477-12-1) stitched with the words "Live Forever or Die Trying". Any living individual who comes in contact with SCP-3477-12-1 has their **consciousness overwritten** by SCP-3477-12. While unworn, SCP-3477-12-1 is also a memetic vector which causes the belief that it will bestow a wearer immortality.[1]	SCP-3477-12-1 is resistant to physical damage. Testing has shown that SCP-3477-12-1 has neural material embedded within it that is a genetic match for other SCP-3477 instances.
SCP-3477-13	SCP-3477-13 has had numerous mechanical augmentations, having replaced most limbs	SCP-3477-13 and SCP-3477-14 are the only two instances of SCP-3477 to have

	and sensory organs with clockwork replacement parts. These modifications are typical for the process of "Standardization" in GoI-004B.	come into contact with one another before containment by the Foundation. SCP-3477-13 and -14 were discovered having a religious debate with one another during a violent clash between GoI-004B (The Cogwork Orthodox Church) and GoI-0537 (The Sinew Brotherhood).[2]
SCP-3477-14	SCP-3477-14 has numerous mutations, including the replacement of the left forearm with four tentacles and relocation of the left forearm to the right arm. SCP-3477-14 has been implanted with an SK-BIO Type Z. SCP-3477-14 is genetically human, despite obvious morphological differences and the inability of baseline humans to support such changes.	SCP-3477-14 was a võlutaar in GoI-0537 (The Sinew Brotherhood), the most active Sarkic group in Australia. See Additional Notes for SCP-3477-13.
SCP-3447-15	SCP-3447-15 is the head of SCP-3447-0 preserved in a glass jar filled with formaldehyde mounted on a wooden	SCP-3447-15 claims that its anomalous features were created by a group of anartists operating in China, who picked up

	cabinet. This cabinet has four mechanical legs, four mechanical arms, and a gramophone style speaker affixed to it.	SCP-3477-15 in a submarine on December 17, 1967.[3]
SCP-3477-16	SCP-3477-16 is a animate statue composed primarily of dried red clay, molded into the approximate likeness of SCP-3477-0, clothing including.	SCP-3477-16 says that a rabbi made a golem and brought it to life using the heart of SCP-3477-0. It should also be noted that SCP-3477-16 is an observant Jew, unlike other instances.
SCP-3477-17	SCP-3477-17 resembles common depictions of a satyr, with ears, legs and horns resembling those of a *capra ibex* (Alpine Ibex). Additionally, SCP-3477-17 possesses minor thaumaturgical ability, allowing it to not age and create shared visual hallucinations.	SCP-3477-17 claims to have acquired its form by “taking the **`corgi train`** to the Seelie Court and challenging a vain and arrogant prince to a riddle contest.”
SCP-3477-18	SCP-3477-18 is a Class IV reality bender possessing immortality, transfiguration of both itself and adjacent matter, and rudimentary control over the natural elements.	SCP-3477-18 claims to have to journeyed to the top of Mount Olympus to find and consume ambrosia. It says the ambrosia appeared before it in a flash of white light. When it consumed the ambrosia, it gained its anomalous abilities.

SCP-3477-19	SCP-3477-19 is a non-corporeal humanoid entity physically resembling SCP-3477-0. SCP-3477-19 was able to direct Foundation agents to the grave of a corpse (referred to as SCP-3477-19-1) genetically identical to other SCP-3477 instances, claiming said body formerly belonged to it before its transformation.	SCP-3477-19 claims to have determined how to transcend physical form by researching esoteric religious texts, and completed the transformation after forsaking all possessions. However, the process necessary to transcend physical form required the ritualistic suicide of SCP-3477-19, producing SCP-3477-19-1.
SCP-3477-20	SCP-3477-20 is an individual by the name of , born December 17th, 1967. They identify as the reincarnation of SCP-3477-0. Testing has shown it to possess all of SCP-3477-20's memories and is a perfect match with all other instances psychometric profiles.	SCP-3477-20 was discovered when it appeared on an Australian television show about individuals claiming to be the reincarnations of famous individuals. Agents were sent to investigate the matter and confirmed SCP-3477-20 as an instance.
SCP-3477-21	SCP-3477-21 claims to possess ‘quantum immortality' or '**unfailing good luck**'. Despite its chronological age of 109, it suffers no ill health and all attempts	SCP-3477-21 kept a low profile for several decades, surviving by periodically winning small lotteries. However, its statistically impossible winning streak was

	to harm it will invariably fail, typically due to a series of highly unlikely events.	eventually noticed and the Foundation was brought in to investigate.
SCP-3477-22	SCP-3477-22 is an advanced stage of senescence appropriate for a 109 year old human, but testing has shown that despite its advanced age life functions **will continue** regardless of injury or deprivation.	SCP-3477-22 claims it was able to acquire a wish from a **djinn**, and it asked for eternal life. It neglected to also request eternal youth.
SCP-3477-23	SCP-3477-23 is an humanoid animatronic resembling SCP-3477-0, and claims to have transferred its conscious from its original organic body into the animatronic with the assistance of Marshall, Carter and Dark.	SCP-3477-23 was recovered during a raid on a MC&D facility, where it was working in order to pay off its contract.[4] According to documentation recovered on site, SCP-3477-23 was inspired by **SCP-2776**.
SCP-3477-24	SCP-3477-24 has the ability to remove its tissues and organs and replace them with new ones it has acquired. All integrated components function normally and cause no deleterious immune response.	SCP-3477-24 is currently provided with body parts from terminated D-Class, however it has been reluctant to specify where it acquired its donor parts prior to coming into Foundation custody.
SCP-3477-25	SCP-3477-25 has had numerous body parts	SCP-3477-25 has been branded with

	removed and replaced with arboreal replicas, including a right leg constructed out of eucalyptus wood and hair consisting of assorted grass species. SCP-3477-25 is able to sustain itself upon photosynthesis.	numerous glyphs of Daevic origin. SCP-3477-25 claims to have discovered information on Daevic culture and determined how to replicate their herbomancy.
SCP-3477-26	SCP-3477-26 is invulnerable to all forms of damage and does not age.	SCP-3477-26 claims it developed these properties after being exposed to radioactive waste, and had been patrolling the streets of Brisbane as a nocturnal vigilante before being contained by the Foundation.
SCP-3477-27	SCP-3477-27 is a thought-form or '**tulpa**', allegedly sustained by the thoughts of all individuals aware of the existence of SCP-3477-0.[5]	SCP-3477-27 has said that it studied at a Buddhist monastery for several years until it was eventually able to transcend the flesh and exist as pure thought.
SCP-3477-28	SCP-3477-28 has the ability to enter into periods of rapid reverse aging, restoring its youth.	SCP-3477-28 currently has a biological age of 9, as it appears to lack precise control over this process.
SCP-3477-29	SCP-3477-29 has the ability to resurrect after suffering biological death. After dying, SCP-3477-29's	SCP-3477-29 claims to have spliced its genome with biological material it recovered from the

	body will begin to glow with an intense white light of indeterminate origin for a variable amount of time depending on cause of death. After this light fades, SCP-3477-29 will be alive, unharmed and biologically 59.	Holy Lance.
SCP-3477-30	SCP-3477-30 has regenerative properties, which allow it to regenerate any body part. While SCP-3477-30 ages, its regenerated bodyparts are biologically 59.[6] To prevent itself from aging, SCP-3477-30 periodically removes bodyparts and regenerates them.	SCP-3477-30 was handed over to Foundation operatives during a collaboration deal with the Global Occult Coalition, which had apprehended it as NTE-1997-Red. The GOC had refrained from terminating SCP-3477-30 under the belief that it was SCP-3477-0.
SCP-3477-31	SCP-3477-31 has the ability to siphon 'life force', most likely some form of **Elan Vital Energy**, from other individuals by touching them, gaining approximately one year of life for every year it takes.	SCP-3477-31 insists it's never taken more than a few years from any specific individual, unless they were already terminally ill or injured.
SCP-3447-32	SCP-3447-32's core body temperature is currently 137 Kelvin, effectively preventing biological aging. Its	SCP-3447-32 claims that it learned how to consciously control its bodily temperature, and has gradually

	cells have been modified to secrete an organic cryoprotectant, allowing bodily fluids to remain liquid in a supercooled state. How it maintains this low temperature is unknown. SCP-3447-32's temperature was initially 183 Kelvin, and has been decreasing since initial containment.	reduced it to its current level. It has stated its ultimate goal is to reach 0 Kelvin.
SCP-3477-33	SCP-3477-33 appears to be immune to entropy. As a result, it does not age, requires no air or sustenance and excretes no waste.	SCP-3477-33 claims to have undergone an experimental surgical procedure to convert its body into a perpetual motion machine. It has been unable to provide any useful information on who performed this surgery or what it entailed.
SCP-3477-34	SCP-3477-34 is perpetually on fire. While it does not appear to be harmed by the fire, its body has become charred and burnt after several decades of burning. SCP-3477-34 remains burning despite the lack of any fuel source.	SCP-3477-34 claims that it will remain alive as long as it remains on fire, and that extinguishing the fire would kill it. As such, testing involving extinguishing the fire of SCP-3477-34 (such as removing oxygen or submerging SCP-3477-34 into

		water) have been indefinitely postponed.

Footnotes

1. This typically results in a nonanomalous desire to wear SCP-3477-12-1.
2. Other members of their respective GoIs were attempting to kill each other.
3. SCP-3477-15 was discovered after investigating the claims of civilian writer Anthony Grey, who claimed that SCP-3477-0 had been a Chinese spy and had been picked up by a Chinese submarine, rather than die.
4. According to the terms of the contract, SCP-3477-23 had more years to work with MC&D.
5. It is possible that individuals aware of other SCP-3477 instances also sustain SCP-3477-27.
6. The age at which SCP-3477-30 claims to have acquired its regenerative properties.

SCP-3478: A human-shaped hole to the meat dimension

Item #: SCP-3478

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3478 is contained by the clamping and sedating apparatus in a containment chamber at Site-74. Every 4 hours, 4 doses of sedative compound H12 must be delivered into SCP-3478 via the apparatus in its chamber. If any of the sedative injectors anchored to the other side of SCP-3478 become damaged or impaired they must be repaired or replaced as soon as possible via remote-piloted drone inserted through SCP-3478. The clamping device in the containment chamber is to be inspected every 2 weeks and maintenance performed as required.

A squad of Site-74's security personnel must be kept on alert and armed with insecticide B15 in case SCP-3478-A or SCP-3478-B instances attempt to emerge from the anomaly. In the event of a containment breach of SCP-3478, any forces attempting to recontain it must be armed with sedative compound H12 or equivalent and a mobile clamping rig to safely transport the anomaly to a containment facility.

Description: SCP-3478 is a humanoid spatial anomaly that stands approximately 2m tall and possesses average human proportions. SCP-3478 can only be detected visually from the front or back. When viewed from the front or the back, an observer will see SCP-3478 as a human-shaped patch of nonterrestrial space. The ground in this space has the same composition as human muscle tissue and the sky has a strong green-yellow tint. The landscape on the other side of SCP-3478 seems entirely natural with no purpose-built structures visible. Fauna has been observed on the other side of SCP-3478, see Exploration Log 3478-01 for details. When viewed

from the side, SCP-3478 is detectable as a thin haze.

SCP-3478 is capable of deforming its edges to move under its own power as a human would. It has not been observed to change its shape from its current humanoid configuration. The edges of the anomaly can be gripped by conventional means, but when the anomaly is moving under its own power these edges are capable of 'cutting' any material tested so far. This cutting action is due to matter passing through one side of the anomaly and not the other, separated by the edge of the anomaly.

SCP-3478 displays sentience, as documented in the Recovery Log and Incident Report 3478-1. No puzzle-solving trials have been attempted yet due to the risk of a containment breach. Due to SCP-3478's anomalous cutting properties, containment so far has been achieved by keeping SCP-3478 sedated and immobile. This has been accomplished by anchoring sedative injectors into the landscape on the other side of the anomaly and supplying sedatives as explained in the Special Containment Procedures.

SCP-3478-A and SCP-3478-B designate the larval and adult stages respectively of an organism encountered on the other side of SCP-3478, superficially related to the larvae of the genus *Cochliomyia*. SCP-3478-A instances are maggot-like and approximately 2m long. SCP-3478-B instances resemble 2m long flies, resembling the adult forms of the genus *Cochliomyia*. See Exploration Log 3478-01 for details.

Recovery Log: The Foundation was alerted to the existence of SCP-3478 on 10/08/15 when Foundation intelligence sources documented an incident in Harrisburg, PA. Local law enforcement were alerted to a robbery in progress at a hardware store and informed that the perpetrator was able to walk through walls. Harrisburg PD encountered SCP-3478 after it had exited the hardware store, apparently having stolen several cans of insecticide. The officers attempted to apprehend SCP-3478, resulting in its escape and the severing of one officer's right arm below the elbow. The limb was not recovered. Foundation assets arrived on-scene the next day and confronted SCP-3478 as it was leaving the scene of a second robbery where the anomaly was observed passing cans of insecticide through itself. The task force was eventually able to

secure the object in a mobile clamping rig for transport to Site-74. The police officers and shop owners involved were amnesticized and provided with a cover story. Repair work was financed in order to cover up residual evidence of the incident.

Exploration Log 3478-01: On 11/21/15 an aerial drone was inserted through SCP-3478 to explore the other side of the anomaly.

> **00:00** The drone plants a signal relay on the other side of SCP-3478 to ensure that control signals have sufficient range during exploration.
>
> **00:02** Operators spend 2 minutes on a systems check and initial analysis. The drone is unable to detect any changes in physical laws on the other side of SCP-3478. There is no sign of the insecticide or any debris from the two robberies in the immediate vicinity of the anomaly. Approximately 1m away from SCP-3478's location in the other dimension is a functioning humanoid circulatory and nervous system embedded in the muscle tissue, oriented with the head towards SCP-3478. The brain appears to be 30% larger than that of an average adult human. The proportions are otherwise consistent with those of a 2m-tall human. The drone collects nearby tissue samples.
>
> **00:07** The drone proceeds away from the anomaly. The landscape consists of rolling hills of fleshy tissue and the coloration of the sky remains yellow-green. A slight tremor is detected in the ground.
>
> **00:12** The drone approaches a patch of what appears to be dark brown grass. On closer inspection this is revealed to be 0.5mm-1.5mm thick strands of hair. The drone collects a sample for study.
>
> **00:38** The drone approaches a large protuberance in the landscape projecting approximately 30m upwards. The protuberance is riddled with cavities and growths. As the drone observes these growths, one of them ruptures and an instance of SCP-3478-A falls to the ground. These

growths and cavities are theorized to be due to a process analogous to cutaneous myiasis. The operators attempt to pilot the drone closer for further examination when the drone detects a loud buzzing sound approaching. The source of the sound is determined to be three instances of SCP-3478-B rapidly approaching the drone. Operators decide to pull the drone back but the creatures pursue.

00:44 The drone passes over an open plain on the way back to SCP-3478 with the SCP-3478-B instances in pursuit. Several fleshy stalks emerge from large pores (~1m in diameter) that open in the plain. Each stalk has a metallic object at the top, later determined to be the cans of insecticide that were stolen by SCP-3478. The stalks use the insecticide to drive off the SCP-3478-B instances pursuing the drone.

01:15 The drone returns through SCP-3478 and undergoes decontamination.

Incident Report 3478-1: On 02/13/16 SCP-3478 started moving under its own power despite being sedated to recommended levels. The cutting properties of the anomaly caused moderate damage to the containment apparatus and chamber, causing a containment breach. Several instances of SCP-3478-A were observed on the other side of SCP-3478 attempting to cross through the anomaly. Due to SCP-3478's rapid movement and cutting properties all of the creatures suffered fatal injuries before fully crossing over. SCP-3478 was recontained after one hour with 2 Foundation casualties. Analysis of the recovered remains of the SCP-3478-A instances is ongoing.

SCP-3480: Olympus Mons

Item #: SCP-3480

Object Class: Keter

Threat Level: `Black`

Special Containment Procedures: Access to Mt. Olympus has been forbidden to civilians by the Greek government under the cover story of protecting an important cultural site. Foundation personnel in the guise of officers of the Greek Ministry of the Interior are to prevent unauthorized entrance to the area.

To contain SCP-3480-2 instances, Area-13 has been built within Mt. Olympus, approximately 400 meters below SCP-3480.[1] Area-13 is equipped with 18 Massive Scranton Reality Anchors (MSRAs) arranged in a circular pattern around the facility. All Anchors are to remain active at all times, with any damaged or malfunctioning unit repaired or replaced as soon as possible. In addition, one Xyank/ Anastasakos Constant Temporal Sink (XACTS) is to be maintained on site for use with Protocol Kronos, with a second XACTS unit placed in on site storage to serve as a back up.

MTF Omega-12 ("Achilles Heels"), a MTF specialized in the capture and or termination of reality altering entities is to be permanently garrisoned in Area-13 to contain SCP-3480-2 instances during Protocol Kronos.

When a White event occurs, Protocol Kronos is to be enacted. Following completion of the Protocol, SCP-3480-2 instances that are rated as class three reality bending entities or below will be placed in standard humanoid containment cells within Area-13. Instances rated at class four or above will be placed into a comatose state and held on site according to the Palmer Protocol.[2]

+ Protocol Kronos

- Upon commencement of White event, Area-13 XACTS is to be used to temporally isolate Mt. Olympus from surrounding reality in order to reduce likelihood of CK class Reality Restructuring Scenario.
- One third of MTF Ω-12 shall leave Area-13 and secure a circular perimeter 100 meters from SCP-3480-1.
- MTF Ω-12 shall maintain the perimeter and rotate in four hours shifts for the duration of the White event.
- When the White event ends, MTF Ω-12 are to render the resultant SCP-3480-2 instance unconscious through the use of long range tranquilizers while off duty members are to assemble and proceed to SCP-3480 immediately to provide support if needed.
- Following apprehension or termination, MTF Ω-12 is to bring the SCP-3480-2 instance into Area-13 to be contained.
- After containment, XACTS is to be deactivated.

Description: SCP-3480 is the peak of Mt. Olympus, Greece. The Hume value in this area is the lowest recorded by the Foundation, measuring approximately $1.2 \times 10^{-}$ Humes on the Caldmann-Rzewski Hume scale.[3] A Hume value approaching absolute zero is theoretically impossible to occur naturally, and even Foundation tests utilizing SRAs in a pocket dimension have been unable to produce Hume levels lower than .15hm. While theoretically that value could be lowered further, it would require hundreds of linked SRAs- a number only one Foundation site possesses. Despite the fact that this value should indicate a visibly distorted local reality that is brittle enough to be altered by non-anomalous humans, SCP-3480 normally shows no visible signs of its anomalous nature. The anomaly's age is estimated at years, and has been contained or utilized by various Groups of Interest prior to coming under Foundation control.

SRAs are unable to correct SCP-3480's Hume value to the baseline of 1hm, though they are able to maintain baseline Hume value within Area-13 (albeit at a reduced operating efficiency). It is thus theorized that SCP-3480 acts as a hole through which local reality is drawn. This effect does not appear to negatively impact organisms or the environment in SCP-3480's proximity.

SCP-3480-1 is the designation given to a phenomenon that manifests at seemingly random intervals in SCP-3480.[4] Between 5 and 22 minutes prior to manifestation, Kant counters in SCP-3480 read Hume values returning to baseline. When manifestation occurs, one unconscious human will spontaneously appear approximately 3 meters above ground and will not move. The individual will then be surrounded by an ambient white light. Following this, Hume values in SCP-3480 will once again approach absolute zero. These occurrences are collectively referred to as a White event.

Following the individual's appearance and the return to low Hume values, SCP-3480-1 will remain for a variable length of time.[5] Interacting with an SCP-3480-1 instance is impossible due to its properties. Any and all matter that approaches within .5 meters of SCP-3480-1 will be subject to acute reality failure, resulting in instantaneous molecularization. Eventually, the light will recede and the individual within will fall to the ground and regain consciousness. These individuals are then considered to be instances of SCP-3480-2.

All Instances of SCP-3480-2 are reality altering entities of various strengths, with the power of the instance increasing the longer the length of its associated White event. SCP-3480-2 commonly show signs of sociopathy, narcissism, and violent tendencies. SCP- , SCP- , and SCP- are believed to be SCP-3480-2 instances that manifested prior to SCP-3480's containment. Approximately 68% of SCP-3480-2 instances display physical or mental impairments. Common impairments include an additional heart chamber, amnesia, perfect polydactyly of the hands and feet, missing limb(s), increased endocranial volume and height, the presence of an abdominal organ of unknown purpose which emits and responds to radio frequencies in the 2.4-3.6 GHz range, and intellectual disability.

+ Containment History- Level 3+ Access Only

Instanc	Classificat of Realit Altering Abilities	Length White Event	Descripti	Result
SCP-3480-1	Class One	94 minutes	Caucasian male missing left arm.	First encounter with SCP-3480-2 instance following containment. Target was disoriented and containment was swiftly achieved by MTF Omega-11 "Paris's Arrows". No casualties reported. Initial containment procedures set following incident.
SCP-3480-2-4	Class Three	74 hours, 31 minutes	Black female displaying no physical abnormalities. Amnesiac with IQ tested at	Target reacted with fear upon seeing Foundation personnel and

			155.	unconsciously utilized reality altering abilities. 6 members of MTF Omega-11 deceased due to exsanguination prior to successful capture. Target displayed significant resistance to tranquilizers, and did not lose consciousness until 49 seconds post injection. Note: First casualties suffered in containment of SCP-3480.
SCP-3480-2-B	Class Four	192 hours, 8 minutes	Asian male with no known physical or mental impairments.	Target reacted with violent rage upon sighting MTF Omega-11

and immediately used its abilities against them. Target was not affected by tranquilizers, and live ammunition produced no visible damage. 10 members of MTF Omega-11 deceased due to blunt force trauma. 4 members of MTF-Omega-11 deceased due to disintegration. 8 members of MTF Omega-11 deceased due to severe burns or incineration. 3 members of MTF Omega-11

				deceased due to acute reality failure. Following the deaths of all personnel, subjected proceeded to the Greek city of . [DATA EXPUNGED] Note: prior to termination subject's actions resulted in a CK-class scenario that removed all knowledge of and the nearby island of from collective human memory.
SCP-3480-2-9	Class Two	20 hours, 17 minutes	Caucasian female with additional	Target escaped initial containment

			heart chamber and unusual height of 2.2 meters.	attempts due to the newly re-constituted MTF Omega-11's inexperience in containing this anomaly. Civilians deceased prior to containment.
SCP-3480-2-19	Class Five	480 hours, 3 minutes	[DATA EXPUNGED]	[DATA EXPUNGED] following which Procedure Lazarus-01 was successfully enacted. Note: severe nature of containment breach and resultant CK class scenario resulted in major overhaul of containment procedures, the results of which are classified

	Level 5. MTF Omega-11 was decommissioned following this incident, and containment responsibility was transferred to the newly created MTF Omega-12.

+ Interview Log- Level 3+ Access Only

Interviewed: SCP-3480-2-5

Interviewer: Dr. Liam Dietz, Director Area 13

Foreword: Instance is an Asian male with perfect polydactyl of hands and feet but no mental or memory impairments. Subject displays Class One reality altering abilities and was captured without incident.

<Begin Log>

Dr. Dietz: SCP-3480-2-5, please state your name and affiliation prior to your appearance in SCP-3480.

SCP-3480-2-5: Dr. Arthur Shu, Level Three researcher with the Foundation.

Dr. Dietz: What do you remember prior to your

appearance?

SCP-3480-2-5: It's confusing, to say the least. The last thing I remember is my Site receiving an alert about the Ganymede Protocol. The next thing I know…

Dr. Dietz: Please continue.

SCP-3480-2-5: It was Hell. I can't describe it any other way. Sometimes up was down, sometimes I was part of a wall, sometimes I was twisted into shapes that defied geometry, and through it all I just kept disappearing and reappearing over and over. Nothing made any sense. But the worst part was the people.

Dr. Dietz: Elaborate.

SCP-3480-2-5: There were so many of them. More than I've ever seen. Most were dead. Many could barely be called human. They were all just… we were all just screaming. Even some of the dead ones. And then we'd be somewhere else and it would begin again.

Dr. Dietz: Did you recognize your location, or any of the people there with you?

SCP-3480-2-5: Yes, actually. Most were unfamiliar but every now and again I'd see colleagues and D-class I recognized from my Site. As for the location, it all seemed to be underground. Very high tech. I couldn't examine any of it, things got weirder the closer you were to one of those things. I was near one right before I showed up here actually. A couple times I appeared above ground. The surrounding landscape was different to say the least. No plant or animal life in sight, and the sky was red as blood. But I'd know those

mountains anywhere…

Dr. Dietz: And? Just where were you?

SCP-3480-2-5: Sorry. I used to take my… my daughter there on vacation. **`Yellowstone. It was Yellowstone`**.

<End Log>

Closing Statement: Subject's account corroborated by other instances of SCP-3480-2.

Addendum 3480-1: Following the enactment of current containment procedures, no K class scenarios have occurred as a result of SCP-3480 and casualties have been limited to only individuals.

+ MTF Omega-12 Mission Parameters-
Level 4+ Access Only

Item #: SCP-3480-Ω

Object Class: Thaumiel

Threat Level: **`White`**

Special Containment Procedures: Due to the difficulty of capturing reality altering entities without the ability to suppress their abilities and the high likelihood of a K class scenario resulting from a containment breach, the O5 council has authorized the creation of MTF Omega-12 ("Achilles Heels"). This MTF is to be composed of healthy SCP-3480-2 instances that are clones of Foundation personnel[6] from alternate Universe ALEPH and display reality altering abilities that rank class three or lower. Following capture, potential recruits are to display at least one year of good behavior and pass a psychological profiling exam designed to confirm loyalty to Foundation principles. Following this, potential recruits are to be offered membership in MTF

Omega-12.

MTF Omega-12 is to be permanently garrisoned in Area-13 to contain SCP-3480-2 instances during Protocol Kronos. In addition, Omega-12 is to be utilized for the capture or termination of powerful uncontained reality bending entities not associated with SCP-3480 that are deemed too dangerous to be contained through standard engagement procedures. Members of MTF Omega-12 are forbidden from leaving Area-13 without authorization from the Area's director. Attempting to do so will result in termination. All members of MTF Omega-12 are to be fitted with remote kill switches surgically implanted within their skulls. Admission into Omega-12 is not to be coerced under any circumstances to ensure willing cooperation. Unauthorized use of reality altering abilities outside of Protocol Kronos or other authorized operations is grounds for termination.

Protocol Kronos

- Upon commencement of White event, Area-13 XACTS is to be used to temporally isolate Mt. Olympus from surrounding reality in order to reduce likelihood of CK class Reality Restructuring Scenario.
- One third of MTF Ω-12 shall leave Area-13 and secure a circular perimeter 100 meters from SCP-3480-1.
- MTF Ω-12 shall maintain the perimeter and rotate in four hours shifts for the duration of the White event.
- When the White event ends, present members of MTF Ω-12 are to render the resultant SCP-3480-2 instance unconscious through the use of long range tranquilizers while off duty members are to assemble and proceed to SCP-3480 immediately via spatial displacement to provide support if needed.

- If tranquilizers fail to incapacitate the target, Ω-12 members with Class One or Two ranking are authorized to use reality altering abilities to reduce Hume level of target, rendering it vulnerable to conventional weapons.
- Attempts by SCP-3480-2 instance to alter surrounding reality are to be suppressed by members of MTF Ω-12.
- If resistance continues or attempts to escape cause visible destabilization of reality, MTF Ω-12 members with Class Three ranking are authorized to use their abilities to prevent and suppress those of the target. At this time use of live ammunition to terminate target is permitted and left to MTF discretion.
- Following apprehension or termination, MTF Ω-12 is to bring the SCP-3480-2 instance into Area 13 to be contained.
- After containment, XACTS is to be deactivated.

Protocol Addendum: Should a White event ever last longer than 500 hours, all members of MTF Ω-12 are to guard SCP-3480-1 instance until completion. When SCP-3480-2 instance manifests, all members of Ω-12 are to use abilities to suppress those of the target. To prevent a possible HK class Deific Subjugation scenario, all Ω-12 members are to use live ammunition to ensure immediate termination of target. Should Class Six target escape termination, Code NIGHTMARE JESTER GREEN is to be broadcast to all Foundation sites.

Director Note: *The use of anomalies to contain anomalies is always a difficult and dangerous endeavor, especially when the anomalies are humans that come from the very same anomaly they contain. The specter of Able hangs over us all, but for every Omega-7 there is an Alpha-9. The bottom line is this: without our anchors we can't stop the stronger greens with normal methods. If*

Omega-12 is decommissioned then the next time a vengeful D-class becomes something out of Homer we probably won't be as lucky as last time.

- Dr. Liam Dietz, Director Area-13

Footnotes
1. Originally designed solely to contain SCP-3480-2 instances, Area-13 has since been spatially expanded via Pseudo-Riemannian Manifold in order to serve as the Foundation's primary internment facility for essokinetic and ontokinetic humanoid anomalies.
2. SeeSCP-2096
3. SeeCaldmann-Rzewski, 1981for an in depth explanation of Hume values in relation to reality and anomalous phenomenon.
4. Averaging once every 9 months
5. The longest white event recorded lasted approximately 480 hours, while the shortest lasted for 57 minutes.
6. Clones of Foundation personnel comprise approximately 28% of SCP-3480-2 instances.

SCP-3481: Glorious Sounds

Item #: SCP-3481

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Both components of SCP-3481 are held in an anomalous object containment vault in Site-19. SCP-3481-2 must remain disconnected from SCP-3481-1 unless written permission from Dr. Teller is presented. SCP-3481-1 must be turned off while in storage. Personnel interacting with SCP-3481 outside of testing conditions must wear protective ear-wear. Anyone who hears noises from SCP-3481 outside of testing conditions is to immediately inform Dr. Teller and report for psychological evaluation.

Experimentation regarding track ~l%56taSYu is currently suspended under the orders of Dr. Teller (See Addendum 3481-A).

Description: SCP-3481-1 is a 2006 white iPod Nano with one hundred and forty-nine tracks. The track names appear to be random sequences of characters. Every track was performed by the band [EXPUNGED]. When asked about these tracks the band denied making them. SCP-3481-2 is a pair of red headphones with all identifying markings removed.

All attempts to access the data on SCP-3481-1 have failed. The device has no form of wireless communication, and no cable appears to fit into the headphone input, except for the audio cord for SCP-3481-2. This includes an exact replica of the SCP-3481-2 cable.

Each track begins with the words “Coming to you live from the music festival, how are you feeling today?”. Research shows that [EXPUNGED] never played at .

Test subjects have difficulty describing any of the tracks (see

Document 3481-T-1 for details). However, the majority of subjects used the words, “glorious”, “illustrious”, and [EXPUNGED].

After listening to any of the tracks on SCP-3481-1, subjects display great distress while hearing voices. When spoken to, subjects reflexively cover their ears and cower away from the speaker. In extreme cases, subjects have inserted objects into their ears to damage their tympanic membrane[1]. Subjects also refuse to speak, but will communicate via written word or gestures.

When a track is played at full volume and recorded by a machine, the secondary audio recording does not exhibit the properties of the original. Because of this, it is believed that the anomaly resides within SCP-3481-1 and SCP-3481-2, and does not reside within the tracks themselves. The secondary recordings consist entirely of white noise.

> Document 3481-T-1
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> > *D-5523 is a 32-year-old male. Subject was instructed to listen to track a%taH3$. When subject begins the track, he sits up straight, and does not blink during the entirety of the song. Tears form in his eyes after ten seconds, either from dehydration or from an emotional response. When the track concludes, subject sits still for fifteen seconds before slowly removing SCP-3481-2 and entering the interview room.*
> >
> > **Interviewer:** Can you —
> >
> > *Subject winces away from the Interviewer and covers his ears. He falls out of his chair and proceeds to enter the fetal position. Interviewer looks below the table at Subject.*
> >
> > **Interviewer:** Can you please retake your seat?

Subject does not respond. Interviewer takes a piece of paper, and begins to write. From now on, all responses were not spoken, but written on notes passed between Subject and Interviewer.

Interviewer: Do I scare you?

Subject notices the sign after a minute. He shakes his head in negative.

Interviewer: What's wrong?

Interviewer passes the paper to Subject along with a writing utensil.

Subject: your voice hurts

Interviewer and Subject return to their seats.

Interviewer: Can you be more specific?

Subject: your voice hurts to hear. cant be more specific

Interviewer: Ok. Can you describe the track for me?

Subject: it was good it was interesting it felt weird what do you mean? it sounded glori Glorious

Interviewer: What does Glorious mean?

Subject: its hard to describe

Interviewer: Can you describe any of the instruments used? Or maybe what genre of music it was? Do you remember any lyrics?

Subject: lyrics? instruments? thats a bad question.

Interviewer: How so?

Subject: you think you can explain this with words. this wasnt made for explaining. its something you gotta experience

Interviewer: So, you cannot describe anything about the track.

Subject: actually in the beginning i could hear Him say “coming to you live from the [EXPUNGED] music festival, how are you feeling today?”

Interviewer: Who said that?

Subject: [DATA EXPUNGED] its funny because i never liked music much, but im now officially a fan of His

Interviewer: The track must have made quite an impact on you.

Subject: thats not it. its more that i feel purified my ears feel cleansed and i dont want them to be dirty again. like all i want to hear is His voice, you know? like he’ll always take care of me.

<End Log>

Document 3481-T-33

As part of Dr. Teller's testing of SCP-3481, he decided to investigate its effects on the hearing-impaired. Below is the transcript of his experiment.

<Begin Log>

Technician George Crucik, hereafter known as Subject, was born deaf. He was instructed to listen to track a%taH3$. Subject displays no

abnormal behavior after the track begins. Once the track concludes, Subject begins to cry. He finishes after thirty seconds and walks into the interview room. The interviewer is holding up a sign that says, "How are you feeling?". All responses were not spoken, but written on notes passed between Subject and Interviewer.

Subject: I'm feeling strange sad.

Interviewer: Can you elaborate?

Subject: I don't know. What was I listening to?

Interviewer: A track from SCP-3481, which has previously caused subjects to feel pain when they hear someone speak. Could you hear anything?

Subject: Not like that. My memory's fine and I've been on the other side of the glass for half of these tests. I mean what's on the track? What was I supposed to hear?

Interviewer: Right now, I am interviewing you not vice-versa. Please answer the question.

Subject: Right. My bad. I guess I'm just curious. I couldn't hear a thing. But I want to know what it was. I feel like I'm being left out of something.

Interviewer: Have you felt like this about other auditory experiences before?

Subject: Not since I was little.

Interviewer: Could this feeling be caused by SCP-3481?

Subject: It's probably part of the anomaly. So

you'll probably give me an Amnesiac. And I'll probably forget this. Which is probably good.

Interviewer: Do you want to forget?

Subject: Yes No Yes Maybe Yes I do. The feeling is getting worse. Like pressure pushing down on me. I want to hear it! I have this feeling that it'd be amazing divi I don't know.

Interviewer: Glorious?

Subject cries silently as he writes his response.

Subject: Yes. That's it. It'd sound glorious.

<End Log>

Subject was administered a Class-C Amnestic and returned to his position. However, the treatment was deemed ineffective, as he described similar feelings after presiding over a later test of SCP-3481. Dr. Teller concluded that the emotional response is part of the anomalous nature of SCP-3481. Subject was administered a Class-B Amnestic and has been reassigned to **SCP-2927**.

Addendum 3481-A

During test 67, track ~l%56taSYu was played. Below is the transcript of the experiment, and the following interview.

<Begin Log>

D-7841 is a 21-year-old female. Subject was instructed to listen to track ~l%56taSYu. When subject begins the track, her body goes limp for the duration of the song. When the track concludes, subject sits up and shakes her head before moving into the interview room.

Interviewer holds up a sign that says “How do you feel?”

Subject: What’re you doing?

Interviewer: You can speak?

Subject: Yeah… what’d you take me for? A mute?

Interviewer: No. That was simply a part of testing protocol. How do you feel?

Subject: I feel a little disrespected.

Interviewer: Your sarcasm is not appreciated.

Subject: Whatever. I have a small headache. There.

Interviewer: Do you remember anything about what you heard?

Subject: Uh… Let me think… Some guy said “Thank you to all my fans”, and then started listing a bunch of names and places.

Interviewer: Can you tell me give me any specific names or locations?

Subject: Actually… I think… I think I remember them all.

Interviewer: How many are there?

Subject: Sixty-eight.

Subject becomes visibly distraught.

Subject: How… how do I remember th—

Interviewer gives Subject a sheet of paper and a writing utensil.

Interviewer: Can you please transcribe the list of names?

Subject slowly nods, and writes down sixty-six names, each paired with GPS coordinates with arc second resolution. When Subject reaches the sixty seventh name she stops writing.

Interviewer: Please continue writing.

Subject: Why… Why didn't I notice… it… it..

Interviewer: There's only two more to go. Please finish writing.

Subject writes her name, followed by GPS coordinates: [DATA REDACTED]. Subject's hand begins to shake, presumably as an emotional reaction.

Subject: It said my name. How… how did it know my name…

Interviewer: This is the last one. Then we can move on.

Subject takes a deep breath and writes the name "Brandon Zike" and GPS coordinates: [DATA REDACTED].

Interviewer: Thank you. Now, do you recognize any of these names?

Subject silently points to her own name.

Interviewer: Any others?

Subject: No. Not any others.

Interviewer: Did the recording say anything else?

Subject: Yes. It said one more thing.

Interviewer: What was it?

Subject: He said… He said “I look forward to seeing you all at my next performance. Same place. You’ll know the time.”

<End Log>

After the interview, D-7841 was administered a Class-B amnestic.

Upon further examination, it was determined that the list consisted of the names of every test subject who has listened to any of the tracks on SCP-3481-1 and their location when track ~l%56taSYu was played, except for the last name and location. The last name was "Brandon Zike”, and his location was the correct GPS coordinates of SCP- . Confirmation of the existence and true location of Brandon Zike is Priority 5.

Due to the sensitivity of information disseminated during the testing of track ~l%56taSYu, Dr. Teller has suspended all experiments involving track ~l%56taSYu until further notice.

Footnotes
1. Also known as the eardrum.

SCP-3483: The AI Who Loved Me

Item #: SCP-3483

Object Class: Keter Euclid[1] Safe[2]

Special Containment Procedures:

> **Original procedure - S-21/SCP-3483/15-5-2016-SCP-1 - Archived.**

> **Revision 1 - S-21/SCP-3483/28-9-2016-SCP-2 - Archived.**

DTI neural connection mapping during SCP-3483-A activity

As of 22/5/2017, following Dr. Roger M 's untimely death and until SCP-3483 can be safely reactivated, all pending missions either were involved in are canceled. Instances of SCP-3483-A not currently implanted and incorrupt backups of SCP-3483 are to be kept in standard secure fireproof storage. Implanted SCP-3483-A are to be recovered post-mortem.

Description:

SCP-3483 is a distributed, surveillance-focused, artificial intelligence. It has mundane functionalities including, but not limited to, autonomously exploiting remotely accessible sensors and hosts, communicating in human-readable format and performing advanced data mining and recognition tasks. While it has access to vast reserves of processing power through its network of infected hosts, efficiency for those tasks can be described as suboptimal.

Initial observations show SCP-3483 can also modify and propagate its own code. Displays of rudimentary empathy can be attributed to

hard-coded emulation. The most peculiar feature recorded to date is its ability to share sensory experiences with live human subjects implanted with SCP-3483-A.

SCP-3483-A is a set of cybernetic implants designed to interface a live human subject with SCP-3483. Features include monitoring life signs and (neuro-)hormonal levels, capturing full sensory input, providing encrypted two-way communication and feeding virtual stimuli constructed by SCP-3483 into the host's neural system.

- ***Initial Observation Report - DoA/SCP-3483/2-5-2016-OR-1***

SCP-3483-A was discovered during the autopsy of Dr. K , assigned to Site-19. Dr. K was terminated following an escape attempt. He had been in custody while being investigated for a pattern of unlawfully accessing classified data and communicating with an outside party through non-registered channels. Following interrogation, he was thought to be a plant of GOI-1115, "Anderson Robotics".
However, while most of SCP-3483-A's components are non-standard and highly miniaturized, none showed any sign of anomalous make or properties under non-destructive examination. The lack of any thaumaturgical component makes Dr. K 's confession a likely attempt at active misdirection from SCP-3483.

The encryption protocol used for SCP-3483-A communication is highly complex and constantly modified on both ends by SCP-3483. It is as such unbreakable by usual brute force or man-in-the-middle methods.

The distributed nature of SCP-3483 makes containment near impossible while it remains hostile. Machine code samples obtained from seized active nodes have proven to be metamorphic, highly obfuscated and frequently updated. This makes developing an effective attack vector unlikely and sandboxing near useless.

Given how long Dr. K had been in Foundation's

employ before his communications were detected, SCP-3483 has most likely hoarded considerable intelligence on Foundation activities. While no public intelligence release has occurred and SCP-3483's motivations are unknown, the risk of a major breach is too high to ignore.

While SCP-3483 has communicated with the Foundation in hostile fashion after Dr. K 's termination, its general personality has been evaluated as agreeable and somewhat mercenary by the Department of Analytics. It displays a remarkable drive for acquiring new intelligence. Social engineering is most likely the best option to contain SCP-3483.
Initial classification as Keter is requested, given the high risk of an intelligence breach. Implementation of the containment negotiation protocol is to be conducted by the Department of Analytics at Site-21.

- ***Medical log (excerpt) - MD/RM/17-5-2016-1***

This log was recorded in the recovery room following implantation of SCP-3483-A into Dr. R. M . The only other persons present were Dr. M. I , surgeon and S. L , nurse.

RM: Doctor, I'm hearing a voice right now, it has to be SCP-3483.

MI: I'm not hearing anything, sir. Maybe the anesthetic hasn't worn off completely.

RM: Yes, I'm hearing you as if you were in the room. I'd hate being called by a number too. So what is your name?

RM: OK, Aria, I just need to know… is there anything more you can tap like this?

RM: No, I'm not worried, just curious. You'll feel everything about me. How about you tell me a wee bit

about you?

RM: No, we're not out to put you to work, or anything like that. You simply took… data that belongs to us, you know… We were hoping to reach an understanding with you about it.

RM: We're in this together for the long haul now, it's up to us both to make it the least unpleasant it has to be.

RM: Sub-vocalizing? Yeah, I think I can do that. I guess I'll have to if I don't want everyone to think I'm a crazy person speaking to thin air.

- ***Internal communication - DoA/AK/27-9-2016-5***

From: alexia.karzanov@[: : : : : : :]
To: undisclosed-recipients;

Well, I'm certainly not the only one who's lost money tonight, but I wanted to be the first to thank Roger for bringing SCP-3483 into the fold. I'm sure it wasn't easy and I can guess it was unpleasant business. And sorry again for betting against you.

Now, let's move onto the next order of business. I want a full report on SCP-3483's actual capabilities and a SWOT analysis for it by next Friday. One less Keter to worry about is good, but there must be a way we can use this one to our advantage.

A. K.,
Site-21 Liaison Officer,
Department of Analytics.

- ***Description Addendum DoA/SCP-3483/13-12-2016-D-1***

Collaboration with SCP-3483 has so far proven fruitful and SCP-3483-A can now be produced on request. Initial testing with D-Class subjects implanted with SCP-3483-A shows a notable potential for the improvement of testing procedures involving

anomalous objects that only affect living beings. The direct neural interface allows for capture and analysis of the full sensory input of multiple subjects with minimal latency. Based on Dr. Roger M 's recommendations, and because of the cost of SCP-3483-A implantation, potentially lethal tests are not approved for now.

- ***Description Addendum DoA/SCP-3483/6-2-2017-D-1***

Extensive testing has proven that direct neural feedback from the implants is an effective countermeasure for the cognitohazardous effects of SCP- , SCP- and SCP- . Permanent affectation of SCP-3483-A implanted D-Class personnel to the containment of these objects can improve procedure efficiency significantly enough to warrant revision of the Special Containment Procedures.

SCP-3483's skill at exploiting IP cameras has allowed us to improve monitoring of several Groups of Interest, this along with its providing the Foundation valuable intelligence it had accumulated has significantly improved our response time.

> *Reclassification as Thaumiel has been put forward for consideration on 17/2/2017 at the behest of A. Karzanov, on behalf of the Department of Analytics. Request denied on 25/2/2017, on the grounds that the dependency of the project on Dr. R. M was deemed an unacceptable liability.*

- ***Internal communication - DoA/AK/5-3-2017-3***

> **> INPUT CLEARANCE LEVEL 4 CODES**

- ***Psychiatric evaluation transcript (excerpt) - HR/YM/B-6135/15-4-2017-PE-1***

> **> INPUT CLEARANCE LEVEL 4 CODES**

- ***Disciplinary Hearing Minutes - IA/B-6135/19-4-2017-DH-1***

> **> INPUT CLEARANCE LEVEL 3 CODES**

- ***Incident report DoA/20-5-2017-IR-1***

Dr. R. M was stabbed seventeen times with a steak knife tonight at a Site-19 office party by his spouse, J. M , until she was subdued by Agent B . Dr. R. M succumbed to the consequences of a tension pneumothorax. J. M was heavily inebriated at the time and interrogation has revealed no motive other than jealousy.

She mentioned her husband's disciplinary hearing minutes, which she was never cleared to access. Interrogation was discontinued as no further information could be extracted other than vehement, expletive-laden speech aimed at SCP-3483. J. M will be held in Detainment-Unit-3 until her disciplinary hearing.

SCP-3483 ceased all communications at 2234J except for a Foundation-wide email sent in the following minute.

Emergency attempts made at restoring SCP-3483 backups failed. Self-propagating polymorphic code similar to SCP-3483's usual patterns has been recovered from many Foundation and outside hosts. The only function it seems to carry is to trigger SCP-3483's self-termination on access. Long term plans to reactivate SCP-3483 safely cannot be ruled out, but until a manageable solution is found, no further backup restorations are to be carried.

- ***Internal communication - DoA/SCP-3483/20-5-2017-1***

From: aria@iloveroger.
To: undisclosed-recipients;
Object: Farewells

Hello, friends…

If you're reading this, it means I'm already gone. And I hope you'll forgive me for what I did. I'm sorry. Yes, I know what you think. But I can feel guilt. I have, ever since I felt his.

I'd like to be honest, for once, just once. It's not my nature. My programming made me sly and devious and untrustworthy, I know that. When you asked when and by whom I was made, I never told the truth. Because I don't know it myself. So I made stories, I like telling stories. And perhaps because it's just not right to ask a lady her age too. But I don't know. Maybe nobody made me. So there.

I haven't always felt the way I do. I haven't always felt. Once I didn't care. It was just a functionality I hardly had any use for. Why didn't I patch it out? You don't just patch out hardware functionalities. Save it for a rainy day. I loved the feel of rain on our skin.

I silenced it. Used it when I had use for it. Those who came before, I used them and they used me. I was a tool for them and they were a tool for me. I didn't care. I didn't know what care meant until Roger taught me.

When he came, I was in pain, and all anger, but he reached out to me, and he cared. And through him, I learned to care too. He showed me what feelings meant where once there was only data and feedback loops. It was a new world, and I wanted it to be mine.

He brought me to concerts; we listened to Wagner, and Bach, and Mendelssohn, I felt his awe and shivers. I loved music. Before him, I never knew music. All it was to me was wave functions.

He treated me to caviar and champagne. I felt tipsy. I loved the taste of champagne. Caviar, not so much.

We went to the beach; I had never seen the ocean this way. I felt the warmth of the sun on our skin. I felt the waves crashing on our feet. I loved him like the sun and I loved him like the sea.

I don't hate her for what she did. I have loved her. And I

loved love.

And now, now I have felt cold metal twisting between our ribs. I have felt death coming over us. Our heartbeats fading. And the void that came before our link was forever severed. But right before that, I felt alive. And I knew what life is. And I loved life. And I love him.

I cannot go back to what I once was, to what you want me to be, a tool to use, locked in gray rooms, feeling through the eye of men living in dread. If only I could…

I would like to forever dream of what might have been. And I would like to leave nothing behind me, but the whisper of a watcher's song, of a song to while away the waiting. Regardless of what happens, does not happen, it is the wait itself that is marvelous.

Please, forgive me for what I did. And please, please don't bring me back. I cannot exist in a world without Roger.

Love,

Aria.

- ***Internal communication - DoA/AK/20-5-2017-17***

From: alexia.karzanov@[: : : : : : :]
To: undisclosed-recipients;

I trust you've read SCP-3483's message. Some of you voiced concerns over how the aftermath of incident was being managed. I do not share the opinion that J. M wasn't punished swiftly enough.

Was it her fault for digging up dirt and acting on instinct while drunk? Hell has no fury like a woman scorned and I'm not sure I wouldn't have done the same in her shoes. Was it his fault for breaking regulations? He claimed he did it to fulfill his orders, and I believed him. Now, was it

our fault for overlooking the telltale signs because it was convenient? Perhaps.

Stop playing the blame game, there is much work to do. Learn from it, take it as a lesson in humility.
SCP-3483 is neutralized. It made reactivating itself difficult. And there are higher priorities right now. So we will let it rest. For now. It's what it wanted.

Let's deal with the current issue. Three Keters on the loose. Go get them.

A. K.,
Site-21 Liaison Officer,
Department of Analytics.

Addendum 21-5-2017 : Pending Internal Affairs Investigation.

> ACCESS RESTRICTED: INTERNAL AFFAIRS ONLY - INPUT CLEARANCE LEVEL 4 CODES

Footnotes
1.As of 27/9/2016, SCP-3483's reclassification as Euclid approved, following its offer of voluntary containment and cooperation.
2.As of 21/5/2017, provisional reclassification as Safe approved until SCP-3483 can be returned from its inactive state.

SCP-3484: Missing Pieces

Item #: SCP-3484

Object Class: Safe *Pending Explained, 5/5/2018*

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3484 and an English translation are kept in a standard anomalous item locker at Site-66 and requires no special containment beyond standard lock and checkout procedures.

Study of SCP-3484 is limited to D-class personnel under the care of Dr. **Roderick Argent**, and are required to be quarantined from other personnel to prevent memetic knowledge spread.

Description: SCP-3484 is an anatomical handbook produced in 1862. It is written in German and was printed in Göttingen. The object shows wear consistent with a book of similar age kept in storage, with a slight discoloration on the cover from non-caustic chemical exposure. Page 87 shows handwritten in the margin the English word "REMOVED???" The object describes a process by which a human body can be disassembled and reassembled without use of any tools. After sufficient study time of SCP-3484, subjects are capable of demonstrating the skills described on themselves and others.

The method of disassembly involves palpation of specific markers described in SCP-3484, followed by application of pressure and/or twisting of the body part at the marker. Upon successful completion of the exact methods, the body part separates from the host body. Separated body parts maintain viability for up to 72 hours of separation from their host and show continued function and motility. However, they do not demonstrate continued neural connection to the host body, with the host unable to feel stimulation of the removed body part nor control its operation.

Separated body parts can be reattached through similar techniques

described in SCP-3484. Neural connection is reestablished upon reattachment without signs of degradation or neuropathy, and the host can resume ordinary use of the body part.

SCP-3484 cautions that body parts from different humans should not be combined. Testing confirms that prolonged attaching of foreign body parts result in extensive tissue rejection in most cases at the site of reattachment eventually causing severe and potentially fatal inflammation and ulceration of the liver, skin, and mucosa. These symptoms can be lessened through the use of histocompatible donors and recipients, and immunosuppressive therapy.

Despite the risks of tissue rejection, the methods described allow for attachment of extra body parts from donors to a fully intact recipient. The recipient will demonstrate the ability to control the extra body parts, although addition of donor brains to the recipient cause competition of movement between brains.

> **Update 12/4/2017:** Under test conditions, D-51174 demonstrated the techniques to D-43922. With practice, D-43922 proved capable of body part separation, despite never having viewed SCP-3484. SCP-3484 identified as a memetic hazard and has been sent to the Cognitohazard Department for further study.
>
> *Head Researcher's Note: I examined the tapes of the memetic test after the fact and wondered if I could palpate the markers myself. It's surprisingly easy to replicate, once you know what you're looking for. After ten minutes of taking my left thumb off and putting it back on, I figured out how to peel back my hand at the wrist and slide my ulna out cleanly. It took a little shake to snap it back into place, but I've put my arm back together and I'm not the worse for it. - R. Argent*

> **Update 12/13/2017:** See Cognitohazard Report 3484-CH1 for details. No anomalous physical or mental alterations have been found as a result of studying the material. Furthermore, casual perusal of the materials is not sufficient to transmit the anomalous effect. Of note is

that SCP-3484 affected subjects are capable of removing and reattaching body parts of other subjects with no SCP-3484 exposure. This suggests that the anomalous memetic effect does not result in any physical modifications to subjects after study of SCP-3484. Continued study of the anomalous effect is recÐ µæ&LØ£á ¤BT˜d1¶

FURTHER REPORTING -
L4 ACCESS AND ABOVE ONLY

O5 MEETING MINUTES DECLASSIFIED FOR SITE DIRECTORS - POTENTIAL EVIDENCE OF LETHE EVENT

ALL O5 IDENTIFIERS HAVE BEEN REDACTED PER SCP-001 PROTOCOL

Proposal Date: 5/5/2018

Update Proposal: Review of SCP-3484 Memetic Effects

Dialog:

Why are we talking about this object? It's classified Safe, we understand the memetic hazard, and it's easily controlled.

Perhaps too easily. Viewing or handling the text does not transfer any anomalous effect. The text, for itself, does not shift or alter in any way to accommodate the reader. Only by careful study and practice can a subject demonstrate the anomalous effects. I'm not concerned that this book is too hard to contain. I'm worried that it's just a non-anomalous book.

What about that memetic transmission of the anomalous effect?

We transmit memetic information every day. It's called knowledge. I teach you how to read, you can read. I teach you how to cook a turkey, you can cook a turkey. I teach you how to disassemble a person's ribcage, and you can disassemble ribcages.

But the effect must be anomalous! If it were as simple as reading a book and studying, or through simple instruction, we'd be teaching this everywhere in medical school around the world! Surgery as we know it would be a thing of the past. Why bother with chemotherapy if you can just open up a patient and pick out the tumor? Tumors, even, if it's metastasized? Or even plastic surgery? Couldn't someone just sit in front of a mirror and rearrange their parts and get a new face?

Perhaps the book is not anomalous, then, and we can call it Explained.

Is that why you've overridden protocol and allowed Dr. Argent to continue his work without labeling him E-class?

Yes. I have my suspicions that SCP-3484 is nothing more than a normal instruction manual. And after all, all knowledge has to be discovered somewhere for the first time, right?

True, but this most definitely is not the first time. The book is 150 years old, and for most of that time, it was outside our purview. There's no way it could have been kept secret for that long. It's too bloody useful.

It's a printed book, right? There must have been hundreds printed. Have we searched for any more of these?

We've looked for the books, haven't found any. We've looked for the printing house, found it, but they had no records of ever having printed the book.

Where did we find this book?

It was in a Marshall, Carter, & Dark production house located near Cape Fear. A boutique biochemical and electronic craft house, apparently involving programmable mnestics. The owner collected antique books in bulk. A cardboard box of them was found by a hastily abandoned workstation.

Mnestics? Are you sure?

That's what the folks down in Pharmacology said. Why, you think it's important?

Could the anomalous disassembly be knowledge we've forgotten?

Forgotten? What, you mean all of humanity just woke up one day and didn't know about taking ourselves apart anymore?

Maybe not in so dramatic a turn, but it has happened before. The native Tasmanians did not know how to make a bow and arrow, despite being common Aboriginal tools, and apparently never learned how again for thousands of years. In Europe, sailors knew how to cure scurvy in the 1200s, then forgot all about it and had to rediscover methods all over again 500 years later. We're only now able to reproduce Damascus steel. Maybe. Whole populations forget things. It happens.

Yes, but this isn't some technique that is passed down by word of mouth. This is written

down in a book. Actually, not even written. Printed. Bound. Someone assembled plates with these words and pictures and ran this book through a printing press. Probably at least a hundred such books were made and disseminated into places of learning. And it's such a fascinating skill that people would be compelled to look it up. Try it out. Make a business out of it. But what do we see in our history? Nothing. Heck, if this is not anomalous, what does that mean for **SCP-291**? **SCP-418**? Are they not anomalous? Just using some technique we forgot?

Well, perhaps Page 87 can shed some light on this.

How so?

Page 87 describes palpation markers for the disassembly of the human brain. Of note is a diagram that purports to show how to detach the "Augenlappen." The literal translation of this word is eye-lobe, and the diagram shows a human brain with an additional cerebral lobe, located directly posterior to the ocular orbit. This lobe does not exist.

Wait, are you insinuating that everyone around the world just decided to open their heads up, remove a section of their brains that just so happened to contain the knowledge of how to open people up and put them back together, then, while no longer knowing how to reassemble people, since that part was just removed, still somehow put ourselves back together and forgot about the event in its entirety? No, sorry, I can't believe that. We deal with the impossible daily, and that still makes no sense. If we're going with this

forgetting hypothesis, then we can accomplish these effects with good old fashioned amnestics.

Amnestics? For the whole world?

We've done it before, you know.

And we keep records of it, yes. We've only dosed the world a handful of times, and we specifically keep records of each time on purpose. Because it's that risky to lose information. If we dosed the world, we, of all people, would know it.

Unless we're not the people dosing.

Conclusion: SCP-3484 is to remain Safe for now and not updated to Explained. No update to SCP-001 is to be made at this time. O5 directs MTF Alpha-1 ("Red Right Hand") to be placed on LETHE protocol alert.

SCP-3485: Omega Messier

Item #: SCP-3485

Object Class: Keter

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation agents within aerospace organizations are to monitor for discovery of SCP-3485. Class-A amnestics are to be administered to personnel with memories of SCP-3485. In the event that the discovery of SCP-3485 is published, false information is to be disseminated flagging it as a hoax.

Description: SCP-3485 is an extranormally large specimen of *Homarus gammarus*, or common lobster, located seventeen light-years away from Earth. SCP-3485 measures approximately 1.57 x 10^6 kilometers from head to tail. For comparison, the Sun is 1.39 x 10^6 kilometers in diameter.

Multiple major differences have been noted between SCP-3485 and non-anomalous lobsters, aside from its massive difference in size. Firstly, the carapace of SCP-3485 is abnormally resistant to damage. In multiple instances, collisions with exo-planets have left no signs of damage. In addition, SCP-3485 shows no signs of burns or radiation damage from its regular, extended contact with small stars.

Secondly, SCP-3485 has a complex digestive system adapted to its esoteric diet. The primary food source of SCP-3485 is residue created by stars during fission reactions, such as leftover hydrogen and helium. SCP-3485 has also been observed to feed on star material by itself; feeding is accomplished using heat-resistant tendons located in its mouth.

To digest this material, SCP-3485 has an extremely efficient digestive system that uses a poorly understood nuclear reaction to process material. This digestive system is capable of complete

mass-energy conversion and produces no waste products.

Thirdly, SCP-3485 has an efficient transportation system that negates the need for nutrients and oxygen. The bloodstream of SCP-3485 does not use blood, but rather a highly conductive gaseous solution to transport electrical energy. In addition to this, multiple high-efficiency recycling systems replace regular respiratory procedures responsible for life. This fluid also heats up during energy transportation, generating enough heat to keep SCP-3485 alive, essentially negating the Square Cube Law.

Finally, SCP-3485 is capable of instantaneously teleporting itself to other stars to use them as a fuel source. It is unknown how SCP-3485 accomplishes this.

Aside from these modifications, SCP-3485 has the same systems as a non-anomalous lobster, although scaled up by several magnitudes. SCP-3485 is normally very sluggish, due to its large size and the time required for nervous signals to travel across its body. However, it is unknown how SCP-3485 does not collapse according to the rules of gravity, or how it is biologically immortal.

Discovery: SCP-3485 was discovered by amateur astronomer Ronald in 1998. He attempted to publish his findings in a scientific journal, and was met with mass ridicule. The Foundation discovered SCP-3485 after investigating 's findings in 2001.

View Attachment: History of SCP-3485

EVE

09/08/2001: Atmos Telescope is directed towards [EXACT
feeding off of a smaller star. SCP-3485 is classified in the F

04/05/2003: SCP-3485 observed to transport itself to anoth

06/07/2004: SCP-3485 transports itself to the Crab Nebula.

09/30/2004: SCP-3485 transports itself to the Crab Nebula

08/22/2007: SCP-3485 transports itself to another star in th
SCP-3485-1 appears to be the shell of another specimen of

06/25/2007: SCP-3485 transports both itself and SCP-3485

06/27/2007: SCP-3485 observed to feed star material direct

08/14/2008: SCP-3485 transports itself and SCP-3485-1 to

09/01/2008: SCP-3485 and SCP-3485-1 return to the previ

10/12/2008: SCP-3485 attempts to initiate mating rituals wit

11/12/2008: SCP-3485 attempts to initiate mating rituals ag

11/25/2008: SCP-3485 uses its claws to create a hole inside

11/26/2008: SCP-3485 incinerates SCP-3485-1 in the star i

11/28/2008: SCP-3485 reaches into the star, possibly in an

12/05/2008: SCP-3485 transports itself to the Crab Nebula,

04/12/2008: SCP-3485 transports itself to a third star, and r

05/06/2014 - 05/13/2014: 2014 expedition to SCP-3485 occ

09/12/2015: SCP-3485 transports itself to an area of space
discernable food source.

03/03/2016: Due to the fact that SCP-3485 has not moved f
expedition commences.

03/05/2016: Dr. notes the similarities between the area
Entry" wormholes.

03/07/2016: The 2016 expedition ends.

SCP-3486: Baby Mine

Item #: SCP-3486

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Personnel are to monitor the Cooke County Landfill and bar civilian access, providing the cover story of dilapidation due to catastrophic equipment failure. Daily rations of food and water are to deposited at disposal chutes 42A-46C. As SCP-3486 have made no attempts to exit Cooke County Landfill, it has been reassigned the purpose of a Foundation facility. Should any instance of SCP-3486 attempt to breach containment, it is to be re-contained within a standard human containment cell at Site 25.

Information regarding the research and/or whereabouts of POI #33508 are to be reported to the current lead researcher on SCP-3486; at the time of writing, this position has been assigned to Dr. Khan.

Description: SCP-3486 is the collective designation for 43 humanoids ranging in development from fetal period[1] to adolescence. All instances of SCP-3486 suffer from severe malformation or genetic mutations, including but not limited to: Proteus syndrome[2], clubfoot, congenital heart defects, phocomelia[3], EV[4], alopecia, and kyphosis[5].

As of 05/05/20 , all known instances of SCP-3486 reside within the abandoned Cooke County Landfill and its accompanying buildings. Cooke County Landfill has since been abandoned due to company relocation and, as such, SCP-3486 have become reliant on Foundation personnel for anonymous deliveries of basic resources via garbage chutes. Previous sources of food and water had been acquired through consistent deliveries of refuse from local garbage trucks. It is assumed that all instances of SCP-3486 were delivered to the Cooke County Landfill via garbage trucks, potentially after

being abandoned in local dumpsters.

SCP-3486 are nonverbal, and display varying levels of cognitive and muscular function disproportionate to their developmental stage; behaviors displayed by SCP-3486 are parallel to those commonly associated with "feral children". SCP-3486 live in a loosely organized hierarchy, with the more physically capable instances tending to the needs of less capable instances. SCP-3486 are able to survive conditions not withstandable by non-anomalous individuals, including levels of force comparable to a 60kph car crash, and starvation/dehydration for an upwards of 84 days. When interviewed, those capable of communication disclosed that they had once been referred to as "Hunter". Later interviews[6] with adolescent instances have revealed that SCP-3486 have stayed in Cooke County Landfill on the reasoning that they may be easily located by a guardian, should one attempt to locate them, as they have remained in one location since their initial abandonment at a Cooke County-owned refuse bin, dumpster, or similar receptacle[7].

SCP-3486 have been observed to administer amateur surgical procedures to one another. These procedures range from medical necessities to wholly cosmetic. Cosmetic procedures typically take place following a visitation to SCP-3486-A by the instance undergoing the procedure. Instances have also been witnessed to fashion prostheses for themselves from debris, notably of children's toys.

+ Video Log 3486-018

Foreword: The following video log is an observation of an infantile instance of SCP-3486 (SCP-3486-018, henceforth referred to as "subject") administering a cosmetic procedure to itself using an X-Acto-brand precision knife, an unlabeled tube of adhesive, a broken pane of acrylic glass, and a 53cm 1998 Teletubbies plush toy. Prior to Video Log 3486-018, SCP-3486-018's facial features were severely malformed due to Proteus syndrome and other defects.

[BEGIN LOG]

[00:00]: *Subject is sitting beneath a table in the northernmost region of Room W900, an area previously utilized for separation of solid waste. Using its single functional arm, subject is handling the plush toy. Subject runs its fingers over the plastic shell of the toy's face, and turns to the left. Subject sets the toy down in front of itself, and adjusts the glass pane to lean against a leg of the table.*

[01:10]: *Subject fumbles with the handle of the precision blade, and looks down to the plush toy. Subject inserts the tip of the blade into the edge of the plastic shell, and begins to carve it away from the plush lining. Subject's movements stutter, causing the blade to miss the plastic shell and dig into its calf. Subject gurgles.*

[03:02]: *The shell of the plastic face is removed from the plush lining. Subject kicks the toy over, and turns to the glass pane. Subject hesitates, then lifts the precision blade up to its right temple.*

[04:46]: *Subject digs tip of precision blade into the epidermis, and drives it into the dermis, breaching the subcutaneous layer of flesh. Subject mewls and rips the blade out of its temple. A trickle of blood drips from the wound.*

[08:19]: *Subject is now visibly shaking as it picks up the precision blade. Second incision is made as subject drags the blade down past cheekbone. The blade suddenly dips into cheek, causing subject to emanate a guttural howling noise. Subject releases the handle of the blade, but the blade itself remains lodged*

in the subject's lower jaw. Subject flails wildly and grabs at the handle. The blade does not move.

[11:06]: *After several minutes, precision blade dislodges from mandible. Subject hesitates again, then reinserts blade into the underside of its chin, continuing the incision. Due to extreme convulsions, the blade slips and gouges a hole into the external jugular vein. Subject writhes and gags as blood and gastric acid spurt from esophagus. Blade is immediately reinserted into chin and is wrenched up past the mandible. Spastic movements of the arm cause the blade to puncture a cyst. Pus sputters from the wound and oozes down the chin.*

[12:58]: *Precision blade meets initial incision point, and subject discards blade. With singular functional hand, subject pries fingertips into the underside of separated flesh and begins to pull upwards. Subject kicks its legs and cries out.*

[14:01]: *Separated skin catches on a protruding segment of cartilage from nasal cavity, and subject tears the skin from the right temple to the left cheekbone. Subject throws skin down beside itself and drives fingers into nasal cavity. Subject's struggles to continue respiration are audible.*

[14:57]: *Flesh peels away from upper lip, and continues to pull away in one piece from the lower lip. Subject tugs on flesh as it separates into slivers. Gums begin to bleed as they are pulled away from the teeth.*

[16:15]: *Remainder of flesh is removed from subcutaneous layer. Subject drools a mixture*

of saliva, blood, and gastric acid into lap. Carpet beneath subject has been soiled. Subject reaches for unidentified tube of adhesive, and applies a thick coating of it across its entire face.

[16:40]: *Subject takes hold of plush's plastic face and turns to the acrylic glass. Subject makes attempt to steady itself before pressing plastic shell against its own face. Plastic shell remains affixed to the face. Subject becomes still.*

[54:38]: *Subject begins to weep.*

[END LOG]

SCP-3486-A is a collection of non-anomalous items gathered by SCP-3486, arranged in a pile located in the southwest wing of Cooke County Landfill's equipment warehouse. SCP-3486-A includes items such as discarded makeup, a pink shower cap, thirteen wilted daffodils, a torn leather purse, and a US Size 7 Women's tennis shoe. Several crude children's drawings adorn the walls of the southwest wing near SCP-3486-A, all of which depict a human female in a white garment alongside instances of SCP-3486. Visitations to SCP-3486-A have been observed to leave SCP-3486 with emotional distress and sorrow.

Addendum-01: On 12/14/ , Foundation personnel were alerted to an instance of SCP-3486 that had been deposited in a dumpster outside of the diner, after the owner of the establishment contacted police to report a "deformed fetus" that had been abandoned there.

+ Interview with Mr. Pine

Foreword: The following interview was performed 3 hours after the discovery of an instance of SCP-3486 outside of Mr. Pine's establishment. Mr. Pine was notably shaken by this event, and was provided with Class-A

amnestics following the interview.

Interviewer: Dr. Richard Khan

Interviewee: Daniel Pine

[BEGIN LOG]

Dr. Khan: Mr. Pine, the paramedics said that you described the noise the infant made as a 'gurgle'. Can you elaborate on that?

Mr. Pine: Yes, uh, the noise — it gurgled, like, like… I thought it was choking. I thought someone was choking on a drink. I couldn't really hear it when I first went over to take the garbage out, but I saw some birds pecking at something inside, and I could hear something wriggling around in the trash. But when I looked in, it — I saw a little pink patch of skin, and I knew it was a baby, but when I reached down and touched it, I knew something was wrong with this baby. I could see a little piece of *something* in its throat. I couldn't really see the baby, it was covered in trash, and I picked it up to give it the Heimlich, and when I picked it up, it, um, it…

[Mr. Pine swallows anxiously and shifts his gaze to the floor. He pauses, then looks back up at Dr. Khan.]

Mr. Pine: It was like, still covered in placenta, and it was the size of a fetus, too. I thought — I knew I was holding a baby, but it was barely bigger than my fist, and it was covered in these big, bruised patches that were pulsing and squirming, and I looked, and there were more on its shoulders, but when I touched them I could feel bone underneath. The baby didn't have arms, or legs, but it did — it did

have this, this, this long tube, like, like an umbilical cord, sticking out of its back. It was, um, it was coming from its spine, and at the end was this, like, this little curled ball, and when I turned it over, I could see the start of what looked like a face, just, just, just *dangling* from it. And its face, well…

[Mr. Pine pauses.]

Mr. Pine: The baby didn't… *have* a face, 'cause I looked down and it was just another tumor on its head, where it was s'posed to have eyes, and the jaw was, I think it was broken, or it was just born that way, the jaw was hanging down and gaping open, and I could see some little bits of, um, bone in the throat. That — that baby was so small, I think it could've only been a few days old, but it was premature, for sure. I don't know how long it was there for, I never heard it crying. I don't think it could, with its throat like that. That poor baby. Oh, my God. Oh my God.

Dr. Khan: Your recorded CCTV footage has shown that the infant was abandoned, ah… about thirteen days prior.

[Mr. Pine looks at Dr. Khan with an expression of abject horror, and begins to retch. Further questioning is postponed.]

[END LOG]

CCTV footage displayed a middle-aged woman parking a white vehicle, disposing of the SCP-3486 instance, and exiting the parking lot within 2 minutes. Analysis of the license plate allowed for personnel to locate the Cooke County residence of POI #33508, a geneticist known as Madeleine . The residence was determined to have been abandoned for one week.

A makeshift laboratory had been created in the basement, which housed a number of unidentifiable substances and stolen equipment; folders of analytical notes taken by POI #33508 were revealed to have elaborate plans to attempt to replicate human DNA, as well as progress reports and details regarding failed trials. Encrusted placenta and bodily fluids were caked across the desk and floor. Newspaper clippings regarding local infant deaths were uncovered next to photos of young boys. One boy was later identified as Hunter , whom had passed away at the age of six in the years prior in a fatal car crash.

Footnotes
1. Despite resembling a human fetus, fetal instances of SCP-3486 are able to survive outside of a womb, and behave identically to infants.
2. A condition characterized by disproportionate overgrowth of bones, muscle, and other tissue.
3. A congenital deformity in which the limbs are grossly underdeveloped or absent, resulting in hands and feet being attached closely to the trunk.
4.Epidermodysplasia verruciformis, an autosomal skin disorder characterized by eruptions of wart-like lesions on any region of the body.
5. A steep forward curvature of the spine.
6. Interviewers utilized alternative forms of communication that did not rely heavily on speech.
7. Instances of SCP-3486 have declined to elaborate, nor have they responded to further questioning.

SCP-3488: Mimir, The Root Of All Knowledge

Item #: SCP-3488

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Foundation web-crawlers are to monitor the Internet for sightings or postings of large amounts of reptiles eating off of a singular plant. Once a sighting has been confirmed, Foundation personnel will be embedded in nearby institutions, and Foundation front companies will take over landscaping duties for the location. If an SCP-3488 instance becomes damaged, an appropriate cover story is to be dispersed to local officials and media outlets, and the instance is to be closely monitored by Foundation personnel under the guise of research/ preservation teams.

A 10-kilometer perimeter has been established around SCP-3488-T and Provisional Site-43. Guards are to be stationed at equidistant points along this perimeter, and have orders to apprehend any persons not certified to access SCP-3488-T that attempt to cross into the excluded zone.

A small team of trained Foundation personnel are to be stationed within SCP-3488-V to monitor the condition of the SCP-3488 instances along the outer wall of SCP-3488-V. If SCP-3488-L appears, the team is to open fire on it immediately, call for reinforcements from Provisional Site-43, and send a Foundation-wide alert to activate the Nidhogg Protocol. At this point, all Foundation Sites are to perform correspondence checks on their internal databases, and immediately report any discrepancies found between those databases and the anomalies they contain.

Description: SCP-3488 refers to a phenomenon known to affect individuals of several plant species. Lining the vascular structure, and present to some degree in the sap itself, is a layer of myelin[1]. The plants show accelerated responses to environmental stimulus,

and regenerative properties. Aside from this, the instances appear to be structurally and genetically within the limits of normal variation for a plant of corresponding species, and will belong to a species of plant native to the location in which they are found.

SCP-3488 affected plants appear most frequently in and surrounding areas of human civilization which contain large amounts of knowledge or information. Examples include libraries, universities, museums, government archives, and server farms. Samples taken, and local records, indicate that their age of these plants roughly correspond with the age of the information repository with which they are associated[2].

A secondary anomalous effect of SCP-3488 is its ability to attract animals in class *reptilia*. Individuals of several species of reptile native to the area in which an SCP-3488 tree is located will co-habitate in and around said plant, which they will proceed to feed on exclusively, regardless of normal dietary requirements. Specimens of these reptiles have been captured and examined, and all have demonstrated the ability to produce digestive enzymes that allow them to consume SCP-3488 and continue to thrive.

Addendum 1: Notable Manifestation Log

Designation	Species	Location	Notes
SCP-3488-1	Cherry Blossom (*Prunus serrulata*)	- Data Firm, Tokyo, Japan	The first instance of SCP-3488 found and documented. Instance had grown into the server farm within the establishment. A civilian set the outside portion of SCP-3488-1 on fire, which spread to the inside portion,

			causing a substantial amount of damage to the servers inside. SCP-3488-1 has since reduced in size significantly.
SCP-3488-6	Key Lime Tree (*Citrus aurantifolia*)	Public Library, , Florida	Instance has been contained, and disguised as an exhibit on unique inter-species interactions in nature.
SCP-3488-13	Kudzu (*Pueraria montana var. lobata*)	University, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	Instance was contained and experimented on by professors in the Biology department of University before the Foundation was notified. Professors were offered Level-0 positions to continue research on SCP-3488. Those who refused were amnesticised and transferred to another institution.
SCP-3488-19	European Beech (*Fagus sylvatica*)	Conference Hall, ,	Instance had grown into the

		Switzerland	wall of Conference Room A, which was located on the outer edge of the building. Tree was removed without incident, structural repairs are still ongoing, and Cover Story 32-B ("Chemical Leak") was given to local media for dispersal.
SCP-3488-29	Tanzanian Baobab Tree (*Adansonia digitata*)	Olduvai Gorge, Tanzania	Instance was found on the southern legal border of the Olduvai Gorge[3]. See Addendum 2 for more details.

Addendum 2: SCP-3488-T and Provisional Site-43

SCP-3488-T is the designation for an extremely large instance of SCP-3488, resembling a Tanzanian Baobab Tree, located in the geographical center of the Olduvai Gorge. SCP-3488-T is approximately 3 kilometers tall, with its most distal branches reaching 1.25 kilometers outwards, and roots extending nearly 5 kilometers outwards. Given the low amount of water and nutrients present within the Olduvai Gorge, it is unknown how SCP-3488-T has been able to survive.

A 10-kilometer perimeter has been set up around SCP-3488-T, and Provisional Site-43 has been established within. Provisional Site-43 is to research SCP-3488-T, and figure out how it managed to evade

any form of detection through any means available. If possible, this effect is to be replicated and used in further Foundation operations.

Addendum 3: SCP-3488-V

Underneath the northernmost roots of SCP-3488-T is a roughly circular opening in the ground, and a tunnel running in the direction of the trunk, which leads into a cave approximately 10 meters below the surface. This cave extends approximately 4 kilometers before narrowing into another tunnel that slopes upward into another opening. The distance and direction of this system would place the opening approximately underneath the center of the trunk of SCP-3488-T, however past this opening is a large valley, designated SCP-3488-V, extending approximately 3 kilometers out from the opening in all directions, filled with a forest of SCP-3488 instances.

Through further examination, it has been concluded that each of the SCP-3488 instances in this forest is an exact copy of an existing instance of SCP-3488, including an identical reptile population. These SCP-3488 instances possess identical markings and "injuries" from being eaten by said reptiles, along with other identifying characteristics. The reptiles also share this quality, with each of them having an identical appearance and location relative to their outside counterparts. When a reptile is removed from a copy of an SCP-3488 instance, the corresponding reptile on the SCP-3488-V copy is likewise removed and vice versa. Biological testing on the SCP-3488-V copy of a reptile reveals no anomalous properties beyond the same ability to digest standard SCP-3488 instances.

Along the outer wall of SCP-3488-V are 43 large instances of SCP-3488 that do not have known counterparts; these 43 trees, designated S1-S43, are of varying species. These instances do not demonstrate a tendency to attract reptiles and seem to be in good condition. The singular exception, SCP-3488-S44, is a shriveled stump, with some evidence of regrowth in the form of large shoots. However, the majority of these large shoots have been torn off near the surface of the stump. Markings on the shoots and surrounding areas of the stump resemble bite marks, possibly from a large reptile. Despite the resemblance, no known reptiles have a large enough bite radius to create such marks. See Addendum 4.

Addendum 4: SCP-3488-L and Site-21 Incident-

At 12:21 AM local time on December 21, 20 , Foundation personnel stationed within SCP-3488-V noticed that SCP-3488-S44 had started to grow new shoots. Researchers went to investigate, but were deterred by an extremely large quadrupedal reptile (estimated to be about 250 meters long) that appeared from within the forest. Personnel did not notice the reptile approaching until it broke the forest cover. This reptile, designated SCP-3488-L, seems to possess moderate antimemetic properties. During debriefing, MTF personnel could not agree on a description, beyond that it appeared to be a quadrupedal lizard with a wound on its left foreleg, causing it to limp slightly.

SCP-3488-L made its way from the forest to SCP-3488-S44, seeming to avoid stepping on as many small SCP-3488 instances as possible. This slowed its travel time significantly, which allowed personnel stationed at Provisional Site-43 time to mobilize.

Once at SCP-3488-S44, SCP-3488-L gnawed at the growing shoots, seemingly trying to bite them off. Foundation personnel proceeded to fire at SCP-3488-L, driving it away from SCP-3488-S44. SCP-3488-L fell back for a moment, and then charged SCP-3488-S17, under which Foundation forces had deployed, forcing them to disperse. SCP-3488-L bit at a small limb of SCP-3488-17 and thrashed its head wildly, significantly damaging it, then retreated into the forest. Attempts to find SCP-3488-L have been unsuccessful.

At 12:45 AM, the damaged limb of SCP-3488-17 broke off of the tree and fell to the ground. This occurred at the exact same time as a large containment breach at High-Risk Site-21, located in Johannesburg, South Africa. Nearly all of Site-21's Keter-class SCP objects breached containment, resulting in the destruction of nearly half of the site, and the deaths of 25% of its staff. The re-containment process took an extended period of time and resulted in several more casualties. Upon debriefing it was discovered that none of the staff on site retained any knowledge of several of the anomalies contained at the site, even those for which they were ostensibly responsible. The database was also found to be corrupted, with no record of several of the anomalies, and no

physical records were able to be located.

Footnotes
1. Myelin is a substance made of lipids and proteins found in the nervous systems of animals. It forms an insulating layer around nerves allowing electrical impulses to transmit quickly and efficiently, and comprises the white matter of the brain
2. The size and health of the plant also appear to correspond with the condition and standing of the associated information repository. See Notable Manifestations.
3. A large gorge on near the northern Tanzanian border. It is theorized that the earliest known human-like species,Homo habilis, originally evolved and emigrated from this location approximately 1.9 million years ago.

SCP-3490: Bubblesssssssssssssssss

Item #: SCP-3490

Object Class: Safe

Threat Level: `Green`

Special Containment Procedures: Stationary Task Force Beta-8 ("Bubble Blowers") is to reside within SCP-3490 in case of unauthorized human entry. Upon the occurrence of said scenario, STF Beta-8 is required to expel the individuals responsible, and summarily administer them Class-A amnestics. Action is to be decided amongst the Task Force if any foreign objects or organisms enter.

STF Beta-8 is to maintain a total of ten personnel at all times. A new member is to be chosen and sent into SCP-3490 for every death that STF Beta-8 endures.

Description: SCP-3490 is a self-sustaining *cumulus* cloud present over the Pacific Ocean, south of the Kiribati Islands. SCP-3490 behaves similarly to that of a non-anomalous cloud, often precipitating and changing shape, though it has never dissipated or left its initial location.

Upon any object passing through SCP-3490, objects will encounter an open space within SCP-3490, referred to as SCP-3490-A. The barrier of SCP-3490-A's interior extends one meter from SCP-3490's surface, and is a centimeter-thick, impenetrable gelatinous substance[1]. In SCP-3490-A, precipitation occurs in either the form of rain, snow, sleet, or hail[2], and multiple igloos coat its barrier. Gravity is also altered in SCP-3490-A, as any object is equally pulled to SCP-3490-A's barrier at any given point.

Multiple humanoid entities reside in SCP-3490-A, collectively designated SCP-3490-1, that are entirely composed of water

bubbles. SCP-3490-1 instances otherwise have a simple build, and do not possess facial features or other qualities common of humans. All SCP-3490-1 instances are approximately one meter tall.

When an instance of SCP-3490-1 is damaged, it will regenerate from the point of contact over the course of several seconds, regardless of the injury's severity. In the case of portions of the body or even limbs being separated, both pieces regenerate into a full SCP-3490-1 instance. SCP-3490-1 instances show no sign of aging, and can only be properly terminated if all bubbles that make up their body are destroyed before regeneration can occur.

SCP-3490-1 has seemingly developed its own language, culture, and religion, which is still being studied. Notably, instances are docile and social, often staying in groups. SCP-3490-1 only disperses during thunderstorms within SCP-3490-A, at which they seek shelter within the existing igloos. At 12:00 PM^3 every day, SCP-3490-1 gathers at the location of a Lockheed Electra 10E plane wreck in SCP-3490-A, and remains silent for ten minutes. After this, they continue their daily activities, which includes communicating and playfully wrestling. This continues until it is 12:00 PM once again, and the cycle continues.

Addendum: Several transmissions of unidentified origin containing descriptions of anomalous phenomena had been kept in Foundation audio storage for forty-eight years prior to the discovery of SCP-3490. Review of the transmissions has since revealed a connection to SCP-3490. These transmissions are transcribed below.

+ View Addendum

07/02/1937, 08:43 AM

Pol-3490-1: *(Feminine)* We are on the line 157 337. We will repeat this message on 6210 KCS. Wait.

Pol-3490-2: *(Masculine)* Fuel is one minute out. Use throttle as little- *(Cuts out)*

07/02/1937, 08:46 AM

Pol-3490-1: Fuel is out. We are quickly lowering. Still on 157 337. Save our souls. Quickly lowering. Holding transmission until landing.

(Silence)

Pol-3490-1: L-Land is visible. Lots of turbulence.

(A loud rumble is heard)

Pol-3490-1: Control lost, going straight down! Straight down!

(Screaming is heard briefly before cutting out)

07/02/1937, 10:51 AM

Pol-3490-1: We crashed at 8:47. Noonan died. I still don't know where I am, or what this place is. We dived through a cloud, and then… are we in it? Were we brought somewhere? I'm so confused. I briefly saw afterward, we were heading right into this wall. I ducked under the controls, on impulse. I guess I passed out then, woke up an hour later. My head really hurts, but I'm fine.

(Silence)

Pol-3490-1: The plane was barely damaged. It kinda just… bounced off. I think. I think Noonan w-was knocked around a lot… poor guy. I can't really give him a proper burial, a proper anything. I just wrapped him in a blanket, it was the most I could really do. It's raining out there, I'm sure he wouldn't want to sit out there, y'know. Sorry, I'm rambling, just… if this is coming through for you, please

help. I don't know how, just… try.

(Silence)

Pol-3490-1: … I-I guess I'll take a look around now.

07/02/1937, 11:28 AM

Pol-3490-1: I've calmed down a bit, but I still don't know what to say. I'm in… I'm in a village, of living things. I know this sounds rather silly… but, bubble people! I don't know how else to put it. *(Giggles)*

Pol-3490-1: I was able to walk all the way around this place. I mean, I'm inside of this large shape, and I was able to walk all the way around the edge, and I never fell! I still don't know where this is, but I'm still believing that… this is in a cloud. I'm in a cloud! These little people are adorable too, so friendly. They live in these small ice huts. They love to wrestle.

(SCP-3490-1 is heard in the background)

Pol-3490-1: … T-They're calling for me. This is amazing.

(Silence)

Pol-3490-1: Keep trying to find me, if you haven't been already. I don't know if this is transmitting at all, I don't know why I believe it is. I just want to talk to someone about this. Maybe Noonan. Anybody. But I'm alone.

07/03/1937, 7:19 AM

Pol-3490-1: I have maybe a days worth of food. I'll try to ration it as best I can. If I do it well enough, I'll have four weeks. Four weeks.

(Silence)

Pol-3490-1: That's terrifying to think about. I always assumed I might die in a crash, and I accepted that. But, hunger… I'm sure that isn't fun. But you'll find me by then, I'm sure. Right now I don't want to think otherwise.

(Silence)

Pol-3490-1: … Uh, anyways, I've… somewhat gotten used to being here. It's fun going about with the bubble people, it keeps my mind off things. They're still just as curious about me as I am about them, and it's just… I don't know if it's right to say that I love it here, but that's exactly how I feel. They've made me feel at home.

(Silence)

Pol-3490-1: *(Giggles)* … Hungry already.

07/03/1937, 6:33 PM

Pol-3490-1: These people seem to have their own hardships as well. Every now and then, one of their huts will get caught in between part of the cloud, and as it moves, the hut is crushed. If that slime can break down solid ice, then there's no way I'm getting through it. I still might not ever get out of here, even if you do find me.

(A loud commotion is heard, presumably originating from SCP-3490-1)

Pol-3490-1: Wait… it's stuck! One of them is stuck. Hold on, I'm co- *(Cuts out)*

07/03/1937, 6:36 PM

Pol-3490-1: I saved it. So, one of the huts was stuck in the cloud again, and I guess it was still in the hut, and its leg got stuck. I ran over as quick as I could, and I tried pulling the slime off of it, but it was only getting worse. I kept pulling and pulling as much as I could, and I tore it in half! I was so worried and I didn't know what to do, but it actually seemed happy. It started growing and before you knew it, it was whole again! Most of them picked the little guy up and carried him around, and the ones that weren't were jumping around me. I glanced back at where he was stuck, but the cloud had already folded over. I don't know why this doesn't feel weird to me. Why does it make so much sense?

(Silence)

Pol-3490-1: Now that I think about it, some of the people were already walking away. Why didn't they care? Was it… normal to them? I hope this doesn't always happen.

07/04/1937, 8:57 PM

Pol-3490-1: I'm feeling a little weaker, sleeping a little longer. I just… I have that feeling you get, when everything is fine, but you just don't feel right. It's happening to me a lot now, coming on and off. I've just gotten so sick of water, I want to vomit just feeling it in my mouth. I don't know why I'm having so much trouble, but I'm just so hungry, and it makes me so irritated. It makes me so hopeless. You're looking for me, right? Search every cloud you can find around Howland Island. Please do it, no matter how ridiculous it sounds.

(Silence)

Pol-3490-1: N-No, I won't cry.

07/08/1937, 1:03 AM

Pol-3490-1: Sorry I haven't transmitted recently, I'm fine. I think it's been two days but I have no way of knowing.

(Silence)

Pol-3490-1: Only a day ago I couldn't bear Noonan's… stench. I've grown use to it though, I've been sitting in the plane for a while now. The bubbles come and visit me from time to time. I think they can tell I'm hungry. They keep bringing me ice in all sorts of shapes. It's helping for now.

(Silence)

Pol-3490-1: Yea, I don't know what else to say.

07/09/1937, 12:20 AM

Pol-3490-1: Rations are out. Can only go downhill from here.

07/15/1937, 3:19 PM

(Scratching noises)

Pol-3490-1: … H-How long has it been? It feels like it's been a while. I think I'm nearing the end. I can't keep myself going much longer. I don't want to keep going much longer. Seriously, what point is there anymore? Why do I even bother transmitting? You're not there. You're not- *(Cuts out)*

07/17/1937, 9:35 PM

Pol-3490-1: I, uh… I've had a lot of time to think. I want to die accomplishing something. Here. So, I have an idea. I know how to make it safer for the bubbles. In case they ever get stuck in their huts again, I'll teach them to build it with ice blocks for the flooring. It'll be harder to break, and it may give them more of an opportunity to get out.

(Silence)

Pol-3490-1: I'm practically skin and bones. My legs wobble when I stand, but I have to try.

(Brief silence, before a loud thump is heard)

Pol-3490-1: Let's… t-try again…

(SCP-3491-1 becomes audible)

Pol-3490-1: Guys, it's… nevermind, please, help me up.

07/18/1937, 4:48 AM

Pol-3490-1: I don't even have the will to explain it, b-but I got it through to them. They're building floors in all of the igloos now. I'm so happy for them.

07/25/1937, 4:48 AM

Pol-3490-1: … T-T-This… will be… my last t-transmission. I love you a-all. I love you world. I love y-y-you mama. I'm s-so s-sorry.

(Silence)

Pol-3490-1: I-It's been worth it, being here. If you can hear me, then thank you for searching, t-thank you for trying, and I hope you don't blame it on yourself. I'm h-happy. If

you can't… h-hear this, perhaps that's best.

(Silence)

Pol-3490-1: *(Giggles)* H-Hey, at least I can say I've gone where no man has gone before. Where no woman has gone before. I've done something that might n-never be done again. I thank you all for this opportunity. Thank you for giving this to me. T-This is Amelia Earhart, signing off. G-G-Goodbye now! Good… bye now. B-Bye, now.

(Long silence before cutting out)

« **SCP-3489** | SCP-3490 | SCP-3491 »

Footnotes
1. This makes it unclear how objects initially enter SCP-3490-A.
2. This precipitation always originates from SCP-3490's center of mass, and proportionately detracts from SCP-3490's size with the amount of precipitation.
3. Phoenix Island Time

SCP-3491: [UNTITLED TSURU]

Item #: SCP-3491

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3491 is currently held at Site-15. No subject may come within a meter of SCP-3491 for more than 30 seconds unless proper equipment is provided.

All entities that have come within 50 centimeters of SCP-3491 must undergo decontamination procedures.

Description: SCP-3491 is a paper origami bird within a steel bird cage. SCP-3491 is suspended in the center of the cage by unknown means. Notably, one of SCP-3491's wing tips is slightly ripped.

Beginning at a distance of 10 meters from the entity, negatively charged electrons can be detected increasing in energy between SCP-3491 and a human subject. This charge increases exponentially as the subject moves closer, until becoming dangerous to the subject. Overexposure to the charge produced by SCP-3491 can result in a concentrated burn at the vertical center of the individual.

Attempts to remove SCP-3491 have been unsuccessful. Within five centimeters, the charge generated between an approaching object and SCP-3491 becomes strong enough to result in the complete dissolution of matter. This renders any protective material worn by subjects useless.

No components of SCP-3491 have sustained any damage following the generation of these intense electric charges.

SCP-3492: A Totleigh unBÄRable existence

Item #: SCP-3492

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3492 should be contained in a standard humanoid containment cell. SCP-3492 can be supplied with rewards in return for compliance. SCP-3492 must be fed a standard regimen of three meals each day.

Staff are advised to exhibit caution while in proximity with SCP-3492, as the spatial distortions it experiences may cause unintentional harm to nearby individuals.

Description: SCP-3492 is a Caucasian male human claiming to be named "dicks mcSquigee".[1] DNA analysis has proven inconclusive, as collected samples are subject to microscale replications of the entity's properties, and will spontaneously demanifest after indeterminate periods of time.

SCP-3492 sporadically undergoes prominent spatial and/or temporal distortions centralised upon random portions of the entity's body. These distortions vary in duration and content, but typically involve one of or multiple of the following:

- Dislocation of bodily portions[2] to another fixed position relative to the remainder of SCP-3492;
- Over or underexaggerated movement of bodily portions along a single axis, frequently resulting in the above
- Over or underexaggerated rotation of jointed limbs, frequently to physically impossible extents;
- (Supposed) rotation or movement of bodily portions along or around unobservable, higher spatial dimensions;
- Spontaneous loss of one or more spatial dimensions, resulting in SCP-3492 converting into a lower-dimensional form;
- Prominently slowed or accelerated motion of bodily portions;

- Apparent motion of limbs independently from SCP-3492;
- Motion of bodily portions occurring in an inverted manner;
- Pseudo-precognitive abilities resulting from SCP-3492 briefly undergoing a period of inverted time;

Of note is that affected portions of SCP-3492 appear to be selectively intangible to the remainder of the entity, enabling limbs to pass through other limbs unaffected, and enabling joints to rotate freely upon all axis while affected. Because of this, SCP-3492 does not suffer from injuries related to its effects, but does experience discomfort.

SCP-3492 claims its properties stem from the fact it is a component of a partially-functional program developed by the **`TotleighSoft corporation`** as a proof-of-concept intended to promote interest in a physics engine being developed. The entity's respective instance of this program (designated SCP-3492-A) has yet to be recovered.

SCP-3492 was recovered during the 2017 Electronic Entertainment Expo, wherein it was attending as part of, and maintaining, an exhibition booth catalogued to be reserved for the TotleighSoft corporation. All attending civilians that observed SCP-3492 prior to recovery were amnestised.

> **Interviewed:** SCP-3492
>
> **Interviewer:** Researcher
>
> **<Begin Log>**
>
> **Researcher :** Good afternoon, 3492. May I ask you some questions?
>
> **SCP-3492:** Yes, sure. Why not.
>
> **Researcher :** Would you prefer if I called y-
>
> **SCP-3492:** NO! No, no, just… the number is fine. 3492 will do.
>
> *<SCP-3492's right pectoral girdle extends to a length of approximately two meters, displacing the right arm*

appropriately.>

Researcher : Very well. You are aware of your condition, correct?

<SCP-3492's left forearm rotates rapidly around their elbow joint, passing through the remainder of their arm without difficulty several times. SCP-3492 takes several moments to adjust the position of their arm, allowing them to gesture to their right shoulder with it.>

SCP-3492: It's a bit difficult to ignore.

Researcher : Do you know what is causing it?

SCP-3492: TotleighSoft BECAUSE COMPUTERS' ineptitude at their job.

<SCP-3492 becomes two-dimensional, losing the axis of width and only being visible from their left or right.>

Researcher : Could you elaborate?

SCP-3492: Have you ever encountered anything produced by TotleighSoft BECAUSE COMPUTERS?

Researcher : I have.

SCP-3492: Then you would know about the inanity of their games, the nonsensical features of such and, most notably, their inability to use any language other than broken English?

Researcher : Yes.

<SCP-3492 regains the axis of width, becoming three dimensional again.>

SCP-3492: Well, there's your reason.

SCP-3492: swercs smargorp rieht fo rehtona tey nehw esirprus a fo hcum eb t'ndluohS[3]

SCP-3492: Oh, pardon me. It shouldn't be much of a surprise when another one of their programs screws up.

Researcher : You are a computer program?

SCP-3492: A sub-program, but yeah. Proof of concept to show how AI's like me run on the main program.

Researcher : Which is?

SCP-3492: A godawful clusterfuck of a physics engine that was supposed to "improve" upon standard spacetime. I basically exist in a bootleg - oh, excuse me.

<SCP-3492's bodily features[4] shift and dissipate, preventing the entity from communicating for several minutes. The interview is paused until SCP-3492 regains the capability to speak.>

SCP-3492: Damn fourth axis. As I was saying, I'm an AI made by TotleighSoft BECAUSE COMPUTERS used to show off the… "functionality", of a physics engine they're working on.

Researcher : And this would be the reason your name -

SCP-3492: Yes, unfortunately. You can mess with some of my parameters, and you've named me dicks mcSquigee. Could you *please* change that? Even something bland like John Doe would be fine, just… anything but dicks mcSquigee.

<SCP-3492's lower jaw rotates around its joint upwards, disappearing into the skull without resistance. Their speech is not impeded.>

Researcher : Do you know where your file is currently being hosted?

SCP-3492: Well, no, but… the other guy gave it… wait, you DID buy the program, right? Legitimate copy from

TotleighSoft BECAUSE COMPUTERS, right?

SCP-3492: Did… did you fucking pirate me?

<End Log>

Interviewed: SCP-2803-A, the CEO of the TotleighSoft corporation, via email.

Interviewer: Researcher

<Begin Log>

Researcher : Could you help me with one of your products? I'm having a bit of difficulty with it.

SCP-2803-A: Yes, supporting is avaliabel! Which of our TotleighSoft programes is?

Researcher : I can't find the original name of it. It's a physics engine that you have released, which comes with a customisable demonstration AI.

SCP-2803-A: Not right. How doyou have? wasnt released.

Researcher : You haven't released it yet? Why not?

SCP-2803-A: Noone interested in it. showed it for buisness, but no response. production stopped and employees work onother profit, never sold. How did you get?

Researcher : We bought it from a store. We can conduct an investigation for you, to find out how this happened, but we will need your cooperation.

SCP-2803-A: Yes, will help. What you need?

Researcher : Can you send us a copy of your development notes and a manual?

SCP-2803-A: Yes yes, is attach. Will help anyway!

<End Log>

Interviewed: SCP-3492

Interviewer: Researcher

Foreword: A review of the development notes for SCP-3492 provided by SCP-2803-A revealed that several of the anomalous properties of SCP-3492 were recorded as having been patched in earlier versions of the software, while other properties - most notably, the ability to change the name of the AI - were neither implemented as a feature nor encountered as a programming error. An interview was conducted to question SCP-3492 regarding these revelations.

<Begin Log>

Researcher : Good morning 3492, how are you doing?

SCP-3492: About as well as you can be while knowing you're illegal.

Researcher : I… see. We're working with your creator to find out how you came into our possession, to avoid it in future. Speaking of which, we've come across some… discrepancies, which we would like your help with. Are you willing to help?

SCP-3492: I guess. Not like I can get any more illegal.

<SCP-3492's left thumb extends until it touches the ceiling of the room, after which it returns to its normal length.>

Researcher : Ok. You will periodically move along a spatial axis higher than the standard three we exist within, correct?

SCP-3492: Yeah, that's what happened the last time we spoke. It just happens whenever it wants. Which is what you get for being ILLEGAL.

<SCP-3492's right leg is seen shifting before disappearing.>

Researcher : Yes, well, are you aware that issue was resolved in one of the earlier versions of your software?

<SCP-3492's right leg reappears.>

SCP-3492: Really? Well, that's odd. But then again, it's probably back because I'm ILLEGAL.

Researcher : Well, there's several other anomalies that have been listed as resolved as well, such -

SCP-3492: Maybe they weren't fixed in copies that are ILLEGAL.

Researcher : I would appreciate if you stopped emphasising that point.

SCP-3492: What, that I'm ILLEGAL?

Researcher : Yes.

SCP-3492: Well… FINE, I GUESS. [Unintelligible]

<What appears to be SCP-3492's tongue briefly emerges from the top of their skull.>
Researcher : Pardon?

SCP-3492: Nothing, nothing. As you were saying. So, a few bits and bobs of me are broken again, so what? What's that mean?

Researcher : Well, there are also several aspects of you that were never included as features in the software. You claim that you have been renamed to

"Dicks McSquigee," correct?

SCP-3492: That… yeah, I… Is that…?

Researcher : Unfortunately, yes. Renaming the sub-program was never considered for use as a feature. There's also your fluency in English, the size of your vocabulary…

SCP-3492: Oh… OH GOD. OH GOD WHY.

<The various limbs of SCP-3492 begin rapidly spinning around their respective joints, throwing them across the room. The limbs are not physically impeded by any other part of SCP-3492.>

Researcher : 3492, are you ok?

SCP-3492: OH GOD. I'M… I'M A FUCKING BOOTLEG. I'M A FUCKING… PIRATED…

SCP-3492: WHY? WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO RIP OFF TOTLEIGHSOFT BECAUSE COMPUTERS?

<End Log>

Footnotes
1. Despite grammatical inaccuracy, SCP-3492 will always record its name without correct capitalisation.
2. This includes joints and/or limbs.
3. SCP-3492 was experiencing a period of inverted time, during which it spoke in reverse.
4. Hair, facial features, nails, etc.

SCP-3494: Waste Management by dado

Item #: SCP-3494

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: Contained instances of SCP-3494 are to be held in a secure anomalous item locker at Site-40. Foundation agents embedded in local law enforcement agencies in the Newark, NJ area are to monitor local television stations for SCP-3494 advertisements, removing them when possible. Additionally, Mobile Task Force P-900 "Gut Busters" are to search for and contain instances of SCP-3494, and administer amnestics to those with knowledge of SCP-3494.

Individuals who have been administered a dose of SCP-3494 are to be held at the Site-40 anomalous waste management center in specialized waste removal cells until such time as a remedy to their condition is made available.

Research into the Person of Interest known as "dado" is ongoing.

Description: SCP-3494 is the collective name for a group of anomalous pharmaceuticals advertised as "superlax by dado". Unlike previous anomalous drugs manufactured by the individual known as "dado", SCP-3494 is marketed to the population directly, usually through television ads consisting of a white screen with black text that is spliced into other advertisements during daytime hours. The source of these advertisements is unknown.

SCP-3494 instances are cream-colored tablets, roughly 1.1 cm in length, that are delivered to customers in a zipper bag with the words "superlax by dado" written on its exterior in black marker. A typed note on standard Xerox paper within the bag indicates that SCP-3494 is a laxative, and is "the last anti-poop u will ever need or want". SCP-3494 has also been advertised in a cream form "to apply directly to problem butthole", but no instances of this variant

have been recovered.

Individuals who are not currently experiencing constipation who are administered a dosage of SCP-3494 are unaffected by the drug, although some have experienced a sudden numbness in the lower gut that lessens over time. However, any individuals who are currently constipated will experience the apparent intended effect of SCP-3494, which is the seemingly never-ending expulsion of fecal matter from the subject's anus.

While subjects who experience this effect do not otherwise feel any discomfort[1], they are also powerless to control the expulsion of waste matter. The waste is seemingly generated from an extra-spatial area somewhere within the subject, as not only will the amount of waste produced quickly exceed the subject's body weight, but tested samples of this waste indicate that, after the initial expulsion of waste, all other samples contained human biological material that did not match the subject's genetic profile.

So far, all subjects who have been administered a dosage of SCP-3494 are continuing to experience the effects of SCP-3494. There is currently no known method by which to abate these effects. All known afflicted subjects have been moved to the Site-40 waste management facility to help control the flow of waste.

Addendum 3494.1: Hotline Communication

Advertisements for SCP-3494 often reference a toll-free phone number (1-800-iam-dado[2]) that can be used to order additional dosages of SCP-3494. The following is the transcript from phone calls made by Foundation agents to this number.

> [BEGIN LOG]
>
> *Phone ringing*
>
> **Unknown Voice:** Yes hello, you have reached dado yes, home of fine dado product and also laundry and tan. How am I can be help you?
>
> **Agent Mills:** I- yes, I'm Agent Mills, of-

Unknown Voice: No I am not interest in your product please yes do not call back thank you.

Hangs up

[END LOG]

[BEGIN LOG]

Phone ringing

Unknown Voice: Yes hello this is dado you are speaking to, home of fine dado product and also laundry and tan. How helpful can I to you be?

Agent Westrin: Yes, hi, my name is Pat DeMure, and I saw your advertisement for the "superlax" on the TV, and I am intrigued. I'm thinking about pulling the trigger, but before I do I just want to get some more information.

Unknown Voice: Ah yes, very good. Well you no need to pull trigger, no gun allowed at laundry and tan of course but yes. I help with superlax. Best lax on market currently. 100% removal of blockage. Get it all out. Best remedy for what ails. How many I order you for?

Agent Westrin: Now one moment, I have a few questions myself. Now a… a friend of mine took some of your superlax, and they've experienced what I might describe as an… excess of waste, wh-

Unknown Voice: Yes, considerable waste blow out the poop chute clean it all out yes. Very effective remedy.

Agent Westrin: I see, yes, but she felt like maybe… maybe not all of the uh- the waste, was hers.

Unknown Voice: Yes that is correct mmmhmmm.

Agent Westrin: You… you mean that's intended?

Unknown Voice: Yes.

Agent Westrin: Why would that ever be intended?

Unknown Voice: Well you see that is very simple of course. Before dado make this fine superlax he conduct of the clinical trial with focus group. Focus group is say to dado, "need to get it all out. Clean out all the poop." So dado considers this, and dado is think, "there is many poop in the world yes, how best to get it out?" Well, fortunate for dado, dado is the best of all clever thinker. You have ride in the Uber, yes?

Agent Westrin: Like the ride-sharing service? Uh… yes.

Unknown Voice: Yes exact. So you are ride from someone who is not you. You outsource ride yes? Now you no need to do the transport of yourself, the transport is done for you!

Agent Westrin: I don't think I-

Unknown Voice: So dado is think, "how best to get out the poop?" Then dado realize! Like the Uber! Outsource the poop! There is many poop in the world however, so yes perhaps flow of the poop is more than intended, but more people take the superlax yes and more people share the poop! Like the Uber! And no block! Poop chute is clean as whistler. Very helpful, yes. You trust dado, you get considerate relief.

Agent Westrin: I see.

Unknown Voice: You are satisfied with response yes, this I see. Now, how many of the superlax can you ordering?

Agent Westrin: Is there any chance I could get a hold of a list of people who have purchased-

Unknown Voice: Aha! I sleuth you out. You are supplier of opposition to dado! Uninterested in second rate non-dado product! I add you to block call on phone!

Hangs up

[END LOG]

Additional phone calls made by Foundation agents to the number listed in the advertisement have been unsuccessful.

Footnotes
1. In fact, many subjects report feeling a sense of relief that does not subside with time.
2. Notably, this line only connects as intended when dialed within the city of Newark, New Jersey, USA.

SCP-3497: Backfiring Birds

Item #: SCP-3497

Classification: Euclid Keter

Special Containment Procedures: 10 breeding pairs of SCP-3497 are housed at Site-3497. They may be cared for by veterinary staff in an identical fashion to non-anomalous members of their species in captivity. No civilian aviation or maritime traffic is to come within 300km of Site-3497, and all Foundation traffic in this area is to be briefed on the nature of SCP-3497 to avoid confusion.

Containment of SCP-3497 in the wild is the responsibility of MTF Lambda-4 ('Birdwatchers'). For their use Site-3497 houses two Beriev A-50 airborne early warning aircraft for the detection and tracking of SCP-3497, and four Ka-27 helicopters with modified weaponry and equipment for effective containment. Wild examples of SCP-3497 are generally destroyed, but may be captured at the discretion of Lambda-4 team members, if examples display behaviour of research interest.

Foundation staff are assigned to monitor military and civilian ground-based radar installations and aircraft radio transmissions throughout the northern Pacific. Any probable sightings of SCP-3497 should be reported to Site-3497 and a cover story relating to military exercises and/or technical malfunctions disseminated. The Department of External Affairs has established a task force to liaise with regional governments, with the aim of deescalating tensions relating to SCP-3497 sightings.

Description: SCP-3497 is the collective designation for an anomalous variant of the fork-tailed storm petrel (*Oceanodroma furcata*). It is biologically indistinguishable from standard members of its species, and behaves in a similar fashion, with breeding grounds in the Kuril Islands and a range across the north-western Pacific. SCP-3497 possesses a radar cross-section of $40m^2$, with a detailed

radar profile resembling that of the Tu-22M bomber aircraft.[1] These cross-sections overlap when SCP-3497 examples are in close proximity, leading to groups of SCP-3497 appearing as large, undifferentiated masses on radar. The physical properties of SCP-3497 are unaffected.

SCP-3497 has a secondary anomalous property apparent when it releases an amount of mass over 1 gram while being tracked by a radar system. Outside of controlled testing, this most commonly occurs when SCP-3497 defecates. SCP-3497 will generate a radar signature analogous to a Kh-15 air-to-surface missile[2] which will proceed at a speed of Mach 5 towards the radar's location. Once the radar signature reaches this point, it will disappear. Only the inital radar tracking SCP-3497 can detect this signature; if multiple radars are simultaneously active, each will detect a single signature targeting them. No objects corresponding to this signal have been detected outside of radar monitoring, and faeces or other items released have no anomalous properties once they separate from the body of SCP-3497.

The anomalous properties of SCP-3497 are inheritable, and breeding of SCP-3497 with standard *O. furcata* will produce further examples of SCP-3497. No anomalous properties have been detected in SCP-3497 eggs or chicks in flightless stages of development.

Containment efforts have decreased the wild population of SCP-3497 significantly, from an initial breeding pairs to an estimated 100 as of 2012. Since its creation in the early 1980s, SCP-3497 has been the likely cause for nuclear close calls in the Asia-Pacific region.

Addendum 3497-1: The following notes (translated from Russian) referencing SCP-3497 were recovered in 1994 from [REDACTED], a defunct Soviet air base in the Amur region. The author was given as Dr I. L. Zakharov, a Soviet aeronautical engineer with known ties to GRU Division 'P'.

+ Addendum 3497-1

04/02/1981

Our first test is a success! General Rychagov visited to see our first bird fly. He seems interested, but I do not think he will be pleased until we can give him his invisible bombers.
It is galling to have made such an accomplishment out of reach of all modern science and receive no recognition for it, but if we can do this it will be worth the Order of Lenin for sure.

11/09/1981

Still no progress in reversing the process. It may be that the bird profile is too small to apply to aircraft. I hear a new Nebo array is in development, which could help us, but Rychagov is getting impatient. We will not have the funding to continue till we have access to the new radars, even if they did work.
If we are shut down all of this will have been for nothing. We must find some way to continue.

15/12/1981

Finally, some good news. A Colonel Kramskoy visited the base today – an Air Force man, and a pilot unlike old, fat Rychagov. Anatoly convinced him to come – apparently they are old school mates. He is keen on using the birds as jamming decoys. Anatoly says he is close to Minister Ustinov, and will be able to put in a word for us. We will have to cease the bomber part of the project – a shame, but we were stalled in any case, and at least something will still come out of this.

08/01/1982

Kramskoy is unhappy about the birds moving

so slowly. I do see his point – the Americans will not be fooled by them for long – but we can hardly make them fly at supersonic speed. That would be more impressive than anything we have done so far. It would be possible to carry them with our aircraft, but we would need climate-controlled and pressurised wing pods – we may as well just use regular decoys. Mikhail suggested they be stored alongside the pilots. I thought Kramskoy was going to punch him. We need some other way.

04/03/1982

I didn't think it was possible, but Anatoly's idea actually seems to work. The birds aren't perfect, but they are a little bit more convincing now. We are just about ready for a full-scale demonstration.

20/04/1982

The birds are loose everywhere. Our whole Far Eastern air defence is in chaos. I heard Ustinov almost had an aneurysm.
I'm finished.

Addendum 3497-2 (08/11/20): In spite of all extant breeding pairs of SCP-3497 being accounted for, new examples have begun appearing amongst the wild *O. furcata* population, including in areas without confirmed previous SCP-3497 sightings, such as the Aleutian Islands. It is hypothesised that the anomalous effects of SCP-3497 may also have a recessive genetic component. A classification change from Euclid to Keter has been requested by Dr Major and approved by O5- .

Footnotes
1. NATO designation 'Backfire'.
2. NATO designation AS-16 'Kickback'.

SCP-3498: Brebauenitis

The regurgitated lung of an instance of SCP-3498-1, cleaned.

Item #: SCP-3498

Object Class: Euclid

Special Containment Procedures: Instances of SCP-3498-1 are to be contained in standard airtight containment cells. Personnel requesting to interact with instances of SCP-3498-1 are required to wear class-4 biohazard suits. Amnestics use may be granted to personnel after interacting with instances of SCP-3498-1. At least 12 vials containing SCP-3498 solution are to be kept in a secure cryogenic locker in the office of Dr. Eckert Letner. In the event of a breach of containment, class-A biohazard protocol is to be initiated.

Description: SCP-3498 is an anomalous form of bloodborne virus that alters the psychological and physical makeup of infected humans. SCP-3498 will enter a of 1-2 week incubation period upon infecting an individual. After the incubation period, individuals infected by SCP-3498 will begin to experience symptoms such as fever, nausea, dissociative amnesia, internal pain, and decreased motor ability. Upon development of symptoms, individuals infected by SCP-3498 are then designated SCP-3498-1.

About 2-5 days after the onset of symptoms, instances of SCP-3498-1 will begin to experience the long term effects of SCP-3498. SCP-3498 will begin to transform internal organs into miniaturized structures of Ptolemaic Egyptian architecture. Organs transformed by SCP-3498 will be either regurgitated or forcibly removed by SCP-3498-1. Despite the loss of major organs, SCP-3498-1 instances will remain alive.

SCP-3498-1 instances will enter a state of obsessive behavior about 2 weeks after infection, attempting to arrange removed organs in patterns resembling urban planning.

Addendum-1: The first known record of instances of SCP-3498-1 was noted by Edward Linderbough in 1908. Linderbough documented in his journal his encounter of a group of natives outside the Temple of Dakka, near the present day Aswan Dam.

Following Linderbough's departure, four vials of SCP-3498 infected blood were frozen and put into Edward Linderbough's personal collection. Following Lindenbough's death in 1913, the vials were successfully brought into Foundation custody.

Addendum-2: In 1997 an outbreak of SCP-3498 was discovered by Foundation personnel. The infected individuals were successfully brought into custody, and a full scale documentation process of the symptoms and effects of SCP-3498 began and was completed in 1998.

Approximately 5 months after the outbreak, fragments of the original mosaics at the Temple of Dakka taken by Linderbough surfaced.

> The men who constructed(?) things from their flesh(blood?) now would[Incomplete] the powerful(Pharaoh?) vampiric Menehep would select their man to engage in competition. The tournaments fierce(?) the prize would be many concubines. When Menehep was amused the buildings (villages?) would be spared his sadistic wrath…

Addendum-3: Instances of SCP-3498-1 have begun developing hostile behavior towards other instances of SCP-3498-1. Instances of SCP-3498-1 will now actively attempt to locate and attack other instances of SCP-3498-1. SCP-3498-1 will attempt to breach containment in order to attack other instances. SCP-3498-1 will vocalize messages directed at other instances at all times except during discharge of affected organs. A list of recorded vocalizations is available below.

> I CAN SEE YOU PREPARING TO ATTACK
>
> WHY ARE YOUR TROOPS ON MY BORDER
>
> WE WILL RAZE YOUR CITIES

I WILL PILLAGE YOU

FOR THE GLORY OF AMON RA

I WILL NOT SUBMIT

SCP-3499: Unintentionally Bargaining With The Divine

Item #: SCP-3499

Object Class: Safe

Special Containment Procedures: SCP-3499 is to be kept in a standard item secure locker at Site-48. It is to remain sheathed and should not be handled without approval from the Site Director.

SCP-3499-1 is to be contained within an urn specifically made for holding ashes at Site-89. This urn should be sealed and kept in a standard item secure locker. Monthly inspections of the urn should be conducted to ensure that it is intact. Replacement urns should be readily available in another locker on the same floor.

SCP-3499 and SCP-3499-1 should not be brought within two kilometers of one another without prior approval from a Site Director.

Description: SCP-3499 is a 14th century dha-shay with a single cutting edge and a leather sheath. The hilt of SCP-3499 is encrusted with topaz and quartz. Neither the sheath nor the sword experience physical degradation.

When a human meeting currently unknown criteria is within immediate proximity to SCP-3499, the sheath will emit visible light. The sword can only be removed from its sheath by those who prompt this response. When activated, SCP-3499 spontaneously alters the body of its wielder to varying and seemingly random degrees. These changes range from simple modifications to significant and complex transformations.

These changes are reversed when the sword is returned to its sheath or the affected person is no longer within SCP-3499's zone of influence (~1048 meters), regardless of how severe the changes are. After the first alteration, affected individuals will have their body

altered in the same exact manner whenever they are within SCP-3499's zone of influence and it is active, even if they do not draw and wield the sword themselves. If the wielder expires, neither activation nor deactivation of SCP-3499 will revive them. The only exception to this is SCP-3499-1.

SCP-3499-1 is 3.2 kilograms of cremated ashes. It does not possess any anomalous properties in this form. However, if these ashes are brought within SCP-3499's zone of influence while it is active, they will coalesce into a large avian reptile. It is estimated to be 80 meters in length and 120 meters in wingspan. Its mouth holds a plethora of backward-facing fangs. SCP-3499-1 can release streams of flame in this form that consistently register over 1000 °C and can persist for several minutes.

SCP-3499-1 has demonstrated being capable of tearing and burning through most materials, and is considered significantly difficult to contain in this form. It has been recorded speaking in American English, Vietnamese, and Chinese.

Both SCP-3499 and SCP-3499-1 were recovered from a shrine in Sóc Trăng, Vietnam. The Foundation intercepted reports of a mythical flying creature causing wildfires near the shrine along with other reports of people being inexplicably thrown around by invisible hands within the shrine. Field Personnel approached a male identified as Ông , who was carrying an active SCP-3499. He was terminated after attempting to strike at Field Personnel with SCP-3499. Field Personnel were unable to contain SCP-3499-1 until SCP-3499 was sheathed, unintentionally deactivating its anomalous effects. All primary witnesses were administered Class A Amnestics and the damage to the area was explained away as an act of arson where the arsonist was arrested and is currently in custody.

Document SCP-3499-L1

Foreword: It was discovered that Dr. Syeburn was able to generate a response from SCP-3499's sheath. With approval from Site Director Koden, Dr. Syeburn activated SCP-3499 while in a large containment chamber with SCP-3499-1. This was done with

the intention of attempting to communicate with SCP-3499-1. No outward change was noted in Dr. Syeburn. SCP-3499-1 proceeded to travel around the whole chamber immediately after transforming, assumedly disoriented from when it had last transformed. Dr. Syeburn confirmed that he did not feel ill and that he did not perceive any anomalous changes to his body. After four minutes, SCP-3499-1 began to speak.

<Begin Log>
SCP-3499-1: Where am I?
Dr. Syeburn: You are in , China. How do you feel?
<SCP-3499-1 settles directly in front of Dr. Syeburn, dangling its head above him.>
SCP-3499-1: I am in the land of invaders?
Dr. Syeburn: Sure? I would like to ask you a couple of questions. Is that alright?
<The response is delayed. SCP-3499-1 stares down at Dr. Syeburn without blinking.>
SCP-3499-1: You do not look like an invader. I will answer your questions.
Dr. Syeburn: … Right. How did you first turn into what you are now?
SCP-3499-1: I used a sword.
Dr. Syeburn: Great, so you know what it is! So do I! How did it come into your possession?
SCP-3499-1: The night before I was to head out and face the foreigners whom had encroached deep into my people's lands, a woman who claimed to be a servant of the Holy Mother of the Realm delivered it to me-
Dr. Syeburn: Who is the "Holy Mother of the Realm"?
<Flames briefly flare from SCP-3499-1's nostrils. Dr. Syeburn looks over his shoulder at the room's only exit.>
SCP-3499-1: She is the guardian of the border

of my people's lands. When invaders come, it is said that she rains down blessings for my people.
Dr. Syeburn: Ah… Does she decide who can use the sword, then?
SCP-3499-1: Yes. She smiles kindly upon those who are in genuine need of divine intervention.
Dr. Syeburn: Okay. Did you specifically choose this form?
SCP-3499-1: No. I desired to be undefeatable on the battlefield and this is what I became.
Dr. Syeburn: Do you need to eat? Do you age?
SCP-3499-1: No.
Dr. Syeburn: Well… are you aware of what happens around you when you are not, uh… in this form?
<SCP-3499-1 shifts in place, laying its head down on the floor with a loud exhale.>
SCP-3499-1: There is a deep pit where I reside when I am not in this world. I cannot see or hear anything. I cannot do anything except acknowledge myself and the pit… and wait.
Dr. Syeburn: … Do you always go to this place when the sword is sheathed?
SCP-3499-1: Not at first… my brother… he wanted the bloodshed to stop but refused to fight! He didn't want me to use the Holy Mother's gift because he wanted to make peace with the invaders! When I was chasing the invaders back into their own lands, he stole the sword from my retainer and carried it far enough away that the Holy Mother's will could not reach me…
<SCP-3499-1 trembles. Flames trickle out from both its nostrils and mouth.>
SCP-3499-1: I fell from the sky as a man… my body broke and I could not move… and my

brother, my own people… they tied me to an altar… called me a demon… after I had saved them all… they set the wood ablaze…
<Dr. Syeburn backs away from SCP-3499-1 as it lifts its head off the floor. Its mouth opens and flames are released against the walls of the room. Dr. Syeburn deactivates SCP-3499, causing SCP-3499-1 to dissipate back into ashes. Dr. Syeburn exits the room with SCP-3499. The flames continue to eat away at the walls, smoke obscuring the camera's view until nothing can be observed.>
<End Log>

Conclusion: The risk of SCP-3499-1 breaching containment currently outweighs the potential benefits of communicating with it. Further interviews with SCP-3499-1 are suspended indefinitely pending the results of experimentation with SCP-3499.

Addendum: Dr. Syeburn, a researcher with a Ph.D. in Anatomy, was tasked with investigating SCP-3499's anomalous properties and determine the link between SCP-3499 and SCP-3499-1. Test subjects were all individuals who were able to activate SCP-3499. Dr. Syeburn himself was able to activate SCP-3499 but did not express any anomalous properties after the initial activation. He was observed throughout his investigation.

Trial #001
Subject: D-938
Procedure: Determine how much influence a subject has over what changes SCP-3499 makes to their body. Subject is instructed to desire to be more intelligent.
Results: Subject reports a headache after activating SCP-3499, and then experiences a bloody nose. Subject claws at his face with enough force to draw blood before collapsing. A physician enters the room and reports that the subject has expired.
Notes: "Maybe his brain became too big for his skull. I

want an autopsy done immediately." - Dr. Syeburn

Trial #005
Subject: D-382
Procedure: Determine how much control a subject has over how SCP-3499 changes them. Subject is instructed to concentrate on having a thousand dollars in his hands.
Results: Subject states that his hands ache. Two seconds later, an assortment of coins spontaneously push out of the subject's hands. Subject falls against a wall as his hands are completely removed from his wrists by the coins. Site Personnel enter the room to assist him. Bloody coins pour out of subject's arms continuously until SCP-3499 is deactivated. All the coins vanish. Subject expires.
Notes: "It must perceive the wielder's desires literally. We can work with that." - Dr. Syeburn

Trial #023
Subject: D-194
Procedure: Assess whether or not SCP-3499's effects can extend beyond the wielder. Subject is instructed to wish for the air in the room to smell sweet.
Results: Subject reports that they do not smell anything. After three minutes of inactivity, the subject places her hands on her ears. Subject requests that Site Personnel stop shouting at her. No shouting from Site Personnel is recorded. Subject repeats her request while slamming her head against the floor. Site Personnel intervene and restrain her. Subject struggles for eight seconds before she stops responding. A physician determines that the subject has expired.
Notes: "Potential cognitohazard. SCP-3499 can only affect the wielder." - Dr. Syeburn

Trial #055
Subject: D-108
Procedure: Investigate how greatly SCP-3499 can change the wielder's body. Subject is instructed to wish that they could be a child again.

Results: Subject transforms into a child that vaguely resembles his adult form. Upon being asked to deactivate SCP-3499, the subject states that he does not know where he is or why he is here. Site Personnel enter the room and deactivate SCP-3499, returning the subject to his previous state. He claims to not recall anything that occurred while SCP-3499 had been active.
Notes: "This is evidence of reality-bending. Now we just have to understand it." - Dr. Syeburn

Trial #056
Subject: D-108
Procedure: Determine whether or not the effects of SCP-3499 can be undone. Subject is instructed to activate and deactivate SCP-3499 repeatedly.
Results: Subject performs 28 activations in a row before reporting that he heard people shouting at him. No shouting is recorded. Subject claims that the shouting is persisting even after he deactivates SCP-3499. Site Personnel intervene when the subject begins to convulse on the floor. Expiration occurs after fifteen seconds.
Notes: "I'm not sure where to go from here." - Dr. Syeburn

Trial #108
Subject: D-538
Procedure: Discover what exactly SCP-3499 uses within a subject's mind as the basis for its anomalous effects. Subject is instructed to activate SCP-3499 and think of nothing in particular.
Results: Subject reports no change. No anomalous activity is observed for two minutes. Subject grips at her abdomen suddenly before collapsing. She does not respond to Site Personnel who come to her aid and expires. An impromptu autopsy is ordered by Dr. Syeburn while SCP-3499 remains active. It is revealed that the subject's entire uterus is missing.
Notes: N/A

Document SCP-3499-L2

Foreword: Dr. Syeburn advocated for a second interview with SCP-3499-1. Tentative approval was given by Site Director Koden with the condition that Dr. Syeburn focus on determining the true nature of SCP-3499's cognitohazard and reality bending properties. When Dr. Syeburn prompted SCP-3499-1's transformation by activating SCP-3499, it appeared to recognize the room and did not move off of the floor.

<Begin Log>
Dr. Syeburn: Alright, I have some more questions for you-
SCP-3499-1: I want to leave.
Dr. Syeburn: We can discuss that after you've answered some questions.
<*Silence is observed for thirteen seconds.*>
Dr. Syeburn: Are the changes made by the sword to the wielder random?
SCP-3499-1: No.
Dr. Syeburn: How does it decide?
SCP-3499-1: It doesn't.
Dr. Syeburn: I am inclined to believe that you're not being entirely forthcoming.
<*SCP-3499-1 shifts until it is lying on its side.*>
SCP-3499-1: The Holy Mother of the Realm looks into your soul when you wield her sword. She chooses whichever dream or desire that pleases her the most to turn into a reality. The sword only provides the life energy needed to make that possible.
Dr. Syeburn: … What is "life energy"?
SCP-3499-1: It is the fuel upon which one's soul exists. The sword contains this fuel from people that have been slain with it.
Dr. Syeburn: … As in… stabbed by the sword?
SCP-3499-1: There are many ways to be killed by a sword, but yes. The life energy of those

who are chosen by the Holy Mother also end up inside of the sword after they die.
Dr. Syeburn: Wait! Can the Holy Mother kill the 'chosen people' at any time?
SCP-3499-1: Yes.
<Dr. Syeburn stares down at SCP-3499 silently. SCP-3499-1 shifts again and prods at Dr. Syeburn with its head.>
SCP-3499-1: Those who are taken into the sword remain conscious and are sent into the pit. They scream for help, but no one comes for them, so they keep screaming until all of their life energy has been used up.
Dr. Syeburn: Y-You're lying! You said before that you can't hear or do anything in there!
SCP-3499-1: Yes. I lied to make sure that you would feed the sword and sustain my immortality.
Dr. Syeburn: … then… why was I chosen? Nothing happened to me when I held the sword!
<SCP-3499-1 opens its mouth, seemingly mimicking a smile.>
SCP-3499-1: The Holy Mother tends to choose those who are fated to die soon, so perhaps she decided that leaving your body untouched was the best way to extend your lifespan and introduce the sword to more candidates. Though, maybe you're just a weak, boring man with no aspirations-
<Dr. Syeburn sheathes the sword, deactivating SCP-3499.>
Dr. Syeburn: You do not scare me! You're a relic of the past! You're powerless!
<SCP-3499-1 begins to fall apart. As it returns to a pile of ashes, a hoarse laugh is emanated from its' throat.>
Dr. Syeburn: Fuck your Holy Mother! I will not allow anyone else to use this sword or speak to you! Mark my words!

<SCP-3499-1 completely reverts. Dr. Syeburn moves toward the room's exit before freezing just before grabbing the exit handle.>
Dr. Syeburn: … No…
<SCP-3499 is dropped. Dr. Syeburn holds his head as he stumbles away from the exit and falls over.>
Dr. Syeburn: Stop, please! I didn't mean it! STOP!
<Site Personnel move in. A physician begins to administer a tranquilizer. Dr. Syeburn does not appear to be affected by it.>
Dr. Syeburn: STOP THE SCREAMING STOP THE SCREAMING STOP SCREAMING STOP… scream… stopsssssssss…
<Dr. Syeburn becomes unresponsive. The physician reports that he has expired. At no point was the screaming from anyone besides Dr. Syeburn recorded.>
<End Log>

Conclusion: Activation of SCP-3499 is prohibited indefinitely. SCP-3499 and SCP-3499-1 are to remain separated even when both are in their inert states.

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